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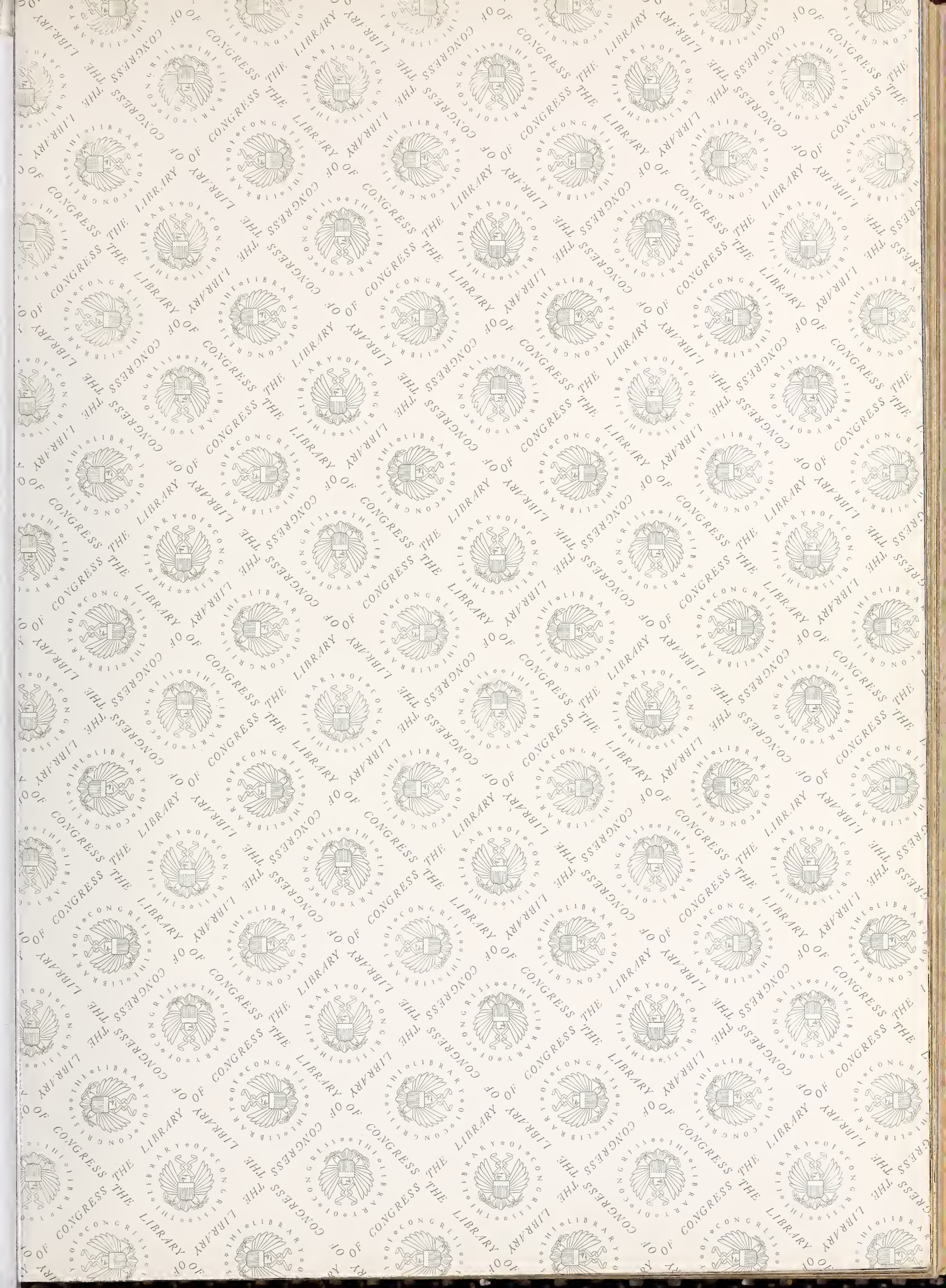


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Exclusive! COMPLETE GUIDE TO ANSWERS
IN \$250,000.00 MOVIE QUIZ

Modern Screen

DECEMBER

10

CENTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE

IRENE DUNNE'S
true
LIFE STORY
WITH HER EXCLUSIVE
CHILDHOOD PICTURES

Alice Faye

BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



Irresistible

YOU picture the Irresistible woman before you see her. She appears in a halo of exquisite fragrance. Men are instinctively drawn to her. The power to attract, to fascinate is the secret of IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. Let it be yours, too.

On your next adventure apply a touch of Irresistible Perfume to your hair, on your lips, your throat and behind your ears. A drop, too, on your lingerie is so feminine and so exciting.

Millions of women everywhere — on Park Avenue, along Broadway, in countries throughout the world . . . prefer IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME for its exotic, lasting fragrance.

To be completely ravishing use all of the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature which gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure, laboratory tested and approved.

Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores



YOUR LIPS INVITE ROMANCE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

PN1993
.M334

Poor lonely Sue! Life's no fun at all for a girl without telephone calls or dates. (But what man wants to play Romeo to dull teeth and dingy gums, a drab, lack-lustre smile?)

There's hope for Sue. Her small sister could teach her the importance of gum massage to a winning smile. (Little Ann learned in school that gums as well as teeth need special care.)

Life's a lot of fun when a girl has a lovely, appealing smile! How popular Sue could be if she would start with Ipana today. (For Ipana Tooth Paste with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling.)



Lovely Smiles win Romance—

Keep your smile lovelier with Ipana and massage!

HOW SWIFTLY masculine eyes and hearts respond to a lovely, attractive smile! And how pitiful the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush," who lets dull teeth and dingy gums cheat her of life's fun.

Don't be foolish—don't risk your smile. If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist*. You may not be in for real trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is a case of lazy gums,

deprived of vigorous chewing by modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused

—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy a famous tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Adopt the common-sense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a radiant smile.

TRY THE NEW D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH
For more effective gum massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.



Change to
Ipana
and Massage

WHY WAS CLEOPATRA

Never Kissed?



➔ Authorities apparently agree that kissing, on the lips, as a sign of affection, did not begin until after Cleopatra's time. She died in 30 B.C. and the custom seems to have been established well after her day.

Cleopatra had one other misfortune, too.

She used skin lotions, but did *not* have the famous Skin Softener — Italian Balm. Her lotions were mixed, undoubtedly, with "a little of this and too much of that" — but today, no guesswork is permitted in making Italian Balm for milady's skin.

Here is a *scientifically* made skin-softening beauty aid that will help to keep your skin smoother and softer — fresher-feeling, more kissable and thrilling to the touch.

In Italian Balm you get not only a skin protection against chapping and skin dryness. You get also the costliest ingredients used in any of the largest selling lotions — yet the cost to use Italian Balm is negligible because it is rich, full-bodied and concentrated; not thin or watery. Try it FREE. Send coupon below.

**Campana's
Italian Balm**

FREE

CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
601 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois

Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

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MODERN

Screen

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OUT OF A GREAT BOOK

... Comes A Thrilling
Dramatic Motion Picture!



"Beautiful Women
will never let you
starve, doctor—
just cultivate a
bedside manner!"

Power that rivets eyes to the screen,
that chokes back tears, that grips
the heart and sets pulses leaping.
Yes, it's one of the greatest dramas
since films began! The young doctor
tempted . . . a world of luxury and
beautiful women within easy reach but
the cry of humanity calling him back
to the citadel of his youthful ideals.

ROBERT DONAT
Rosalind RUSSELL
IN

THE CITADEL

A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION

Based on the novel by A. J. Cronin

with **RALPH RICHARDSON**
REX HARRISON · EMLYN WILLIAMS

Screen Play by Ian Dalrymple,
Frank Wead, Elizabeth Hill. Addi-
tional dialogue by Emlyn Williams.
Produced by Victor Saville

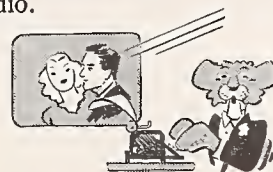
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



With everybody writing a col-
umn, I don't see why I should
not take a crack at it myself.

★ ★ ★

My idea is to tell you about
some of the Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer pictures and personali-
ties. And folks, I've got the in-
side dope on everything that
goes on in the world's greatest
studio.



The late Will Rogers said all he
knew was "what he read in the
papers." All I know is what I
see on the screen (and what my
spies at the studio report to me).

★ ★ ★

You've read all about "The
Citadel" in our advertisement
on the left. It's made of the
sterner stuff. Merrier, gayer,
is "Sweethearts", which, with
appropriate fanfare, brings us
once again that thrush-throated
pair, Jeanette MacDonald and
Nelson Eddy.

★ ★ ★

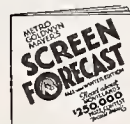
"Sweethearts" is their first
modern musical. Modern as the
dialogue by Dorothy Parker (the
"glad girl") and Alan Campbell.



Hunt Stromberg, who produced
"Naughty Marietta", "Rose
Marie" and "Maytime", and
Director W. S. Van Dyke II,
are the sweethearts who give
us "Sweethearts"—and it's all
in beautiful Technicolor.

★ ★ ★

And if you want to hear more
about pictures, write for my
little book, "The Screen Fore-
cast," M-G-M
Studios, Culver
City, Cal. It's free!



Just call me *Leo*

MOTION PICTURES ARE YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT!

A NEW CAREER AT TWENTY

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

**Pat Ellis crashed the movies at
fourteen—now she's back again**

PATRICIA ELLIS, among Hollywood's better known players, has, at the age of twenty, experienced one of the most amazing careers of any actress on the screen. I talked to her recently at her New York hotel, when she exclaimed, "Oh it's so wonderful to be back in town! I feel free for the first time in five years. I just walk around waving my arms in the air. Hollywood is grand, but I had been there too long!" Pat is so young that it seems hard to believe that anyone her age could have had time to be any place "too long!"

Then she told me that she had been in Hollywood all of five years.

"Well, I arrived to make my first picture, 'Three on a Match,' and the first day I was called to the studio was on my fourteenth birthday. I know it is hard to believe that, as at that time I was to play the part of a young woman of twenty-four. I was so frightened that I could hardly talk.

"I worked very hard on this picture as I was so anxious to make a good first impression. When it was over and I had a little more time to look around Hollywood, I began to meet people—Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Richard Cromwell, Anne Shirley and dozens of others that were working in pictures. At this time we were all rated about the same, and we all had one thing in mind—to get ahead in our work. Some of us have had better breaks than others and a few have faded out.

"For the next five years I was kept busy enough to think that I was doing all right. I made forty pictures in that time, and have been told it is a record number. As I became better known in Hollywood, life seemed very gay. There were any number of parties, week-ends in Palm Springs and my days seemed to be filled with sunshine.

"About three years ago, I found that I was putting on many extra pounds. My studio advised me to take a trip and go on a strict diet until I had lost about ten pounds. After pondering over many places I would like to hide myself in, I went to Death Valley.

"When I arrived I found one of the most perfect desert resorts I had ever seen. The only thing in sight was one lovely hotel right in the heart of the desert. I knew that I had come to the right place, as there was no chance to do anything except swim, play tennis, ride and take long walks. When I checked in at the hotel, they told me that I would have to pay for three meals a day—regardless! And as there was not even a drug store within fifty miles where I might be (Continued on page 85)

Pat's a Jill of all trades—and does all right
in every one of 'em!



These are the
"ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES"



JAMES CAGNEY

as Rocky . . . "Sure, I got a past—the gutter! But I got a future, too! I'm going to take what I can get—until they get me!"



PAT O'BRIEN

as Father Connolly . . . "Rocky and I were kids together. I was lucky. He wasn't—or I might be headed for the chair now instead of him!"



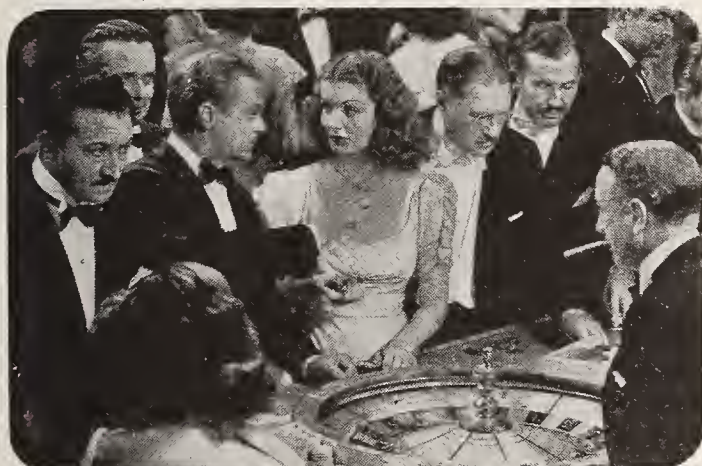
THE 'DEAD END' KIDS

as *Themselves* . . . Headed for crime—their lives are the prize in a battle between priest and killer!



HUMPHREY BOGART

as Rocky's Mouthpiece . . . "Rocky'll get you for this! I get away with murder—but you can't!"



ANN SHERIDAN as *Laury* . . . "I'm Rocky's girl—so what? I know I'm playing with dynamite. But it's better than washing dishes—so far!"



Hands up! Here's emotion aimed straight at your heart! Here's love battling hate in a fusillade of action! Here are two fighting stars in their glory!

with GEORGE BANCROFT
 Screen Play by John Wexley and Warren Duff • From
 A First National Picture



Directed by Michael Curtiz
 a Story by Rowland Brown • Music by Max Steiner
 Presented by WARNER BROS.



Fay Bainter, left, made up for her memorable "White Banners" role, which characterization should make her an Academy Award candidate. Right, as Fay looks when you see her around socially.

FAY FINISHES FIRST

B Y M A C K

H U G H E S

IT'S WIN, place or show out at Santa Anita, the famed race track rendezvous of cinema stars. But, movie magnets don't give their players that much leeway. It's win or lose—with no small talk about ability. The Powers That Be turn to the ledger, figuratively saying, "Let's see. Mme. Fifi lost about twenty cents in the 'Toy Bride,' eh? Notify the Madame we won't exercise our option at this time."

And there, my friends, you have Hollywood. But, not Fay Bainter! She is always a winner. Since way back, Fay has been romping home with flying colors! And Hollywood, that land of celluloid and sound, is just another, though new, track to her. Yes, Miss Bainter's film fame is growing as fast as Junior out of Big Brother's hand-me-downs.

You've no doubt seen Fay's magnificent performance in "White Banners." This should win for her that much-coveted award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the finest piece of acting during the year. Now you must admit that Fay's hurried to accomplish all this in the short span of her Movietown occupancy. For, it's little more than a year since she settled down to conquer the galloping snapshots.

For years the Bainter name adorned Broadway's best theatre marquee's, where only those excelling in the art of acting arrive. As you know, Fay has been a stage star for many theatrical seasons, so once in Hollywood, she set about combining the two techniques—that of the stage and screen. When she mastered the formula for camera craft, nothing stopped her. So, today Fay Bainter is one of the most sought-after actresses on the coast.

"You know," Fay explained, "it wasn't easy getting accustomed to the camera. That all-seeing eye isn't too kind. There's no bluffing when you stand in front of it

for a 'take.' Of course, it's a help to be able to do a scene over, but if this happens often, the boss is liable to bark long and loud and I don't mean maybe! "After finishing 'Jezebel,' I was pretty much disheartened. On the stage you know when you do a good job. But, in pictures you can't tell until you actually see yourself on the screen. Well, after seeing the rushes, I was sure the stage was the place for me and my talents, if any. So, Poppy and I packed up and headed for home. Home to me, you know, is Ossining, N. Y. Yes, we were jogging along peacefully listening to the radio when suddenly the announcer interrupted the program saying, 'Fay Bainter, headed east by car, return at once to her studio.'

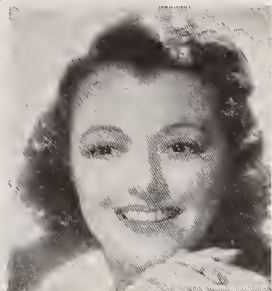
"Now what have I done wrong?" I asked Poppy. [Poppy happens to be Reginald Venable, Fay's husband.] We decided there was only one way to find out. So, I hopped a train back and, much to my surprise, was immediately put into 'White Banners.' Poppy continued east to close the house.

"This was a marvelous break for me, but it presented a problem. I had to find a house as little Reg would soon be out of school and coming on for vacation. The places I found that I could afford weren't suitable. Then I landed 'Mother Cary's Chickens' and said, 'Oh heck, why not,' and took this place on the beach. It's been wonderful for my son. So, the Venables haven't gone swank, just practical for a change."

By way of reporting, let us bring you an interesting sidelight we garnered out Warner's way, concerning production on "White Banners." Seems the director called his camera crew together and informed them that all scenes Miss Bainter appeared in were to show her full face. There you have an idea (Continued on page 88)

No matter who's in the cast, Bainter reaches the performance tape in top form

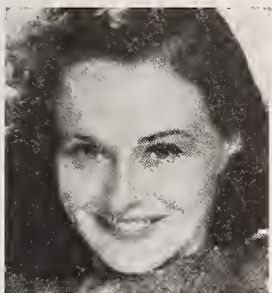
7 GREAT PERSONALITIES



JANET GAYNOR
"A Star Is Born"



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.
"Rupert of Hentzau"



PAULETTE GODDARD
In her talking debut



ROLAND YOUNG
First picture since "Topper"



BILLIE BURKE
"Mrs. Topper"

Selznick International

presents

JANET GAYNOR

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.

PAULETTE GODDARD

in
THE YOUNG IN HEART

with
ROLAND YOUNG
BILLIE BURKE

with Henry Stephenson Directed by Richard Wallace
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK.. Released thru United Artists



RICHARD CARLSON
New Screen Personality



MINNIE DUPREE
In her first screen performance



From the SATURDAY EVENING POST story, "THE GAY BANDITTI," by I. A. R. Wylie

WORLD-FAMOUS EXPERT TELLS
HOW TO *Make Your Lips Adorable*
WITH NEW
"BLACK" LIPSTICK



*A Heart-to-Heart Talk with
VARADY, Eminent Beauty Authority*

"Few women know the power of their lips in enchanting men," says Varady, world-renowned authority on beauty and feminine charm. "Yet every woman knows her lips are the most glamorous, the most seductive instruments of romance."

THESE ARE LIPS
MEN ADORE!



GLORIA BREWSTER, of the famed Brewster Twins, now featured in 20th Century Fox's "Hold That Coed," musical hit.



MOVITA, glamorous star of Monogram Picture's "Rose of the Rio Grande," Movita brings a new type of loveliness to the screen.



BARBARA BREWSTER, sister of the lovely Gloria (at top). The Brewster Twins have enchanted millions with their singing and dancing.

"Therefore, I say to all girls and women—give extra time and attention to making your lips attractive, magnetic."

"And that is exactly why I offer you my new 'black' lipstick creation—Varady's Midnite Rose Shade. Designed especially for you to make the most of your lips. When applied, it changes instantly to a ravishing red—a blood-warmth color that makes your lips vivid and alluring, with the moist, dewy effect that wins men's hearts the world over."

"Try my new 'black' lipstick now. It comes in two shades: Midnite Rose, light, and Midnite Rose, dark—for blondes and for brunettes. Ask for Varady's Midnite Rose Shade at any cosmetic counter now. Make your lips adorable!"

Varady

The Original American—Made
"Black" Lipstick!

Now! See How Amazing Cream Makes Skin Lovelier!

• The very first time you use Varady's Face Cream, your own mirror will show you the wonderful results! Skin that is clear and smooth... skin that is soft and thrilling to touch! This all-purpose cream is light, velvety.

It spreads readily, almost instantly sinks into the pores. Just pat gently—no hard rubbing or slapping in. Leaves skin radiant, soft, smooth—wonderfully lighter and brighter looking.

For your beauty's sake, try these other Varady aids to loveliness: Oil of Youth, Face Powder, Blending Rouge. If not available at your favorite cosmetic counter, write Varady, 427 W. Randolph St., Chicago.



Varady INC.
COSMETICS



Boost your favorite player—send a coupon



GEORGE RAFT: The fourth career attempted by George Raft, that of a dramatic screen actor, is bringing him the fame and international renown which the others failed to produce. Before becoming an actor, Raft was a boxer, a professional baseball player and a dancer. Although he achieved fame as a dancer, his screen career has far surpassed that success. He portrayed the gangster in Howard Hughes' "Scarface" and a similar role in "Dancers in the Dark" with Miriam Hopkins and Jack Oakie. As a result, he was placed under long-term contract.

Raft was born in New York City on a September 27, of German and Italian parentage. His German grandfather was in the entertainment business and introduced the merry-go-round into this country. He also prospected for gold in the early days of California, making several small strikes. During his New York school days and summer vacations George Raft worked as an electrician's helper at the munificent salary, of four dollars a week. When he was fifteen George decided to become a boxer. He was a bantam weight and during the next two years fought in the leading clubs of New York, without particular success. He next tried professional baseball as a career, playing as an outfielder on the Springfield (Mass.) Eastern League team but was dropped after two seasons because his batting average didn't compare favorably with his fielding average. On his return to New York George decided to make use of his dancing hobby so he secured employment at Churchill's and Rector's, hoofing at tea dances. He then tried playing in various small town stock companies but soon returned to New York to go into musical shows.

Europe came next. George became the highest paid American dancer in Europe and one of the world's fastest dancers. On one occasion he split headline billing with Nazimova. While in London, George Raft met the Prince of Wales and taught him new dance steps. In appreciation the Prince gave Raft a cigaret lighter which he still treasures. On his return to New York George danced in virtually every night club and motion picture theater. Then he met a movie director, who, several months later, sent for him to come to Hollywood. He made two mediocre movies before his successful gangster portrayal in "Scarface." George Raft is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has an olive complexion, black hair and brown eyes. His hobbies are baseball and prize fights, and in the way of literature he prefers realism to romance, biography to fiction. His two latest pictures were "You and Me" and "Spawn of the North." His address is Paramount Studios, Hollywood.



ANN SOTHERN is one of those destiny-girls who had fame thrust upon her. A spur of the moment trip to California changed the whole course of her life and turned a potential concert pianist into an actress. Ann was born Harriette Lake, in Valley City, North Dakota, January 2, 1909. She was educated in various cities of the middle west and at the University of Washington. For three consecutive years at Central High School in Minneapolis she won first prize for original piano compositions. It was while visiting her mother, a concert singer, in Los Angeles that Ann was discovered by Hollywood. She made a number of pictures under her own name. Then she went to New York and appeared with Marilyn Miller in "Smiles." She returned to Hollywood, took a new name, adopted partly from her mother's name, partly from that of E. H. Sothern, the Shakespearean actor, and entered the movies again, this time to become a star. Ann appears in many beautiful-but-dumb roles, but she is really one of the film colony's most cultured and widely-read actresses. She is also a flying enthusiast, with thousands of miles of air travel to her

LOOK! NEW, COMPLETELY
REVISED ADDRESS LIST!

Send your stamped self-addressed envelope today and we will mail you free MODERN SCREEN'S new, enlarged, up-to-the-minute list of all the Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. Hundreds of names, from the top flight stars right down the line, including contract and even free lance players. This new and enlarged list has been completely revised and rearranged alphabetically for your greater convenience. You've asked for it—here it is—a convenient size to handle, to keep in your scrap-book or writing desk for ready reference. Do you want to write a fan letter, request a photograph, or just trace the studio connections of your favorite players? In any of these cases you'll find this list indispensable.

To receive one of these lists, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

credit. She keeps her perfect figure by riding horseback, swimming, and playing tennis. Ann Sothern is a natural blonde, with blue-gray eyes. She is five feet, one inch tall, weighs one hundred, twelve pounds and eats what she wants, depending solely upon exercise to control her poundage. Ann is always "herself" and is exceptionally popular with fellow workers. She has a sister, Bonnie, who is a composer, and another, Marion, who is a writer. Her family is descended from Cyrus Lake, inventor of the submarine. Ann's two most recent pictures were "Smartest Girl in Town," and "She's Got Everything." Her next will be "Trade Winds." You may address her in care of United Artists' Studios, Hollywood, Cal.



WILLIAM BOYD: It was a long hard road that William Boyd tramped to the west—and to fame. The son of a civil engineer, he was attending school at Tulsa, Oklahoma, when both his parents died and he was left to face the world on his

own. The spirit of adventure called and he set out for the Pacific coast. But adventure, he discovered, was made up principally of hard work and harder knocks. Near Globe, Arizona, he found himself flat broke so he took a job in a sawmill.

The hours were long, the pay was small, but Bill managed to save enough to get to California. Near the town of Orange, Calif., he once more found his pockets empty so he hired out to pick and pack oranges. During the months that followed he worked at drilling oil wells, selling first automobiles and then groceries in a country store. Gradually he neared Hollywood where he began his screen career as an extra. His first break came when he was given a "bit" part in a picture and, later, was assigned to a major supporting role. After that, life was easier. William Boyd has starred in nineteen "Hopalong Cassidy" pictures. Though for years one of the film colony's favorite players and a protege of De Mille, easy going Bill Boyd has never "gone Hollywood." He has remained "Bill" to everybody. He is married to Grace Bradley, screen actress and former Broadway star. They live on a ranch in San Fernando Valley where they both ride snow white horses with identical silver trappings. They are seldom seen in night clubs, preferring country life. Boyd works six months a year and loaf six months. He loves to hunt and fish and his wife usually joins him on these excursions. He refuses to let anybody double for him in hazardous scenes and has never had a stand-in. The drawl which distinguishes Boyd's speech in the character of "Hopalong Cassidy" comes natural as he is a real westerner. His riding ability can be traced back to his early days in Oklahoma. Bill Boyd was born in Cambridge, O., June 5, 1898, but moved to the West when he was scarcely of school age. He is just a bit over six feet tall, has blonde hair and blue eyes. He weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. His last two pictures were "Bar 20 Justice" and "Pride of the West." His next will be "In Old Mexico." You may address him in care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 82)

She was Beautiful IN HER SLEEP



... because her skin
was *Wide Awake!*

Bed and Boudoir Accessories by Carlin Comforts

Your skin, like your heart, must never cease working. Help it stay vital, beautiful, youthful looking; use this "skin-awakening" cream.

YOUR skin, to stay lovely, must work all day long and *all through the night.*

Woodbury Cold Cream which contains a skin-enlivening element—a skin-stimulating Vitamin—helps rouse sluggish skin to keep it busily working. By encouraging your skin to greater activity, Woodbury helps it stay fresh and vigorous.

Woodbury Cold Cream is a basic cream. It tones and stimulates the skin; cleanses the pores thoroughly; brings needful oils to lubricate the skin. And in this lovely beauty cream you have *germ-free* purity down to the very last dab in the jar.

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Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury Cold and Facial Creams; 7 shades of Woodbury Facial Powder; guest-size Woodbury Facial Soap. I enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

Name _____

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INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

Name

Street

City State

If you would like our chart listing the heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

LET US HELP YOU WIN

Here is the complete guide to the answers which can make you a lucky

EXPLANATION

Here is a chance at fame and fortune! To enter this contest, simply secure a movie quiz booklet at your neighborhood theatre. Answer one question about any 30 pictures included in the booklet, and then write a statement of not more than 50 words, telling which one of the 30 pictures you like best, and why.

Our sample letter will help you in writing your statement. Remember, it must be original. Just write as if you were telling a friend why the picture appealed to

you, why you especially enjoyed it.

As a further guide, read our synopses carefully. They'll assist you in selecting the correct answers.

After you have completed your entry, mail the booklet containing your answers and the 50 word statement to

Motion Picture Contest

480 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Postmarked not later than December 31, 1938

SAMPLE LETTER



"Sweethearts" was a treat I'll never forget. Victor Herbert's thrilling melodies sung with such charm, the Technicolor which alone can do justice to such spectacles as the tulip scene, and the romantic tale which held my interest to the very end, all made it the most enjoyable entertainment I've had since Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy sang "Maytime."

SYNOPSIS

In "Sweethearts," Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy Broadway musical comedy stars, have been happily married for six years, but a potted orange tree sent by the persistent Hollywood talent scout, an unexpected "sweetheart" publicity stunt on their wedding anniversary and disagreements with relatives lead them to agree to sign film contracts. Their producer, frantic to keep the "sweethearts" in New York for his new show, tries the hoax of making Jeanette think Nelson is unfaithful to her. Instead, the "sweethearts" quarrel and join separate road companies. Later, discovering they have been tricked, they rush back to New York and decide never again to part.

THE MAD MISS MANTON

When Barbara Stanwyck, a madcap society girl with a reputation for thoughtless pranks, finds a dead body in an old mansion, her report to the police is not taken seriously. With her "gang" of debutantes, she returns to the house for clues and finds the cloak she had left in her horrified flight and the note, "The next time you'll be in it" pinned to the door by a knife. Undaunted by the peril that hovers over her and by conflicts with newspaper editor, Henry Fonda, and the police, Barbara and her "gang" run down clues on this and a follow-up murder until they capture the killer.

THE TEXANS

As Randolph Scott and the rest of the Confederate veterans come off the boat at Indianola, Texas, at the close of the Civil War, they find the state under martial law. When Joan Bennett, who is in the dangerous act of running guns for Robert Cummings, is discovered and arrested, Randy goes to her aid. When an impossibly high tax is put on cattle, Scott persuades Joan and her grandmother to permit him to drive their cattle north to the railroad where they will have a ready market. After incredible hardships they finally make it and Randy is rewarded by winning Joan's affections from Robert who, though he follows them, refuses to help her in any way.

SPAWN OF THE NORTH

George Raft and Henry Fonda are fishermen in the primitive north where fish are caught in boatloads and the ice to preserve them is taken from icebergs broken by the men's singing. Life-long friends, they grow apart when Fonda decides to go "straight" and Raft joins the salmon pirates. When the pirates find the threat of violence from the honest fishers a menace, they plan a big raid. In the fight which follows, Fonda shoots Raft. Raft, dying, pretends hatred for Fonda, but carries out a plan by which the pirate leader is betrayed and Henry saved.

THOROUGHbred

When two acrobats are hurled to death, Edith Fellows is left an orphan. With Counto, the Wonder Horse, in a trailer, she and the horse's handler, Cliff Edwards, drive to California to find her

relatives. Afraid of stern Aunt Virginia Howell, they go to Cousin Richard Fiske's. As he has just lost his racing stable to his creditors he goes to live with them. The story centers around Edith's efforts to get the three financially fixed by making a race horse out of Counto. Despite the aunt's plots, a fire, a disloyal jockey and other obstacles, she is finally successful and all ends well.

MR. CHUMP

Because Johnnie Davis, who boasts of his success with the trumpet and the stock market, is thwarted in his love for Penny Singleton, he goes to the big city. In short time he returns a hero, a trumpet player in a big orchestra with plenty of money. In the meantime Penny's brother-in-law and Johnnie's rival for her hand have "borrowed" money from the bank where they work and lost it in the stock market. Johnnie takes another large sum and recoups their losses, but the bank examiners have the three thrown into jail. Johnnie swings the trumpet in the prison band and his Penny is waiting for him when he gets out.

SUEZ

Tyrone Power is the young Frenchman who dares to dream of linking continental Europe, the African Southland and the great countries of Southern Asia. Though the object of his heart, Loretta Young, rejects him to become an Empress, she aids him with his project to the end. The other influence in his life is Annabella, a beauty in the French Egyptian garrison. She, too, loves Tyrone and helps him in many ways, even saving his life on occasions. Despite political opposition, such catastrophes as a simoon retarding its construction, the Suez Canal finally emerges as one of the greatest feats of all time.

KEEP SMILING

Orphan Jane Withers takes upon herself the task of rehabilitating her Uncle Henry Wilcoxon who was once one of Hollywood's leading directors but now has become a victim of drink with the consequent loss of jobs. She is helped by his secretary, Gloria Stuart, who is in love with him, and takes Jane to live with her at a boarding house. One night when Jane fails to locate him, she sends some friends to find him. They bring him back to the boarding

\$250,000.00 MOVIE QUIZ

winner! Read this carefully, for your chance to click is excellent

PRIZES

1st Prize	\$50,000	40 of \$500 each.....	20,000
2nd Prize	25,000	40 of \$250 each.....	10,000
2 of \$10,000 each.....	20,000	300 of \$100 each.....	30,000
5 of \$5,000 each.....	25,000	5000 of \$10 each.....	50,000
5 of \$2,000 each.....	10,000		
10 of \$1,000 each.....	10,000		
		Total -	\$250,000

SAMPLE LETTER



A picture like "A Letter of Introduction" may not settle any momentous question, but it does cure more ills than lots of medicine. The story is different from the usual run and full of exciting and amusing situations. All the personalities are excellent, but Charlie McCarthy's wise-cracking by itself would be worth the price of admission. It's a real tonic.

SYNOPSIS

In "A Letter of Introduction," Andreo Leeds and Edgar Bergen save Charlie McCarthy and Andrea's letter of introduction to Adolphe Menjau when the theatrical boarding house in which they live burns. Though the letter reveals that Andreo is Adalphe's child by a former marriage, he asks her not to reveal their true relationship. Menjau's interest in her and her stage career leads to misunderstandings between Andrea and her love, George Murphy, but Bergen and McCarthy, started on a successful radio career by Menjau, stick by Andrea. Finally, Menjau's identity is cleared up, misunderstandings are cleared up and Andreo and George are brought together again.

house slightly inebriated. To keep attention from his entrance, Jane does imitations of various screen stars like Eleanor Powell, Deanna Durbin and Bobby Green, but he makes a scene and is discovered. An old actor at the house befriends him, and it is this friendship that finally brings about Jane's chance for a movie contract and Wilcox's longed-for chance—to direct again.

CRIME TAKES A HOLIDAY

When Ann Sheridan's father is prosecuted as a murderer by District Attorney Jack Holt in his attempt to rid a midwest city of racketeers, she convinces Jack of her father's innocence. Trusting Holt and his assistant Russell Hopton she agrees to say nothing so that they can try to trap the real killers. When all their plans fail and the Governor refuses Ann's father a reprieve, the only way out seems to be to let Ann expose Holt's handling of her father's case thus probably ruining his career. The racketeer leader who has been posing as the "indignant citizen" gets ahold of the exposé but, in making use of it, slips his foot and is quickly trapped into a confession by Jack Holt.

SWING THAT CHEER

The Athletic Board of Carlton University agrees to retain Coach Samuel Hinds for one more year with the warning that he must win every game. Tom Brown is given the blocker's position on the squad and his room-mate Robert Wilcox carries the ball. When Wilcox's touchdowns win the game, though Tom's blocking is really responsible, Wilcox develops a swelled head and Brown is shoved into the background. This leads to a breakup of the boys' friendship and when things come to a showdown just before the final game, a fight takes place in which a table falls on Tom's leg. He feigns a broken leg to show up Wilcox's dependence on his blocking. They are losing the game when Tom confesses his hoax. Working together with Wilcox, who now sees his error, they save the game just as the gun sounds.

BROTHER RAT

Eddie Albert, Wayne Morris' roommate at Virginia Military Institute, needs money because the girl to whom he is secretly wed

is going to have a baby. Wayne tries to be helpful by betting on their baseball game all the money he can get his hands on, including fifty dollars Eddie had given him to put in the bank and money he gets for pawning everything in the room, even a sabre belonging to the U. S. Government. This leads to one difficulty after another, climaxing in Eddie's failure to win the scholarship money they had counted on. Suddenly a telegram comes announcing the birth of the baby and Eddie wins the three hundred dollars for being the first father in the class.

DRUMS

Prince Ghul of India has plans to get possession of the British quarters at Tokot, then kill his brother, the aging Khan, and then the latter's son, Prince Azim. The British and the Khan, learning of the plan, form a treaty, after which a great friendship grows between young Prince Azim and members of the British quarters. After they all suffer terror at the hands of Prince Ghul, the little Prince finally saves the day for both the British and his own throne by using a "private" danger signal he and the Scottish drummer boy had improvised.

MR. WONG, DETECTIVE

John Hamilton, a chemical manufacturer, tells detective Boris Karloff he suspects his two partners of threats which he has received. Karloff, arriving at Hamilton's office for an appointment, finds him dead. John St. Polis, a little chemist who had accused Hamilton of stealing his formula for poison gas, is arrested. Picking up glass particles that he finds, Karloff discovers that his suspicions that Hamilton died from poison gas are true. When Hamilton's two partners meet the same fate, though evidence seems to point to a gang of international spies, clever Karloff proves that St. Polis is the murderer of all three.

SMASHING THE RACKETS

Chester Morris prosecutes, for the D.A.'s office, the case of his old friend the tobacconist who was brutally beaten by racketeers. When he loses the case because of lying witnesses, he decides to handle the case his own way.

(Continued on page 96)

Sonja Henie suggests baked treats to serve with coffee

What is more
tempting than
Norwegian
coffee cake
with coffee?



Entertaining IDEAS

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Sonja says that, in Norway, coffee is served more frequently than here.



WHETHER YOU are a gay and golden picture star, like Sonja Henie, or just a charming, simple little housewife, one of the most becoming roles you can play is that of hostess in the realm of your own home.

If you have ever stopped to realize how important it is for you to shine in this setting of your own making, you have also figured out, I'm sure, that it is not enough just to be poised and gracious. Being a perfect hostess also involves serving the right kind of refreshments. This, of course, is equally true whether your guests have been invited in advance or have just dropped in unexpectedly.

The best way to prepare for these occasions—planned or impromptu—is to decide first on one certain thing around which to "build" your menu. And if you were to follow Sonja Henie's suggestion, that certain something would be coffee.

This popular custom can be directly traced to Miss Henie's

Norwegian "bringing up," for in Norway they drink even more coffee than we do. There the students foregather in "coffee rooms" for the stimulation provided by this fragrant beverage as well as for the exchange of opinions. And there housewives serve to their most honored guests coffee with whipped cream, accompanied by their most delectable baked treats.

What are some of these fresh-from-the-oven delicacies that go so well with a cup of steaming brew? Their name is legion. The question of choice is governed neither by type nor nationality but rather by personal preference. However, I think you will be especially interested in a couple of Sonja's suggestions which I tried out—with immediate success.

The one that takes precedence over all others, naturally enough, is coffee cake. Not the usual coffee cake, but one made according to our Norwegian star's treasured version of an "old country" recipe. Rich, spicy and decidedly different, it is sure to impress your guests no end. The likes of it have never before graced my board but it is already booked for a return appearance!

Or perhaps you think your friends would prefer something more parodied—a little more of the "Bridge Club" type of refreshments? Then by all means bake some Party Puffs, says Sonja. And in order to make the task simpler she supplied directions for making those most frequently served in her own home when folks drop in for a cup of coffee and a not-too-filling sweet. Nothing out of the ordinary about the Cream Puff shells, I noted immediately, but there's something pretty special about both the filling and frosting. The one is lighter than any I've ever tried, the other gleams like nothing I've ever seen. Where is that mixing bowl, and that coffee pot? For I'm expecting guests this evening—are you?

ALMOND COFFEE CAKE

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter	$3\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, sifted
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup lard or vegetable shortening	2 tablespoons softened butter
1 cup sugar	4 tablespoons sugar
1 egg slightly beaten	1 teaspoon cinnamon
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup seedless raisins
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond extract	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup citron and candied cherries, combined
1 teaspoon soda	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup blanched almonds
1 tablespoon vinegar	white of 1 egg

Cream together butter and lard (or vegetable shortening). Add sugar gradually, creaming together thoroughly. Add beaten egg. Add cream and almond extract. Beat until very light. Add soda dissolved in the vinegar. Sift flour into a bowl, make a "well" in the middle and turn first mixture into this depression. Mix together lightly until blended. Roll out gently on well floured board to make an oblong piece about 18 inches long and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Spread with softened butter. Combine the 4 tablespoons sugar with the cinnamon. Sprinkle buttered dough with $\frac{3}{4}$ of this mixture. Rinse raisins in hot water, drain and dry; add to citron, cherries and blanched almonds. Chop well together. Sprinkle $\frac{3}{4}$ of this mixture over the dough. Roll up dough as for jelly roll. Place this roll in a circle (with both ends joining) in a large, round, greased cake tin. Brush with egg white. Sprinkle with the remaining cinnamon-sugar mixture and fruit and nut mixture. Bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) 30 minutes or until a cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean. Should be served hot, plain, or with butter.

PARTY PUFFS

1 cup water 1 cup flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter 4 eggs

Place water in saucepan, bring to a boil. Add butter, stir until melted. Sift in the flour. Stir vigorously, while cooking over low heat, until mixture is thick and smooth, and will form into a ball that does not stick to the sides of the saucepan. Remove from heat, cool slightly. Add the eggs, one at a time, beating hard for several minutes after each addition. Drop by teaspoonfuls, or from pastry bag, onto greased baking sheet. Each puff should be about one inch in diameter and slightly higher in the center. Bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 30 minutes. Test "doneness" by removing a single puff from the oven to see whether it will "fall." If not, the others may be removed at once to a wire cake rack, to cool. When thoroughly cooled make a small slit in the side of each puff with a thin-bladed knife. Carefully fill with cream filling. Top with frosting.

SCANDINAVIAN CREAM FILLING

1 cup scalded milk
yolks of 4 eggs, slightly beaten
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar
2 teaspoons gelatin
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold milk
4 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon (scant) almond extract

Scald the cup of milk in top of double boiler. Beat together the yolks and the sugar. Slowly add the scalded milk. Return to double boiler and cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture is smooth and thickened and will coat a silver spoon. Remove from heat, add gelatin which has soaked 5 minutes in the cold milk. Stir until gelatin has dissolved; add butter, stir until melted. Add flavoring. Chill in refrigerator until thickened. Use as filling for cream puffs.

BITTERSWEET FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 teaspoon butter
1 tablespoon glycerine
2 tablespoons water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

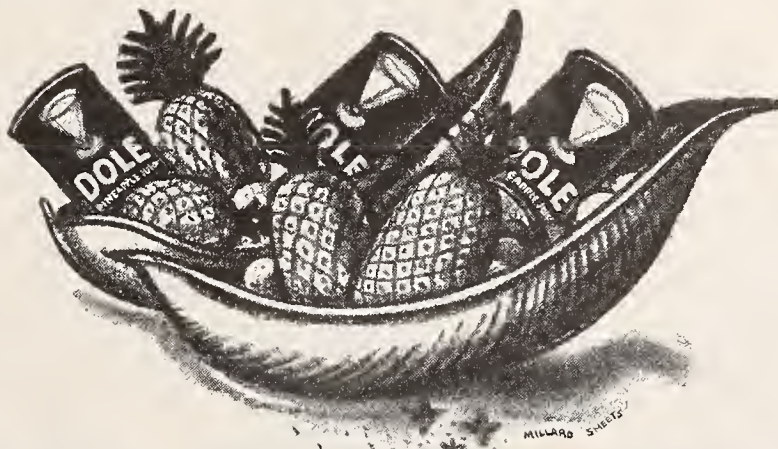
Place chocolate, butter, glycerine and water in top of double boiler. Cook over hot water until chocolate has melted. Remove from heat. Stir until blended. Add vanilla. Stir in the confectioners' sugar gradually, then add a little boiling water, drop by drop, until frosting is of the right consistency to spread. Spread on puffs with a knife dipped in warm water.

● Millard Sheets, noted American painter, pictures the century-old hospitality of friendly Hawaii — when natives greeted visitors from across the sea with luscious fruits.



Happy Holidays from Hawaii

*Greet them zestfully
with DOLE Pineapple Juice — rich in
natural fruit sugars*



DOLE

PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII

MOVIE REVIEWS



★★★★ If I Were King

A happy combination of gayety and wit, romance and excitement, "If I Were King" also possesses another rare virtue—it is a costume picture that moves. Ronald Colman, a master of swashbuckling roles, was never better. The picture resounds with the swishing of cloaks and the clatter of swords, and it is done with a deft touch which makes it the finest costume picture since "Robin Hood."

The story, based on the play of the same name, is concerned with the somewhat legendary doings of Francois Villon, poet and adventurer of 15th Century France, during the reign of Louis XI. Villon, dashing but ragged friend of the poor, boasts one night in a tavern about what he would do if he were king. He is overheard by the king himself, and is given a chance to prove his theories. Colman's performance is his best in several years, and his fine reading of the poetic lines is a delight to hear. Basil Rathbone, as the wily king, almost steals the picture. Frances Dee is beautiful and appealing as a lady-in-waiting who eventually wins Villon's love, and Ellen Drew (who made her screen debut in "Sing, You Sinners") contributes a lusty emotional performance as a girl of the streets who also loves Villon. The supporting cast is excellent. Directed by Frank Lloyd.—Paramount.



★★★ Boys Town

"Boys Town" is a direct appeal to the emotions, and a preview audience proved the success of its appeal by spontaneous applause throughout its unreeling. A couple of days after you've seen it you may wonder why you liked it so much, but that's not important. What is important is the fact that while you're watching it "Boys Town" will captivate you completely.

You probably know that the story is based on the actual "Boys Town" near Omaha, Nebraska, which was founded by and is still ruled by Father Flanagan. The scenarists have taken much of their material from Father Flanagan's own story—a story of early heartaches and struggle and eventual triumph, a triumph built on Father Flanagan's theory that "there is no bad boy."

Spencer Tracy plays Father Flanagan, and gives one of the greatest performances of his career. Mickey Rooney takes second honors as a recalcitrant young man who resents "Boys Town," and Henry Hull is splendid in the role of a business man who grudgingly aids Father Flanagan. Leslie Fenton, Gene Reynolds, Edward Norris, Frankie Thomas and Bobs Watson also deserve more than passing mention. Directed by Norman Taurog.—M-G-M.



★★★ Hold That Co-Ed

Here is the surprise of the season—a college football picture that's really funny. It kids the pants off that noble institution, bigtime football, and at the same time takes deft pokes at politics and turns out to be as funny a comedy as you'll see all season. Movie football takes a big step forward with "Hold That Co-Ed."

The story centers around a run-down state college which is suddenly boosted to affluence by the governor, who thinks a winning football team will make him a senator. He builds a tremendous stadium, sponsors an all-girl band, hires a couple of wrestlers for the backfield and introduces a new idea by putting a girl on the team. Around this plot has been fashioned a hilarious satire which will rank with the best screen comedies of the year.

John Barrymore is completely delightful as the governor, turning in one of the finest comedy performances of his career. George Murphy and Marjorie Weaver play the romantic leads, and Mr. M. is given a chance to demonstrate his nimble dancing when he isn't busy making love to Miss Weaver or coaching good old State. Jack Haley is excellent as the governor's secretary, Joan Davis is funny as a girl football hero, the supporting cast is outstanding. Directed by George Marshall.—20th Century-Fox.

BY LEO TOWNSEND

DRIVEN BY THE LOVE OF TWO WOMEN . . . HE TORE CONTINENTS APART THAT SHIPS MIGHT SAIL THE DESERT!

De Lesseps—whose flaming genius built the Suez Canal...living again his blazing romance . . . conquering the twisting, torturing, all-destroying black simoon! A climax of terrifying power! Spectacle and emotion the screen has never captured before!



Production miracles performed in the desert for this great picture...into which 20th Century-Fox poured all its vast resources . . . Darryl F. Zanuck all his skill!



A 20th Century-Fox Picture with
TYRONE POWER
LORETTA YOUNG
ANNABELLA
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT
HENRY STEPHENSON
SIDNEY BLACKMER
SIG RUMANN
MAURICE MOSCOVICH
NIGEL BRUCE
MILES MANDER
GEORGE ZUCCO
DARRYL F. ZANUCK

in Charge of Production

Directed by Allan Dwan • Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson • Based on a story by Sam Duncan

★★ Too Hot to Handle

"Too Hot to Handle" is the first feature-length glorification of the newsreel cameraman and, if some of the exploits of these gallant gentlemen seem slightly incredible, you can blame that condition on the fact that the movies are sometimes guilty of exaggeration for the sake of drama. Up to now no one knew the newsreel business harbored such glamorous characters as Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Walter Pidgeon, but this trio of expert troupers will make most audiences feel that newsreel people take heroics as a matter of course, disaster and tragedy as part of the day's work.

Gable and Pidgeon are rival newsreel men in China when the picture opens, and most of their time is spent on phoney stunts and faked stories, all of which will undoubtedly make all of us more skeptical of our newsreels from now on. Miss Loy enters their lives through one of these stunts, and stays with them through a series of hectic adventures comparable only to the daily thrills enjoyed by a movie newspaperman. As a matter of fact, "Too Hot to Handle" will remind you of newspaper films, but it is made different by the simple substitution of a camera for a typewriter. In place of the usual screaming movie managing editors, they have substituted newsreel bureau managers who scream just as loud.

This reviewer doesn't feel that the picture comes up to the recent and somewhat similar "Test Pilot," but it has action and melodrama and heroics galore, and the majority of people will like it. Gable and Pidgeon are ideally cast, Miss Loy is somewhat less sparkling than usual, and there are fine performances by Leo

Carrillo and Walter Connolly in the supporting cast. Directed by Jack Conway. —M-G-M.

★★ Room Service

With an outlay of \$250,000 for the story (rights to the successful Broadway play) and another \$250,000 for the services of the Marx Brothers, RKO has a tremendous investment in this film. The picture's chances of showing a profit are slender, for it will not live up to audiences' expectations. Instead of the usual riotous Marx Brothers' antics, "Room Service" is a comparatively sane piece which allows the brothers little opportunity to indulge in the brand of nonsense which has made them famous. It would have been a good picture for a cast of ordinary mortals, but for the Marxes it was a mistake.

As a broken-down Broadway producer living on the cuff in a hotel managed by his brother-in-law, Groucho has more chance to strut his stuff than either Harpo or Chico. The Groucho lope and the Groucho leer are there, but the gags to go with them are missing. Harpo and Chico have little to do, and don't even get a whack at a harp or a piano. Frank Albertson is excellent as a playwright awed by the big city, Donald MacBride almost steals the picture in the role of an apoplectic hotel auditor, and Philip Loeb furnishes rich comedy as a bill collector with a Caspar Milquetoast complex. Ann Miller and Lucille Ball are capable and charming as a couple of girls who seem to be in the cast because someone thought there ought to be a couple of girls in it. If you're a Marx fan you can retain your standing by skipping this one. William Seiter directed.—RKO-Radio.

★★ Mr. Doodle Kicks Off

The fun starts before the kick-off—for it's a Joe Penner picture. And for anyone with a Penner penchant it's a natural. Joe isn't such hot shakes in football but makes up for it by swinging a mean baton in bands at jitterbug jamborees. However, as far as his father's concerned, Joe's just a blot on the family scutcheon unless he attains fame on the football field. Being a million-dollar-a-year man, the pater plunks down two hundred thousand dollars bribe money to the college coaches in order to make an All-American of his offspring.

But it looks as if he can't even make a Joe College out of him. However, to keep peace Joe finally quits the night-clubbing and goes in for higher learning and tackling technique. To say that he takes a beating is putting it mildly. Joe's practically reduced to a pulp and would gladly throw it all over in favor of ping-pong except for the intervention of a co-ed cutie, June Travis, who instills the old fight in Joe's battered frame. The climax, when Joe saves the day and the family name through no fault of his own, is worth getting in on. In the supporting cast competent characterizations are offered by George Irving, Richard Lane, Billy Gilbert and June Travis. Directed by Leslie Goodwins.—RKO-Radio.

★★ Campus Confessions

Another "rah rah" picture of college capers, this one turns out to be surprisingly acceptable film fare. First and foremost, credit for this phenomenon should be given Hank Luisetti, that champ basket-

(Continued on page 95)

Here is the New Linit Complexion Mask

IN FOUR QUICK STEPS

***1st STEP**
Mixing Takes a Minute



2nd STEP
Applying Takes a Minute



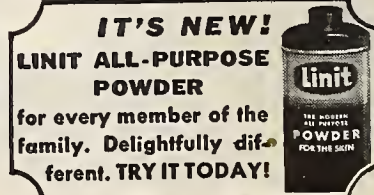
3rd STEP
Resting For 20 Minutes



4th STEP
Rinsing Off Completely



Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Complexion Mask at home: *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.





HOPE HADPTON



... JOEL MCCREA



CLAUDETTE COLBERT



NELSON EDDY



OLYMPÉ BRADNA



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HINDS GIVES EXTRA BOTTLE

without extra cost!
A good-will gift to your
chapped hands!



MONEY BACK ON THIS

IF NOT SATISFIED WITH THIS

Try Hinds at our expense! Extra Good-Will Bottle comes as a gift when you buy the medium size. No extra cost! A get-acquainted gift to new users! A bonus to regular Hinds users! Money Back if Hinds fails to soothe and soften your rough, chapped skin. If the Good-Will Bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get MONEY BACK on large bottle. More lotion for your money—if you are pleased. You win—either way. This offer good for limited time only.



MONEY BACK! Buy the medium size—get the Good-Will gift bottle with it. If Good-Will bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get **MONEY BACK**—where you bought it—on large bottle. If you've never used Hinds, try it now—at no risk. Find out for yourself how good Hinds is. Even 1 application makes dry, chapped skin feel *smoother!*

EXTRA LOTION! Nearly 20% more Hinds—when you buy this Hinds Good-Will bargain! More of this famous, fine hand lotion for the money than ever before. Use Hinds before and after household jobs. Coaxes back the softness that wind, cold, heat, hard water, and dust take away. Used faithfully, Hinds gives you "Honeymoon Hands." Also in 10c, 25c, \$1 sizes.

LOOK
FOR THIS
HINDS
GOOD-WILL
BARGAIN
AT ALL
TOILET GOODS
COUNTERS



HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS

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This is the way the studio camera treats Robert Taylor. Pretty nice, eh?



But this is the way he actually looks when the "candid" gets to work.

LET'S ASSUME for the sake of our story that there is a "warrant out" for Bob Taylor. For what? Were there ever any specific charges? Did he ever offend good taste? Was he ever exhibitionistic? Promiscuous in his romances? A problem child to his studio? Obviously, no. Then what? Then, it seems, he is "too handsome." So far as we can ascertain that seems to be the only complaint, thinly veiled, against Taylor. Which, considering that he works in a pictorial medium, in which producers and public alike are a-hunger and a-thirst for more Taylors and Powers, seems singularly feeble, not to say down-right contrary.

In the good old days of the movies we rejoiced over a Barrymore profile, a "too beautiful" Barbara La Marr, the exoticism of Valentino, the "handsomest male face in the world" of Richard Barthelmess. True, it was said that men "didn't like" Valentino. There is probably something of resentment in both men and women when a very handsome man meets their eyes. The men are, plainly, jealous. The women, although subconsciously, may resent the fact that their own Toms and Dicks and Harrys cannot compare to the incomparable one. But for the most part, and before the days when Hollywood became the second largest by-line in the world, we considered a woman's beauty and, no less, a man's fine appearance, as assets, not liabilities.

So that if our suspicions in Hollywood are correct and if the implied complaint against Taylor, the vague resentment which occasionally crystallizes into crude and even cruel form, has to do with the looks God gave him, then

it is a malfeasance of justice. Because, can he help his looks? What can he do about them? Break his nose? Expose himself to small-pox so as to placate the sling-shot shooters with pock-marks?

What is most unjust of all is that Taylor can not defend himself. If he had become involved in a scandal, he could appear in court and take the stand in his own defense. But he could not, he cannot protest too much, or at all, because God gave him fine features. Now, can he? He can only keep his mouth shut and go his own straight way. Which is precisely what he has done.

I don't suppose a person is ever so well known as he is in his own home town. Especially if the home town is a small town, as is Hollywood. For Hollywood hangs over its back fences counting the pieces of wash on Mrs. Gene Raymond's clothes-line of a Monday morning with a relish which would put any Mrs. Moriarity to shame. Hollywood enjoys nothing so much as a good dish of gossip about that Mr. and Mrs. Tone and why they have separated. Hollywood knows just who was invited to whose latest party and what husbands talked to what wives of what other husbands.

I must report that nothing but good is ever said of Taylor. I report further, that nothing is ever said about Taylor's "looks." No one out here *thinks* about his looks, because his looks are so secondary to his seriousness, his honesty and sportsmanship as to make them, relatively speaking, inconsequential. Hollywood's only comment about the Taylor face is that it usually needs a shave.

Don't forget that you, the fans, see Taylor only when

Bob steps out with his best girl. Of course you know who that is! You're right—Barbara Stanwyck's the lucky lady.

HE'S TOO

handsome

You can blame a man

a splurger or a sh

ask, can he hel

BY MARTHA



One of the most important things to realize about Bob is that by heredity and upbringing he never belonged to Hollywood. For Bob was raised to believe that it's what a fellow is and does that counts. The men he was raised with in Nebraska, his own doctor father, the farmers and ranchers, didn't give a hoot for the way they looked. A man got well or died whether Dr. Brugh had shaved that morning or not. Corn grew strong or withered whether the rancher's profile resembled a Greek god's or Boris Karloff in make-up. The best that was ever said of Bob in Nebraska was that "Doc Brugh's boy is a likely-looking lad." It was what Doc Brugh's boy could do with a horse, a plough, as a handy man, that counted. And so Bob was not "conditioned" to the Hollywood, the photographic estimate of a man.

Here nobody thinks anything about Taylor's looks. Here we take him on his own ground as did those farmers in Nebraska. We know that he lives on his ranch in the San Fernando Valley. He raises alfalfa. He has seven horses. He ropes calves. He has the strength of an ox—and the indifference of the same. He spends almost every evening on his ranch or at Marwyck, with Barbara Stanwyck. They listen to the radio. They talk horses and crops with Neighbor Gable and Neighbor Warren William. Bob's only off-evenings are when he goes to the fights or when he and Barbara go dancing.

There has never been a star who takes so little advantage of the over-privileges this young man might so easily claim. It is something to remember that in his few years in Hollywood, Bob has "gone with" but two girls, Irene Hervey and Barbara Stanwyck. This should presuppose a singleness of heart and of purpose, a strong strain of loyalty. It does prove that there is nothing of the Casanova in Robert Taylor.

There is no she-she about (Continued on page 93)

The absorbing human drama

A HAZEL-EYED demure little girl of less than three summers tugged at the hand of her father as he sat reading in his big armchair by the fire.

"Daddy, I want to walk and see the prites. Please, daddy."

The big man smiled indulgently at his serious faced small daughter.

"Yes, darling, we'll walk if you wish, but what about the prites?"

"The prites, daddy, the pretty prites. Irene wants to see them."

It was some time before a bewildered father and mother realized that what their prodigy wanted to see were the bright lights or "pretty" lights of Louisville, Kentucky's main thoroughfare where went on such night life as existed in this Ohio River town of thirty years ago.

But the request of their daughter, even though couched so distinctly and emphatically,

gave them no premonition that she was destined later to blazon her own name—Irene

—in electric lights the world over.

Her ambition, crystal sharp and clear as

thoughts, was to propel this child, brought

up in a charming lackadaisical atmosphere

of the Ohio and Mississippi River valley

where girls' futures were entwined with

moonlight evenings and

gave her first camera—
to like it!

IRENE *Dunne's* TRUE LIFE STORY

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT



Behind the success of one of Hollywood's loveliest and most talented stars

soft-spoken flattering suitors—that ambition was to bring Irene to the dramatic, brittle and exacting faraway world of show business.

Nor was Irene, as she went through her growing-up pains, conscious of the deeply buried instinct which was to urge her away from prosaic small town life to Broadway and then Hollywood.

"I always just coasted along," she says. "I am ashamed when I look back at my youth and realize how little I planned ahead and how much time I gave to fun and pretty clothes. But—I had a good time."

She did have a good time. That was what was intended for her by adoring parents. She had an elegant, skylarking childhood with games and friends and picnics and Fourth of July celebrations which were the envy of all her young companions.

When she was in her teens, her mother sent Irene to Memphis for a social season and there she had a wonderful whirl—new dresses, dances, teas and—beaux. She was the belle of the town. She could have married any one of a dozen gallant young southern gentlemen, and settled down as a wife in the Old South.

But she didn't. Always deep within Irene something struggled to escape. Something strong and dramatic and pushing. Something which meant combat in the outside world instead of domesticity and society with a capital S in Memphis or St. Louis or even Indiana.

For an understanding of the Irene Dunne of today, you have to go back to before she was born. For, like all individuals possessing more than superficial qualities, her

roots are deep and it is her background which tells why and how she thinks, what has gone into her makeup, what prejudices, fires, moods and ambitions and desires motivate her.

Irene's mother was Adelaide Henry, born in Newport, Kentucky, and brought up in Madison, Indiana, one of a family of four girls and a boy. Irene's grandfather built the boats which carried the freight and passengers up and down the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers and the family, although not wealthy, always lived comfortably. Adelaide was given a fine musical education and was known as one of the gifted pianists of the country.

Irene Dunne's father was big, tall, handsome, dashing, black-mustached Irish Joseph J. Dunne of Louisville. He was a U. S. supervising inspector of steam boats and he met Adelaide quite formally through her father, and, as the tale has been told to Irene, promptly fell in love. During his courtship, he thought nothing of driving the fifty miles from Louisville to Madison behind a spanking team of horses to keep his Saturday night dates. In due time, they were married with much ceremony in a church wedding at eight o'clock in the morning.

Adelaide was voted the prettiest bride in the whole countryside and Joe the handsomest and luckiest bridegroom. It was in a day when marriages were meant to last, when husbands and wives were supposed always to love one another and there is no doubt but what the trust and affection which did exist between her parents made a deep impression upon Irene and influenced her later when she toyed with the idea of getting married.

At two, all dressed up to see the birdie again. She looks interested in a camera even then.

Here's where Grandma lived in Madison, where Irene spent part of her childhood.





All set for the footlight fray—during those early career days in Atlanta.

Irene and her mother, the late Adelaide Dunne, were great and inseparable friends.



Irene's father, Joseph Dunne, from whom she inherited a sense of fun.

Irene was born in a modest frame house at 507 East Gray Street, Louisville. She was a first child. A brother, Charles, was to arrive two years later.

One of the four devoted aunts suggested the name Irene for the new baby. Another aunt, leaning over the crib, where the tiny morsel of pink and red flesh wriggled and gurgled, exclaimed: "Oh, what a little lady-baby!" And so she was.

Irene has never been able to escape from that tag of lady, which she first received when a bawling infant in diapers. It stuck to her all through her childhood and, no matter how much of a minx or flirt she was as she grew into the age of masculine attention, there was always present in her personality that elusive quality first noted by her doting aunt.

Even today when she goes rowdily comic in some of her pictures—as witness the hot-cha shuffle dance in "Show Boat," the drinking scene in "The Awful Truth," and her skating scenes in "The Joy of Living," people are startled because they invariably associate only lady-like qualities with Irene Dunne.



At an early age Charlie influenced his pretty, big sister.



The parasol is the item in this picture of which our star was pretty proud. Note the tilt of the chin and curve of the wrist. An actress even then!

Irene met and fought through her first life crisis when she was two weeks old. Somehow or another, she caught the sniffles. The sniffles developed into a lung cold and the lung cold into a serious case of pneumonia. Now, as everybody knows, a tiny baby of fourteen days hasn't much chance of pulling through pneumonia.

There came a moment when the doctor gave up hope. But the nurse who had been with Adelaide Henry Dunne when Irene came into the world insisted there was yet a fighting spark in the baby. "I know she is not intended to die," said the stalwart woman. So she knelt over the baby, and with a precious relic in her hand, the nurse prayed and prayed.

Irene lived. The doctor said it was a miracle. Whatever it was, faith and Irene's spunk triumphed. From then on, she knew little of illness. She grew into a healthy child with her mother's gift for music.

Her father, the jolly man with the lilting Irish ways, loved to sing while her mother played accompaniments. The old ballads were his favorites. As soon as Irene could hang on to the side of a piano, she made the third of a trio which had a whale of a time going into such sentimental numbers as "Home to the Mountains," Bartlett's "Dream" or "Last Night I was Dreaming of Thee, Dear, was Dreaming." Hours spent like this were red-letter ones to little Irene.

But any hours spent with good looking, vital Joseph Dunne were important to Irene. She adored her father, and being told that she was exactly like him made her very proud. It still does.

Joseph Dunne was an exceptional person. Although he died when Irene was eleven, she remembers him vividly and the things he told her to do.

"He made me love life," says Irene speaking of him. "He was so much fun and he always had so much vitality.

He was gay and merry and he was terribly popular with all of my friends. One of his best friends was a manufacturer of fireworks and every Fourth of July we had a party with rockets and shooting arrows and giant crackers to which all the children were invited and which practically set me up for a whole year.

"I will never forget a trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans with Father and Mother in one of the old river boats. We had the captain's suite and because of my father's position everything imaginable was done to make us feel important. I was so excited. I loved the boat and the lazy river, and I liked to watch the darkies unloading and loading the freight."

The color and charm of that and other voyages down the turgid, yellow waters of the broad Mississippi, the singing of the colored boys in the mellow, early evenings, the splash of the water against the paddle wheels, are rich and treasured memories to Irene. And her father, "Captain" Dunne as he was known from Minneapolis to New Orleans, related many fascinating stories of life in the bayous and on the boats. To these Irene would listen by the hour, spell-bound.

But Captain Dunne not only had great charm. He had the gift of commanding respect. Says Irene:

"My father was definitely the head of the family. My mother looked to him for decisions. We, my brother Charles and I, knew there was no appeal from his authority. For all his jollity and good nature, he never forgot to emphasize the importance of character and integrity. He wanted us to be good—really good.

"The day before he died—he was sick for about a year and he knew that he was going to leave us—he called me into the bedroom, held me in his arms and talked to me a long time. I can remember his using the word morality, repeating it and telling me that (*Continued on page 82*)

Walter Pidgeon, the guy who looks down at the girl from his six-foot-three with a certain something in his eye, seems to enjoy life best when he's telling a story on himself.



Don't **TAKE HIM - AND LIKE IT**

Pidgeon's a bird who brags about his

luck and worries about—nothing! But

he's getting there just the same

TROUBLE WITH me is, I have no story. My luck's been too good. Never had the fun of worrying over the gas bill or hiding under the bed when the landlady knocked. Missed a lot, I know, and here I'm missing the chance of a juicy writeup. But what can I do? I have no story."

It was Metro's new heart-throb, Walter Pidgeon, talking—the guy who looks down at the girl from his six-foot-three with a certain something in his eyes that makes you wonder how long she can keep from flopping into his arms. Having just been told that the studio would buy his lunch in return for an interview, he was meditating strange combinations of all the expensive dishes he could find on the menu.

Once a broker, Walter is now entirely devoted to his daughter and his acting career. Here he's with Mary Astor and Freddie Bartholomew in his latest success, "Listen, Darling."



"How about filet mignon, garnished with lobster, and a small squab on the side? Just how far can I go under my contract?"

A theatrical agent would tab him "man of the world"—for his lean good looks, his ease of manner, the half smile in his eyes, amused, imperious, caressing. His screen personality suggests that combination of mastery and tenderness which has been the feminine ideal since the days of Eve. Off-screen, there is also apparent a lightness of touch in his dealings with people, a gay good will that embraces the world, and knows no difference between the girl who waits on him and the executive who stops for a word in passing.

"Where was I?" He was attacking his steak. "Oh, yes. Nothing ever happens to me. I went on the stage, Joe Schenck brought me out for silents, I went back to the stage, I came out to do musicals for Warners', musicals took a nose dive, I was out on my ear. I went back to the stage, Wanger offered me a couple of pictures, Universal signed me, Metro bought my contract, and here I am. If you can find any excitement in that, you're welcome to it. I didn't.

"I figure it this way. If Metro kicks me out, there are other studios. If they all kick me out, I can go back to the stage. Sure it can happen. It's happened before. After all, there are lots of guys around, and I'm being

paid pretty good dough. Which opens up another angle." He grinned broadly. "The more kids they bring out here from New York, the more room that leaves for me on the stage. So why worry?

"All that worries me is keeping my health, so I can go on working. I can always find something to do. Good Lord, I have to. I've got a youngster coming along who wants fur coats and sports cars and trips to Honolulu and Europe. Mind you, I'm not saying she gets everything she wants. But I would like to start her off on the right foot toward taking care of herself. Mind if I talk about her?

"She's long and lanky like me, and she looks like her mother. Just now she's crazy about painting. When other kids curl up in a corner to read, she's off with her palette. They tell me that's a great game to starve to death on. I wouldn't know. When the time comes, I'll send her to a friend of mine in the East, man her mother worked with. He's the kind who'd say right off the bat, 'Walter, you want this kid to have
(Continued on page 74)

B Y I D A Z E I T L I N

BY JAMES CARSON

**She has the romance routine
down pat and gladly passes
it on to you**

Tyrone Power, Loretta Young and
Joseph Schildkraut all appear
together in "Suez."



Love AND LORETTA

THERE ARE people who feel sorry for Loretta Young. Actually. Loretta may be beautiful. She may be famous. She may be clever. She may be earning a handsome salary. She may have more friends than almost any other girl in Hollywood. Yet there are people who feel sorry for her because she isn't married.

Offhand, it might seem more sensible to pity the eligible bachelors who haven't been able to persuade her into matrimony. Or to pity a few other glamor girls who are married to the wrong men. But no. They take it upon themselves to pity Loretta.

"It's a shame," they say, "that, after working so hard all these years, Loretta hasn't yet found happiness."

That's what they say. What they think may be something else again. "It's a shame," they may think, "that Loretta doesn't get married, and go out of circulation, so that some of the other girls can have a chance to get themselves married."

Loretta not only isn't married. She is distractingly single. There's the rub.

No telephone in Hollywood rings more often than hers. She hasn't suffered any lack of willing suitors. Actors, directors, writers and just plain millionaires have begged her to choose among them.

The fact that Loretta hasn't chosen would seem to indicate that she isn't matrimonially inclined.

But, sadly shaking their heads, people ask, "Why isn't she marriage-minded?"

There must be an answer for that one. What is it?

Loretta's own crisp, with-a-smile answer is: "I guess I just haven't been lucky. I haven't met the only man for me. When I do meet him, I'll marry him." It's as simple as that to Loretta.

Still smiling, she adds, "I know a few girls who gave up waiting for love, and married for companionship, and seem to be happy. But I'm still holding out for love. I

can't see any other reason for marrying.

"I certainly don't have loneliness for a reason. I have three sisters, all of whom are very close to me—and a young mother, who is as close as a sister. I have a few friends who are also very close, and a number of acquaintances who are very companionable. And—there's Judy."

(Loretta's whole life nowadays revolves around blonde, brown-eyed, two-year-old Judy. She even does her vacationing within her own four walls. She can't travel with Judy until the adoption papers are final, and she would rather stay home than go traveling without that very lucky young lady.)

"I'm not tired of supporting myself, and anxious to have somebody else take over the burden. I don't have that for a reason for marrying," Loretta continues. "I already have a meal ticket. I earned it myself. And a home. And all the other material possessions I could possibly want.

"No, I'm afraid it will have to be love, to tempt me into marriage.

"I don't have any theories about when, or where, or how the marrying kind of love will come into my life. All I have is a sublime faith that some day it *will* come along, and make everything else seem trivial and unimportant. I'm not going around looking for it. Love isn't something *you* find. Love is something that finds *you*."

But there is such a thing as encouraging love and discouraging it. She wouldn't have been discouraging it, for some reason? She wouldn't have let the impression get around that she was strictly a career girl, independent of the male of the species?

Loretta shakes her head. "I'm not a career girl—never have been, and never will be. I don't have any illusions that a career is the greatest ex- (Continued on page 86)



There are people who feel sorry for Loretta Young—because she isn't married. Or is that the reason?

David Niven is one of Loretta's "once-in-a-whiles." And very happy to be, too—as who wouldn't!





Left, Bob Burns with Fay Bainter and Jean Parker in his new picture, "Arkansas Traveler." Bob plays the same kind of homespun philosopher that he really is.

Bob Burns tried everything from river-boat piloting to civil engineering before he finally realized his ambition to go on the stage. Even then success came slowly.

Right, Bob Burns and his second wife, who was also once his secretary. There's a new baby in the Burns' household, too, as you've probably heard tell.

BY MARY MAYES

GRANDPA SNAZZY'S

grandson

BOB BURNS hasn't a single blood relative living in Crawford County, Arkansas. There really is a Crawford County. There also really is a Van Buren. It has upwards of six thousand inhabitants, and most inhabitants of the gender feminine are marvelous cooks. Some of the inhabitants of the gender masculine are pretty good cooks, too, among them former-inhabitant Bob Burns. He says he can cook almost anything, now that he can afford to buy good ingredients.

Time was (on a first venture into Cinemaland, which was bleak, blue and almost entirely unsalaried) when the only ingredients for any Burns meal were eggs. And then only because Robin and his first wife, Betty, had been shrewd enough to raise a few hens. I quote from one of the poet Burns' exclusive biographies, published in his home town paper, the *Van Buren Press Argus*: "Eggs were nickels, and California hens didn't lay any faster in the Burns backyard than they did in the Ozark Mountains."

Me and the magazine could be sued and put in jail together, I suppose, for that measly little quote, because the whole darn Bob Burns Edition of the *Press Argus* was copyrighted. But me and the magazine feel quite safe, because the paper loves Bob Burns and a suit might be considered unfair publicity for him. That's the way they feel about Bob in Van Buren, Ark.

And it isn't only because his name and fame have brought trade-stimulating tourists to the little town, either.

Why, they love him so much that they wouldn't even give away his right age in the afore-mentioned special edition. So I'm not going to tell, either, because I don't know for sure and, as the wife of another famous Burns says, "Who cares so long as you're healthy?"

The Burn family (the "s," as you know, was legally added later) lived in a boat house. It seems that, before the war between the states, a large boat named the "Resolute" plied the Arkansas River. One day it saw fit to sink, right between Van Buren and Fort Smith, the metropolis directly across the river.

One Mr. Hayman thriftily bought the good lumber salvaged from the boat, and built three small houses on Broadway. This was way back in 1858. The three houses—staunchly constructed, but gingerbreadly in design—were inevitably and forever known as the boat houses.

Across the street from the Burns lived the Sadlers. Anna Sadler (nowadays dinning knowledge into young Van Buren in the new Sophie Meier High School) was an inseparable playmate of Robin and his brother Farrar, two years older than our hero.

"There sits the only person who ever whipped Bob Burns!" was the dramatic wind-up of a fine speech made by editor Hugh Park of the *Argus* one day last year at the Dallas Fair. A sea of eyes turned to follow the Park forefinger, expecting to find some giant there. The eyes beheld, instead, a mere woman, blushing a little at this unaccustomed attention.

(Continued on page 78)



**Here's the home-town
lowdown on the poet
Burns, bazooka-ist
extraordinaire**

When his home-town mandolin orchestra felt the need of more bass, brass and body, Bob Burns invented the bazooka out of a plumber's pipe and a funnel. Here's the inventor with his latest model.



Joan will talk for
hours about Dick,
Norman or Baby
Ellen. But herself?
That's different.



THAT GIRL'S *Back*

A husband and two babies keep most girls busy—but not Joan Blondell

FOR THE FIRST time in months, Joan Blondell was feeling the heat of the arc lights, hearing the clang of the "quiet" bell, seeing the inside of a sound-stage. She was sitting on the sidelines of Dick Powell's set, watching Dick do a comedy scene.

It was a good scene, fast and funny. But Joan wasn't able to enjoy it. She wasn't able to relax and be just a spectator. She was sitting tense, one foot wrapped around her other ankle. In spirit, she was right in there with the boys, pitching those lines back and forth, praying there wouldn't be a slip-up.

After the scene was finally on film, she treated herself to a deep sigh, leaned back, and said, with a baffled shake of the head, "I don't know—it looks awfully hard. How did I ever use to do it? How will I ever do it again?"

But she will do it again. Under pressure, she will even admit that she'll probably be around for "The Gold Diggers of 1960."

She may be, happily, Mrs. Dick Powell. She may be a happy mother, twice over. Just to step on a movie set may tie her nerves in hard knots. Just to hear the clang of a "quiet bell" may give her chills and jitters. But Joan hasn't a thought of retiring, now or ever.

When she stepped off the screen last February for a blessed event, people wondered if she might also be stepping off for keeps.

"No," says Joan briskly. "No. I was just taking a rest. My rests always seem to come with babies. Unless you want to count the three weeks I had off when I had my appendix out. I couldn't arrange that between pictures. I had to head for the hospital right in the middle of one. And just as soon as I was able to sit up in bed, the director had a crew of forty-eight men, more or less, up in my bedroom, to shoot the end of the picture. They rewrote the entire end of the story just so that

I could be propped up in bed for the final clinch.

"The studio sent out photos showing me finishing the picture in bed, and the papers wouldn't use them. They thought it was a fancy gag that the publicity department had dreamed up.

"But"—Joan closes her eyes eloquently—"it actually happened.

"Appendicitis gave me only three weeks off. I did a little better when Norman came. I got four months then. (He was in four pictures before he was born, even so.) This is the longest I've ever been away from work—six months. And every minute of the time out was worth it. We've got something awfully cute in our Ellen.

NO, WE didn't name her after anybody. We picked 'Ellen' out of the blue. And it seemed to sound all right with Powell. Dick wanted her to be named 'Joan,' but I wouldn't hear of it. I wanted her to get off to a nice clean start.

"She's the image of Dick; Norman looks like me. I'm trying to get some curls on Dick for a few seconds, so I can see what she'll look like when she gets some hair. You might say, as I shouldn't, that she's the super-baby of all time. She stood up at seven weeks—grabbed onto the bars of her bassinet and pulled herself upright. She has Dick's vitality and pep. The two of them can keep going all day long. Me, I give out. My kind of pep is the galloping-nerves kind. Theirs is different."

Let Joan once get wound up, and she will unwind for hours about Dick and Norman and Ellen, and say nary a word about her public career as an actress. This being so, how does she explain her not "resting" from it indefinitely?

"They'd have to stand over me with a club to get me to rest," Joan says. "I wouldn't know what to do with myself, not working. (Continued on page 80)

Joan and Dick Powell have proven that two careers plus two babies can equal success and happiness.

Joan with Robert Paige, Mary Astor and Lester Matthews in her last before her "rest." "There's Always a Woman."

BY
JAMES REID





"I may play the fool most of the time, but not while I'm acting," says David. Remember him with Pauline Moore in "Three Blind Mice?"

One of the few eligible bachelors in Hollywood, David squires the cream of the crop. Olivia De Havilland is a favorite.

SOME ARE born pretty boys. They're lucky. And some are born witty boys. They're luckier. Consider, for example, the case of David Niven.

If he had had to depend upon his face to make his fortune, he would be stony broke. And that statement isn't a wisecrack from the sidelines. David says so, himself. He insists that he's an actor today in spite of his face. He won't go so far as to admit that he's an actor because he has a sense of humor. But it's true, nevertheless.

His screen career isn't all luck, as he claims. He did happen to meet the right people—people who thought he had screen possibilities. But if he hadn't amused those people, they never would have thought so. And if he hadn't been so amusing between scenes, no sane producer would have allowed him on a movie set. He was that ghastly, in the beginning, as an actor.

If he had taken his first film test seriously, and hadn't risked a facetious dig at all film-test directors and thus given Samuel Goldwyn a guffaw, Sam never would have signed him to a contract. David still would be among the anonymous, a footloose soldier of fortune.

Now look at him. Still carefree, but famous. A big enough name to rate second lead in the all-masculine "Dawn Patrol," only one notch below Errol Flynn.

And all because he has a talent for finding life amusing, no matter where he is or what he's doing. All because he operates on the theory: "Life's too short, and everybody's too inhibited."

He laughed his way through a hectic assortment of ad-

ventures to the present adventure of acting. And, after three and a half years of *that*, he's still able to laugh—even at himself.

To begin at the beginning: he was born in one of the last places on earth where you would expect a whimsical worldling to originate. The stork, with complete disregard for the Niven future, deposited him in a sleepy little village in inner Scotland, named Kirriemuir.

TO COMPLICATE MATTERS, he was born into a home that respected the good, old, solid British tradition that a son follows his father's profession. David's father was an Army man, whom he can just remember. The memory ties in with his earliest scrape. "On an exploring expedition, I had crawled underneath the netting that protected the family strawberry plants. My father caught me by the seat of the pants through the net and applied discipline then and there. Particularly there."

His father was killed in the War. His mother moved to England, and David, going to school there, lost whatever Scotch burr he may have had and acquired an English accent. Steeped in family tradition, and idealizing his lost father, he prepared for Sandhurst, the English West Point.

When he was ready, he was only seventeen. Sandhurst had a rule that an entrant had to be seventeen and a half. Tall even then and innocent-looking even then, he circumvented the rule. It was the first time he ever talked his way into anything. Since then, he has also become adept at talking his way out of anything.

Don't laugh at David's arrival in Hollywood—he was dumped from a ship

WITTY BOY NIVEN

BY

GEORGE

BENJAMIN

Through a hectic assortment of adventures to the present adventure of acting, the Niven sense of humor has been David's chief asset.

At Sandhurst, for lack of something more amusing to do, he went out for amateur theatricals. "They appealed to my sense of farce. The acting was that crude, and the 'heroines' were that enormous. Participating in the productions, I was, like everybody else, unintentionally funny." But that wasn't enough for David. He turned author long enough to write a show that would be not only crude, but mad. Moreover, the boys put on the show and it was an instantaneous, howling success.

The British turn cadets into officers faster than we do. A year and a half after David entered Sandhurst, he exited. He was assigned to a regiment on the Mediterranean island of Malta, than which there is only one place hotter. There isn't a tree on the island and the only breeze is the hot *sirocco*, steaming up from Africa. The life of a soldier there would turn most men into stoics. It turned David into a convivial conversationalist. Light talk made the heat less heavy.

One of the delights of life in Malta was his orderly, Private McEwen. "He was like something out of P. G. Wodehouse, except that his uniform was military and his name for his employer was 'Monsieur.' He had a tender solicitude for my welfare. One time, when we faced a broiling march, (Continued on page 76)

into a film company launch



IS JEAN ARTHUR *really*

BY FAITH SERVICE

PROTECTIVE COLORATION, I thought, looking at Jean, feeling that if I didn't keep my eyes focused on her she might blend with the landscape and disappear altogether. We were sitting in the garden of her Brentwood home drinking afternoon tea. I watched her closely. For the shyness of Jean, her retiringness and evasiveness, have become part of the Hollywood folk-lore.

I thought of the day the studio previewed "You Can't Take It With You" and how Jean sat in the back row of the projection room clutching her husband's hand. And how, after the showing, we all filed out full of admiration for one of the best pictures anyone of us could remember seeing. And how later, I spoke to Frank Ross, Jean's husband, and asked him whether Jean wasn't feeling terrifically happy about it.

He said that she was moved and excited by the picture, knew that it was great, that she was proud as a peacock to have been in it. But, he added, she was not happy about herself, didn't like her voice in spots, didn't like the way she had photographed.

And then Frank said, with that sure understanding of Jean which must be her strongest prop and greatest source of happiness, "Jean is not essentially a happy person, you know. She is not in any way a Pollyanna. She is never satisfied with herself. You have to have quite a lot of self-satisfaction to be the 'happy type,' don't you think?"

The day I went to have tea with Jean, Frank drove me to the house. On the way, he told me an anecdote which is as illuminative as anything I have ever heard about her. They had recently attended the out-of-town preview of "There Goes My Heart," the picture starring Fredric March and Virginia Bruce. As they came out of the theatre, autograph seekers bore down on Jean and surrounded her. Later, driving home, she had said to him suddenly, "Do you suppose they could have thought I was Virginia Bruce?" It didn't occur to her that the fans might be wanting her autograph.

But this shyness, this inferiority complex which so flourishes in her private life that she has no public life, does not in any way touch or affect her work. As a private person, she is uncertain of herself. But as an actress, she is completely sure. For the instant Jean Arthur steps onto a sound stage, she is dominant, self-possessed, handling the tools of her craft expertly and effortlessly. She knows that she is the character she is playing, having shed the shy sheath of Jean Arthur.

Nor does her shyness and timidity affect the integrity which can—and did—throw away a fortune for the sake of a conviction. It may be a paradox to find such timidity and such integrity joining equal forces in one small girl of five feet, four inches, weighing a mere one hundred and ten pounds. But there it is. For when Jean had "difficulties" with her studio a year ago she

did, indeed, throw away a fortune. She threw away one year of her working life. And it takes strength and integrity forged of steel to toss a fortune over your shoulder in these days. A gentle little creature compounded only of wistfulness and whimsy would not have had this strength.

For Jean left Hollywood a little more than a year ago. She left without a contract, without knowing whether she would ever return. She went to Carmel, in the northern part of the state, and rented a cottage there. Her mother was with her, her husband went up for week-ends. And there she stayed for months, taking long walks or just sitting on the beach doing nothing, "not even thinking" she told me. She said,

"I was completely worn out, more mentally than physically. I'd made six pictures in a year, which are three too many—for me.

"The argument with the studio was, of course, nerve-racking to me. I was absolutely numb for a year—so numb and depleted that I *could* just sit. I didn't even read. Then, after some months in Carmel, Mother and I went to the Yosemite for more months of solitude. I had planned to go to New York to see

the plays, which I love. But I didn't even get around to doing that. I stayed close to the sea and the woods.

"Then I came back and the 'difficulties' were all adjusted and I signed a new three-year contract which calls for only two pictures a year and permission to make one picture a year at some other studio."

I asked, "Have you any special ambition to do any particular story or part?"

"Oh, I have an actress' usual complex of wanting to play everything from 'Peter Pan' to 'Joan of Arc,'"

I said then, "You know, it seems a pity that you can't get more fun out of your success. I remember asking Lawrence Tibbett once whether he enjoyed being famous and he blew out his chest and thumped it and said, 'I love it! I love to walk along the streets and know that people are staring at me and saying, 'There goes Lawrence Tibbett!' I get a big wam out of it.'"

"Well," said Jean, "I like to be comfortable, that's all. To me, it's agony to be the center of attraction, unless I'm on the stage. When I'm out among people, I like to be 'just another guy.' Believe me, it's a strenuous job to have to live up to the way you look on the screen every day of your life. I asked one of the most beautiful girls on and off the screen how she did it and she said, 'Just work, work, work, and if you don't get a big kick out of it, Jean, it isn't worth it.' It means facials, massage, manicures, hairdressers, dress fittings every day of your life. Well, I just can't do it. And I don't think that an actress has a right to disappoint people.

"We play in pictures which cost thousands of dollars, sometimes more than a million dollars. Huge sums of money are spent to build up a star's personality. The

Jean says one thing; her husband, another! At that, they might both have the answer

UNHAPPY?

story, the production values, the camera, make-up, lights, dialogue, all contribute to make her a glamorous personality. We create an illusion when we are on the screen. We should sustain that illusion. We owe it to the studio. We owe it to the public. But we can't be perfectly poised all of the time. Dear knows, I can't. I can't be glamorous like, say, Marlene Dietrich. I haven't the sheer magnificence of Garbo. I just like to be comfortable when I'm not working, so I try to keep out of the public eye as much as it's possible."

Jean Arthur added, "And I'm really as happy as a lark. I'd be an awful 'goop' if I weren't, because I have so much to be happy about. I've got the kind of a husband that doesn't grow on bushes. I'm in the business that I love. I've been able to do things for other people, and I'm as strong as a horse. Because I don't enjoy some of the things that most sophisticates do, doesn't mean that I can't get a tremendous kick out of the things I like to do."

"I love everything about my work. Research, costumes, hair-do's. I love having friends in for dinner and then sitting around just talking. I work in the garden. I like flowers and I like to learn flower names and their habits. I like to swim and hang around the pool in the sun. I enjoy taking walks in the hills with Frank. I like to take my dog to the beach. I love to go on little trips, camping trips, especially. I don't like big, overstuffed hotels, where you have to 'dress for dinner,' but I love to go to New York to see the shows. I adore New York."

"I'm not very domestic," smiled Jean, "in any big, efficient way. But I like to 'play house' now and then. I like to get dinner for Frank on cook's night out. I get pretty fancy, too. I love frankfurters and hamburgers and bottles of coke and pop and milk nickels and penny candy. And even if I don't count the linens or put up preserves, I'm very particular about the way my house is kept. A speck of dust and there's a big hullabaloo!"

"I go to the beauty parlor quite often. I have to," sighed Jean. "My hair . . . it's so hard to handle." (It's like baby hair, soft as silk.) "I have to be in the studio long before most people, so that we can spend plenty of time struggling with it. Even a permanent with me doesn't mean a thing."

I interrupted here to ask, "But if you had to name what you (Continued on page 97)"

When she steps on a sound stage, Jean feels sure. But in a drawing-room—oh, no! Below, with her husband, Frank Ross.



Are You a Hidden

You know you needn't be—so come right out where everyone can see you

BY MARY MARSHALL

IN ADDITION to some pretty snappy, straight-from-the-shoulder talk about taking care of your complexion this winter, plus some hints about winter diet so that you'll eat properly and sufficiently like good girls, plus a few new tips about putting on the war paint, I want to discuss—helpfully, if I can—those vague, nebulous aids to beauty, personality, self-development and self-improvement which do not come in boxes and jars. My unprofessional-looking shorthand notes, if you'd care to have me read them back, remind me that I want to say something about self-confidence and poise, the lack of which can hide beauty like a tent.

Everybody says they're dandy things to have and, if you have 'em, you can get by with a very modest donation from Nature in the way of actual, physical beauty. But nobody tells you much about acquiring 'em! And then, I've been thinking about the tendency of many older girls—married women, particularly—to "let themselves go," and I thought as how I couldn't blame some of them for letting themselves go, but wasn't there something I might say which would help them and pep them up. Also I've been thinking how real young girls might cease to be hidden beauties and come out from under their bushels if

only someone offered a helping hand, or if they themselves could be put in the way of seeking a helping hand for themselves. And in this connection, I wanna pen a short plea to mothers; and I want to say something about earning money; and I want to say something about picking out a good model to copy.

Am I talking in riddles? Okay. I'll stop generalizing and get right down to cases.

Putting aside the make-up, the exercises and so on until later, let me try to get down on paper a few things about that desirable but undefined attribute called poise. It is essential to real charm, to success, to popularity. Can it be acquired? Yes! Is it easy to acquire? No! How can you, personally, make a start? Well, I'll make some small suggestions and give you some examples, and if you find anything here which fits your case, I shall be happy.

Do you go around, in your community, with a crowd—a bunch—a gang? A fine thing—a gang—part of the time. Wholesome. Friendly. Nice. But get away from the crowd occasionally. In any group there are leaders and followers. Whether you're the one or the other, you get to depending on this one group, thinking like them, wondering "what the crowd will think" if you do thus and so. It's not good if it's carried too far. I am reminded of an attractive young school teacher I know. She told me she never met any men—never met anybody in whom she'd



Sonja Henie is pretty, but vivacity is the secret of her charm, so she projects pep.



Andrea Leeds gives you a tip on poise—there's nothing finer to uncover hidden beauty.

Beauty?

and show 'em what you've got

be interested. No attractive man ever seemed to be interested in her and yet—looka!—she was pretty, dressed well, and was far from dumb in the head. “Well, sweetie,” said I, “get away from Gracie and Dora and Hannah and What’s-her-name. You even go on trips and vacations together. If there’s anything detrimental to the blooming of sex appeal, individuality and all the rest of it, it is to be ticked off immediately by every male present as one of a ‘bunch of old-maid school teachers’ on a toot.’”

Rule No. 1, then—if you travel in a group—is to get away by yourself occasionally.

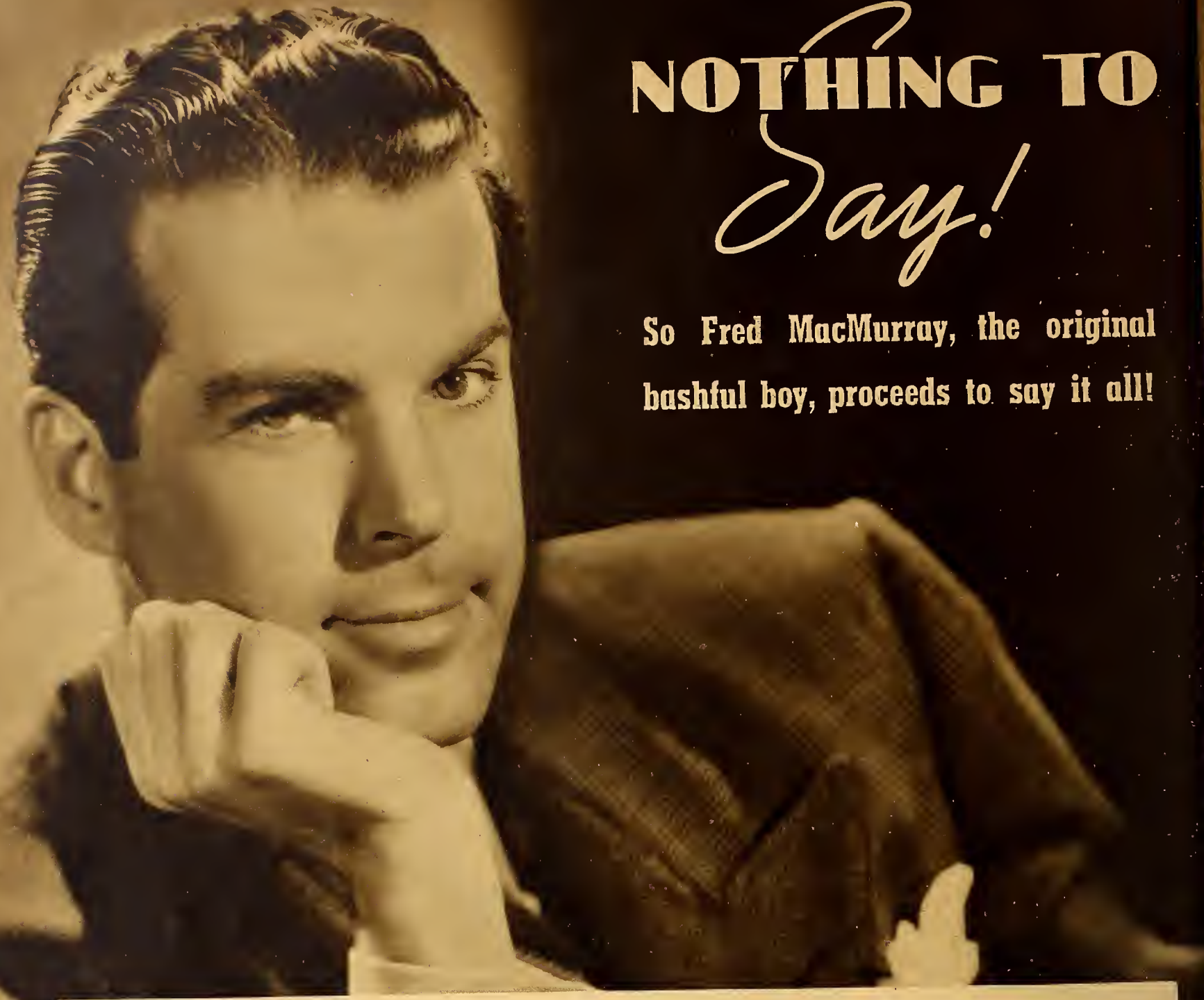
Get away from the especially attractive sister—the more-popular-than-you friend from time to time, too. Not permanently, naturally—you needn’t snub anybody or hurt anybody’s feelings. I’m reminded of Joan Bennett. In the earlier days, Joan, the prettier of the two, was always overshadowed by Connie’s superior smartness and sophistication. Joan lost many a beau when the beau set eyes on Connie. After being miserable about the situation for some time, Joan got out and made herself important—away from sister. You, now—make yourself important—give yourself integrity that is yours and yours alone, so that there *(Continued on page 89)*



Ginger Rogers was “discovered” by her mother. Are you harboring a hidden beauty?



Joan Bennett might have been hidden under a bushel all her life if she hadn’t determined to make herself important.



NOTHING TO *Say!*

So Fred MacMurray, the original
bashful boy, proceeds to say it all!

Y'KNOW, I guess I'm just bad copy," Fred MacMurray deplored, by way of explaining himself. "I don't have *much* to say, but I don't seem to know how to express even that. Some folks might think me dumb, and, at that, they may have something there—all the votes aren't in yet! I've never been much good at yelling my head off. Guess I'm not actor enough to run around talking about myself constantly. There's really very little to tell anyway. I don't do anything outstanding, just hunt and fish and—well, guess that's about all. Know what I heard about myself? That I'm one of those guys who answer questions in the fewest possible words, putting a large period at the end!"

"Any fool," we reminded Fred, "can spout off his alleged mind. But it's the wise man who sits back listening to what the other gent has to say." As a matter of fact, being a figurative Sphinx has its compensations.

"Yeah? You may have something there," Fred conceded with a sheepish grin. "You know the real reason I'm here? My wife said she was darn tired of spending two bits for a magazine to see merely a picture of me and my dog. For a change she wanted to read something about me—if there was anything to print! Now when your boss speaks, you don't do

much waiting for a second warning. So you see why I'm anxious for this interview.

"Maybe I'm a little scared when I face an interviewer. For some reason I shut up like a clam and can't think of a darn thing to say. And, when he begins with questions like 'Which of those many places you've lived did you enjoy most?' I get actually tongue-tied. Why, I've lived in so many places I can't remember them all. So, right there I'm stuck. Then he invariably comes back with the one about my favorite women. I bravely begin with my wife and then, when I've mentioned my mother, I'm in the dog house again. About the extent of my knowledge of women is that I've the best wife in the world and about the grandest mother a guy could have. Guess I'm not the romantic type because there just isn't much scope on femininity there!

"Seems I could go to town when they ask if I had early ambitions to act. But, no. I finish that off with, 'Nope, it was the farthest thing from my mind. I was lucky enough to play a solo in a band that happened to get into a show.' And there you have it in a nutshell. Why, when I came out here I'm sure the company wondered, just as much as I did, why I was around and what the heck (*Continued on page 73*)

BY ROBERT
MCILWAIN E



OFF THEIR

Guard

Bette Davis, President of the Tailwaggers, has some fun playing "musical chairs." But then President D. always manages to have a very good time no matter what goes on.

Photos by George Strock

BEST PARTY OF THE YEAR



Just about anybody who is anybody in Hollywood turned out for the Tailwaggers' Charity Ball at the Beverly Hills Hotel, for the Tailwaggers is a dog lovers' organization, with Bette Davis as its national president. Above, the expression on the President's face looks as if someone refused a poor dog a bone. With Bette here are Norma Shearer and Miriam Hopkins.





Joan Blondell and Dick Powell trip the light fantastic in honor of the pooches.



Since Johnny no longer swings from trees in her yard, Lupe sees Henry Wilcoxon.



Edgar Bergen parks Charlie McCarthy on the sidelines and talks to Shirley Ross.



Here's dinner for a dozen doggies—won by Mrs. Wally Ford, presented by the President.





Wally Ford wins the cocker spaniel raffled off by the Tailwaggers. The Ford family seemed to have a winning streak that evening.



That very happy and very constant duo, Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett, were right there to lend their support to a good cause.



Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper chat over the cocktails. What a lot of lucky pooches to have so many celebrated sponsors!





Anita Louise and Buddy Adler look as if they're afraid to smile and spoil their make-up. Or did we just startle them out of a tete-a-tete?



Our cameraman found Randy Scott, Norma Shearer, Mrs. Jock Whitney and the Henry Fondas lined up at the handsome bar.



Billie, Yvonne,
movies again



Five OF A KIND

Take a look at these shots snapped between scenes of "Five of a Kind" and you'll change your ideas of movie stars. It isn't hard to see that housework, puppies and a stroll down the lane are the important factors in the lives of these four-year-old glamor gals. Here at last are five little belles who aren't the least bit interested in who has the biggest part. In fact, they'd like Jean Hersholt to have it.

The director hasn't a chance—life is too full of interesting things hidden in pockets and such. As for m' ladies' movie wardrobe—it's just a great big nuisance, that's all!





FITE NITE

**Maxie Rosenbloom
fights Bob Pastor
and everyone in
town turns out!**





Maxie, the Barrymore of the bone-crushers, broadcasts on the side!



Bill Powell arrives, gayer than Hollywood has seen him for some time.



A couple of inveterate fight fans—George Raft and Chester Morris.

Leif Erikson is interested, but Frances Farmer can't take it—or maybe it's so dull she's napping. What do you think?



It's all very amusing to Virginia Bruce and Walter Ruben, who evidently wish they were home with a couple of good books.



MAN- ABOUT- TOWN

—that's Mickey Rooney!

When "Love Finds Andy Hardy" surprised everybody and turned out to be a big hit, writer Carey Wilson surprised its young Lothario, Mickey Rooney, with a party. Right, the Rooney charm asserts itself on Cecilia Parker.



Cecilia Parker and Lana Turner with Cecilia's husband, Dick Baldwin, left, and Lana's fiancé, Greg Bautzer.



Hollywood's favorite
game, Indications, fur-
nished the evening's en-
tertainment. Mickey's
a master at it!



But a guy can't play In-
dications all night.
Mickey and Judy Gar-
land go out to investi-
gate the moonlight.

Mickey and Judy at the
piano—and it looks
like sweet music to
vivacious little Miss
Garland.



Good NEWS

Milton Berle does a
Helen Morgan to Louise
Hovick's soulful ac-
companiment.

Come behind the
scenes with us and
watch your favorites
step around Movietown

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Her studio will take a million dollars out of its profits on its reigning star, Shirley Temple, and spend it on her next picture "The Little Princess." One reason for the tremendous cost is that the picture will be filmed in Technicolor, Shirley's first in that medium. La Temple, incidentally, will wear no make-up at all in the picture. After Technicolor tests with and without make-up, it was discovered that her own skin texture is so perfect that no make-up will be needed. Clean living wins again!

While we're on the subject of child stars, Jackie Coogan, the male Shirley Temple of his day, has just taken a job as a teacher. He's now with the Maurice Kosloff studios, and his job is to instruct kiddies who have a yen for screen stardom. Perhaps the first lesson will include a little talk on how to put aside a few shekels against the future.

One of the most heart-warming and emotional pictures you'll see in some time is "Boys Town," the story of which is based on the

out a chorus or two, and when it was over Mickey admitted he had met his master. Dyed-in-the-wool jitterbugs will be happy to know that Jackie Cooper can swing out with the best of them.

A debt the world—at least that large part of it which contains Merle Oberon's admirers—owes to Paul Widlicska would go unheralded were it not for their studio's alert publicity department. In "The Lady and the Cowboy" Merle was about to do a ship-board scene which necessitated the presence of fog. Since Merle was suffering from a cold, she was warned by her doctor to have no truck with fogs. But the doctor reckoned without Mr. Widlicska, her studio's special effects man, who, by adding eucalyptus oil to his fog solution, not only cured Miss Oberon's cold but won himself a spot in the news. To paraphrase a renowned bit of verse:

"Poems are made by clerks and stenogs
But only Widlicska makes curative fogs."

John Barrymore and his Elaine continue to surprise everyone by remaining one of Hollywood's happier marriages. When John re-



Reggie Gardiner is probably Hollywood's most envied—with that attention from Hedy Lamarr.



They do say that by the time you see this Janet Gaynor and Adrian may be Mr. and Mrs.

actual Boys Town near Omaha, Nebraska, founded some years ago by a young priest named Father Flanagan, because he was convinced that "There is no bad boy." A hard-boiled Hollywood audience applauded spontaneously during the picture's preview showing, a demonstration which must have cheered Father Flanagan, who was in Hollywood to see himself portrayed by Spencer Tracy. After the preview, Father Flanagan was given the real Hollywood treatment by a group of autograph hunters.

cently did a radio version of "Spawn of the North," Elaine attended all rehearsals with him and sat beside him on the stage during the broadcast. Incidentally, Barrymore's estate, developed over a period of years at a cost of \$448,000, is now being offered for sale at \$80,000. John and Elaine live in an apartment.

Same evening, Mickey Rooney, who co-starred with Tracy in "Boys Town," hosted a few of his friends at the Victor Hugo. A few tables away sat Jackie Cooper, with his mother and step-father. Since both Cooper and Rooney have the same burning ambition—they both want to play drums in a dance orchestra—it wasn't long before they were up on the bandstand. Each took his turn beating

Joan Blondell can't understand it. She can't understand what having babies has to do with seasickness, and the doctors she's questioned don't know the answer either. It seems after her first child was born Joan couldn't go near a boat without getting ill. At the time she didn't mind, because she didn't care much for boats anyway. Then, after her divorce, she met Dick Powell. Dick liked boats, and Joan tried her best to look pleased about the prospect of week-ends on the briny, but whenever she ventured forth she returned to regret it. But all that is changed now. Ever

Marie Wilson and Nick Grinde, soon to wed, step out at the Trocadero.



That swell actress Margaret Sullavan with her hubby, Leland Hayward, and a bottle of pop.

since the birth of Ellen, her second child, Joan and the Pacific are the closest of pals, and the old trouble has disappeared completely. But Joan still can't understand it.

Open Letter to Hedy Lamarr: Wow!

Carole Lombard isn't exactly the athletic type, but she's got a tennis cup. It's the Seabright cup, and a girl gets it only by winning the women's singles three years in a row. The cup was won by tennis star Alice Marble, who promptly presented it to pal Carole as a gift.

Maxwell Everett Rosenbloom—Maxie to his friends—is now a full-fledged picture star. He has a term contract which nets him \$1,000 a week, and his Hollywood night club is doing more business than any similar spot in town. All of which made Maxwell feel he could afford that town car and liveried chauffeur with which he now startles the town. The chauffeur sports a long yellow cigarette holder, and Maxie's car bears the Rosenbloom crest—crossed boxing gloves bearing his initials.

Rumors are around concerning a rift in the marital bliss of Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kaye. Herbie's orchestral duties keep him out of Hollywood except for rare occasions, and Dorothy's film commitments keep her and her sarong in town all the time, so for the past year or so they've been together no more than two or three weeks. Perhaps they can straighten out their difficult situation. We certainly hope so.

Jane Withers is in the market for a good laundry, as soon as she replenishes several hundred items in her dolls' wardrobe. It all happened when Jane decided to give the dolls' dresses a going over. She put them all in the family washer, and not knowing much about such things, she found herself an hour later with a collection of rags. So Miss W. has decided to stick exclusively to her career, and leave her domestic problems in the hands of others. Incidentally she has just completed her newest picture, "Always in Trouble," and in a philosophizing mood decided that this was the most appropriate title yet.

And now Mrs. Rhea Gable comes forth with a denial of all rumors that she has been holding up divorce proceedings between her and Clark. According to a friend of hers, Mrs. G. insists that the main reason Clark hasn't got his divorce is that he has never asked for it. The same report states that Mrs. Gable is not interested in a settlement, since she has considerable money of her own.

Now that Priscilla Lane is marked for stardom, here are some things you may not know about her: She's the youngest of the five Mullican sisters of Indianola, Iowa. (When Dorothy Mullican stepped into a revue in New York she became Lola Lane, and the remaining sisters who entered show business also became Lanes.) She lives in a ranch home in San Fernando Valley with her mother and sister, Rosemary, and you don't see her around the familiar night spots in Hollywood because when she goes out she prefers the roadside places in her own neighborhood. Her current romantic interest is still Orrin Haglund, an assistant director. If you want a look at Haglund, you'll see him playing a German war ace in the forthcoming "Dawn Patrol."



Giving the legitimate theatre a treat
—Charles Boyer and Pat Patterson
attend Tallulah Bankhead's play.

Ho-hum, how the night does fly! June
Collyer and Stu Erwin chat with Gary
Cooper as they leave Victor Hugo's.

John Garfield is a young man who can take Hollywood in his stride. He didn't think he was so good in "Four Daughters," but everyone else did, including his studio, who are rushing him into several pictures at once. He's not sure yet whether or not he likes Hollywood. He was born in New York, on the wrong side of the tracks, and spent practically all his life there, dividing it between hard labor and the stage. Now twenty-six, he's been an actor since he was sixteen. His real name is Jules Garfield, he's married, and he has a clause in his contract which will permit him to do a show on Broadway every year. Before he signed with his studio, he turned down a contract with another studio for much more money because he couldn't get that clause.

Picture players are selfish, and for a reason, says Merle Oberon. "Motion picture players," she says, "have the most precarious positions of any professional group on earth. The knowledge that the average career is but five years makes players selfish. There is no recorded instance in Hollywood, or in England, of any major star ever having helped a youngster to a better place. I personally would like to sponsor a young girl—my stand-in, for instance—and guide her to a more important place in the present scheme. She has talent and extraordinary good looks, but I am afraid that any attempt of mine to do this would be frowned upon by other players."

Enterprise Dept.: At the amusement pier at Ocean Park, where some of the film players like to spend an evening now and then, one of the concessionaires got a bright idea. He ran one of those "try your aim" games where you throw a baseball at a target, and a bullseye releases a spring which sends a black-faced gent splashing into a tub of water. Business was terrible—until he got the bright idea. The gent no longer wears black-face. He wears the stubble moustache and the peculiar hair-do of Hitler, and there's a line-up of customers every night.

The world's longest serial, "The Married Life of Helen and Warren," will be made into a motion picture. Helen and Warren began their syndicated marital career over twenty-five years ago, when their author expected them to last only thirty or forty chapters. But the readers liked them, and Helen and Warren have had their private lives exposed to three generations. When your children are grown up and old enough to start selecting a Scarlett O'Hara, you can take them on your knee and tell them about Helen and Warren.

When Tallulah Bankhead, Broadway's Number One Glamor Girl, invaded Hollywood to try out a new play, all the ermine in town turned out to watch her. The fact that Tallulah's play was bad only accentuated the well-worn fact that at Hollywood openings the best show is always in the audience. Film stars turn out to see their friends, and the common folk turn out to stare at the stars, with interest in the play running a poor second. In the future, it might be a good idea if, at the third act curtain, the actors all came out and vigorously applauded the audience.

Two stars in the family are enough, at least for the time being, so Dick Powell and Joan Blondell refused an offer of a contract for four-year-old son Norman Scott Powell. The studio wanted young Normie to play Dagwood in "Blondie," a picture based on the popular cartoon strip. So careerless Norman sits around with his toys, and lets papa and mama pay all the grocery bills unaided.

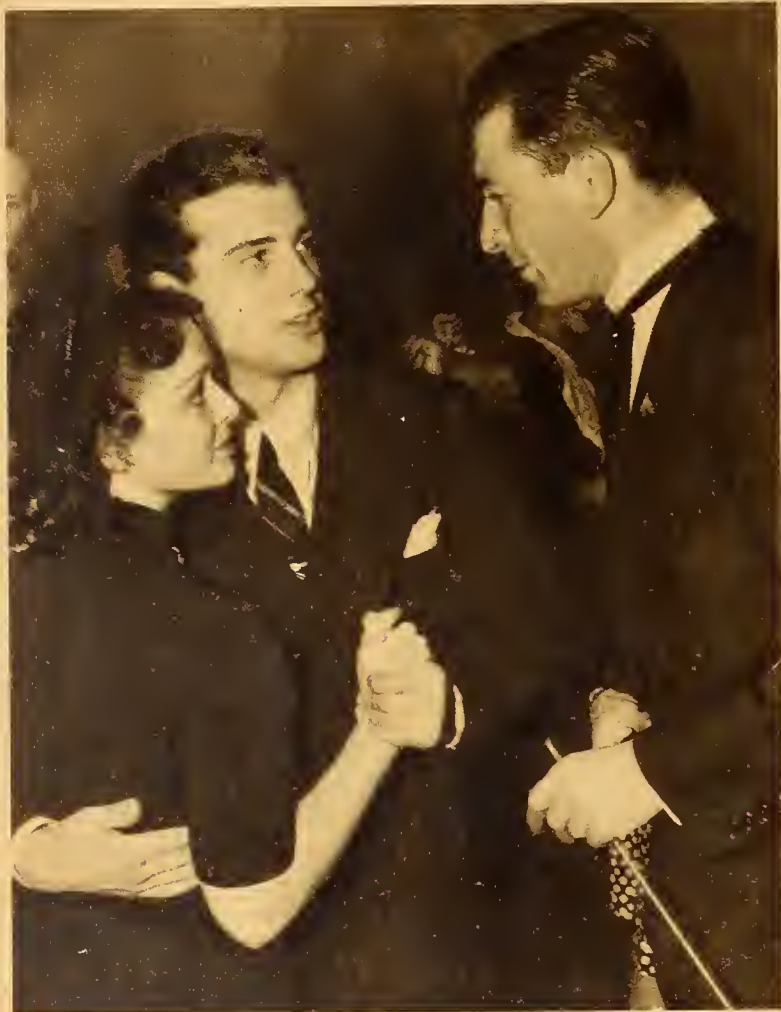
Shirley Temple threw a party for the press in her studio bungalow the other day, and the press turned out en masse to eat cake, drink tea and indulge in games. (Shirley is the only star in town who can throw a party without a case of Scotch.) Shirley's favorite game was one called "Treasure Hunt." Everyone draws a letter of the alphabet, and from it picks an article for a treasure chest. Shirley drew the letter "Z" and



Olivia De Havilland, all Grecian simplicity, looks more luscious than ever as she steps out with her old friend, Billy Bakewell, to see Max Reinhardt's "Faust."



Some men have all the luck! Jules Brulatour is the husband of that blonde eyeful, Hope Hampton of the golden voice and shining tresses.



Arleen Whelan and Richard Greene, the Cinderella boy and girl of Hollywood, stop to pass the time o' night with the orchestra leader at Topsy's.

picked something for her treasure chest without a minute's hesitation. She picked "Zanuck."

Looks like Paulette Goddard, in spite of Charlie Chaplin's objections, is really going ahead with her plans for a film career. She has completed a role of a secretary in "The Young in Heart," which stars Janet Gaynor, and now she's working with Luise Rainer and others in "Dramatic School." She plays a young dramatic student, and although she's not the star of the picture she is certainly the center of interest among the girls who are working with her. They've all read so much and heard so much about Goddard that they regard her as a sort of mystery woman. So all the actresses on the set keep an eye on her.

Here's one you can add to your list of Marie Wilson stories: During the American Legion convention in Los Angeles, her studio played host one day to 50,000 conventioners, showed them around the studio and gave them a look at the stars. Marie stood by the exit gate, waved at a carful of people, and said, "Goodbye! I hope you liked us." The people in the car were Jack and Harry Warner and Hal Wallis, the heads of the studio.

Fredric March is really going places in his new picture, "Trade Winds." Scenes carry him all over the world—some 30,000 miles in all—and he makes love to twelve girls, including Joan Bennett. Says Freddie: "I've never covered so much territory in my life!"

Biggest romantic item of the month continues to be Janet Gaynor and Adrian. They're together constantly, and Janet's friends are positive they'll soon be married. Question of the moment, then, is: when the big day comes, Janet will become Mrs. What? Adrian has never used a surname professionally, but undoubtedly he can pluck one off the family tree in an emergency.

(Continued on page 98)

WOODEN ANNIVERSARY

—More Like a Honeymoon!



SMART WIVES USE THIS EXTRA BEAUTY CARE...THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN*



Princess—H. R. H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler) is a great believer in creaming "skin-vitamin" into her skin. She says: "I'm glad to get this extra beauty care in Pond's—the cream I've always used."



Earl's Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond's since her deb days . . . "Now I'm more enthusiastic about Pond's than ever. Extra 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream

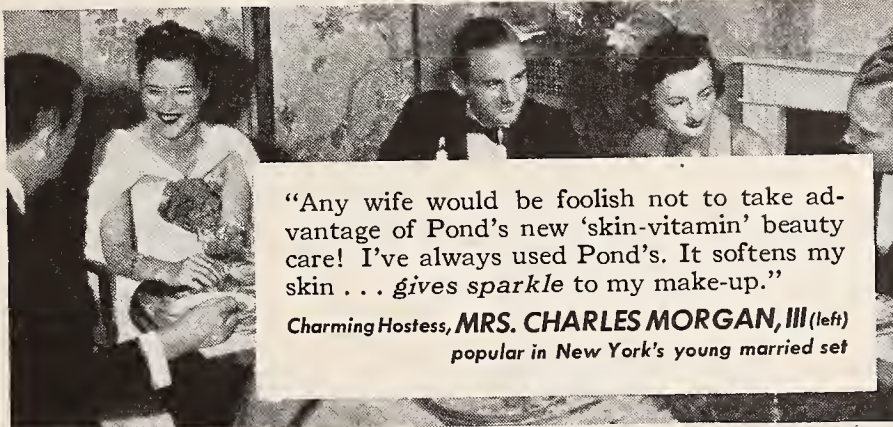


helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin."

(above) At her ancestral home, Waldershare Park, Kent, England—introducing her baby daughter, Juliana, to the hounds.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*.

• Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.



"Any wife would be foolish not to take advantage of Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' beauty care! I've always used Pond's. It softens my skin . . . gives sparkle to my make-up."

Charming Hostess, **MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, III** (left) popular in New York's young married set

Amazing Pond's Offer

With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get a generous box of Pond's "Glore-Proof" Powder. BOTH for the price of the Cold Cream. LIMITED SUPPLY . . .

GET YOURS TODAY!



SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND'S

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

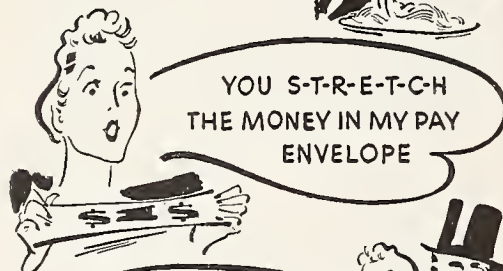
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I CERTAINLY WAS
LUCKY WHEN I
MARRIED **YOU!**



YOU FEED ME LIKE
A MILLIONAIRE



YOU S-T-R-E-T-C-H
THE MONEY IN MY PAY
ENVELOPE



YOU'RE NEVER TOO
TIRED TO STEP OUT
AND HAVE FUN

Now—read her secret

"FRANCO-AMERICAN Spaghetti is one of my best helps," she'll tell you. It means tasty, appetizing meals without long hours in the kitchen. It means being able to serve cheaper meat cuts and left-overs and get compliments on them! It means a nourishing hot lunch for the children in next to no time. Its zestful, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce makes Franco-American far superior to ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Try it.



BE SURE
YOU GET
THIS
KIND!



**Franco-American
SPAGHETTI**

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

Send for **FREE Recipe Book**

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 6212
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe
book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solution on Page 81

ACROSS

1. First name of our star
7. Her real name: Edna ---
10. Last name of our star
16. Actor in "Carefree"
17. Talented ingenue: --- Lupino
18. Alloys containing zinc and copper
20. Male lead in "Everybody Sing"
21. Rising actress, Marcia -----
24. Exercise
25. Popular Irish actress
26. Cowboy star
27. Our star is "--- About Music"
29. Quantity of Medicine
30. Tear
31. View
32. Bishop's headdress
34. Bushy clump
35. Name for the Academy Award statuette
37. Attack
39. Her first name is Genevieve
41. Comforted
43. Actor in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
44. Souvenir
45. Parent
47. Ginger Rogers' mother
48. Angers
49. "It": abbr.
51. Fuss
53. Cunning

54. Classifies
56. Paramount songstress
58. Trig
59. Our star's footprints rest before this famed theatre
63. Our star can --- as well as sing
66. This sign appears in theatres showing our star's films
67. "Life Dances ---"
68. Aunt in "The Hardy Family"
69. Adhesive substance
71. Norse deity
72. Flaw
73. Varnish ingredient
76. Nobles
78. Eleanor Powell does this
79. Rich girl in "Holiday"
81. Ones
83. "--- Jungle Love"
84. Comedienne in "The Road To Reno"
86. Wants
88. Piece out
90. Measure of land
92. Our star's studio: The --- Universal
93. Beloved character actor, now dead
94. Distant
95. Sophisticated comedienne
97. Greatest male tap-dancer
100. Make a speech
101. Re-covers the inside of
103. Girl in "Letter of Introduction"
104. Quailed
106. Oldest
107. Spanish river
108. Handles

PAGE DOWN

1. Exotic star
2. Closed oval curve
3. Character actor: ---- Hale
4. Our star's sister in "Three Smart Girls"
5. Southwestern state: abbr.
6. He's in "Rich Man, Poor Girl"
7. Hero in "Men With Wings"
8. Paid notices
9. "She Had To ----"
10. The male lead in "The Citadel"
11. Chaldean city
12. First name of Mr. LaRocque
13. Feathered creature
14. Foolish
15. Singing star of "Sweethearts"
16. Boxer who was in "The Prizefighter and the Lady"
19. Winter vehicle
22. Lowest feminine voice
23. Leave out
26. The real "Josette"
28. Restrains
31. Urns
32. Our star starred in "100 --- And a Girl"
33. Film parts
36. Home of moving pictures: abbr.
38. Therefore
40. Buffalo
42. Period of time
44. Inlet
45. Who is Maria Marguerite Bolado Castilla on the screen?
46. Ornament
49. Gaze fixedly
50. She's in "Woman Against Woman"
52. Famed jungle explorer
55. Things in law
57. A new starlet: ----- Hayward
60. Stars of Penrod series
61. Heroine in "Gateway"
62. Dumb cluck comedian
63. Our star is at "That Certain ----"
64. Music professor in "Four Daughters"
65. "The Earth ----"
70. Yale
72. Father in "Lucky Penny"
73. --- Chaney, Jr.
74. He is married to Ruby Keeler
75. Rita Hayworth's former name
77. Male lead in "You Can't Take It With You"
78. Edict
79. Popular extra feature
80. Close by
82. Sonja Henie does this in "My Lucky Star"
83. Our star's crowning glory
85. Smallest measure
87. Choose
89. "The Cock ---- World"
91. Glenda Farrell's birthplace
94. Tract
96. Compass point
98. Sailor
99. Cuckoo
100. Is indebted for
102. Plural ending
105. "Double -- Nothing"



Gloria Stuart^{*} (Hollywood Star) TELLS GIRLS:

"Smooth HANDS are important"

"EXQUISITE HANDS are essential for feminine charm", says GLORIA STUART* co-starring in Columbia's "The Lady Objects." "A little regular care helps keep a woman's hands smooth and lovely." Try caring for *your hands* with Jergens! Used regularly, it *prevents* chapping!



*Gloria Stuart has lovely hands. With Lanny Ross in new Columbia Picture success "The Lady Objects"

How to help keep Your HANDS Smooth and Soft

HAND SKIN SUFFERS from loss of natural moisture, when exposed to cold and wind, or frequent use of water. Looks coarse and older, feels harsh. Girls, furnish beautifying moisture for the skin by using Jergens Lotion. No stickiness! Jergens contains 2 ingredients, so effective to help whiten and soften the skin that many

doctors use them. Quickly soothes chapping! Use Jergens regularly for soft, smooth hands that kindle love's flame. At business—have a bottle in your desk drawer; at home—keep Jergens in kitchen and bathroom. Use after every hand-washing. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ — or \$1.00 for the special economy size—at any beauty counter.



Its 2 effective ingredients help even rough, neglected hands to be delightfully soft and velvet-smooth.

JERGENS LOTION

FREE: GENEROUS SAMPLE

See—at our expense—how wonderfully this fragrant Jergens Lotion helps to make red, rough, chapped hands smooth and white.

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1648 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada, Perth, Ontario)

Name _____ PLEASE PRINT

Street _____

City _____ State _____

BETWEEN YOU



*Say it with
a Clear Skin*

OUR SKIN frequently reflects how we feel. In business and social contacts we like our friends to tell us *how well we look*.

The laity now recognizes—as physicians and scientists have for years—the vital importance of rich, red blood, as the foundation of strength, energy, and a clear healthy skin.

for that tired let-down feeling

It is well known how worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood.

S.S.S. Tonic brings you new strength and vitality by restoring your blood to a healthy state, and its benefits are cumulative and enduring, in the absence of an organic trouble.

improves the appetite

Further, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite . . . foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated, and finally, the food you eat is of more value . . . *a very important step back to health.*

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow, reflecting good health and well being.

You should note an improvement at once, but may we suggest a course of several bottles to insure more complete and lasting recovery.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making *"you feel like yourself again."*

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical.

*S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the
appetite and helps change weak
blood cells to strong ones*



There's nothing like movies to
teach you American speech,
says an immigrant fan.

\$5.00 Prize Letter

Note of Appreciation

I am a foreigner and have been in this country for one year now. The difficulty that quite naturally confronts every immigrant is that he is unable to speak the language of the adopted country or to get accustomed to the ways of living there.

I must say that my chief help in overcoming these obstacles has been the movies. By going there regularly, by watching the diction of the stars, by adopting the manners I considered to be typically American, I soon began to feel quite at home in this country. I have realized that good entertainment is not the only thing Hollywood pictures are able to offer. The educational value can by no means be underestimated. Even my mother, who never went to the cinema in Europe, has become an ardent fan here.

May I use this opportunity to extend to the Hollywood stars, producers, and directors my deep gratitude and appreciation for their work and the help they have given me in establishing a home in this country.—Lothar Kahn, New York City.

\$2.00 Prize Letter

She Wants Glamor

For several months now, I've experienced great difficulty in suppressing my homicidal desire to slay all the "candid camera" fiends in Hollywood. These vermin of humanity evidently find malicious pleasure in stripping the stars of their glamor and consequently shattering the illusions of a trusting public.

We so called "movie fans" love the stars because they supply in our lives a color and glamor that would otherwise be lacking. But when these "candid" scavengers succeed in destroying all our illusions, Hollywood will be about as glamorous as Podunka—and just as interesting.

Perhaps Claudette Colbert has a pug nose, and perchance Janet Gaynor has as many freckles as Sally Jones next door, but sometimes "Ignorance is bliss" and we humble fans would rather bask blissfully in our own credulity than to discover we've been paying tribute to mere shadows of loveliness all along.

In days of yore, when danger threatened, the entire countryside united nobly to crush the enemy and save the people. Today, unless those camera fiends crawl back into their holes very soon, an enraged public will join forces to destroy once and for all those creatures who prey upon helpless society and call themselves "candid camera shooters." Instead of doing the shooting, they should be shot!—Margaret Stettenbenz, Buffalo, N. Y.

\$2.00 Prize Poem

Ode to Double Bills

We're all in a dither
Don't know what to do:
Leave before it's over
Or see this whole bill through.

Ma's eyes are ahurtin',
My head's on the bum,
Kid's are gettin' restless
And apoppin' gum.

We've been here since seven
Now it's just 10:01
Newsreel's still agoin'
Feature's not begun!

Sure we like a bargain!
You said that right—but gee!
'Nough's enough of anything,
Just 'tween you 'n' me!

—L. L. Hayes, Kansas City, Mo.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Cheers For Glenda

I'm up to bat for Torchy Blane, alias Glenda Farrell. Why, the gal's got everything! Looks, brains, snappy comebacks—and she's makin' B pictures! It burns me up. Not that I don't like the Torchy series. Banish the thought. Brother, they're swell-plus!

That's just it. They're too swell to be squeezed in between the full-length and a newsreel. Look at the Judge Hardy series with Mickey Rooney. Didn't they begin as B pictures? And now doesn't the latest receive half-page billings sprinkled with super-superlatives?

And why shouldn't Glenda? She appeals to me far more than some few washed out glamor gals I could name who get top billing. She's hot stuff—that whirlwind newshound whose antics keep us glued to the edge of our seats. Sure, her adventures are far fetched. That's why we like 'em. We don't come to the movies to see our heroines wash dishes and scrub floors. We get enough of that at home.

We're ordinary people who want to see how the exciting other half lives. Our medium is the movies. We like to see our favorites in star places. We want to see Torchy there—with her name in lights, packin' 'em in at the ritziest theatre in town while she climbs fire escapes or jumps from airplanes.

And why? Cause the gal's got everything!—Jo Flanagan, Omaha, Neb.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Opera Stars

What are these ugly rumors that the opera stars are not wanted in pictures, because they can't act? Shame on Hollywood! Who can be more delightfully

'N' ME

Cash prizes for your original letters on the stars, movies, or anything at all concerning the screen



The double bill feud is on again, as a Missouri fan expresses her opinion in verse.

charming and gay than the girl who rose to stardom because of her grand acting in "One Night of Love" and made it the best loved picture of the year?

Who is more beautiful than the brunette contralto of such delightful pictures as "Champagne Waltz" and "Romance in the Dark?" Who can be as dashing as Lawrence Tibbett as he sings the Devil Song from "Faust" and makes you love it? And

don't forget the tiniest girl in opera, Lily Pons, who carries around a million dollars worth of personality.

People like me can't afford to go to the opera and we thanked Hollywood for bringing its stars to the screen. Now when we are happy and glorying in their beautiful voices we hear they are to be thrown out because they can't act. I know at least fifty so-called stars who should be thrown out instead!—A. Van Doon, Paterson, N. J.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Sigrid Gurie

Why such a pow-wow because Sigrid Gurie proves to have been born in Brooklyn instead of Norway?

Sigrid may have played tricks regarding her true birthplace, but she hasn't short-changed us as to screen accomplishments. She is charmingly different, I think; a glamor gal who possesses more than a mere drowsy, disinterested physical beauty. Sigrid has an individual type of beauty, and despite rather irregular features, is distinctly fascinating.

Then, too, she isn't above displaying animation, praise be! There is a twinkle in those half-mocking eyes which proves Miss Gurie has a keen sense of humor.

Native of Brooklyn, Norway or Walla Walla, Sigrid Gurie is a cute "keed," and is with us to stay—I hope.—L. R. Chapman, Los Angeles, Cal.

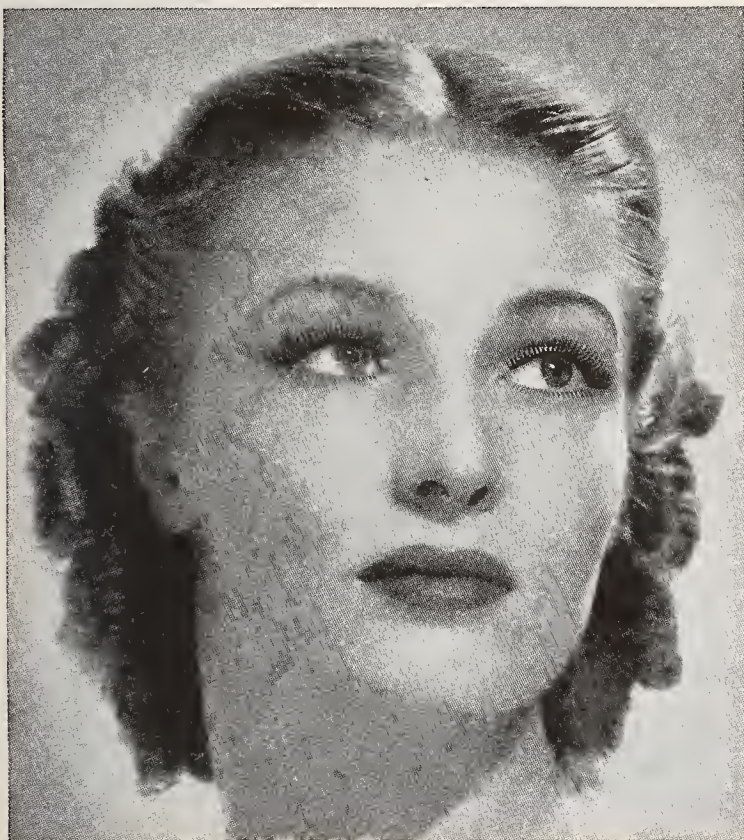
(Continued on page 95)

WRITE A LETTER—

WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, \$5; two second prizes of \$2 each; six prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.



Stunning!

ISN'T SHE?

That's what they'll say about *you* when you enhance your charm with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—the eye make-up in good taste. When you darken your lashes to long, sweeping loveliness with Maybelline Mascara it seems as though Nature made them that way. Maybelline Mascara goes on easily and stays on perfectly. It is harmless, tear-proof, and non-smarting.

Give your eyebrows definite grace and character with the Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. It's perfectly pointed to form trim, tapering contours.

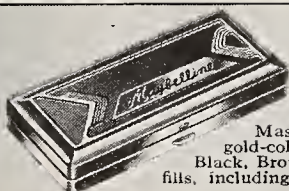
The slightest touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended on your eyelids gives them that misty, luminous effect.

Be your most adorable self by giving your eyes this added loveliness today.

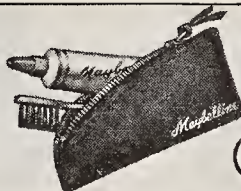
Attractive purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are obtainable at all 10c stores.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



Maybelline famous Solid-form Mascara in beautiful gold-colored vanity, 75c. Black, Brown, and Blue. Refills, including new brush, 35c.



Maybelline popular Cream-form Mascara in dainty suede-finish zipper case, 75c. Black, Brown, and Blue. Easily applied without water.



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown, (and Blue for eyelid-liner).



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous shades, Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

The Largest Selling Eye Beauty Aids in the World

NIGHT AND DAY

THE COACH
COULDN'T HELP
GRINNING



It was between halves, score 0-0, when the Captain barks "Thompson—Get out some Beeman's—Pass it around—Let's get our minds on something pleasant—Relax."

Even the Coach had to grin. "Learn a lesson from Beeman's," says he. "That fresh tangy flavor scores every time. Got a tang to it that drives away that weary feeling. Just think how fresh that flavor makes you feel and you can score like Beeman's does." We did, too.

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION



No. 2269—This fluffy evening Bolero is easy to make.

IF YOU want to give yourself a Xmas present, here's a love of a jacket, soft as down and flattering as fur. It is made of fluffy white angora knit in the simple stockinette stitch. For holiday parties, either formal or informal, it would be perfect in white or pastels. In dark dashing colors, it would be grand for classroom, office, or those winter bridge sessions.

The practical two-piece suit on the right is made of popcorn sports yarn knit in a stitch that gives a smart Persian Lamb effect. The fitted knuckle-length jacket is new and important this fall, and the squared padded shoulders make your waist and hips look slimmer. The directions for both of these new patterns are free. Clip either or both coupons and send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with *each* coupon.

ANN WILLS, Modern Screen,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send, at no cost to me, knitting directions for Bolero No. 2269. I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

ANN WILLS, Modern Screen,
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send, at no cost to me, knitting directions for two-piece suit No. 1361. I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



No. 1361—The knuckle-length coat is important in this day-time suit.

NOTHING TO SAY!

(Continued from page 46)

to do with me. But, they were big-hearted and kept me on until luck set in."

On and on our Mr. MacMurry, the gent with no words to express himself, went with only time out to catch his breath.

"I still don't understand picture business," Fred continued. "The things they put you to work in with such 'colossal' plans to eventually mystify the public as much as you."

"Do you like hunting?" asked Fred suddenly. "We went upstate for a week to hunt and fish. In a place that's sort of the last outpost, we got supplies. The proprietor told us we *might* be bothered with mosquitoes, so, just in case the wind hadn't changed and blown them away, to prepare for the worst. The only thing he had in the way of protection was green mosquito netting, so we took it. Well, we soon realized that our friend had grossly understated the facts. Why, those mosquitoes were so big we were afraid to leave the grub alone, for fear they'd walk off with it."

"However, with the green net covering our heads and tucked into our shirt collar, we were fairly safe. Oh, we had to wear heavy gloves, too. Well, things began to look up; that is, till we came into camp that night and doffed our head-gear. The darn stuff had faded and we were a mass of green crosswork! We washed and scrubbed, but all to no avail. That guy had said the color wouldn't come off! The only thing to do was let it *wear* off and, in the process, our beards grew

for the duration of the trip. You can imagine how we looked after ten days!"

Just chuckling as he reminisced, Fred continued, "On our way home, we decided to stop and pay our compliments to friend storekeeper! We tarried long enough for a drink. A gent walked up to me and said, 'Ho there, pardner. I know you from up Carmel way, don't I?' I told him I was afraid he was mistaken, but he was very sure."

NOPE, I know you from somewhere. You're dern familiar. I got it! You're from San Diego.' When I told him I was from Los Angeles and hadn't been in that section, he was more puzzled than ever. Finally he gave up, 'Guess you just look like a friend of mine,' he conceded and walked away. What he didn't figure was that he might have seen me in pictures, but minus the bearded disguise."

With not a moment's delay, our hunting host plunged into his favorite hobby. "Next month when the white wing pigeon season opens I'm really going to have a time. Going up for a couple of weeks, my real vacation. Lately I've been just hanging out at the skeet range. My wife and I both have become quite fond of it and she's darn good, too. Did you ever try shooting?"

"Only a little trap shooting."

"Well, that's entirely different. Your targets are sent up from one position there, while in skeet shooting you have eight different positions to shoot from."

Mrs. MacMurray, she is right there

with what it takes to worry any modern Venus. Fact is, she even did a movie test and on the strength of her beauty was offered a contract to enter the ranks of the screen's glamor queens. However, the Missus is a gal who values her home and hubby more than a career—a rare phenomenon these days!

"The joke was on me when we first came out west," that uncommunicative MacMurray informed us with one of his boyish grins, a little on the sheepish side this time, however. "Everyone would tell me how beautiful Lillian is, so I'd just grin and say, 'Thanks!' That is, till one day a friend of mine said, 'What the heck are you thanking me for? You had nothing to do with it.' Y'know, darned if he wasn't right! Now I say, 'Yeah, I think so too.'"

And, spying the clock, Fred exclaimed. "Gee, it's almost three and I have to meet Lillian to go shopping. It's the cook's birthday and we have to select her present. Gosh, I'm sorry about the interview. Guess it's too late for it now. And just when I wanted to surprise my wife with a little reading matter, too! Oh well, it's probably just as well 'cause I wouldn't have a darn thing to say!"

"I thought if we let it go till after lunch it would be easier, and now look what's happened. Will you tell me why I shut up like a clam when they begin firing those questions at me? Anyway, don't think it hasn't been fun!"

For one who isn't talkative—well, that rumor was shot full of holes!



The fragrance

that whispers of LOVE

Your supreme adventure of life is love . . . and love is yours with the seductive lure of No. 3 Perfume. This entrancing perfume magically makes you a gay enchantress . . . stirs the pulses and throbs the hearts of those around you. Let No. 3 Perfume bring you romance to-night and every night. At leading drug and department stores, in \$1 and 25c sizes. Smart tuckaway size—for your purse—only 10c at all ten-cent stores.

PARK & TILFORD

No. 3 Perfume

Other famous odors:
Adventure; Cherish;
Gardenia; Lilac; and
No. 12.

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY

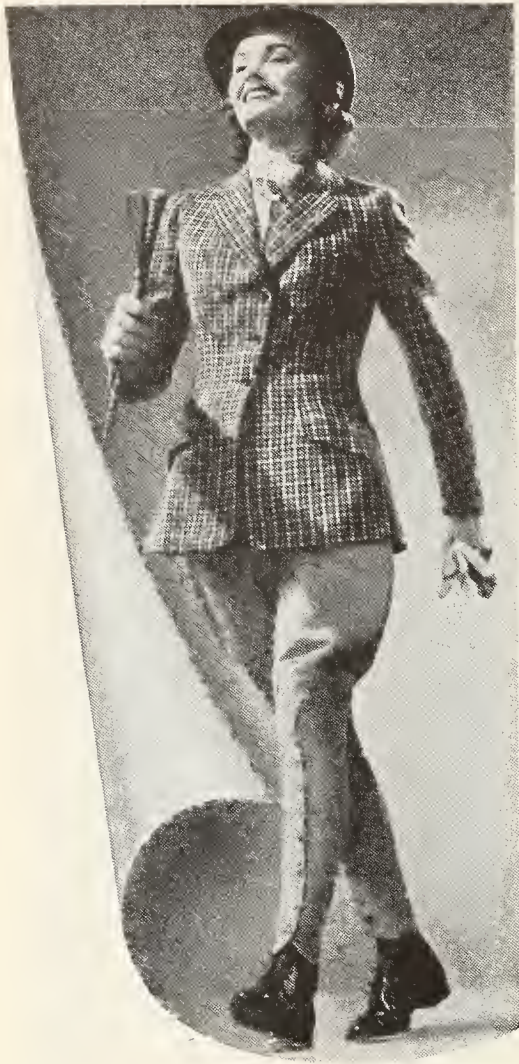
\$1⁰⁰

25^c

10^c

YOU'LL TAKE HIM AND LIKE IT

(Continued from page 33)



BUSY DAY AHEAD!

... and that calls for a napkin
that fits firmly, comfortably—
doesn't bulk, doesn't show!

★ Kotex doesn't show—thanks to its flattened, tapered ends. Users say "it's less bulky—it fits!"

★ Kotex is made with a special patented center section that guards against spotting.

★ Kotex can be worn on either side—both sides are fully absorbent.

★ Kotex stays Wondersoft—it's cushioned in cotton to prevent chafing.

★ Only Kotex offers three types—Regular, Junior and Super—for different women on different days.

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

KOTEX*

SANITARY NAPKINS

herself a time, messing around with paint? Let her paint. You want to get her ready to earn her own living? Take her off painting.' But there's time for all that."

In a manner of speaking, Edna is named for her father. Her friends call her Pidge, as his friends call him. Though Pidge Senior protests that his life lacks color, Pidge Junior was born of romance and heartache.

In St. John, New Brunswick, where the family lived, Walter had a childhood sweetheart, who moved to Boston. At the ripe age of nineteen, unable to banish her from his thoughts, he followed her. This time they fell really in love. The boy found himself a job with a brokerage house, so they could marry. They were gloriously happy. All the shining years lay ahead of them. Only they didn't. When the baby was born, her mother died. Pidgeon took the child to his own mother and returned to pick up his life as he could.

HE HAD a fine baritone voice, which he used in amateur theatricals and to entertain his friends. One night at a dinner party he was asked to sing. Another guest was a young man whose dancing had recently set Broadway by the ears. His name was Fred Astaire. He listened to Pidgeon with interest and, the song finished, asked: "What show are you with?"

"I'm not with any show."

"Well, why the devil don't you get into one, then?"

Pidgeon shrugged. "I'm a broker."

"Not for long, you're not," said Astaire.

He returned to New York and told Elsie Janis of his find. Miss Janis was about to start on a concert tour. She sent for Pidgeon, who went for the laughs and a week-end in New York.

She and her manager listened to him sing. Miss Janis was plainly pleased. The manager, being a business man, said: "Hm. Where have you sung before?"

Pidgeon rapidly reviewed the concert halls in which he'd heard music, and named them. "Can you sing on short notice? This afternoon? In Aeolian Hall?"

Somewhat taken aback, he braved it out nevertheless. But he wanted Miss Janis to know the truth. "I've never appeared on a concert stage before. I think I can do it, but it's up to you to decide. I don't want to let you down."

"I'm not worried," she smiled. "I've heard you sing. Good luck."

Neither of them reckoned with stage fright. As he stepped out, his knees began doing a cakewalk in his trouser legs. The footlights blinded him. He couldn't find the piano. He opened his mouth, and nothing came out. "This is going to make a good story later on," he kept thinking grimly. A figure both pitiful and absurd, he managed to get through the first half of the program, and fled back to his dressing room.

It was close to Miss Janis's, and the doors were open. He heard the manager stalking down the hall, entering her room, clunking into a chair.

"What happened to that fellow?" he groaned. "He was all right when he sang for us. Then he stands up in that cutaway, looks like an undertaker, and sings like a blasted crow with a hangover. He sings on every concert stage in the country, but in Aeolian Hall, he just can't sing."

"That's what you think! This is his first appearance. He's nervous, that's all."

The scene that followed in Pidgeon's dressing-room may best be left to the

imagination. He went out for the second half, knowing that his career had perished at birth, that nothing was at stake, that he'd live and die a broker, so nuts to manager, audience and critics. With the result that he sang as he'd never sung before. He was recalled for three encores. The papers raved next morning, and to this day Pidgeon will hear no evil spoken of music critics. Every gentleman of them all ignored the first half of the program. The manager stammered apologies, Pidgeon forgave him, and graciously consented to join Miss Janis's tour.

It took him through the United States and to London. It cured him of stage fright, it established him on a solid footing in the entertainment world, it brought about a paradox. With offers popping around him, he began to study singing. Up to that point, he'd never taken a lesson. "If I'm going on with this thing," he decided then, "I'd better learn."

He learned to such purpose that his services were in constant demand. Joe Schenk brought him out for the silents, but a couple of pictures convinced him that he liked the stage better. When musicals were the rage, he was again lured back to Hollywood. Then the fickle public turned thumbs down on musicals. Passing a theatre on Hollywood Boulevard one day, his eye caught a large sign. "Walter Pidgeon," it read, "will positively sing only once."

His reaction justifies the truth of his statement that he's an equable person. Right in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard, he threw back his head and roared with laughter. "A joke's a joke, even when the point's sticking into you. Also a hint's a hint. I packed bag and baggage, and went back to Broadway."

WHEN Wanger persuaded him to a third trial, he made one stipulation: that he was not to be featured as a singer. On the stage he had long since been graduated from musicals to high comedy leads. "I don't mind singing an incidental tune, but I won't be typed as a singing actor." He's stuck to that.

After a couple more successful pictures Pidgeon was borrowed to play with Jean Harlow and Gable in "Saratoga." He and Jean had just finished a scene with which the director was specially pleased. Hugging his arm, she smiled up at him. "We're good, Pidge," she said. As he hugged her back, she winced and cried, "Oh, be careful." Her face was so twisted with pain that he grew alarmed. "Where does it hurt, honey?" "Right here."

A moment later she was laughing, but Pidgeon kept his eye on her. "I don't believe that kid's feeling very well," he told the director. They had another scene to shoot before lunch. "Don't you feel well, Jean?" She shook her head. "Well, go and rest. We'll take this after lunch." They never saw her again.

"The nearest thing you can liken her to," said Pidgeon soberly, "is a little kitten. She had that same natural, lovable, friendly quality that gets under your skin, and stays there even though she's gone. I didn't know her long, but I'll never forget her."

"My Dear Miss Aldrich" won Pidgeon another contract. The girls who missed him in that, caught him in "Shopworn Angel," and the "who-is-this-Pidgeon-guy" letters began pouring in. Then came the problem of casting Gable's rival in "Too Hot to Handle."

It's when he's telling a story on himself that he seems to enjoy life best. "Jack Conway sent for me. 'Walter,' he said, 'you're no more suited to this part than the man in the moon. I don't care if you're the best actor in the world, you don't look the way this fellow ought to look. I need a roughneck. You're the suave-big-bad-wolf-in-a-New-York-penthouse type. I wanted Tracy, but I can't have him. If I've got to have you, I've got to have you. But I don't want you. Report at nine tomorrow morning.'"

So much he told me. The rest I dug out by persistence. A couple of mornings later Conway met him with a wry face. "I've got indigestion."

"What did you eat?"

"My words. After I saw yesterday's rushes."

That picture provided Pidgeon with his most embarrassing moment. "I tell you, I've cracked on high notes, I've missed cues in the theatre, I've spilt wine over a queen's dress. But I never lived through anything worse than this."

One sequence called for Gable to fall on his face into a lake of mud about a foot deep. Careful preparations were made, lines were rehearsed till everybody was letter-perfect. Nobody, Gable least of all, was anxious to go through the performance more than once.

Pidgeon's line was "What are you doing Chris? Giving it a mud bath?" He still doesn't know what happened to him. Maybe Gable's realistic fall, his face emerging from the mud so that you didn't know whether he was himself or Joe Louis, threw Pidgeon offstride. At any rate, instead of the line he'd rehearsed, he said: "What are you doing, Chris? Taking a mud bath?" Then, realizing his blunder, added with nonchalance in his voice, but



Not one from the family album, but Anita Louise relaxing between scenes of "The Sisters."

panic in his heart: "Giving the film a mud bath, too?"

As he describes it, "There followed one of those ghastly silences. I knew the shot was ruined. I'd ruined it. Here was Gable, eyes and ears full of mud. There were the rest, looking at me. Never in a hundred years would he get a fall as perfect as that one. I kept thinking, 'If only it had been some star who was a heel, so you'd love to send him into the muck again.' I kept thinking, 'Heck, why doesn't somebody say something!'"

"Who framed me?" said Gable.

"Look at Pidge," said Leo Carillo. "As if he hadn't a friend in the world."

"He hasn't," said Conway. "Go get yourself cleaned up, Clark. We'll do it over

this afternoon." Walter could have died.

Sitting miserably in the commissary at noon, Pidgeon felt a hand on his shoulder. "Come to the projection room," ordered Conway. "I want you to see what you messed up."

The sequence flashed on the screen, Gable fell, raised his mud-caked face, Pidgeon spoke his line. The lights went up, and the worm turned.

"What are you squawking about? I think it's okay."

"It is," chuckled Conway. "But you squirm something elegant, Pidge. I just wanted to see you squirm a little."

He likes violent exercise, which is why he doesn't play golf. "I've tried it because so many swell guys play it. Now my idea would be to stand on a hilltop, lick the tar out of a dozen balls, then go home and take a shower. But they won't play it my way, and I can't play it theirs."

So he sticks to tennis and horseback riding, with young Pidge as his favorite partner. "She runs me ragged," he said, looking like a fond parent trying not to look like a fond parent.

While she's fiercely proud of her father, she's also, like the typical young thing of her day, both critical and frank. She didn't like him at all in "Girl of the Golden West."

"You had the finesse of an elephant," she assured him.

"He was lovely," said her indignant grandmother firmly.

Pidge sighed. "Grandma, you'd say he was lovely in 'Frankenstein.' Anyway, you know you're nearsighted. Believe me, Dad, you were not lovely as Sheriff Rance. 'Shopworn Angel,' now, that was another story. I think you had something there."

Hollywood feels that from now on they'll be taking Pidgeon and liking it.

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WITTY BOY NIVEN

(Continued from page 41)

he provided me with a papier-mache helmet. I was riding along, blessing the thoughtfulness of McEwen, when down came a tropical rain, and down came the brim of the helmet around my ears. The spectacle so shattered discipline in the ranks that I had all my leaves cancelled for a month. Ah, yes, I miss McEwen. And decidedly I miss being called 'Monsieur.'

The conversation, the Planter's punches and McEwen helped him to stay his full three years. Then he was transferred back to England, and—life really started being interesting.

"Most of the people who made it interesting were creditors. In Malta, there had been no alluring ways to spend money. In England, there were too dashed many ways. I went off the deep end, and spent more than I'd earn in five years in the military. Then—hope springs eternal, you know—I tried to recoup with racing bets. I was an every-time loser. Finally, I was owing even the bookies. One of them blackmailed me with the threat of telling my colonel, who held obstinately to the belief that no gentleman ever owed gambling debts.

"I had to raise money in rather a hurry. I couldn't borrow it; so I literally sold myself. A London clinic was offering two pounds to any healthy specimen who would give his written consent to let said clinic have his remains, for research purposes, upon his demise. They even gave me a few shillings' bonus because I never had smoked. Thus was one creditor appeased."

Starved for the social life, after Malta, he became a rabid party-goer. Two years before he left the army, at a London cocktail party, he met director Edmund Goulding, the same Goulding who now is directing "Dawn Patrol." He told Goulding a couple of stories, and Goulding, amused, told Alexander Korda that London Films ought to test this entertaining young man. Korda was persuaded, and so was David. Anything for a new experience!

AS David tells it: "I went over to London Films on my first afternoon off and they took still pictures of me in ninety-four different positions. Nothing happened for months. Then one day I had a phone call: 'Come to the casting office at once.' I was suffering from a beastly toothache, but I went. This might be too good to miss." I arrived at the office, and a girl said briskly, 'Oh yes, Mr. Niven. Here are your stills. Good afternoon.'

He liked the life military, but, the more debts he acquired, the more he wondered what life might be like, working for himself, instead of the War Office. He couldn't become a captain for eight years, a major for fifteen. And one day, shuddering in company with two pals who had left the army—Victor Gordon Lennox and Philip Astley (who later married Madeleine Carroll)—he up and resigned his commission.

Lennox had married a Canadian girl. They were going over to Canada for the summer. They invited David along, staking him to passage money. ("It wasn't the first time I had been to America. I had hopped over to New York once briefly on a six weeks' leave. And, at a regimental forum afterward at which everyone else was talking about the innermost parts of the rifle, I arose to discourse on American speakeasies—to the delight of my confreres and the horror of my colonel, a sufferer from high blood pressure.")

After the Lennoxes went back to Eng-

land, David stayed on in Canada to earn enough money to get to New York. The nearest job was with a road-building gang of French Canadians in the wilds of Northern Ontario.

"I swung an axe for the first and last time in my life. They took it away from me, lest I kill myself with my clumsiness, and made me assistant to the camp cook. One of my chores was to catch fish for breakfast by the cold light of dawn. I also caught chronic tonsillitis. Finally I had my tonsils amputated by the nearest man with a scalpel. The man was a veterinary. A tiger couldn't have made a bigger hole."

David, who had been trying to dodge a hospital, landed in one pronto—and stayed weeks. That took all his money, but he made more, writing some extravagant articles for magazines on the jolly life of a sportsman in the Canadian wilds. Knowing nothing about it didn't hamper him a bit. He made enough to get to New York and still have \$200 when he arrived.

He felt so flush that he took up residence at the Waldorf Astoria. A few days later, he was so broke that he couldn't move out. And, about the same time, the Chinese laundrymen caught up with him. He had taken his laundry to six different laundrymen, promising to pay the next time he returned—and then forgetting to return. One day all six arrived to collect. He persuaded them to let him work out his indebtedness.



Ronald Colman, the romantic Francois Villon in "If I Were King."

Get the picture, if you can: "I spent my nights in a luxurious room at the Waldorf Astoria, my days delivering wash."

He contrived to eat, meanwhile, by signing for his meals—with a blithe faith in the future. Something would turn up. What turned up was an old friend connected with some British wine merchants. They needed a New York representative. Knowing little about wines, he talked himself into the job. A few weeks later, a couple of other fellows talked him out of it.

"I received a phone order for several cases of champagne, to be delivered immediately to a certain cafe, C. O. D. When my truck arrived, two men dressed like waiters were standing on the sidewalk with a check. The cases were deposited on the sidewalk, my truck went away, and, I learned later, another truck came and took the cases to an unknown destination. The check, for \$3000, bounced. And I bounced with it."

NEXT he was involved in a scheme to stage indoor horse races (!) in a vast auditorium in Atlantic City. When racketeers tried to crowd in, David edged out. He went to Bermuda to try to lose his headache. From there he jumped over to Cuba, on the off-chance that he might get in on a revolution. While waiting for something to happen, he enlisted with two opposing factions. "What happened was that both factions found out and I had to depart in a large hurry."

The tramp freighter on which he escaped set him down in Cristobal. There he expected to board a Japanese boat bound for Liverpool. "But, the evening I was to sail, I made the happy mistake of touring the local cantinas with some chaps from the U. S. S. *Oklahoma*. The morning after, I found myself on a Japanese boat bound for San Francisco."

That looked like catastrophe at the time, but David grinned ruefully. Arrived in San Francisco, he phoned some friends in Santa Barbara, asking if he might drop in "for a few days." He had just enough money left to get there, by bus.

He sent off desperate cablegrams to England, at his friends' expense, and sat around waiting for answers. He was still sitting, three days later, when the *H. M. S. Norfolk*, which had been stationed at Malta when he was there, dropped anchor a half-mile away.

So enthusiastic was his reunion with old buddies, during a party on shipboard, that again he became an unconscious stowaway on a ship he wasn't supposed to be aboard. The morning after, he found himself somewhere off Los Angeles. There, luckily for him, the *Norfolk* was pausing briefly to be photographed alongside a man-of-war of a century ago, being used in the film, "Mutiny on the Bounty."

"That's how I came to Hollywood. Broke, bedraggled, with no clothes except the sorry-looking dress suit I was wearing. Dumped from a battleship into a film-company launch."

Regaling the movie-makers with his misadventure, he got himself carried not only ashore, but as far as the studio gate. There, as they set him down, he was practically run over by Edmund Goulding, who, delighted to find him in Hollywood, promptly offered him a film test. Four days later David had his test.

"Harry Bouquet, who was directing it, said, 'All right, do something.' I asked him, 'What should I do?' I hadn't the slightest notion what one did on such occasions. 'Turn around,' he said. 'Say

something. Anything.' So I turned around, and said something about test-directors. A ribald little something that came to mind. Luckily, my sally had a swing."

Goulding cast him in a small role in "The Flame Within." It was all too simple. If a chap of his limited acting experience could get ahead at this rate, he'd be earning thousands a week in no time. Then, just as he was about to start work, the Immigration Department caught up with him. He had no passport, not even a visitor's permit. He was given twenty-four hours to clear the country.

He went down to Mexicali, where he "rotted for seven weeks" while they checked with Scotland Yard about him. When he managed to get back to Hollywood, the picture was finished, Goulding was away, and no one remembered David. No one, that is, but Sally Blane, whom he had met in England. "She asked me over for a week-end, and insisted on my staying for weeks-on-end. So did Loretta Young and their mother. I couldn't puzzle it out at the time," says David, "I didn't realize they knew I was busted."

"After that, for a bit, I lived in a garret, meanwhile talking myself into eight different tests at eight different studios, none of which led anywhere. I kept from starving to death by being invited to parties, at which, invariably, I sat next to Zanuck or Goldwyn and couldn't, with any grace, ballyhoo myself as God's gift to pictures."

Then one night Goldwyn asked him if he had ever acted. David dodged the issue by replying that he had made some tests. Goldwyn took a look at the first one, "got a laugh out of it" and—offered him a contract. It looked rather as if Goldwyn were playing a practical joke on himself, but David lost no time accepting.

"I made my first screen appearance at

the bottom of a pile of thirty-two men and one donkey, in 'Barbary Coast.' After that, I had a speaking part. I said 'Good-bye, my dear' to Elissa Landi in 'Without Regrets.' Nobody had any regrets when I left the set. In my next picture I said, 'Hello, my dear' to Wendy Barrie. Then a dreadful thing happened.

"I was cast as a cad of great price in 'Splendor.' I had just met Ronald Colman and was super-Colman-conscious. He didn't wear make-up, so I was going to dispense with it. My acting was frightfully bad; appalling. Rachel Crothers, who had written the screen play and was sitting on the set, kept sending me irate notes about how I was ruining the script. Every time I'd get one, I'd blush with shame. Actually. And you know how red photographs; it comes out black on black-and-white film. 'What's this?' Goldwyn demanded, when he saw the rushes. 'I didn't order any blackface comedian!' We had days of retakes."

NOW, with seventeen pictures behind him, he doesn't have to do any prodigious blushing about this acting. Nor, since "The Prisoner of Zenda," has he had to play any cads of great price. In "Dawn Patrol," he plays Errol Flynn's buddy—a role he also has in real life. They're two of a kind. But they didn't suspect it at first meeting.

"Soon after I arrived, I went to see Lili Damita, whom I had met in New York. There, ahead of me, I fought this Flynn person waiting to see her. We sat and glared at each other at a distance of six paces, each determined to outsit the other. As I remember, Lili went out with someone else, leaving both of us there, glaring."

English papers, for some reason baffling

to David, have publicized him to the farthest reaches of the Empire as a play-boy loaded down with money, who is acting only for the fun of it. "That makes me so mad I could gnaw old shoes," he says. "I may play the fool most of the time, but not while I'm acting. I work at that, from first to last. And, as far as I'm concerned, it's hard work."

Another impression of him that has gone abroad is that he is having a struggle maintaining his bachelor status, what with the girls pursuing him. "The picture doesn't fit. I don't know where they got it. I haven't been conscious of even one lone pursuit. And, as for my being a pursuer, that's fraught with complications."

"All of the girls I seem to meet fit into four classifications: (1) Those who are married or involved. It's asking for trouble, registering interest there. (2) Girls who are unattached, but stars. Any courtship there immediately becomes a big production, with ballyhoo and all the trimmings. (3) Girls who are unattached, but are trying to get into pictures. After the first glass of sherry, they start asking how to get a movie test. (4) Girls who have nothing to do with pictures, and want nothing to do with them, but who live rather definitely north of San Francisco. . . . I'm thinking of going into a monastery in North Hollywood at any moment."

Right now, he seems to be going with Olivia De Havilland, but he won't talk about that.

His movie future doesn't worry him. "At the first sign of a decline, I'll be off like a shot. There are plenty of other things to do besides acting. But I hope I won't have to do any of them for a while. I like Hollywood. I feel less inhibited here than I've ever felt anywhere else in my life."

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(Continued from page 36)



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Dear me! Miss Sadler had nigh forgotten. It was all over that tricycle—a splendid dollar and ninety-eight cent tricycle which Papa Burn had purchased for Robin on his fourth birthday. Tantalizingly, Robin had ridden up and down Broadway in front of the Sadler home. He whirled, he made fancy turns.

"Robin, may I ride?" Anna asked wistfully. "Uh huh—after while," he answered. Patiently, she waited. Every time she asked when, Master Robin said, "After while." When flesh and blood could stand it no longer, Anna grabbed a flying lock of hair as he zipped past her, yanked him out of the seat down onto the sidewalk, where she very thoroughly beat the stuffings out of him.

WHEN Bob was six he started school, and his mother—a wonderful woman, but misguided in this one instance—thought it fitten for a man of six to start school in a Lord Fauntleroy velvet number and long, auburn curls falling down upon the lace collar. Bob's first day in school was a year long. Some pointed remarks about sissies had been made. Ribaldry and ridicule had filled the air. He went home and laid down the law to Mrs. B. for the first, last and only time.

After two hours of litigation, during which plaster fell from the ceiling, Mrs. Burn's ears could stand no more, so she said, "All right." Miraculously the tumult and the shouting and the tears ceased and to the barber mama and sonny did go, Mrs. B. armed with a handkerchief to cry in and a length of tissue paper to put the dear curls in. Then they went to Cy Cordell's boys' and gents' outfit emporium for something quiet and tasteful in tweed. "Know Bob Burns?" says Cy Cordell nowadays, sometimes before anybody asks him. "I sold that boy his first pair of pants!"

Complexes and psychic traumas and all the other boogymen which the child psychologists tell us about nowadays were unknown in the childhood days of Robin. But, perhaps, that tortured first day in school may be responsible for the fact that, though Burns eventually became a gentleman, after the necessary years for growth and social experience, he never, never became a scholar.

On his first report card, the grades were way down below freezing point. Walking slowly—very slowly—home from school with brother Farrar, who was called Bubba, Anna Sadler untactfully caught up with the two boys. She heard a sniff and asked Bob why he was crying. "Oh, I'm jes' cryin' because Bubba feels so bad over my report card grades," he said.

Damon and Pythias, ham and eggs, and the hands of the clock at half past six were never any closer than Farrar and Robin. On one rare occasion when Robin was quiet and still, which prompted an anxious inquiry as to what he was thinking about, he answered, "Oh, I'm jes' a-thinkin' about what Bubba is a-thinkin' about." The two brothers even developed the same kind of digestive peculiarities. Neither one could ever eat sweets of any kind, and Bob cannot to this day. They munched plain crackers in wholesale quantities and adored rolled oats without sugar.

Bob was sneaked through the grammar grades by the skin of his teeth. Carrying books back and forth to school was a mere formality. He was almost sneaked through high school by the skin of his teeth, too. But not quite. He was much too busy studying human nature.

Then, too, there was his burning ambition to be a river boat pilot, and he swiftly perceived that one needs but little formal education for that. Back and forth across the Arkansas River, between Van Buren and Fort Smith, Captain Tom Arnold piloted his ferry boat. Captain Tom and his elderly negro helper, Bill Pennywit, would sometimes let Robin ferry the boat across the river. And one wonderful ten days, when Captain Tom went to the Exposition in St. Louis, he left Robin in charge of the boat. Naturally, Washington crossing the Delaware, fractions and the mastery of English composition were dull matters compared to this.

Today, Captain Arnold (retired) will, at the drop of a hat, tell anyone who cares to listen that he knew Bob Burns when. He claims that the fellow still owes him eight cents—the price of one ride across the river, for, when not a bonafide member of the crew, Bob was supposed to pay his fare just like anybody else. He embarked one day and when the boat was safely out in mid-river, he confessed that he was busted. This prompted a stern rebuke from Captain Tom and the remark that a busted boy was just as well off on one side of the river as on the other.

Perhaps one might say that Robin was more artistically than scholastically inclined. When piloting began to lose its charms, he developed a great urge for the stage. Let anyone suggest amateur theatricals, and he was right on hand, ready to snarl as the villain or to defend fair ladies in his best hog-calling Arkansas tones as the hero. For one local shindig for charity, there came up the question of a dress suit. His bank account being down to two figures, Bob approached the family. His proposition was coldly received. Then he would borrow one, he decided firmly. But from whom? Everyone he knew intimately enough did not own a dress suit.

BOB was working in the John Q. Allen Real Estate Agency. Mr. Allen now, Bob happened to know, had a dress suit. Mr. Allen also had—and still has—a kind heart and a constitutional inability to say no. So it was in the Allen tailoring that Bob strutted at the charity benefit. "Lord, Mr. A.," Bob remarked when he went home to Van Buren to the music of brass bands and huzzas a couple of years ago, "do you remember me borrowing your dress suit?" Mr. A. said indeed he did—and what, by the way, had Bob done with it afterwards?

Bob's mother saved enough out of the family budget during the high school years for mandolin lessons under Professor Frank McLean, leader of the Queen City Silvertone Cornet Band. Even here, however, Robin found all that stuff about notes and keys and tempo pretty slow, so he just plunked ahead on his own account and, in this way, attained a surprising "by ear" facility on the piano, harmonica, guitar, trombone, violin and cornet. The guitar is his favorite—outside of the bazooka—and he can really play it like a streak. What's more, he actually does play it at occasional Kraft Music Hall meetings.

Perhaps you have heard the story of the bazooka's invention. Robin teamed up with the Van Buren Mandolin Orchestra. This rustic philharmonic society met for rehearsals in the back of Hayman's plumbing shop. At one rehearsal—they played "Over the Waves" and "The Blue Danube" and other pre-swing hits—everyone agreed that the music seemed a bit "under-arranged." The bottom had seemingly

fallen out of the orchestra. They needed bass, brass and body—needed it bad.

The town genius—Mr. Burns—grabbed a length of Hayman's best pipe, inserted a funnel of paper and blew a healthy blast, meanwhile sliding the paper up and down. Thus the bazooka was born. Of course, it was given refining touches, and was improved upon as time went on. Credit should be given Henry Hink (known the world over nowadays as Bob's radio-uncle Hink, but actually no kin at all) for substituting a smaller hunk of pipe for the makeshift funnel of paper.

Robin never walked across the rostrum to receive his high school diploma—at the proper chronological time. But December, 1935, on another triumphant return trip to Van Buren, he was awarded an honorary high school diploma which he treasures as dearly as any captain of industry treasures his honorary Ph.D. from one of the great universities.

In spite of sonny's casual reaction to the better things, Mama Burns enrolled him, willy-nilly, in the University of Arkansas. If it was humanly possible, she was going to make a civil engineer out of him, like his pa. But here again, books and Burns just didn't click. He picked up enough technical information to be of some help on surveying trips up into the Ozark mountains with his father, and that's about all. He was good to have along, too, because he could make corn bread.

Brother Farrar was much more studious—and look where it's landed him. While Robin collects a five-figure check for each picture, Farrar ekes out a modest, if contented, living, as editor of a small paper in Bellingham, Washington.

Boiling way up in the Burns subconscious mind at this point was the urge for the stage—the professional stage. He didn't

say much about it until a chance came. And then—no—the family did not rise up on its collective tin ear and state that no son of theirs should ever become one of those play-actors. Bob had a considerable reputation as a local wit, and his family was pardonably proud of this reputation.

Bob was always as natural as his own rugged, homely face, and as plain as the proverbial old shoe. He has always said the shrewd, pithy sort of things, seasoned with the same earthy wit, out of which he nowadays makes such a handsome living. So, when he departed on his first theatrical venture, his family gently hinted something about coming right back home if he should get hungry. Mrs. Burns put away her dream of seeing her son build great bridges and fine railroads and decided that if he did what he wanted to do and was happy that was all she asked.

Brother Farrar went along with that first blackface act—which Robin was sure would wow the whole Southwest. Something must have slipped up somewhere, for the Southwest was quite apathetic. The Burns Brothers tried a new act. And a third. And a fourth. They didn't quite seem to have their fingers on the public pulse. They were compelled to change their eating habits materially.

Once, Robin, having nothing to swallow but his pride, was forced to knock on a door and ask the hard-visaged female who answered his summons if she could spare a snack. She said she could not—and slammed the door. Robin tightened his belt, turned away, then spied a skinny, miserable looking gray cat. He tapped on the door again. "Madame," he said, when the door flew angrily open once more, "here is your little kitty."

The Great War provided an hiatus in the Burns odyssey of failures. Over-

seas with the Marines he blew the bazooka to cheer up his comrades and got a medal for expert marksmanship. When the Armistice was signed, he went right back to his dogged search for theatrical fame.

During a lean spell, he ran a concession on the boardwalk at Atlantic City. In an adjacent booth was a pretty dark girl from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, whom Bob decided he'd better marry before anybody else grabbed her. Elizabeth Fisher Burns was a sweet, quiet, staunch little person who "managed somehow" through all the lean years—and tragically died not long after the great break came. Their son, Robin, Jr., had been born one week after the sheriff closed up his papa's boardwalk concession. Robin, Jr., had a hectic babyhood and childhood, sleeping in the tents of Southwestern carnivals, and eating his lamb chops and spinach cooked over the gas flares of many a theatrical boarding house.

Then that fine will-o'-the-wisp, Success, seemed actually caught in the butterfly net when a studio gave Bob Burns an honest-to-gosh contract. He drew a salary for a refreshing change, playing small parts in Will Rogers pictures. Later, perhaps you caught sight of him as the sideshow barker in Clara Bow's "Hoopla."

It was Will Rogers who told Bob, "Go East, young man. Get on the radio somehow—anyhow. Play that bazooka if you must, but take off the burnt cork and start talking about the things you know—the people you know." So Robin invented Grandpa Snazzy, Aunt Petunia, Uncle Slug and all the rest of the weird and wonderful hillbilly kinfolk. And Rudy Vallee said, "I'll try out some of that." And Paul Whiteman said, "So will I." And a talent scout from Hollywood said, "This fellow Burns has got something!"



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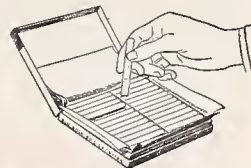
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THAT GIRL'S BACK

(Continued from page 39)

That's what comes of getting the habit when you're young.

"But there's a reason for my coming back to work so soon. It is soon, isn't it, with Ellen only two months old?"

"I could keep on resting, but that would just stretch out my contract. That's life, in Hollywood. You sign to work for a certain studio for a certain length of time. If you have an appendectomy or a baby during that time, you have to stop work. And that time out is just added to the original finishing date of your deal."

"Figure three weeks out for appendicitis, four months for Norman, six months for Ellen, and a month for two suspensions (I didn't like a couple of stories)—and already I've got a whole year to make up. I don't want to be spending half my life finishing up one contract. So I'm reporting back to work, right now."

She doesn't say that with any hint of heavy heartedness. She says it with a chipper smile, a big smile that implies: "Bring on those movie jitters. I've missed 'em a lot, believe me!"

I'VE been lost, not working," Joan confesses. "Kind of bored. When I get through doing things for the kids, there's still a lot of the day left—unless I make up a flock of extra, unnecessary things to do. I think they get better care if I'm not jumping around all the time. Our get-togethers are more of a treat for them, the way their get-togethers with Dick are. You know, mothers ought to have the same break as fathers: a rating as playmates, not just nurses or governesses. If you've ever noticed, kids' favorite people are those who do things with them, not for them."

"I figure they'll be happier if I'm working part of the time. We'll all be happier. Not that I'm crazy about a career. I'm not. I crab all the time when I'm working. The only trouble is, I crab more when I'm not working."

"It isn't ambition that's bringing me back. What's bringing me back is good sense. I'm not desperately hanging on to fame or money. After nine years, they don't matter so much. The thing that matters now is—I need something to do. Some women, for something to do, take up knitting. Some take up bridge. And some take up acting. That's all."

"I was at loose ends, with no acting to do. I could spend only so much time at the beach. I could do only so much reading. I don't go in for tea parties or bridge parties. I could probably use some more schooling, but who wants to go to school at my age? I might crochet, I suppose. But I did crochet while I was waiting for Ellen, and the memory still haunts me. I was determined to prove my womanly qualities. So I made a bedspread, all in one piece—and long before I finished I was seeing double."

"My something-to-do has got to be acting, I'm afraid."

But what kind of acting? The same kind as before? (The more children she has, the younger Joan seems to look. Right now, sheathed in a black silk afternoon dress, snug of fit and short of skirt, she looks in some danger of being cast as a trim ingenue.)

"Yes," she says reluctantly, "the same kind as before. In 'Unfit to Print,' I'm a wisecracking girl reporter again. I'd like to stop playing cops-and-robbers, but the studio says 'Nix on such ideas.' As long as cops-and-robbers, with a dash of Blondell comedy, seems to please the cus-

tomers, that will be my screen fare. Why should the studio take a flier and find out if I might be able to please the customers in something different? That wouldn't be good sense from a business standpoint. And that ol' business standpoint can't be overlooked."

"During my accouchement (I believe that's the word) I read the novel, 'May Flavin.' Now, there's something I'd love to do on the screen. But some other studio has bought the book, and I'd probably be the last person they'd think of for it, simply because I've never done anything remotely like it."

"I'd like to show that I could do other things besides girl reporters and girl detectives. That's why, sometimes, I'd like to go back to the stage. So would Dick. We've both got a suppressed desire to go on a road tour, doing a series of plays, hit every big town in the country and be gone about a year. We'd have fun. We'd get a lot of acting, and a lot of restlessness, out of our systems. And one of these years, when we aren't tied here by contracts, watch us do it."

"As far as this little girl is concerned, it would be like the old days. Do you know how many times I've been across the continent on road tours? Fifty-six. Since I've been in pictures, I've been across only twice—once on a honeymoon, and once on a vacation. Between contracts and babies, my wanderlust has been sort of fixed."

"It's lucky I do have a family to keep me anchored. Otherwise, with a nice partner, like Dick, I'd be flying all over the country. All over the world, probably. Why, Dick and I would have seen the South Seas long ago."

"Travel" used to be my middle name. Up to the time I was seventeen, I didn't think anybody ever knew anybody else more than a week. I was so amazed when we stayed in Santa Monica eight months once, and I kept seeing the same people week after week. That's why I'm not overloaded with friends today. It's easy for me to get acquainted with people, but I never learned how to make friends. Anybody I ever met when I was growing up was just an acquaintance who'd be replaced by a new acquaintance in the next town. We moved around that much."

"I could hardly stand it when I first came to Hollywood. I was moving my trunk every other week, constantly changing my address. Nobody could ever find me. But I didn't feel natural if I stayed in the same place more than two weeks."

"Believe it or not, I didn't even take my clothes out of my trunk until I'd been here for months. I was making fairly good money, but I was still sleeping in a pull-down bed. It didn't dawn on me, till some girl told me, that I should have a bedroom of my own."

"My youngsters aren't going to get the impression that the world is full of strangers who keep moving around. They'll be luckier than I was. About the only funny impression they'll get is that all the mothers and fathers in the world go off to movie studios to work. I'm sure Norman thinks that right now. And accepts it very matter-of-factly, even if he doesn't exactly understand it."

"I took him to see 'The Cowboy from Brooklyn.' He loves Dick's pictures. (He's not so crazy about me on the screen.) That night, when he saw Daddy, he wanted to know where Daddy's cowboy suit was. Apparently, after Dick

finished the business of kissing Priscilla Lane, Norman expected him to come home in those clothes. That took some explaining. And we're not sure it's all straightened out yet."

And what does Norman think of her becoming a mama a second time? Has that been straightened out? Indeed, it has. And very neatly, too.

"He thinks Ellen's pretty nice. He thinks she's his baby. In fact, he calls her 'my baby.' And we encourage that pride of possession. Any time all three of us are around her, Dick and I don't have charge of her. Norman does.

"You know how you bend over a crib, saying things to a baby, trying to coax smiles? It doesn't matter much what you say. All a baby's conscious of is the sound of your voice. When Norman's standing by the crib, too, we say to Ellen, 'Do you see your big brother? Isn't he wonderful?'—and he swells up, fit to burst. He's important now."

IS life more complicated for Joan, now that she has two children? Goodness knows, most people's would be!

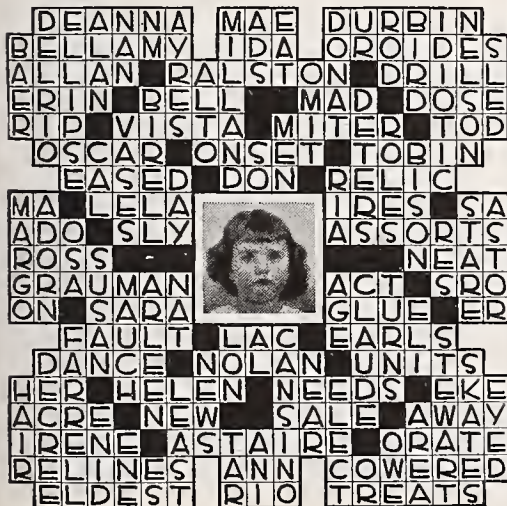
"It's simpler," she asserts. "I'm not nearly the fanatic now that I was with my first baby, not nearly so silly. I was so germ-conscious with Norman that I was even afraid to kiss him myself, and I wouldn't let anybody else get within a mile of him. Every time he'd cry, my blood would run cold. Now I know a baby has to cry for exercise. The louder Ellen cries, the better she'll sing, I figure. It's wonderful how much more sensible a mother is with her second baby.

"If the fans don't like the idea of my having two children, I haven't heard about it. I don't think it matters to the younger movie generation. They don't think much about such things. The older generation probably likes the idea of a star with a family, happy, settled down. The in-between generation, the young romantics who like to think you mean it when you kiss the hero, may resent two infants. But even if this does hurt my popularity, look at what I've got for what I've lost.

"People tell me I don't look any different, now that I'm a mother twice over. And I certainly don't feel any different—except a little proud of myself, maybe. I suppose that's inevitable.

"Nothing's changed in my private life, except that I have one thing more to live for now, and there's a little more noise and more fun in the house. Nothing's different, either, in my attitude toward a career. I don't have any urge to get all I can and quit. I just want to keep busy—a long time. I just want to make a lot more good pictures."

Solution to Puzzle on page 68



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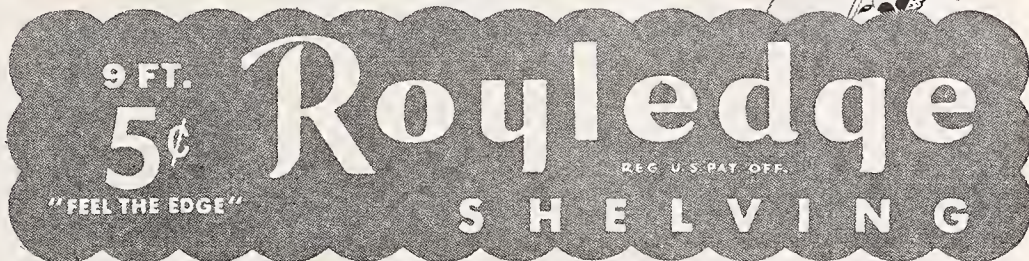


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INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 11)



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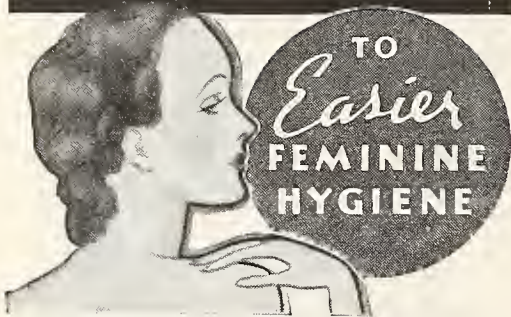


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Betty McGuiness, Chicago, Ill. Ann Rutherford was born in Toronto, Canada, the daughter of John D. Rutherford, who sang with the New York Metropolitan Opera Company and Lucille Mansfield Rutherford. Ann went on the stage at the age of six, and, accompanied by her mother, toured intermittently until she was eleven. While still in high school, Ann took a radio job and continued in it for four years. From radio she went into the movies. Ann is five feet three and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred and ten pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes. She was Micky Rooney's real girlfriend in "Love Finds Andy Hardy." You may address her in care of M-G-M Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Laureta Morgan, Princeton, N. J. To obtain stills from your favorite movies send ten cents a piece, together with a description of the scene which interests you, to the publicity department of the studio which made the movie, New York City. All the large studios have New York offices, and it is from these that stills are distributed. For autographed photographs of the stars write directly to each star in care of the Hollywood studio where he or she works. Always enclose twenty-five cents when requesting photographs from stars.

Helen Papierniak, Cleveland, Ohio. Russell Hayden was born in Chicago, Ill., June 12, 1912. He has black hair and brown eyes, and his real name is Pat Lucid. He is six feet three inches tall, weighs one hundred seventy pounds, and was a successful studio technician before becoming an actor.

Ruth Perry, Sheffield, Ala. James Ellison was born in Valier, Montana, on a May fourth, but moved to Hollywood when still a youngster. He made a couple of unsuccessful attempts before clicking in the movies. Meantime he appeared on the stage, did studio laboratory work, and various odd jobs. He is married to a former actress, and his two most recent pictures are "Vivacious Lady" and "Mother Carey's Chickens."

Norman Russ, Salt Lake City, Utah. Virginia Weidler was born in Hollywood, Cal., March 21, 1927. She has dark brown hair and eyes, is about forty-seven inches tall, weighs over fifty pounds, and is growing fast. She speaks several languages and has been in the movies for a number of years.

Mrs. Pat Sullivan, Chicago, Ill. Margaret Brooke Sullivan is her real name. She was born in Norfolk, Virginia, May 16, 1911. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred and nine pounds, and has brown hair and gray eyes.

IRENE DUNNE'S TRUE LIFE STORY

(Continued from page 31)

girls must always have morality. I didn't know what he was talking about, but I was terrifically impressed."

The year after her husband died, Mrs. Dunne decided to leave St. Louis and return to Madison, where the children might be near their grandparents and aunts and uncle. Accordingly, she took part of her insurance money, closed the beautiful home in the Highlands and bought a modest house in Madison near the long, rambling, many-porched frame home of her family.

Madison is and was one of the older cities of the Ohio River valley. It has, says Irene, definite character. It was a river city. It had no railroad, and because it had age and tradition, it contained many old "first" families of that part of the country. Irene was to have as her companions, then, girls and boys of a type most mothers want their daughters to know.

In such a background and with such friends, thought Adelaide Henry Dunne, her two children would have "advantages," would grow up to be responsible citizens and take their place in the world. Irene was to continue her music, Charles would go to college and take up a profession.

Irene knew nothing of these plans. She continued to have a good time. She loved to pay visits to her grandmother and watch her younger aunts getting all dressed up to go out with their beaux.

"I was very proud of my clothes," says Irene. "One dress that I adored, a dotted white one, with which I wore a big hair ribbon and Mary-Jane black patent leather shoes, was responsible for my first appearance on the stage. It was summer chautauqua time in Indiana and suddenly one of the speakers leaned from the platform and said:

"Would the pretty little girl in white in the front row come up on the stage for a minute?"

Irene doesn't remember exactly what she did—whether it was to pass the hat, pull a white rabbit out of a handkerchief, or just smile giddily at the audience. She does know that this was the first time she realized the dramatic importance of clothes. It was because, she figured out later, that

she had on an interesting dress that the speaker singled her out.

And it was an important incident in her life. It made her more clothes-conscious than ever, and she was to remember later, when choosing costumes for stage or screen appearances, that her frocks must have appeal or "pull" for the casual eye.

Irene's mother encouraged her daughter in good times. Aside from practicing her music lessons, Irene had few tasks. Mrs. Dunne wanted her to have a carefree youth. She wanted her to make the most of her prettiness and have lots of attention.

Irene needed little encouragement in this. There were country club dances and yachting parties on the river. It was the "thing" to get a boat and a Victrola and lazily drift over the water on warm moonlight nights.

"If you danced more than six steps with a boy at a dance, you were almost a wallflower," she says. "There were lots of boys and it was the thing to keep them dangling."

"My first love was a boy named Warren. He had black hair and twinkling black eyes and a great spirit of fun. He was never serious about anything. He wasn't even serious about me—at first.

"We had grown up together. He used to take me dancing to the country club and on those summer evening picnics. Secretly, I was in love with him. I wanted him to be romantic and adoring and send me flowers. I wanted him to say things like, 'Darling, I adore you. Will you promise to be mine?'

"Only Warren never seemed to get around to saying anything beyond, 'Well, goodnight. I'll be around about eight tomorrow. Suppose your mother'd pack some sandwiches if we get up a picnic for Saturday?' She makes the best."

"He was faithful, too faithful. I could always count on him for companionship, but not for romance. I used to lie awake nights thinking of things to say to him, to make him realize he really loved me. I'd do my hair a new way just for him and when I asked him if he liked it, he'd reply, 'Sure, you look okay to me.'

"This had gone on seemingly for ages, when a tall, handsome stranger came to town! This lad had lived in the South, had been to school in the East and had the smoothest line of any boy who had ever come to Madison. All the girls in my crowd went mad over him. He had airs, clothes, distinction, and he could dance like nobody's business. Oh, he was a catch, make no mistake, and I made up my mind that he was intended for none other than little Irene.

"He knew he was something, too. He was terribly conceited. I sensed that he expected the girls to make a fuss over him and so I deliberately ignored him. I didn't care about him as I did about Warren and so it was simple. The first time he asked me to dance at a club party, I made up some excuse. He was annoyed, I could see, but he tried not to show it. He maneuvered things so he went home in the same automobile with Warren and me and he took the opportunity to whisper in my ear, 'Why don't you like me?'

"It was as easy as that! In two days he was calling me and asking for dates. Any other girl in our crowd would have jumped at the chance to go out with him, but I wouldn't and it piqued his interest. When the next club dance came along, I did go with him and Warren was furious.

"From an amiable, good-natured, ever-dependable escort, Warren turned into the most jealous and sulky individual I had ever known. He called Jack (the boy from the East) a drug store sheik, a no-account philanderer, breaking up homes and friendships. He raved and stormed and wanted me to say I would never again be seen in the company of Jack. So then I knew that I had Warren, too. After that I wasn't in love with either of them.

"It was my first lesson in how to handle the opposite sex and one I never forgot."

WHEN Irene was sixteen years old, going on seventeen, her mother sent her away from Madison to Memphis, Tennessee, for a social season. She was the guest of rich and charming friends of Adelaide Dunne's, who thought that Irene should have an opportunity to come out in society and meet eligible men. For in Memphis, when you are sixteen, it is time to think of getting married.

"I don't believe a girl ever had such a good time as I did that winter," remembers Irene. "Everything was perfect. I was surrounded by glamor, romance and wealth. Everything I might want was there within reach. It seemed as if I were living in an enchanted fairy tale."

From a pretty small-town girl, Irene blossomed overnight into a coquette. This was exciting. This was gay. This was silver romance. These were golden, exciting days when the world was laid at your feet by first one soft-tongued, flattering, handsome suitor and then another.

She learned the Southern creed—"tis better to be dead than not pursued by some male." She learned that in the Old South nobody cared whether a woman had a brain, nobody cared a rap of a finger whether a girl could read Shakespeare or drive an automobile. All that was important was that she could captivate a man, preferably men.

"In those days," says Irene, "I thought of nothing except of being attractive and popular. I worked at it.

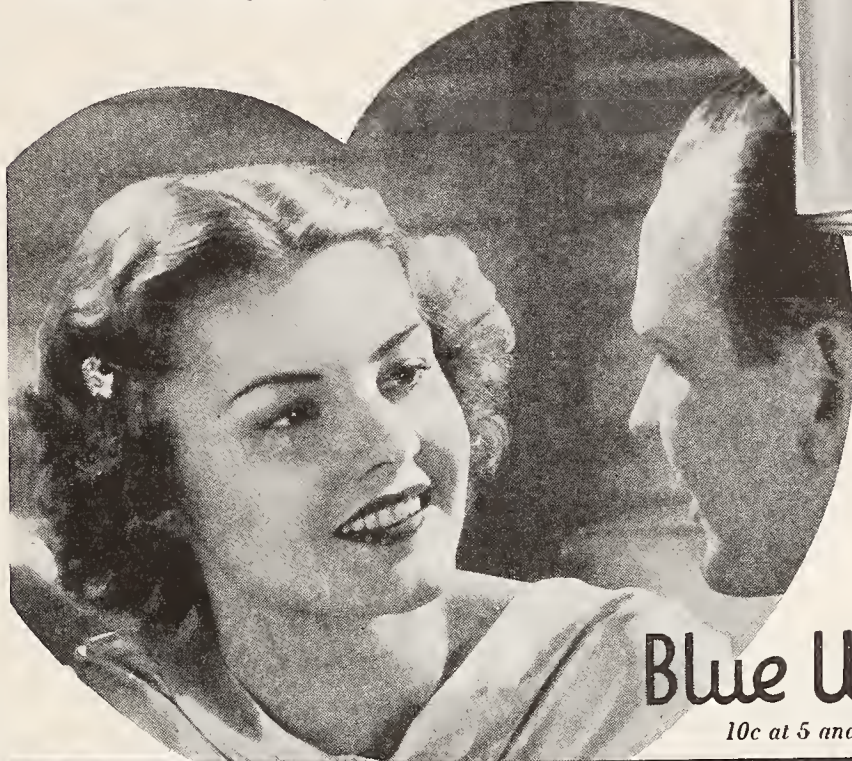
"And so the proposals came. I almost married one of those Southerners. I loved him, so I thought. He was delightful and charming, but I didn't think he was serious enough in his outlook. You see I was used to Northern men who knew where they were going. I couldn't quite visualize the casual, mellow, easy-going life of the South. He couldn't understand my seri-



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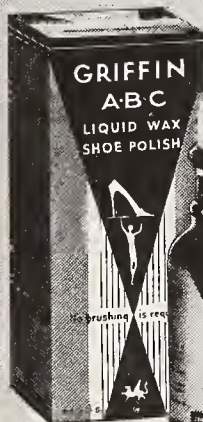
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Name _____ State _____ Age _____ City _____

ousness. He always used to laugh at me. "In the end, I left him and went home. It was a painful decision to make. It was like tearing romance and glamor out of my heart. Yet something intuitive told me this man was not for me, that I was under a spell of moonlight and glamor. Something pulled me back to Madison, and reality."

And so Irene left the warm, mellow and hospitable South and went home to Indiana with an accent you could cut with a knife. She was restless. She exasperated her friends by her new manners, by her grown-up airs of coquetry. They didn't quite know what had happened to Irene. For that matter, neither did she. Perhaps she had been in love. Perhaps she had renounced the one man who was destined to make her happy.

But years later, when she met Dr. Frank Griffin and fell deeply, tumultuously and really overwhelmingly in love for the first time, she knew she had made no mistake.

However, now, she could no longer be content in Madison. She must go away—anywhere, as long as it was in a direction away from Memphis. And so she decided she would get a job—she would teach school. Why not?

SHE was already well versed in music. She had graduated from Loretta Academy and with her diploma she could secure a license to supervise music and art in the public schools, provided she could pass an examination in art.

Art! She didn't know much about it, beyond drawing pretty trees and flowers in school. However, nothing ventured, nothing lost. She went to Indianapolis, took the tests and passed with 90 in music and 95 in art.

She sent out her applications for a job. With them went some photographs which showed her a young lady of decidedly dignified mien. Her hair was long and piled on top of her head. Actually, in those pictures, she looks older than she does today.

The East Chicago school board accepted her application. (Little did they know what was not in store for them.) Mrs. Dunne helped Irene collect a suitable school ma'am's wardrobe and late in August she took the train for Chicago, planning to visit some cousins in Irving Park, a fashionable suburb, before going on to Art and Music.

In Irving Park, her attention was caught by a story in the morning Chicago Tribune about tryouts for scholarships at the Chicago Musical College. She had passed an art examination, knowing little or nothing about it, hadn't she? Why couldn't she get a scholarship?

The Chicago Musical College was and is a famous institution run for many years by Flo Ziegfeld's father, a Doctor of Music. Because of the excellence of its work and the high type of students graduating, it had attracted endowments of wealthy Chicagoans who provided the scholarships for which Irene was trying.

"I thought to myself," said she, "I'll see if I'm any good. Everybody has always said I could sing. Well, maybe I can, and if so, I'll become great and I won't teach school after all."

"The day for the audition was set. I went to bed early to get my 'beauty sleep.' I was determined that nothing should stand in the way of my winning. I would sing the very best I knew how and—I would look my very best! And if there were any elderly gentleman on the board of judges, I was going to smile prettily at them. My Memphis training to the fore!

"With all my planning, I don't remember much about that monumental hour of my life—the hour which was to make such

a difference to me. I faintly recall a room filled with strange, serious-looking people. I remember thinking that I must please every one of them. Edowardo Sacerdote was my accompanist and played 'Villa Nello' or 'The Swallow Song.'

"How well I sang, I wouldn't know. Nor whether I smiled or frowned. By the time I was beside the piano, my heart was in my throat. I wasn't exactly frightened, but something strange and weird was happening to my insides. They seemed to be slowly turning over."

At any rate, Irene won—won the judges by both voice and manner and copped a scholarship! And that is as far as she ever got toward school-teaching!

Irene didn't live in Chicago. She shared a room with a younger cousin in the pleasant old frame house at Irving Park and commuted daily to Chicago. Irene remembers the Irving Park episode with pleasure. People came and went casually. There was always some one around to talk to. It was home.

Irene worked very hard at her music. There wasn't much time for play, nor to learn about the life of a big city. She was in school all day long, and nights and mornings she was taking that long train and elevated ride back and forth. But she was getting somewhere.

In the summer, when school ended, she did not go back to Madison. She had tasted something strange and savory, something that had to do with getting her name in those "prizes" or bright lights that as a child she had begged to watch. She had visions of becoming a great operatic star.

And so instead of home, she went to New York to find out what was going on there. She visited again, this time with the Pfaffs, a German family. Mrs. Pfaff was one of those exceedingly astute and brilliant managerial mothers who wanted her daughter, Rosemary, gifted with a gorgeous voice, to capitalize her talents.

SHE was promoting Rosemary for a leading rôle in one of the six road companies of "Irene," which were then being organized. However, Rosemary didn't seem to be the type and Mrs. Pfaff, terribly disappointed, looked about for somebody else to promote. And there was Irene.

She trotted young Miss D. down to the casting office, where the gentleman who was picking the future "Irenes" eyed the Chicago musical student warily.

"You can sing," he said, after listening to her, and, frankly, "You've got some looks, but can you dance?"

Irene assured him she could. Indeed, she could. She was one of the best professional dancers in the world. He was still dubious, so dubious, in fact, that she had to go out and take some professional dance lessons and demonstrate her skill before he hired her. But hire her he did, at \$150 per week—as a leading lady.

She couldn't believe it. She was only eighteen years old! She was to go out on the road with an honest-to-goodness show troupe. Play one night stands in tank towns, in old theatres, opr'y houses. She was to stay in hotels, sometimes not too clean hotels, hear show talk, know show people. She was to make up in dingy, dismal dressing rooms, musty with tradition and dust. She was to hear that ever-thrilling "Fifteen Minutes!" before-curtain call. She was to hear "Curtain Going Up!" "Curtain Going Down!" curtain calls. Oh, it was wonderful and it was far more exciting than what she had thought were those glamorous days in Memphis. This was life.

(The conclusion of this intimate true story will appear in the January issue of MODERN SCREEN.)

NEW CAREER AT TWENTY

(Continued from page 6)

tempted to cheat on a soda or two, I accepted my fate.

I stayed in Death Valley for three weeks and it will always remain one of the high spots in my life. I was up at sunrise and off to some place in the Valley. I explored old ghost towns of the gold rush days, even went down through several of the old mines.

Each day I swam for at least two hours. I was good about not eating breakfast or lunch. But, when evening came, I forgot about diets, studios or anything except food. Then after dinner I would walk for miles. But, to my chagrin, when I returned to Hollywood I had gained four pounds!

"After I had been in Hollywood a few years, I began to feel that I was not making the headway that I should, considering the number of pictures I was doing. Until this day I have never felt that I was given one outstanding part. And the main point was that I was signed to sing and they had not allowed me to. Yes, the studio was too busy casting me in dizzy blonde parts. So I never got a chance to really prove what I could do.

A YEAR ago when my contract was up, we called it a day. For a moment this gave me quite a scare. I knew that I had learned in five years all that I could possibly cram in about the picture business. But I still did not know whether or not I could act. All my parts had been about the same and if you could do one, you could do them all. Even though I had made forty pictures and did have something of a name, I felt quite sure that no other studios would be clamoring to sign me up. But luck was with me and the very same week in which my contract ended, I was signed by London Films to do a picture in England. I was in New York before the week was over, met Mr. Alexander Korda and was on the "Queen Mary" the next day sailing for England.

"We worked for eleven weeks on 'Gaiety Girls.' Everyone was swell and, even though customs there are not at all like ours, I was soon made to feel at home. And the best thing was that I was at last going to be given a chance to sing in a picture. After it was finished, I went to France, Germany and Italy for a vacation and then back to Hollywood.

"Shortly after returning, I made three more pictures. The last one was with Hal Roach. It was during this that the starring team of Laurel and Hardy split up and when the picture was finished, after weeks of delay, I was very tired and blue.

"Just at this time my English film, 'Gaiety Girls,' was shown in New York. The critics wanted to know if I really did sing or if they had faked another voice.

"Now that I felt I had made some small success in a singing role, I was very anxious to get a job in a New York night club, where I would have the chance to improve on what I felt had been my asset all the time. My agent arranged an audition and I was soon to appear in New York. The opening was a nightmare as New Yorkers seem ready to find Hollywood people at their worst. After the first night's show was over and everyone was so nice, I felt that I might be able to stay on for the rest of the two weeks and I managed somehow to do just that."

Pat is now working on a picture in which Wallace Ford and Stuart Erwin have the leads.

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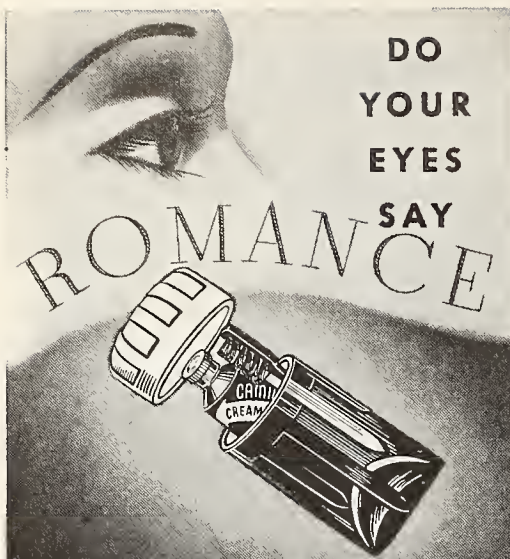
60% OF ALL WOMEN WERE BORN BLONDE



Fifteen years in pictures is cause for celebration, so Cary Grant, Joan Fontaine and Vic McLaglen help Doug Fairbanks, Jr. make merry.

LOVE AND LORETTA

(Continued from page 34)



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perience a woman can have. I've seen too many girls make the mistake of harboring such illusions. They've left friends and family behind to go in pursuit of fame and fortune, only to discover, after getting them, that they have no one to share them with. And, for all their fame and fortune, they're lonely, frustrated people.

"If I had no family, no one to work for besides myself, a career would be no thrill. It would be a purposeless, unsatisfying existence. To have a career, just for the sake of having a career, isn't my idea of a goal in life. If people have the impression that it is, they're sadly in error.

"And I'd never try to make a man feel that I was independent of him. I'd never want a man to do that to me. If a woman feels that she can get along without men, it might be all right for her to make them feel that she can. But if she knows that she can't, she's playing with dynamite. And who wants to play with dynamite? I don't. I want romance in my life. I'm not underestimating its importance. It's far more to me than acting."

SHE wouldn't have put any thought of marriage far from mind for fear that, if she married someone besides a movie star, he might be called "Mr. Loretta Young," and might resent it, and might ask her to give up her career?

Again she shakes her head. "That situation would never arise. When the right man comes along, I want to give up my career right then." She denies then that she has been discouraging love for the sake of her career?

Loretta smiles. "Yes, I deny it. No woman in her right mind ever discourages love. She tries to be ultra-feminine. A woman can't look dowdy and be attractive to men. But a woman can't spend most of her time thinking about her looks and be attractive to men, either. They resent self-centered women.

"It isn't the cut of her clothes or the finesse of her make-up that makes a woman ultra-feminine. It doesn't hurt her to look her best, or to have poise and charm. But these attributes aren't what make her ultra-feminine. They're the results of her being it.

"Ultra-femininity doesn't depend on physical things. It depends on intangible, invisible things. Things inside. Ideals. Ideals don't seem to mean much, nowadays, to a great many girls. They seem to think they can sail through life with much less effort if they aren't 'burdened' with them. But when girls toss ideals overboard, they're throwing away all their guiding compasses and their self-respect, as well. And that isn't very smart. If they ever get anywhere, they'll be towed there. Providing any men come along who think they're worth the towing. From all I've been able to observe, the women that men have faith in are the ones who keep faith with themselves."

Loretta has no elaborate pre-conceptions of what "the right man" will be like. She hasn't conjured up any dream man. She has only one intuition about what he will be like.

"I don't have a temper and he won't have one. It isn't in my nature to fight and he won't have a chip-on-the-shoulder nature. Not that I'm looking for a Caspar Milquetoast or training to be a Mrs. Milquetoast. People like that are just pathetic. But I don't think anyone can ever release all of his angry impulses,

either, if he has any regard for anyone else. There's a happy medium of gentleness that can simplify life for you and everyone around you. For me to fall in love with any man, he would have to have that same quality. He could have it and still be virile. He could discuss things without arguing about them."

Loretta isn't trying to insinuate that she hasn't yet met a man she could fall in love with. Far from that.

"The difficulty about being an idealist," she asserts, "is that you're apt to be a romanticist also. You're always looking for the likable traits in people and always finding them, and think about them constantly, until finally you start wondering, 'Am I in love?'"

"I can't tell you how many times I've wondered that. Sometimes, I've shaken my head. 'No, this isn't it.' And sometimes, I've decided, 'Well, maybe this is it. Time will tell.' Once or twice, when Time has broken the sad news, I've been pretty broken up myself.

"If you're of a romantic nature—and I plead guilty!—I suppose you're fated to have a series of infatuations and trial flirtations and minor romances, always wondering if you're in love or not. But one day something electric will hit you totally without warning, and you'll know that only one thing could cause all the sensations you're experiencing. Just one thing—love.

"I've had a few tingles, but I'm still waiting for lightning to strike. You see, I want to know, beyond any doubt, what it's like to be hit by love. When it happens, I only hope I'll be lucky enough to marry the man. I'll certainly be marriage-minded, for I've heard that lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

ALL that feminine intuition tells her is: "Don't put on any acts for the benefit of this male or that. Don't take the risk of disillusioning somebody some day. The right man will fall in love with you as you really are." Intuition adds, "Just be a diplomat while waiting. That won't discourage love."

And what are some of her rules of diplomacy?

"Be gracious, never rude. Cultivate serenity. Avoid displays of jealousy, without trying too hard to rate the 'Oh-she's-a-good-sport' brand of compliment. Every woman should have a certain amount of tolerance, certainly, but she shouldn't sacrifice poise and dignity for the sake of being called 'a good sport.' That's against the really feminine woman's nature. So is the 'I'm-so-frank' technique. She will tell little white lies rather than hurt others' feelings needlessly. You can get so many more flies with honey, have so many more friends with graciousness."

But suppose a suitor were shy, backward, a bit dazzled—and she wished he would be more protective?

Loretta smiles. "You don't have to make a man feel protective if he really is a man. The difficulty is how to keep a man from going beyond protectiveness to possessiveness. There's a difference, you know, between 'I don't want you to' and 'You can't.' The moment he starts saying, 'You can't,' it's time for you to say, 'I don't tell you what you can't do, so why should you tell me?'"

"A woman can sense possessiveness. And if she does sense it, and allows it, she is sowing tragedy for herself. She can't per-

mit possessiveness without surrendering her self-respect, her individuality. And once she loses those, she loses love. The woman who keeps them is the only one who can hold love."

So much for diplomacy, while waiting for lightning to strike. What if lightning does strike—and she wants the only man to know, without his getting the idea that she is anxious to have him know?

"Do you," demands Loretta, "want me to give away *all* my secrets? Instinct would guide me. I think I'd probably do it by a look. Fleeting, but revealing. I wouldn't make any advances. A man wants to be the pursuer. And nothing can give him the urge to run in the opposite direction so quickly as a suspicion that he's being pursued."

"Up to this point, there doesn't seem much reason to feel sorry for Loretta Young, even if she isn't married. She isn't passing up marriage for the sake of

a career. She isn't leading an empty life. She isn't laying claim to a broken heart. She believes in the inevitability of lightning. And, until it strikes, she seems to have the situation well in hand.

But there's one more question to ask her. Suppose she falls head over heels in love, and is positive beyond any possible doubt that she is in love. How would she find out if he loved her—aside from her stardom, her Hollywood glamor, her connections, her bank account?

Loretta suddenly sobers. Then, with a wistful smile, she says, "I can't answer that. I don't know the answer. In this business, it's almost impossible to find out—for sure.

"What he says about me, what he says to me—that's all I'll have to go by. But if I love him, and if I have him exclusively, perhaps nothing else will matter."

And, looking at it in this light, it is too bad Loretta isn't happily married now.

BEATING THE GAME

(Continued from page 50)

nearly double what the work was worth that way. Instead, I gave the money to a friend who isn't connected with any of the studios. Then he went out and bargained for and got a special body job for a really good price.

"I was driving over the valley a couple of weeks ago," he went on moodily, "and saw a piece of property that was advertised for sale. It had a good stand of walnut trees on it and I figured, if the price was right, that it might be a good investment. I asked, and the cordial answer told me I had made a mistake.

"Not only did the owner flatter me by immediate recognition, but he flattered me more by raising the bid to at least four thousand more than the property could possibly be worth. I thanked him and drove off. The next day another friend of mine bought the property for fifty-five hundred dollars less than had been quoted to me as the rock bottom price. I expect a bumper crop of nuts this season—but not the kind that actors are taken for at every cross road in town.

"Actors are supposed to be a little stupid, very vain peacocks who blather about Art with a capital 'A.' Egotism is supposed to be their stock in trade, and it's almost an offense censorable by the Hays Office if they admit that they've a practical side to their natures.

"It just ain't glamorous. But me, I'm just an Irish mug. I don't worry about being an artist as long as I can learn to be a first class craftsman. I'm in this profession to earn a living, not to discourse profoundly about The Higher Things. To me it's a hard enough job to do good work in half a dozen pictures a year and I'll leave the happy flights of fancy to the boys and girls who enjoy pretending they know what they're talking about—right or wrong.

"And they get into swell jams pretending that they do. Take the ones that tell you, confidentially, of course, 'The only way to really beat this town, old boy, is to play the social game. You know,' they wink broadly, 'go out and get pie-eyed with so-and-so and then he can't turn you down for a part!' Oh, no? One of the easiest ways in the world of wrecking yourself is to play that social game.

"For example, there's X—" Preston mentioned one of the greatest actors in Hollywood. "He doesn't play that way as a rule, but he accepted a dinner invitation one night from a producer whom he'd known in the old days back in New York.

Before the evening was over, the producer was singing a tale of woe and had pulled out all the stops including the vox humana. Only one thing would save his next production—and his job—and that was for X to agree to take one of the leading parts. Now, X is a nice guy—soft-hearted and sympathetic to a fault. He couldn't take it. He couldn't stand that lost-sheep look in the producer's eye. He hated to do it, but he nodded. He said okay, he'd play the part.

"He did, and it was the only real, personal flop that actor has ever appeared in. But the thing that really burned him up was to find out later that the day before that dinner party the producer in question had just signed a new five-year contract with his studio which made his job and his future a great deal more secure than X's, to whom he had appealed in friendship and apparent desperation.

YOU'VE got to protect yourself not only from your so-called friends, but also, in some cases, even from the men you're working for. By that I don't imply that all—or even most—of the producers are as short sighted as X's friend. They couldn't be, without endangering the popularity of the personalities the industry is built on. But there are some of them to whom a dollar now at any cost is bigger than a million-dollar commodity in six months.

"If you play the social game, you're laying yourself open to future obligations that may be hard, if not impossible, to avoid. And it's an expensive way of jeopardizing your future. It means spending money to entertain, it means night clubs and all that goes with them, and it means howling hang-overs the next morning.

"That's why I have a boat. That's why I disappear from Hollywood between pictures. I don't hurt anybody's feelings that way and I don't get myself involved with a lot of bland people that I might get to like the night before they cut my throat, the pleasant smile still on their lips."

Preston Foster hasn't learned to keep his chin tucked into his shoulder and his guard up just because he likes to be retiring. It's been forced on him by personal experience. The most common way in which a player loses everything he or she has worked for is bad casting.

There are certain parts a player can do to perfection, others in which he will be lousy—and he knows it. But the people

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he's working for don't seem to realize it all the time. Then, too, there are other producer considerations such as a salary that runs on whether the player is working or not. Better, they figure, to throw him into a quickie, even at the risk of his personal reputation, than to show a bad balance sheet for the quarter. But established players are getting wise to that routine, hence the frequent rebellions you've heard of in the past two years. Hence, also, many of the studio-inspired rumors you've heard that Joe Hokus and Mae Dopus have gone Hollywood because they won't play in a certain 77-B the studio wants to whip into production overnight.

PRESTON has had more than his share of this type of treatment and fought like a steer to be a free-lance player without contractual commitments to fulfill when he felt they'd be bad for him. But getting into good pictures is frequently just as difficult as getting out of the quota type. The two best pictures he's had, best for both his personal success and that of the studio, as well, took him weeks of campaigning and door knocking on his own lot, where they had him under their noses the whole time. One, a stand-out, was the role of Commandant Gallagher in "The Informer." Although it started out in life under the tender hands of producers Cliff Reid and Bob Sisk as a low-budget job, Preston foresaw its terrific potentialities. He wanted it and he wanted it bad. People took him to one side and told him he was making a mistake, but he stuck by his guns—and won an Academy Award.

But this fighting for good breaks while keeping covered against the bad ones back-fired once. Early in December a year ago Preston finished a run-of-the-mill opus and announced that he was leaving for Christmas in the East with his folks. Christmas in his family has always been something of an occasion. The whole family, down to the farthest in-laws, has always foregathered under the same tree to share their gifts, but for a couple of years Preston had missed out due to work. This time he swore he wouldn't. He'd had word that his Dad was failing in health and it looked like it might well be the last Christmas he'd be with them.

"And then," Preston says, "came a script from the studio. It was 'Love Before Breakfast.' I said 'no' without looking at it. I was headed East. Telephone calls were followed by wires and the well-known pressure was put on. Reluctantly, I read the script. It was a pip. It was different

from anything I'd been in and it looked like an important step. I weakened. I listened to the studio and to my friends. They told me that I was needlessly alarming myself; that modern medicine could do wonders; that my father would probably outlive me, anyway, and all the rest of the countless excuses people can raise when they want you to do something against your better judgement.

"The result was that I took the part and contented myself with a long distance call to my father on Christmas Day. 'Love Before Breakfast' was a success. It was a good part for me, too. But the price I had to pay for it was out of all proportions. You see, my father died later that winter."

After a couple of minutes Preston shrugged, grinned. "This is a hell of a way for a fellow to be talking to a lunch guest! Say, did I show you the new .22 Hornet I got the other day for going after medium size game?"

He pulled out a sleek, powerful little rifle with telescopic sights and the firing impact of a young Howitzer. Neat but not gaudy, powerful, light and compact—a gun that would delight any man. He fondled it like a baby, pulled the greased flannel plugs out of the barrel and squinted into it.

"Listen, just tell this to your readers," said Preston Foster, "there are two ways of beating the game in Hollywood. First, stay out of it as long as you can. That's the best. But if you do have to come out and try to bust into the racket, be tough about it. Be a little egotistical. Stick up for your rights and don't take any back-sass. If you know what's best for you, fight for it, and don't let the silver-tongued boys talk you out of it. Be civil enough, sure—but don't be gullible."

"Remember the first rule of Hollywood—everybody in it is out for himself first, last and all the time. They're nice enough people at heart, but they keep their hearts in safety deposit boxes. They'll treat you like a brother until they think you might possibly get in their way. And if you're any good at all, that'll happen sooner or later—so keep your chin covered."

He laid the rifle back in the cabinet. "It shouldn't take you long to put that down in black and white, so how about it—boar shooting on Santa Cruz, or being shot at by bores in the Trocadero?"

Preston was right. It didn't take me long to put it down, so now, if you'll excuse me, I gotta go fishing. And that's my idea of how to beat Hollywood.

FAY FINISHES FIRST

(Continued from page 8)

of what movie makers think of Fay's ability. However, if you recall her memorable characterization you'll see why it was necessary for Fay to emote with both eyes toward the camera.

"You know, sometimes I can't realize it's I," Fay suddenly exclaimed when we commented on her good fortune. "When I first came out, they told me what to play and just how to do it. Naturally I was new and unfamiliar with this way of working. We actors usually resent anyone telling us how to interpret a role. It was hard at first to accustom myself to supporting less experienced people, but I felt it was all for the best."

"Well, now things are different. I even get scripts sent to me to see if I like them! My contract gives me the privilege of rejecting any stories that I don't like. Sometimes I feel like pinching myself to see if

I'm awake! I guess that's one of the reasons I like it out here. Though it is a bit frightening when I think of New York and the stage. I really wonder if I'll ever return to do another play? You get sort of lazy out here, and, what's more, you learn to like it!"

FAY smiled as she reminisced and discussed her favorite topics. "Even when I was on location for 'Arkansas Traveler' at Malibou Lake, I didn't mind. It was one hundred and fifteen degrees in the shade, but when it came time for a shot, we worked until it was in the bag. Between times we had to have cold compresses on our wrists and foreheads, but when the camera started to grind, off they came, and when you see the picture you'll never be able to tell what misery we suffered. That's the way people in picture business work

and it's a pleasure to work with them." "The thing that pleases me most," Fay enthusiastically continued, "is that I'm to do a dress-up part in 'The Shining Hour.' You know, I love sophisticated comedy, it's what I made my name in the theatre on. Now I'm to have a chance at it in my next picture. It's going to be good getting into smart clothes and some tricky hair-dos for a change. Not that I'm complaining—but, I do like a change!"

One of our most versatile actresses, Fay is at home both as a chic comedienne and as an harassed elderly woman. No mean feat is her successfully combining her career and home life for fifteen years. For, since that memorable day, some fifteen years back, when an airplane dropped a soldier from the troop ship off long enough for a marriage ceremony, Fay's had eyes for no one except Reggie Venable, who, by the way, has many decorations for serving his country in the World War.

Walking into her charming blue and white nautical playroom, we were interested to discover Fay had planned and executed it entirely herself as a surprise for her husband.

"Oh, what fun and fussing I went through to get this ready by the time Poppy arrived," she explained. "It was no easy job,

but worth twice the bother if only to see the expression on his face when I brought him down those stairs. Do you know that now we spend all our time here, never bothering with the rest of the house. It is cheerful and from here you can see the ocean and hear the waves. It's peaceful and we love it."

At this point we met Fay's son, who vacations from military school with his famous Mommy. His age we quickly learned was fourteen. His proud mother apparently takes more interest in her son than in her accomplishments in the world of entertainment. There's no worrying about a grown boy in the Bainter menage, or should I say the Venable household—for, once away from the studio, Fay becomes Mrs. Venable. In fact, they should prove a shining example to uncertain Hollywoodites of the doubting Thomas ilk.

"I think one of the reasons Poppy and I get on so well is because I never bring my business into our home and neither does he," Fay explained, looking as youthful as any California matron. "And, if I were inclined in the slightest degree to go, shall we say 'starry,' Poppy would nip it in the bud with one of his fine pertinent cracks—for which, I might add, he's become famous."

ARE YOU A HIDDEN BEAUTY?

(Continued from page 45)

will be small danger of your becoming an eternal tagger-alonger, an eternal baser in sister's reflected glory. How?

Well, I'd suggest that you learn to do something superlatively well. Fix yourself up as pretty as you can, of course, but this is a day when accomplishment counts for most in winning popularity and—to stick to our topic—the ability to do something really well works wonders for self-confidence and poise. Make any talent that you have—and it can be a talent for cooking just as readily as piano-playing or dancing—bring you poise, self-confidence, popularity.

ANOTHER rule for acquiring the above: Get out and do something on your own hook—some small thing, for a starter—which you've been told you're not capable of doing, or that you fear to do. Wear a color that you've always thought "you couldn't wear." Change your hairstyle, change your make-up, after practicing on it in secret beforehand. I know a woman whose husband wouldn't teach her how to drive the car. He said she was absent-minded and he wasn't going to let her touch the wheel until he was so rich he wouldn't care if she smashed up the buggy or not, which would have been never.

Well, now, this wife was dreadfully tied down as a consequence. And one fine day, she up and decided that if her "uneducated" laundress—a lady of color—had brains enough to learn to drive, she certainly could. And she got herself a professional instructor and learned to drive in a week.

Choose your next embarrassing moment to put muscle and strength into your bump of poise. I mean it. Andrea Leeds, who is going such desirable places so quickly, once told me that she thought it was all bunk about poise being linked arm in arm with perfect grooming, faultless make-up and so on. She said the time when poise really stood you in good stead was when you had a run in your stocking, a hanging slip and a shiny nose! She cited an instance when she had been particularly anxious to make a good impression and

darned if those three minor tragedies didn't befall! So she just said to herself, "Posture, Andrea! The smile, Andrea!"

And she marched in to meet the important gent who might give her a job, holding herself as beautifully as you know she can and smiling her gorgeous, wide smile. And—P. S.—who is to say whether her first good break in "Come and Get It," which did result from that interview, might not be credited to the posture and the smile, which made the important gent not notice nose, slip, or stocking?

Well—and now I want to get along to the young hidden beauties and the helping hand stuff. I said I wanted to pen a short plea to mamas, and I will do so, at the risk of being told I'm butting in where I have no business. I used to get so many letters from young girls telling me their mothers would be furious if they used make-up, or did any dieting, or even exercised, for heaven's sake. Their mamas said they were too young, they were all right as they were, they'd ruin their constitutions, and so on.

They'd write to me, "Dear Miss Marshall, don't you think it's all right for me to use lipstick—I'm sixteen—and I am too fat, I need to diet." Wurra, wurra, woe is me—what could I say? Far from me be it to tell any young thing to disobey her ma, but in many cases, I did side with daughter. And that's why I'm sending out this little plea to parents—about such routine questions as the above.

I DO think that a girl's happiness depends an awful lot on being allowed to do what her associates do—what "the other girls" do, within reason, of course. I do not think that the junk a girl daubs on her face will hurt—provided it's washed off at night. I do not think the way she fixes her hair will hurt, or that any crazy fad in clothes she may wish to adopt will hurt. By "hurt" I mean that I do not think her character, morals, or youthful sweetness will suffer.

However, on the other hand, if it came to cocktails and puffing cigarettes, now, because the "other girls" did it, I'd lay the

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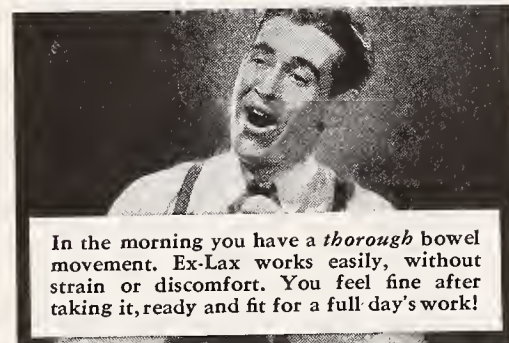
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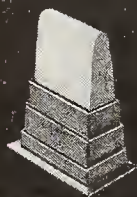
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parental foot right down—and heavily. Daughter shouldn't be allowed to starve herself ridiculously by any means, but if your own two eyes tell you she is undoubtedly plump, there's no earthly reason why she shouldn't cut down on starches, sugar and fats. And exercise—well, it never hurt anybody, unless indulged in over-strenuously.

There's another aspect of this plea to mothers. I think that girls in their 'teens need quite a lot of the helping hand business these days. Youth hasn't such a bright prospect before it, when all is said and done. Why? Well, just look at the morning paper and you have the answer. Any happiness Youth can get now, let Youth have, says I, in case . . . But let's not get morbid and go any further with that "in case." And that's why I say Youth should not only be indulged on small points, which don't matter greatly one way or the other, like the lipstick and the clothes, but Youth should also have the stage set for it—for its parties and its meetings with boys and men.

ONE smart mama I know clears out when her daughter entertains, dragging the old man protestingly along, too. She leaves plenty of good food, daintily prepared, for her daughter to serve when and how she pleases. That cramped feeling of the elders being present is blissfully missing. Mama and the old man return before midnight, I should add.

Oh, dear, I hope I'm not being fresh and buttinsky about this thing, but I often think of Ginger Rogers' mother and Deanna Durbin's mother—particularly Lela Rogers. And, of course, the situation is somewhat different because Ginger and Deanna are professionals and all. But, even so, Lela Rogers literally pulled herself and Ginger up by her own bootstraps. She would not take "No" for an answer.

If you remember, Ginger's career did go into a slump several years ago and Ginger was so discouraged and didn't know which way to turn, but Mama never lost the thought that Ginger was going to be a big star some day and she waited for the right opportunity and literally shoved daughter into it. And then it was Mrs. Rogers, if you remember, who insisted that Ginger should alternate a straight dramatic role with a dancing role and everybody said pooh—Ginger's a good dancer, but no actress. So what? So everybody has been to see "Vivacious Lady" and "Having Wonderful Time" and found out how wrong they were.

But I must be getting along with my story. I said that two other aids to personality development, each beginning with "m," are money and a model. Before you start muttering under your breath that money, darn it, is a pretty nice aid to developing anything, hear me out. So often I hear the wail, "If I only had the money to buy such and such clothes, to have this and that done to my hair!" Sure. Well, even though cash may be somewhat scarce around your household, perhaps you could, if you tried, make better use of your earnings or allowance for purely personal, selfish needs. If you must contribute to the family, as millions of girls must, be just a bit tough and hard-boiled about keeping a little back for your very own self.

I don't want to sound like a meanie, but I think it's every girl's right, when she is working and contributing to the family budget, to have enough for herself to dress becomingly and to indulge occasionally in something that is not an absolute necessity. I have seen it happen so many times—the good, generous, dutiful daughter who hands in everything she makes, practically, and the years roll by and now she's twenty-

five and then she's thirty, and she has never once had the money to buy herself a whole good-looking outfit, with accessories to match, at one time. It ain't fair.

Another point on the money question: You girls who are still on allowances, please do not regard them as soda and candy money only. Save your dough for good clothes and fine cosmetics and fine toiletries (and not too many of any of those, but *good* things). Maybe buy a book once in a while, or take a really worth-while trip next summer.

And another point: Search about for ways to make money, even in these barren economic times. Yeah, you're stuck in a small town, perhaps, and there's no chance here, you say. But perhaps you can sew, knit, crochet, cook. Perhaps if you have musical or dancing talent, you can pick up a little cash teaching children. If you have any knack or talent, see if it won't build up a little savings account for you.

The model now—all I want to say about that is this: Young girls are very apt to try to copy. Okay. The lovely movie stars being the most evident models at hand, they are imitated right and left by the pretty young girls of our nation—sometimes with disastrous effects. The point is, pick a model with whom you have some kinship in type. If you're the size of Sonja Henie and your nose turns up, you can be cute, but you can't be a glamor girl. If you're five feet eight and your proper weight is a hundred and forty, don't adopt any of Ginger Rogers' saucy mannerisms, cunning as they are. I think a model is a great help when one is young and not too sure of one's self. Don't imitate too much, though. Keep your model for an inspiration, but be yourself about details of dress and hair and so on.

Last month I recall that I said an awful lot about expression helping to disguise facial faults, but, committing the sin I sneered upon at the first of this article, I didn't tell how one can cultivate expressions that are charming and all that. Bless me if I know exactly how to be helpful on this score. However, I don't think it's a bit dumb to practice facial expressions in front of the mirror. After all, that's how these here now actresses do. If any one catches you, you'll feel kind of silly, but never mind.

TRY lifting your eyebrows when you smile—it sweetens many a face. If your mouth is inclined to droop at the corners, try the exercise of blowing a feather—see how long you can keep the feather up in the air. This is a fine remedy for double chin, too, by the way. See if you can make your eyes smile when your mouth smiles. The sparkle and vivacious prettiness of Sonja Henie's face is ninety percent due to the fact that her eyes light up at the drop of a hat. Those of you whom it doesn't suit to be bubbling over all the time, emulate the youthful dignity of Andrea Leeds' face, and when you do smile, let it be a wide, gay, grand smile.

Remember that a pretty head held a tiny bit on one side and a half-smile on the lips will make any man talking to you think he is the most interesting chap in the world—and consequently, that you are a most alluring gal. Practice laughing for an attractive laugh. That turns the corners of your mouth up, too. Of course, while I don't believe all the bunk about a beautiful soul making a beautiful face, it stands to reason that the more you have of sweetness and intelligence within yourself, the more your face will shine before men.

Ye gods, here I am drooling along as usual, and nary a word about exercising and cosmeticking and all the other things I planned to say. I must step on it.

The very-nearly-all-purpose exercise I wanted to give you is this—a simple one, but one which can be made to do a lot of things. Lie on the floor on your back and prop your feet up on a low sofa or something, so that they are raised about a foot from the floor. A very simple stunt to flatten the tum is to push the small of the back against the floor, while lying in this posish. Do this ten times, slowly. Then bring each knee firmly and with plenty of pull on the muscles up against your chest—alternating left, right, left, right. Then, to make things harder, try raising your upper body from the floor to a sitting position, with your feet still up there on the sofa.

And, for a really fine hip reducer, take your right leg, swing it across your left till it touches the floor on the other side. Keep the upper body as straight to the floor as you can while you do this. The idea is to twist at the waistline, which slims and supples that spot, and roll on one hip and thigh, thereby reducing bumps in those localities. Alternate, left, right, left, right.

In the paint-and-powder department, I have space for only a few tips about eyes—most important and more in demand of glamorizing than ever, what with the hair going up on the head and calling more and more attention to 'em. You know about eyebrows being heavier and more natural, but have you tried the trick of making them shine? If yours are naturally dark, simply brush them with oil or lash-grower. If yours must be darkened, carefully apply oil, lash-grower, brilliantine—any form of goo—after they're made, up.

There is a tremendous range of eye shadow shades now on the market. Gone is the day when we must choose between blue, green and brown. There are grays with hints of blue and grays with hints of brown. There is a heavenly blue-violet shade, and since purple is the rage of the moment you might consider the possibilities of a purple evening gown, slippers dyed to match, eyes subtly lined with purple, creamy powder and lips and fingernails made up with lipstick and polish that have quite a lot of blue mixed in with their red. I said that eyebrows should gleam—and it's nice if lashes gleam, too. Use the merest bit of oil, if you have mascara

on, or else your lashes will blot off on your lids. Some of the Hollywood gals use old-fashioned mustache wax to give their lashes a permanent up-sweep and a nice shine. You might try that.

I solemnly swear that never again will I state at the beginning of an article that I'm going to talk about thus-and-so, for I always run off at the mouth too much and find myself frantically apologizing at the finish because I must leave something out. All the things I wanted to say to the women who have begun to let themselves go, for instance. Particularly youngish married women. Are there scores of hidden beauties among them? I'll say there are. And the chief reason these beauties are hidden is that there seems no incentive to "keep up." Nobody sees you, you never go out. What's the difference you say.

Or, if this defeatism hasn't set in, it's a case of there being so many demands on your time and so many demands on the family purse—and you come last. This ain't right. You'll be a far better wife, mother, housekeeper and individual if you hold out for certain perquisites. Clothes. Particularly good, more expensive hats as the years roll on. The beauty aids one needs—very few as years advance—that good jar of tissue cream, for instance, to ward off any lines and wrinkles. The manicure. The trip to the hairdresser.

Here are two rules I would lay down for the busy married woman—particularly the mama of one or more small fry. Put your face on first thing in the morning. You'd be surprised what a wonderful psychological effect it has. It may be only a film of powder and little lipstick. But none of this going around with a washed-out face until noon or maybe later. Put the girdle on first thing in the morning, too, even if it's only a housedress that's going over it.

Rule Number Two: Eat. Does that sound odd? Well, I know the habit so many busy women get into—because they're that busy fixing three breakfasts and perhaps packing lunch boxes, and planning meals and all that—of not eating themselves, beyond ruinous nibbles, because it's just too much trouble, or because they hate to eat alone. Make yourself eat.

I've got lots more I want to say, but this is all the paper the printer will let me have, so I must sign off until next month.



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THE LADY OBJECTS

(Continued from page 47)

woman doesn't try to make the most of her looks, her personality—which means her ultimate happiness in most cases. But vanity's a purely feminine characteristic—or should be. The minute a man begins concentrating on his profile and appeal he becomes, let us say, slightly obnoxious.

"An actress, on the other hand, has profited from the start. Though her success may be slight, she's gained a degree of necessary confidence. I think any girl needs all the assurance she can get to fortify herself against life.

"I'd be delighted if Sylvia wanted to become an actress. As a matter of fact I wouldn't object to her starting right in this minute. Child actresses have many advantages. In the first place, any girl who has her own money in the bank is one up on the world. Then she's encouraged to express herself, thereby given a better chance to ward off that stumbling-block of an inferiority complex.

"I believe in telling children that they're clever, even beautiful, in order to encourage every latent talent, and not to let them be shy of new experiments. Look at Jane Withers—there's a girl who'll never be at a loss. She's already developed so many interests that she'll always be interesting. Then, too, a child actress soon learns that the world does not revolve around her—which idea, contrary to public opinion, she's most apt to pick up on home territory. She learns quickly to give and take in an adult world. And that can't be learned too early.

"Which reminds me of one of my strongest objections," Gloria continued. "It's the easy money in Hollywood. Taking fabulous sums in exchange for little given is devitalizing. It's definitely detrimental to real talents, which can only be developed through hard work."

GLORIA knows whereof she speaks. For eight years she played in little theatres in Santa Monica, Berkeley, Carmel and Pasadena—without earning one copper cent. It was while appearing at the Pasadena Community Playhouse in "Twelfth Night," during the summer of 1931, that picture scouts discovered her.

"That wasn't my first Shakespearean role, either. I'd made my debut in 'Twelfth Night' in a high-school play—at the age of fourteen," Gloria put in here.

She was born in Santa Monica, the same town which proudly claims Shirley Temple as another native daughter. From there she went to Berkeley, to the University of California. It was while there that she married Gordon Newell, an ambitious but unsuccessful young sculptor. This marriage lasted until Gloria became suddenly successful in pictures. Gordon hated the idea of having her support him. Gloria wanted him to go to premieres with her—but he'd be darned if he'd let her buy him a tuxedo in which to go. And so the marriage gradually broke up—with no fault or hard feelings on either side. And undoubtedly to the mutual benefit of both. For Gordon Newell is now a success—recognized as the finest wood-carver that America has developed. And Gloria, too, has changed for the better.

"I object to the fact that most people here seem to think the world is bounded by the Pacific Ocean on one side and the Hollywood Hills on the other," she was saying. "And I vehemently object to the person I used to be—for that was my idea before Arthur awakened my interest in the world at large. Even though

I'd had a college education, worked on newspapers for three years and been in and out of the theatre world for several years, I had no active realization or genuine enthusiasm for social, economic or political affairs. I'm essentially a lazy person and it takes effort to widen mental horizons. Arthur taught me how to really appreciate living."

THE Sheekmans are a truly harmonious and congenial couple. Gloria condones his failing for big black cigars and Arthur puts up with her passion for interior decorating—which means moving every six months or so when she spots a new house with "possibilities."

The only thing on which they don't agree is Sylvia. Gloria wants her to be entirely feminine, with soft curls and the prettiest of dresses at all times. Arthur likes to see her running around in blue-jeans. "But at least we've agreed to disagree on that," Gloria says.

Gloria had never wanted a child before marrying Arthur. She had always thought that was something for someone else to do. After she had her baby she still did not return to the screen for another year, simply because she didn't want to end the happiest time of her life. It was grand, she says, to be protected and loved and not have a worry in the world. And it was grand to have a career so far out of the picture that she could get just as fat as she liked and know that her husband, at least, would still think she was the most beautiful woman in the world.

"Another objection I have," mused Gloria, "is to moderation. There's no fun in it. I like hard work and I like to loaf—hard. I love sieges of night-life, putting on my swankiest clothes and jewels and dancing 'til the Troc doors close. But I can have an equally gorgeous time when I get a run on gardening—getting dirty, filthy dirty, in shorts and bare feet, and not a smitch of make-up. I like to go on grand damaging splurges—thick steaks, baked potatoes, ice-cream sundaes—all I want. And then I like to kiss the calories good-bye and be completely virtuous on fruit and vegetables for a spell. Incidentally, when I was thirteen I tipped the scales at one hundred and forty-five pounds.

"I went on a diet for two and a half weeks on an apple and three crackers a day. I lost thirty-five pounds and was deathly sick for the next two and a half weeks. But I remember thoroughly enjoying the effect I gave of Camille in the last act.

"I object to monotony, too. Variety's the spice of the Stuart life. I love bull-fights, symphony concerts, Chekov, dime-novels, cooking—and having a cook at home so I won't have to! Guess that's the reason I have such an assortment of friends—clever and dull, dependable and untrustworthy, presentable and disreputable. And I'm crazy about them all!

"I object decidedly, by the way, to having all my eggs in one basket. If my acting career were finished tomorrow I could still go back to newspaper work—I'd love to publish a small-town paper. Or I could go in for designing clothes, which fascinate me, or really take up interior decorating with gusto. I've got a pretty good start right now with the basement full of antiques. And I could thoroughly enjoy just staying at home and raising a family. But, of course, I hope my acting career won't end for a while. I'd object to never again being asked for my autograph!"

GUILE AND GLAMOR

(Continued from page 49)

A small cuff turban with peaked crown tops a handsome velvet princess coat with small roll collar of the material, and huge double cuffs of silver fox.

Miss Stanwyck goes siren in a formal velvet negligee, or hostess gown which has long tight sleeves broad at the shoulder, and yards of skirt sweeping to a short train. Only decoration is a raised scroll design over the shoulders and down the front of the bodice, which latter demurely closes high at the throat, then deceptively opens again almost down to the waist.

ALL of her evening gowns are worn under lavish furs, with one exception. A white Grecian draped gown with corselet waist has a matching floor length wrap. Both corselet and wrap are bordered all around in glittering leaves.

Her flowing crepe evening gown, tied at the waist in three little bows with a laced effect, is worn under a sumptuous blue fox three-quarter coat, the skins falling straight in the body of the coat, and swirled in the sleeves.

More girlish, but less becoming to the figure, is a black sheer dance frock. The soft bodice is shirred over the shoulders and the wide girdle is also shirred. The enormously full circular skirt is irregularly patterned in splashy flowers. The bodice is open to the waist front and back—but it's all right because the girdle is higher in front.

A hip length silver fox cape goes over a slinky gown made entirely of black bugle beads.

Eleanor Hansen represents innocent guile in a demure embroidered starched white chiffon, the skirt composed of three circular tiers. The bodice is tight and shirred, with daisies nestling in the tiny cap sleeves, and scattered over the skirt.

Frances Mercer braves the strapless

style, with an evening gown made of fragile black lace, embroidered in silver thread. The billowing skirt is finished with a border of white net applique with the lace, and the bodice is deep heart shaped. Probably all of you know by now what holds those strapless gowns up—besides will power. But in case you've missed anything, its a boned camisole effect, usually sewed firmly onto the dress inside. They must be reliable, as the girls seen wearing them don't seem at all nervous. It's a wonderful attention-caller to nice smooth shoulders, but make sure yours can take it before you bare them to the stares they're bound to get.

Miss Mercer also has a flattering afternoon frock, with a cut-away bolero coming to the waist in the back. The jacket and circular skirt are banded in shiny satin, and the same satin forms a wrapped sash and also bands the crown of her hat. The hat brim swoops up in front like a visor, and narrows in the back, where it turns abruptly down.

If there is no scarcity of fur-bearing animals since the production of "The Mad Miss Manton," it isn't the fault of designer Stevenson. He seems, as grandpa used to say, to have gone hog-wild with the pelts. Blue and cross fox give the silver variety a run for its popularity, and ermine is far from neglected.

Vicki Lester wears lavish white fox, Francis Mercer is scintillating in silver fox, and Whitney Bourne is elegant in rare ermine.

Smart college girls are making charming substitutes for the brief white fox and ermine boleros, by the way. They get the feathery flattery without the strain on the budget, by knitting bulky little evening wraps of fluffy white angora. They do these in all colors, too, to wear for daytime with their favorite wool frocks and sweater outfits.

HE'S TOO HANDSOME

(Continued from page 27)

Taylor. He doesn't splurge. He banks his money against the day when the name of Taylor may no longer adorn the marquees. He believes that "a star's life is short." He drives his own car. He has no dresser on the set. He dislikes wearing make-up on the screen. The only thing he ever did to "improve" his appearance was when he allowed half of his eyebrows to be removed. That was because, left to their own devices, they grow like privet hedges.

Taylor's taste in food is simple. He usually eats rare roast beef topped off with chocolate ice-cream. He wears sports coats, slacks and sweaters. He detests putting on the boiled front and tails.

I've heard him boast about one thing only—that he knows Gable. He admits that he loves to say, "I'm going to have dinner with Clark." Clark has no fan, no friend so whole-heartedly devoted to him as Bob Taylor.

He holds that a man who thinks about his looks at all can be accused of vanity. He is convinced that if an actor is forced to slide along on his looks, he won't get anywhere. He holds that it's what's inside a man that matters. Tracy doesn't rely on his looks, nor Muni. Gable's is not the face on a Greek coin. And they don't come any better.

Taylor admits to his friends that he has fits of depression that get him down. He goes along for weeks, and then, plunko! And there he is! He can't snap out of it. He can't name it. He gets low in his mind. He doesn't feel like talking. He realizes that when he admits to the doldrums he runs the risk of being jeered out of court. For what, the world would shout, has he got to be low about, the possessor of everything the world considers desirable?

IT is probable that heredity has much to do with the temper of a man. If so, Bob's fits of depression can be traced to his mother. For she is inclined to be pessimistic. Bob's father, on the other hand, was your confirmed optimist. So it seems credible that Bob does suffer from recurrent bouts of low spirits. He tries to work out of them by talking with a doctor-friend, a man with a fine understanding of what makes the works of men go round, what clogs the works, and why.

To have an understanding of Taylor you have to realize that he is, essentially, a serious young man. You may remember that his original intention was to become a psychiatrist. He has a sense of humor, but it is a quiet one. He is never a show-off. He has very little small talk. His

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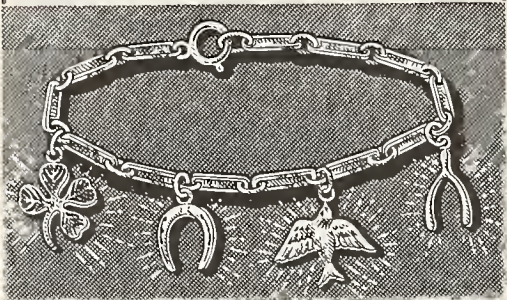
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worst fault is also his outstanding virtue—a lack of self-confidence. Which is rather touching in one who, you might suppose, has every reason to be bursting with gratified ego. He is, however, more inclined to feel that people won't like him than he is to assume that they will.

This lack of self-confidence gives him some bad moments: As when, a few months ago, he was called on the phone and told that "Northwest Passage" was to be postponed. Bob didn't eat his dinner. For instantly he thought to himself, "Guess they don't think I'm up to it!" It didn't occur to him that there might have been reasons for the postponement which would have nothing to do with him. Tracy, for instance, might have had another commitment. The director might have had an assignment which would delay him. His first reaction to any such change of plan is that, in some way, he is at fault.

WHEN Taylor is on a set and sees a director and producer conferring together in undertones, he is immediately attacked by the bogey-man thought: *Now* what have I done? When he begins a picture he is, for the first few days, fired with enthusiasm, belief in himself. Then he does a tail-spin, is flat positive that he will flop.

Shrewdly aware of just what caused the superficial resentment against him, he was even uncertain about the advisability of casting him in "The Crowd Roars." Not that he didn't like the part, but, being sensitive as well as shrewd, he wondered whether those who had heckled him would think that he was trying, too obviously, to prove that he is a he-man, that he can and did offer his handsome face to be beaten to a pulp.

Yes, he takes things too seriously. And he knows it. And has a theory that its because success in the movies comes, more often than not, at the wrong age. Spectacular success, if at all, should come at the mid-stream of life, not at the beginning. The average young man of twenty-seven is struggling for a living. He is looking forward. But a Taylor, a Power, a Flynn, all the bright and beautiful young men who reach stardom in their twenties, are thrown so high that they have things out of all proportion to what they "deserve"—meaning out of all proportion to what they have earned in the customary American way of patient years, slow raises and careful savings.

Taylor's life is in reverse. He has

to worry, not about how to dicker for a raise in salary, but how to keep some of what he makes. The things which most men work for all their lives have come to Taylor without, relatively speaking, working for them at all. Sudden stardom such as hit Taylor is in the nature of a "fluke." And it is in the nature of Taylor to mistrust flukes.

Only a few years ago he was saying, "Oh, boy, if I could own a car!" or, "Gee, if I could go to the Troc!" He was happy then. Too early he has learned the lessons which belongs to ripe maturity—the more you can look forward to, the happier you are. At twenty-seven there are, materially speaking, few things for Taylor to look forward to.

Taylor doesn't believe that he should have been made a star when he was. But, in spite of the fact that he had to gulp down the rich and indigestible food of fame too quickly, Bob will admit that he wants to keep what he's got. He may not "belong" in Hollywood by reason of upbringing, but he's "in the racket" now and he wants to stay in it and be increasingly successful. He once said, "It's kind of an intoxicating thing, being in the movies." What it takes away in normalcy and contentment, he feels, it pays back in excitement and thrills. There isn't any going back, once you've begun. There isn't any wanting to go back. "If you think there is," said Bob, "you're kidding yourself."

It is agreed, then, that Bob takes things too seriously. But "things" have taken him pretty much by surprise. Preparedness is wisdom for individuals as well as for nations. And Taylor had little time for preparedness, little time to learn to laugh off the pin-pricks of Fame as easily as he does the plaudits.

The beating the New York press gave him a year ago rankled deeply for months. He didn't care personally. He did, professionally. Because he knew that ridicule is, of all things, the deadliest dose. He should have said, "To heck with it. I don't owe them anything!" But, unfortunately for Taylor, he is not of the to-heck-with-it temperament. Or, perhaps, it's fortunately. Because now the undeserved jibing has been, shamefacedly, I should think, and for all time withdrawn. The question marks about Taylor have become exclamation points of praise. And, in the long run, it is with his fists that he has battered down his shadowy adversaries.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1938.

State of New York
County of New York, N. Y. } ss

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Regina Cannon, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of September, 1938.

ALFREDA R. COLE

Notary Public, Nassau Co. 1849

Certificate Filed in New York County

N. Y. Co. Clerk's No. 858, Reg. No. 8C518

Commission Expires March 30, 1940.

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

(Continued from page 71)

\$1.00 Prize Letter

An Answer

I have a criticism on the letter "Realism" in the October issue. After I came out of the theatre where "Three Comrades" was playing, I was sad, too, but it gave me the feeling that at last I had seen something that was real.

For years I have been seeing pictures where "they lived happily ever after." My friends and I were getting a little sick of it. So when we heard about this picture we made a dash for the nearest theatre.

We lived through the joy of the first meeting of the lovers, the embarrassment of the man when his evening suit fell apart at the party, the pain of the girl when she fell sick and the heartache of the man when the woman he loved died.

My friends and I say give us more true-to-life pictures like "Three Comrades."—E. M. Hobson, Hollywood, Cal.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Musical Love-Making

You may not like kickers, but I'm going to kick just the same. I'm tired of having my illusions all busted up, and want you and the movies to do something about it. Don't get the idea that I'm a movie hater. I'll miss a meal to see a good show any day. But here is what I'm sore about.

I walk into a movie and see a picture get off to a swell start. Boy is introduced to girl, and they both get that old familiar ticklish feeling. So far, fine. Then they take a stroll, park by the old mill stream—or something—and boy opens his trap and

begins bleating the first line or two of a new song.

With no chance to have learned the song; with no forewarning whatever, gal butts in as boy slows down and goes on with the next line or two. Right then and there, blooey goes my sense of reality, my interest in their further doings, and I get a morning-after feeling in the old bread-basket.

I wouldn't kick if this happened just once. It has happened time after time, in picture after picture. Now I'm plenty fed up. Why can't the producers give the gal and boy a chance in the plot to learn to harmonize before springing these duets?

Revoltingly yours.—Luther Clark, Birmingham, Ala.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Jackie Cooper

I have just been convinced that Jackie Cooper has grown up. He is no longer the mischievous Skippy of a few years ago, but a man, and a very charming one, too.

When I saw "White Banners" I was amazed but pleased to see Jackie in the role of a young lover. Regardless of the excellent performances of Fay Bainter and Claude Rains, I found myself eagerly awaiting the next entrance of Jackie upon the scene. Perhaps it was because of the fine part which he was given, but I believe it was just because he is and always will be a superb actor.

I hope his studio realizes that in Jackie Cooper they have a real box-office attraction, especially to all of high-school age. I am asking for more and more pictures with this delightfully refreshing young star.—Phyllis Johnson, Lead, S. Dak.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 18)

ball player from Stanford. Though his dramatic ability will never cause loss of sleep to Academy competitors, his athletic prowess is the best screened to date. He makes the customary last "60 seconds of play" full of genuine suspense, since for once you know it's the real stuff.

The story is according to the old formula but with enough variations thrown in to provide an entertaining buildup to the basketball high-spots. The small college which is the locale for these particular "confessions" is beset by a problem. The president of the board is a rabid believer in brain cultivation and equally vehement against brawn building. It looks like the alma mammy is in for certain ruin until the students decide to take matters into their own hands. Their principal help in this dire situation is the freshman son of the board member. Though he arrives at college with all the ideas of his old man, it doesn't take long for the campus belles and bullies to snap him out of them.

William Henry, in his role, shows considerable talent. Betty Grable, as the beat of his heart, is vivacious and pretty as always. Directed by George Archainbaud.—*Paramount.*

★★ Sons of the Legion

100% Americanism is the backbone of this picture—a good theme for these

troubled days and good entertainment besides. The story is concerned principally with the organization of the "Sons of the Legion" to combat the forces at work against good citizenship in a typical small town. Though Lynne Overman is the only name which is well known to film fans, the rest of the cast is well worth getting to know. Outstanding is the work of two small boys, Billy Cook and Donald O'Conner, as kids from opposite ends of town. Billy is the well-bred son of Lynne Overman while Donald is the scalawag offspring of a ruthless criminal. The fight of bringing Donald into the fold is not only inspiring but packed with good laughs to balance the sentimentality. There's nothing sticky or preachy about this one.

The romance angle is competently handled by Evelyn Keyes, a very purty blonde and Tim Holt. It is Tim's job to instill the spirit of the American Legion into the younger generation, which job he accomplishes with sincerity and good humor. Helped by him, the gang brings the picture to a wallowing climax with the capture of a public enemy. Others in the cast who contribute good bits are Bill Frawley, the leader of the Legion Post and Elizabeth Patterson, "grammaw" to a roisterous family, and Lynne Overman delivers a performance which should rate him more along the same lines. Directed by James Hogan.—*Paramount.*



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LET US HELP YOU WIN MOVIE QUIZ

(Continued from page 13)



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He does so well that he is made Special Rackets Prosecutor of New York. In the meantime he has become devoted to Frances Mercer, whose sister, Rita Johnson, is in love with a young lawyer, Bruce Cabot, who is tied up with the rackets. This leads to many complications, finally resulting in Rita's death, Cabot's conviction and the marriage of Chester and Frances.

* * *

THE KING OF ALCATRAZ

Public enemy J. Carroll Naish and his gang escape from Alcatraz and stow away on the ship on which Lloyd Nolan and Robert Preston are radio operators. The gang takes control of the ship and Nolan and Preston are forced to send fake messages to the F.B.I., which has broadcast the news of the escape. When their guard dozes, they attack him, but are both shot. Naish consents to let Preston call the surgeon on another ship. By wireless instruction an operation is performed that saves Nolan's life. Preston's wound is fatal, but the crew, no longer afraid of the guns, turn on the gangsters and again secure control of the ship.

* * *

SONS OF THE LEGION

Evelyn Keyes is in love with Tim Holt, who has come to her town to organize a branch of the Sons of the American Legion, which her two brothers, Billy Cook and Billy Lee, have joined. When their father is forced to tell his family that he has been dishonorably discharged from the Army, Billy Cook finds that the escaped convict father of Donald O'Connor, a fellow-member of the Legion organization, has the evidence that will clear his father's name. In the excitement which follows, the police capture the convict, Evelyn's father is exonerated, and she gets her Tim.

* * *

PERSONAL SECRETARY
(Formerly "The Comet")

Joy Hodges and Bill Gargan are bitter rival newspaper reporters trying to prove, from their respective points of view, the innocence and guilt of a wealthy widow accused of murder. Joy, however, has the advantage in scooping all other reporters and uncovering important evidence, because her pen name, "The Comet," conceals her identity from everyone. During the course of her private investigations she even becomes Bill's private secretary, and, in her campaign to ridicule and discredit his stories, steals from his mother a baby picture which she uses with telling effect. In the end the mystery is solved, and even the love affair which looked hopeless, works out to a satisfactory conclusion.

* * *

SUBMARINE PATROL

Here's an heroic and humorous saga of a powerful branch of our World-War Navy, the fragile submarine chasers first scorned by the warships they protected, but, after a while, covered with glory earned by the efficiency, loyalty and bravery of their fighting crews. Among the men who fought on this "splinter

fleet" were Perry Townsend, wealthy socialite; Rocky, a taxi driver; and Brett, an East Side tough. A forthright girl, daughter of a tramp ship skipper, gives Perry something more than glory to fight for and furnishes a pleasant romance for this magnificent drama of love and duty.

* * *

THE MISSING GUEST

Scoop Hanlon, a newspaper reporter, sets out to investigate Baldrich mansion, for the murder of its owner has never been cleared up in twenty years. He finds a complicated setup in which several people appear guilty. Is it Larry Dearden, who loves Stephanie, the owner's beautiful daughter? Or Dr. Carroll, apparently an old friend of the family? Or was it Edwards, the strange butler, or Jake, a former convict turned detective? Or perhaps his former cell-mate, Vic, was the murderer? Scoop has an exciting time of it, but comes out unscratched, with a surprise solution and the love of Stephanie to show for his trouble.

* * *

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY

Merle Oberon, the spoiled daughter of a U. S. Senator, is so desperate for a thrill that she goes out one night with the cook and chambermaid on a blind date with some visiting cowboys. Her original intention to just "have some fun" turns into a serious romance ending in elopement with Gary Cooper. However, Merle's distaste for rodeos lead her to leave Gary and return home until more suitable arrangements can be made. Gary follows her and some amusing and enlightening incidents occur. Merle thinks it is all over and so does Gary, but Merle's Uncle Henry Davenport steps in, shows everybody up in his true light and saves the day for love.

* * *

THE AFFAIRS OF ANNABEL

Lucille Ball plays the part of Annabel, a beautiful movie star who is forever being made the victim of the fantastic publicity stunts of her press agent, Jack Oakie. In order to furnish real life experience for a movie role, Oakie gets Lucille a job as maid in the Fletchers' home. Through a crackpot member of his family, two crooks are introduced into the household and proceed to take it over. In order to extricate Lucille, Jack Oakie arranges a fake movie shooting right in the home, but things do not work out as planned and Jack almost loses his sweetheart in the ensuing confusion. However, the situation is finally saved and all ends happily.

* * *

UNDER THE BIG TOP

When her niece starts a fire that burns down Marjorie Main's circus, she begins anew with the insurance she collects. Years later the niece, Anne Nagel, Jack LaRue and Grant Richards become the greatest aerial act in the world. Marjorie discovers that Grant is in love with Anne and fires the two men. Anne leaves, too, and the trio perform on their own until

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**\$250,000
MOVIE QUIZ CONTEST**

**IMPORTANT
NOTICE**

This is a Guide—not a set of answers. The object of any contest is to puzzle you, and the best way to be sure of your answers in the \$250,000 Movie Quiz Contest is to see the pictures of your favorite theatre—twice, if you have any doubt.

The Editors understand that precautions have been taken, in fairness to contestants, that no one person will know all the answers until after the contest closes.

news comes of Marjorie's illness and near failure of the circus. They return to the circus, and when, during a daring number, Jack LaRue, who also loves Anne, purposely falls to save her from a similar fate, Marjorie appreciates his sacrifice and agrees to let Anne and Grant marry.

* * *

YOUNG DR. KILDARE

Dr. James Kildare, upon graduation from medical college, decides he prefers a city career to taking over his father's small town practice. So, leaving all behind, including his childhood sweetheart, he affiliates with a New York hospital. There, life is full and things happen in breath-taking succession. Complications arise involving professional ethics and hospital politics, and before long Kildare is suspended for shielding a young patient's motives for suicide. Disillusioned, he returns home, glad to be a country doctor.

**IS JEAN ARTHUR
REALLY UNHAPPY?**

(Continued from page 43)

consider your best feature, what would your answer be?"

Jean reflected, then said, "I think that the eyes are the most important feature in any one's face. Whatever qualities you have, good or bad, show in the eyes.

"But, to return to the things I enjoy, I love to go shopping. I adore shopping for furniture even though we don't own our own home. Frank was a builder, you know, before he came to Hollywood and he built and owned so many homes that he has no particular craving to build or own another. And neither have I. But I like furniture. I like to shop for clothes, too. I love sweaters and slacks and easy feeling clothes. But I hate tailored suits. I've had to wear them playing office girls in pictures so often that I've got a regular complex about them. I'm not interested in jewelry either. Jewelry neither suits nor appeals to me.

"My other pet 'loves,'" laughed Jean, "are marinated herring—I never get enough of it—and animals! The only reason I'd like to own a house is so we could have one with lots of grounds and lots and lots of animals of all kinds and descriptions. My pet 'hates' are people who chew gum in the movies, and snap it, and nightgowns and spiders and my own inability to make friends more easily.

"We go to the neighborhood movies. My greatest admiration is for Garbo. Next to Garbo it's Ginger Rogers. I love to watch Ronald Colman and Spencer Tracy and Bill Powell, too, among others.

"I spend most of my time between pictures reading. People in books open up and tell you everything they think and feel. Pick your subject and you can find a book on it by some of the greatest minds of all time. You can have them right in your own home to keep you company."

Twilight began to fall. I said, "Have you any special dream of what you want the years to bring?"

"No," said Jean, "I haven't. I haven't outlined at all what I think or hope for the future, except that I'd like to travel a lot. I know that some people try to 'see' ahead and picture what they will be doing at fifty or sixty. I don't. If I can just live each day happily . . ."

"And quietly?" I asked.

"And quietly," she smiled, "maybe just half of the time."



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Claudette Colbert and hubby, Dr. Joel Pressman, are always on hand when there's something going on. This time it's a new play.



Charlie Farrell, left, congratulates Allan Jones and Robert Young, who threw a party to announce the opening of their stables in Bel-Air.



Our cameraman caught Elaine and John Barrymore just as they stepped from their car. Yes, they're still happily married.

Prosperity came around the corner at full speed in the Ozark Mountain region, where most of "Jesse James" has been filmed. In Pineville, Missouri, where normal business is anything but rushing, there was a sudden influx of commerce, and in a few days there were fifteen hot dog stands, twenty-two soft drink palaces, two fortune tellers and a tattoo artist. Just shows you what happens when Tyrone Power comes to town.

Even the glamor girls' horses are wearing make-up these days. Out on the "Shining Hour" set Joan Crawford has put her horse, Secret, to work. Secret—or rather, Miss C.—gets twenty dollars a day for acting like a horse. The reason Secret has to wear make-up is that his flanks are too shiny, so he wears a special dark powder to reduce the sheen. Secret is very happy about his job, and likes to work in drawing room comedies like "The Shining Hour," mainly because he's on his own and doesn't have to share the camera with a cowboy.

Hollywood's favorite stag sport—poker—has been invaded by only one woman, according to the town's historians. Men who blanch at the very thought of a gal's presence around a strictly masculine table always make an exception and admit Connie Bennett to their games. She plays with the town's biggest-money gamblers, and they like her for two reasons: 1. She plays a silent, man's game; 2. She can afford it.

Mickey Rooney's one proud guy. He's going around telling everyone that Clark Gable's bought a car just like his, after a ride with Mickey. It's true the cars are just alike—a low-priced coupe. Clark liked Mickey's a lot, and that was a factor, he admits. But the principal reason he doesn't use his \$3500 roadster is because he and Carole were always recognized. It's got to the point where they even want privacy en route.

Deanna Durbin may turn out to be the jitteriest jitterbug of them all. For her picture "That Certain Age" they're doing swing for the first time. Deanna turned up her cute nose at the noises manufactured by the band for the first few days. Finally she started hanging around while they were practicing, humming a bit and trying out a few tentative wiggles. Then one of the boys taught her a few real steps and now you can't hold her down. She's a real rugcutter!

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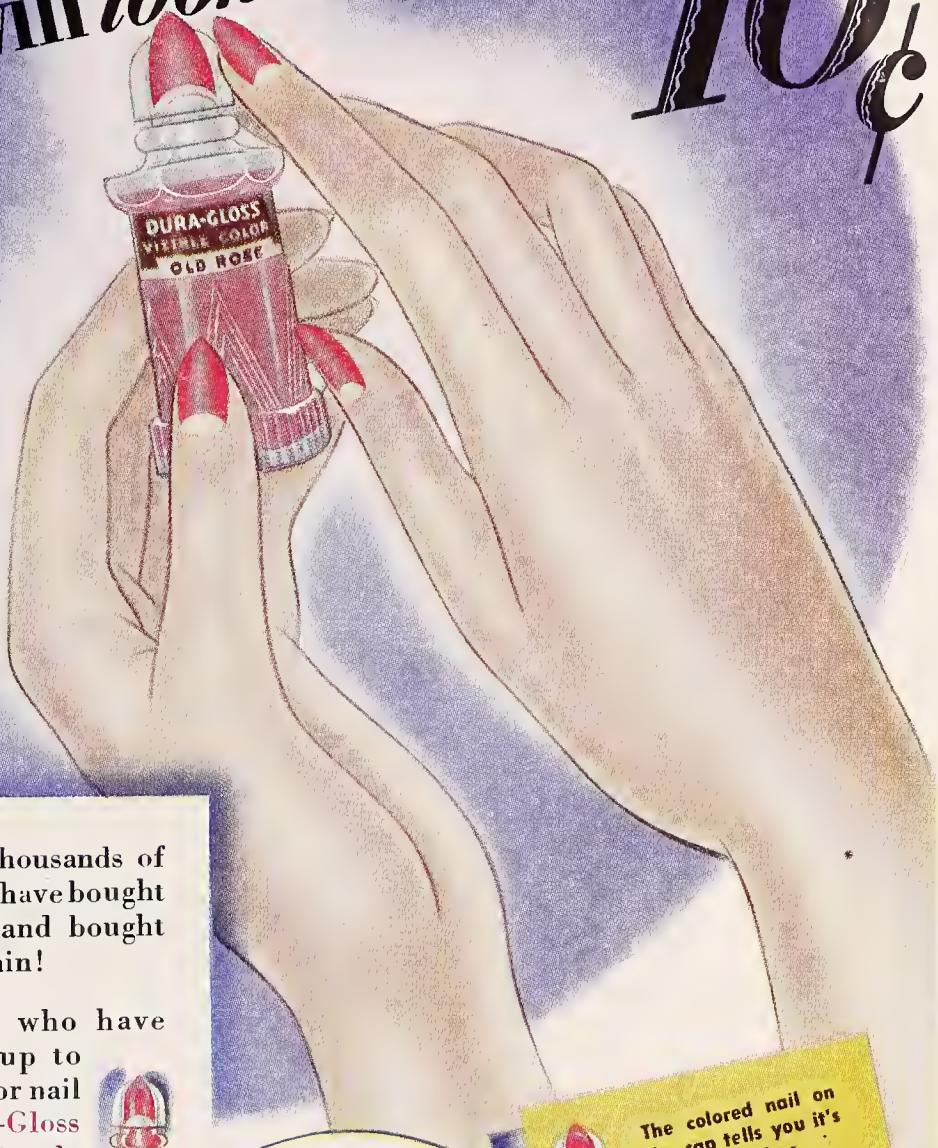
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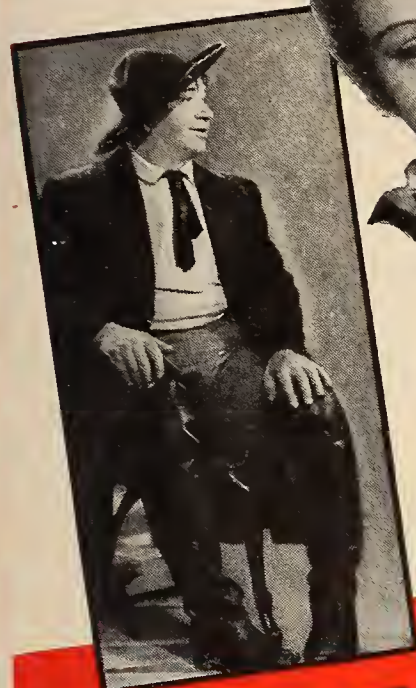
Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



**They Built a New America with
Glory and Guns... They Were
MEN That Women Could Love!**

**The grandest adventure-romance
since "Cimarron" stormed the screen...
crowded with stars, action and thrills!**



**WALLACE
BEERY
ROBERT
TAYLOR**

**STAND UP
AND FIGHT**

**FLORENCE RICE · HELEN BRODERICK
CHARLES BICKFORD**

Screen Play by James M. Cain, Jane Murfin and
Harvey Ferguson · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II · Produced by MERVYN LEROY

The LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star on the
screen!

We decided that what this country needed was a column. Henceforth, fellow readers, you may whet your screen appetites on some little tid-bits direct from the studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★ ★ ★ ★

CLASS OF '39—attention! What is M-G-M? *Answer:* The leading motion picture company.

Question: What are some of the forthcoming productions of M-G-M?

Answer:

"IDIOT'S DELIGHT" (from the famous play). Starring Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

"HONOLULU" (wicky-wacky-wonderful). Starring Eleanor Powell with Robert Young and Burns and Allen.

"I TAKE THIS WOMAN." Starring Spencer Tracy and presenting the new glamour girl, Hedy Lamarr.

"ICE FOLLIES OF 1939" (a new idea in musical drama). Starring Joan Crawford and James Stewart.

★ ★ ★ ★

Question? What is the outstanding current production of M-G-M?

Answer: "SWEETHEARTS."

★ ★ ★ ★

Thank you, class! Now there will be a short recess to allow all of you to attend your nearest theatre showing this M-G-M attraction.

★ ★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

All those who address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal., will receive a beautiful photograph of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the sweethearts of "Sweethearts."



"Sweethearts" is dedicated to all the lovers in all the world. This is a new idea. Pictures have been dedicated to mothers, to doctors, to families, to boys, to sailors, but never to lovers. Are you a lover? Well, this is National Lover Month. You are initiated when you see "Sweethearts," that glamorous and exciting Victor Herbert musical thrill.

★ ★ ★ ★

It was directed by Sweetheart Van Dyke, produced by Sweetheart Stromberg and written by Sweethearts Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell.

★ ★ ★ ★

In addition to Sweethearts MacDonald and Eddy, the cast includes Sweetheart Frank Morgan, Sweetheart Ray Bolger, Sweetheart Florence Rice, and that trio of sensational Sweethearts—Herman Bing, Mischa Auer, Reginald Gardiner.

★ ★ ★ ★

This truly big picture has been filmed entirely in technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

Love is sweeping the country.

—Leo



DOING IT OVER AGAIN

Mary Boland, seasoned trouper, reviews her past

IF YOU had your life to live over again, how would you live it? Would you do the same things over again, relive them in the same way? There aren't many movie stars big enough to answer these questions truthfully, but Mary Boland is one who did.

You would think that this woman, loved on the screen for her amusing portrayals of hare-brained women, loved off the screen for her daring wit, still sought by men at an age when most women merely thrill vicariously to their daughters' romances, would have nothing to regret. But Mary Boland feels differently.

As we sat chatting together, an air of peacefulness pervaded the room. Here was ease and luxury, with never a trace of the struggle that has made them possible. And Mary, sitting

BY MARY JACOBS

there, hardly looked old enough to be reflecting upon the years and saying, "If I had my life to live over again—"

Smiling at her secretary she said, "We've often discussed this, haven't we, Jean?"

Jean, a pretty woman in her thirties, nodded.

"Wouldn't it be grand," Mary Boland sighed, "if we could go back to sixteen with the wisdom of the forties? If I could live my life over again, I'd live it in the same way except for my mistakes." She chuckled. "You can see what a silly woman I still am when I tell you that it is only upon my mistakes that I have built anything worthwhile."

"Is there anything you've ever done that you regret?" I asked.

For a moment there was silence.

Mary Boland has built the worthwhile upon her mistakes.

"There's something I haven't done that I regret," she said. The words came haltingly.

"I have moments when I feel sorry for myself because I didn't marry. I miss not having children. If women only know it, they're much better off being married, raising families than pursuing careers, which, after all, are always thankless things.

"What are women to do with themselves in their leisure time? Let them develop their talents and make themselves interesting companions to their husbands. When you're young, time seems inexhaustible. There's so much time to do everything you dream about that you keep putting things off. As you grow older, you realize how little time you have left. I know I get a pang whenever I waste an hour. If I had my life to live over again, I'd say to myself, 'Ah, I'm young, but every hour is precious. I must grab it.'"

WHILE she spoke, her hand touched a yellow rose in the vase beside her, and the petals fell like leaves dropping from a tree in autumn. They seemed symbolical of her unrealized dreams and for a moment I saw Mary Boland as she really was, not the gay, assured woman of the world moving from one success to another, but as a woman who knew how little of the world's blessings she had really acquired.

As though she realized that she was giving herself away, the mask was suddenly back on her face. "How stupid of me," she said, brushing the petals into the palm of her hand and tossing them away. "Another thing I'd change if I had my life to live over again, is to rid myself of my unnecessary sensitiveness.

"When you're young, you make a lot of mistakes, and you feel very intensely about them all. Even today I'm sorry for young people because they suffer so. Sometimes we say, enviously, 'If I could only be sixteen again,' but sixteen is really a horrible age, when people haven't learned to build up defenses against life. As you grow older, the edge goes off your emotions. Nothing can be as devastating as it was when you were very young.

"I'll never forget my early days in the theatre, and how sensitive I was when I was poor. For two years my entire wardrobe consisted of a few old dresses, one hat and one coat. How I dreaded going out to look for work in those clothes! I used to imagine that everyone was looking at me pityingly, laughing at my poor queer get-up." (Continued on page 102)

HELL-BENT FOR GLORY! . . . AND HEAVEN HELP THEM ALL!



They roared into each blood-red dawn on fighting wings of glory! Gay reckless, gallant, they fought, these eagles, for women they had never seen, and for the love they might never know!



WARNER BROS. present

ERROL FLYNN

as the adventurous leader of

**"The DAWN
PATROL"**

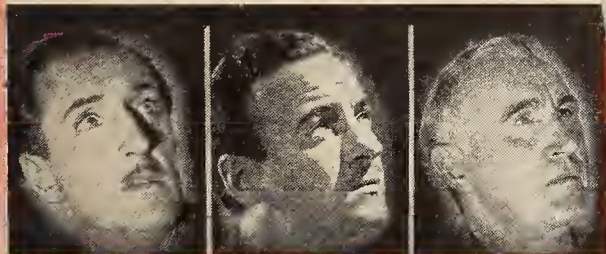
with a dashing squadron of famous players including

BASIL RATHBONE

DAVID NIVEN

DONALD CRISP

Melville Cooper · Barry Fitzgerald · Carl Esmond
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING



SCREEN PLAY BY SETON I. MILLER AND DAN TOTEROH · FROM AN ORIGINAL STORY BY JOHN MONK SAUNDERS ·



★★★ Just Around the Corner

Shirley Temple delivers a bombshell as a dramatic actress in this lively picture. She's still the cute child, but for one brief moment startles you by coyly sweeping her lashes upward in a glance that out-Lamarr's the glamorous Hedy. The object of her affections is Master Bennie Bartlett, her first screen boy-friend.

By the time you've relaxed from the speedy romantic jolt La Temple packs, the story is moving along merrily with Charles Farrell, as Shirley's father, giving very commendable support. Shirley's comedy provides a gay background for a more serious theme—a plea to help America successfully round that corner to prosperity. Shirley industriously pitches in to straighten the kinks out of business with a benefit show. A natural childish mistake in the identity of "Uncle Sam" incites hilarity that couples happily with Shirley's dancing ability.

Bill Robinson's nimble footwork is excellent. The rollicking Joan Davis and Bert Lahr are very funny and Amanda Duff, a newcomer, brings sincerity to her romantic role opposite Charles Farrell. Franklin Pangborn and Cora Witherspoon are delightful. Directed by Irving Cummings.—20th Century-Fox.



★★★ Submarine Patrol

For high adventure and genuine thrills here is your picture. It is packed with humor, tragedy, exciting bravery and plenty of suspense. Even if stories of the sea hold no particular appeal, you'll still find enough human interest and informative material to make it worthwhile. The plot is concerned mainly with those ships that escorted munitions boats across the seas during the war. Constantly on the lookout for enemy submarines and ready to do battle at any moment, life in the Submarine Patrol was precarious business.

Into the service comes Richard Greene, a playboy with fancy ideas of life in the navy. When he is assigned to the "splinter fleet," the outlook is anything but gay. His ship-mates are a motley, disloyal assortment. As the captain of their slovenly ship comes Preston Foster, out to redeem his court martial by snapping this ill-assorted crew into workmanlike condition. The great climax comes when the men capture the most dangerous enemy submarine afloat.

Nancy Kelly, Preston Foster, George Bancroft, Henry Armetta, and Slim Summerville are excellent. John Ford directed.—20th Century-Fox.



★★★ The Cowboy and the Lady

When a poor little rich girl who hasn't had a date for two years meets a cowboy who hails from the land where men are men and women are scarce—well, the fireworks in this case are provided by Merle Oberon and Gary Cooper. The story is not new but it is presented with such freshness and verve that you won't mind.

The daughter of a millionaire with presidential ambitions, Merle Oberon has been wasting her charms on elderly politicians. Bored to distraction, she gets the house-maids, Patsy Kelly and Mabel Todd, to take her on a blind date. And—you guessed it—the lucky girl draws Gary Cooper. With beautiful abandon she forsakes the parental Long Island and Palm Beach roofs for a little home where the buffalo roam.

In the line of picture entertainment, you'll be a long time topping this. Love and laughter are diluted with just the right amounts of sentiment and seriousness. Romantic settings are provided by Palm Beach and the wide open spaces of Montana. Excellent characterizations are delivered by the lovely Merle Oberon and Gary Cooper, who has one of his best roles to date in this. There are some grand comedy scenes by a fine supporting cast. Directed by H. C. Potter.—Samuel Goldwyn. More Reviews on Page 10

At Last!
YOU SEE THEM CLASH ON THE SCREEN!

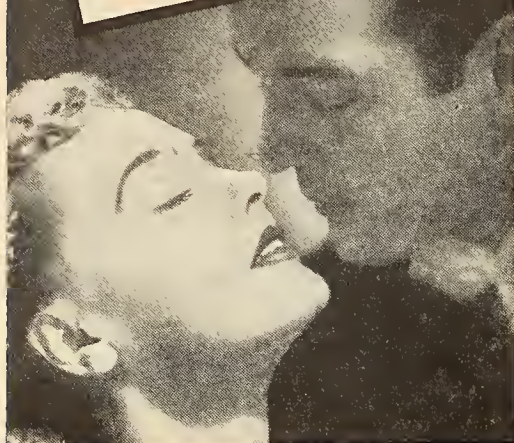


A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE
Coming Soon!

Screenplay by GEORGE MARION, Jr.
Original story by Charles Bogle
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Associate Producer: LESTER COWAN

W.C. FIELDS
in
**You Can't Cheat
an Honest Man**
with
Edgar BERGEN
and
Charlie McARTHUR

Skin SO SOFT...
SO SMOOTH...
**NO WONDER
MEN PURSUED HER!**



By ARMIN VARADY

Celebrated Beauty Authority and Cosmetologist



You've seen her—and so have I... the girl who has no "dateless" nights... who seems to draw men to her like a magnet!

What is the secret of her popularity? The key to her mastery over men? Look at her closely, and chances are it's the loveliness of her face. Her skin is smooth, and soft. It has a radiance, a glow, that irresistibly lures men, enchants them!

Now I want to ask why you, too, do not strive for the attractiveness which makes this girl admired? And one of the first steps I suggest is a change in face cream! Try the amazing *all-purpose cream* I have especially created to make your skin look more beautiful and more alluring.

This cream is sold in stores under my own name—Varady's Face Cream. And the very first time you use it, you will be thrilled beyond words! *Varady's Face Cream is so light it spreads almost instantly into the skin.* Compounded on a true, basic principle that acts to cleanse thoroughly—to freshen and liven up your skin with a new, radiant glow; to make it appear softer, smoother than you ever dreamed possible.

See for yourself these amazing results! Ask for Varady's Face Cream at all cosmetic counters.

Varady

427 West Randolph Street, Chicago

What to do
**... FOR RED, ROUGH
UGLY HANDS!**

Use Hess Witch Hazel Lotion! Makes your hands smooth, white, lovable! Redness, roughness start to yield with first application... hands begin to look better, feel better, at once! For all chapped skin. Ask for Hess Witch Hazel Lotion at all cosmetic counters. Hess Sales, 427 W. Randolph Street, Chicago.

★★★ The Young In Heart

"The Young In Heart" is a picture that will be thoroughly enjoyed and long remembered. The story in itself has charm and appeal while capable performances by the entire cast and excellent direction and production add further merit.

The unpretentious plot concerns a very old lady who has a great deal of money but no fun in life. She meets Roland Young, Billie Burke, Janet Gaynor and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—a family who never have a penny to their names but have a whale of a good time. Though the family's original plan is to get hold of their new friend's money, their parasitical ideas are in for a jolt—and thereby hangs the tale. Though belief in the inherent goodness of humanity pervades the story, it is saved from sentimentality by sincerity and warm-hearted humor.

Making their first screen appearances with noteworthy performances are Minnie Dupree and Richard Carlson. Roland Young's and Billie Burke's characterizations could not be improved upon. Janet Gaynor is excellent and so is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Paulette Goddard, in a smaller role, makes a good impression in both appearance and acting ability. Directed by Richard Wallace.—*Selznick-International*.

★★★ Dark Rapture

A complete and thrilling accounting of the Denis-Roosevelt Expedition into the Belgian Congo, "Dark Rapture" is a picture of such unusual calibre that it can be heartily recommended. From the most inaccessible parts of darkest Africa, this expedition has brought a pictorial story of strange peoples and strange lands, never before seen by white men.

The best of the jungle expedition pictures to date, this should prove itself a welcome relief from the regular run of pictures. Many strange and gruesome scenes go to make this picture a genuine, bona-fide thriller. While the picture drags a little in spots it is so packed with unusual shots that it manages to pick itself up nicely again. "Dark Rapture" has been beautifully filmed and recorded by Leroy Phelps, Frank Buck's ace cameraman. The narration is also effective. Most amazing scenes are the feast of the elephants by the pygmies and the scenes of the Long-head and Giant tribes. To lovers of adventure and strange places, this picture should prove itself great entertainment. Directed by Armand Denis.—*Universal*.

★★★ Say It In French

Gay as the proverbial spring day in Paris, "Say It In French" has a zip that turns it into one of the season's comedy hits. The sparkling dialogue and nonsensical romantic entanglements are sufficiently new to set a brisk action pace and perfect casting gives the story complementary smoothness.

Ray Milland, in a tailor-made role, and Olympe Bradna carry the leading romantic involvement as newlyweds who discover they must keep their marriage a secret in order to straighten out the family financial status. Milland, returning to New York with his French bride, finds himself suddenly engaged to a former flame, Irene Hervey, and the resulting confusion provides the entire cast with excellent comic opportunities. Miss Bradna and Miss Hervey share top honors as delightful comedienettes, and Mary Carlisle is close behind them in the role of Milland's sister. How they rehabilitate the family fortunes and straighten out the romantic mixups is pleasantly novel and climaxed by plenty of excitement.

The entire cast turn in expert performances and Billy Lee, without saying a

word, is briefly a knockout. Directed by Andrew L. Stone.—*Paramount*.

★★★ The Great Waltz

Bringing to picture audiences the life and music of Johann Strauss, "The Great Waltz" is worthwhile entertainment. The music is glorious, thanks to Dimitri Tiomkin's orchestration and to the singing of Miliza Korjus, the European opera star who here makes her screen debut. Judged by popular standards, Miliza Korjus is no movie siren. But, besides her lovely voice, she has great charm and if roles as suitable as this can be found in the future she will have an enviable following.

As the romantic Johann Strauss, Ferdinand Gravet's performance is notable for its sincerity. Luise Rainer in the role of his wife gives out with some highly emotional histrionics which could have been soft-pedaled in numerous spots. In the supporting cast, Hugh Herbert, Christian Rub, and Lionel Atwill are standouts.

Though the screen play leaves much to be desired, with a plot that does not sustain interest throughout, the music alone more than makes up for dramatic lapses. The dance sequences and photographic effects are exceptional in their beauty. Light-hearted Vienna dancing to the strains of the Strauss waltzes and lovely scenes in the Vienna woods are additional reasons to classify "The Great Waltz" as excellent. Directed by Julien Duvivier.—*M-G-M*.

★★★ A Man to Remember

And a picture to remember, this one about the life of a country doctor whom fame and fortune have forgotten, but whose memory remains in the hearts of all who knew him. Edward Ellis' performance will long be remembered, too. It is a masterful characterization of the small-town physician whose steadfast loyalty to the principles of his profession net him an annual income of starvation proportions and in many cases the condemnation of his patients and fellow practitioners. It is only in the course of long years that his fine work and unswerving loyalty are appreciated by the townsfolk.

The picture opens with the doctor's funeral services and the reading of his will. From there the story continues in retrospect through innumerable episodes in the physician's life. Each episode is an outstanding bit of human drama, unashamedly emotional but never touching on the maudlin, thanks to the sincere efforts of everyone in the cast and expert direction. Lee Bowman, as the doctor's son and Anne Shirley, his adopted daughter, are outstanding in their respective roles. Granville Bates, Harlan Briggs and Frank M. Thomas are excellent as three prosperous pillars of small-town society whose main delight in life has been to balk the good doctor at every turn. Altogether it is first-rate screen fare. Directed by Garson Kanin.—*RKO*.

★★ The Shining Hour

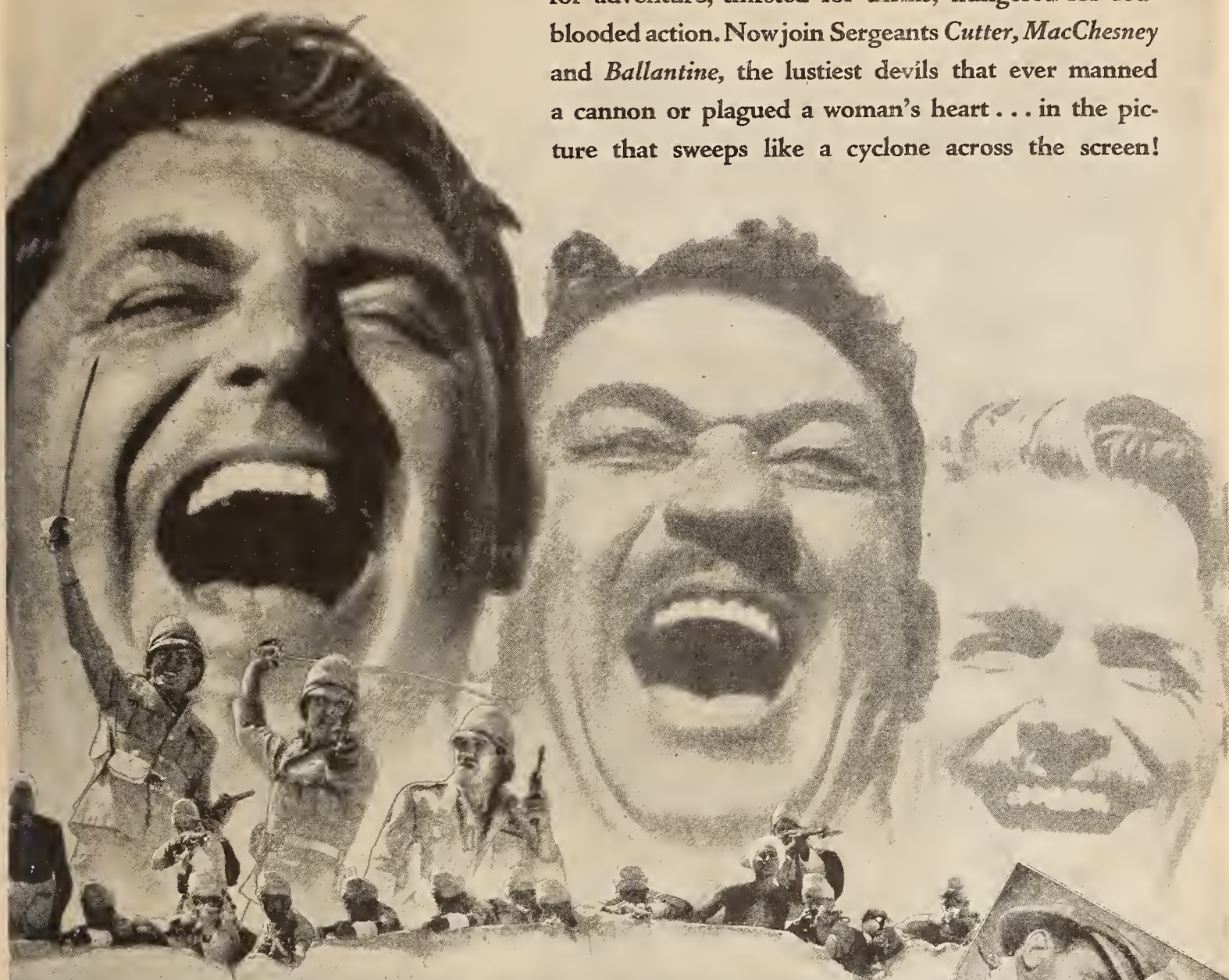
With an illustrious cast, "The Shining Hour" turns out to be a disappointment. Though individual performances are good, the story has too many complications. Margaret Sullivan provides some of the high points of the picture and manages to make a character of ultra noble intentions believable. Fay Bainter, excellent as always, pulls the prize zanie of the characterizations—that of an old maid set on destroying everything about her. Melvyn Douglas is convincing as an unappreciated husband and Robert Young satisfactory as the younger brother who tries to get all the appreciation.

Joan Crawford appears in a role that

(Continued on page 18)

Here they come!... Roaring for battle or ready for love!

Reckless, loyal, swaggering sons of the thundering guns of Kipling's India in revolt!... You've longed for adventure, thirsted for thrills, hungered for red-blooded action. Now join Sergeants *Cutter*, *MacChesney* and *Ballantine*, the lustiest devils that ever manned a cannon or plagued a woman's heart... in the picture that sweeps like a cyclone across the screen!



"GUNGA DIN"

STARRING

CARY GRANT • VICTOR McLAGLEN
AND
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

With Sam Jaffe, Eduardo Ciannelli, Joan Fontaine

Screen play by Joel Sayre and Fred Guiol. From a story by Ben Hecht
and Charles MacArthur. Inspired by Rudyard Kipling's poem.



RKO RADIO PICTURE
PANDRO S. BERMAN, IN
CHARGE OF PRODUCTION
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED
BY GEORGE STEVENS

THE YEAR'S BIG SHOW IS READY!

**WATCH YOUR NEWSPAPERS
FOR LOCAL PLAY-DATES !!!**

INFORMATION DESK

Boost your favorite player—send a coupon

LOST—That heavy over-powdered effect!
FOUND—a face powder with a

Light Touch!



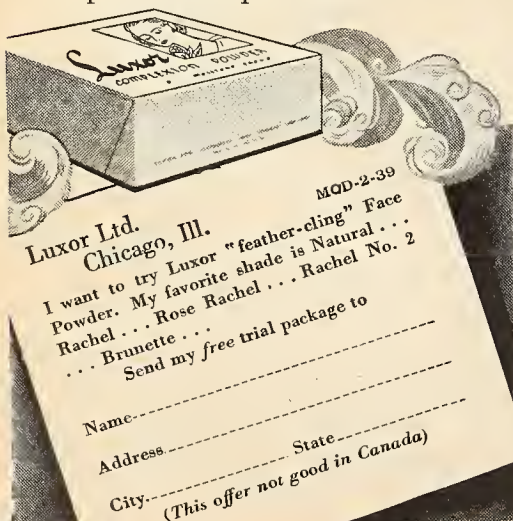
LUXOR

"Feather-Cling"

FACE POWDER

*sits lightly as a feather—
stays on smoothly all day!*

• Don't spoil a well-groomed appearance with a heavy face powder! Get Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with a *light touch*. It stays on smoothly for hours yet sits lightly as a feather. Shine-proof and moisture-proof too, so it won't cake or streak. Buy it at toilet goods counters in smart, new shades for fifty-five cents. For generous size free trial sample, use coupon below.



LYNNE OVERMAN tried to get into the movies, failed, then by accident made the grade. He was born in Merryville, Missouri, September 19, 1887, and started earning his living as a race track jockey when he was only twelve. He rode the horses in the summer, attended military academy in the winter, and later studied at the University of Missouri. At eighteen he joined a minstrel show and for two years sang and danced with them. Followed stock, dance hall entertaining in Alaska, vaudeville in the States and eventually Broadway in 1916. During the War he enlisted in the Navy, then returned to the stage, acting in New York and London until 1933 when he came to Hollywood. His screen test, however, was considered a flop so he returned to New York, disappointed. He was hardly inside the door at home when a wire arrived summoning him back to Hollywood. A representative from another studio had accidentally seen his screen test and wanted him for a picture. Overman, by this time somewhat dazed, repacked his bags and hid himself back to Hollywood. He did so well in that first picture—it was "Little Miss Marker" with Shirley Temple—that he has been kept busy ever since. Lynne's particular horror is of ever being typed, but he hardly need fear that for he has played practically every kind of male role ever written. His three most recent pictures were "Spawn of the North," "Men With Wings," and "Sons of the Legion." His next will be "Union Pacific." Lynne Overman is six feet tall, weighs one hundred forty-five pounds, has blue eyes and blonde hair. He is married to Emily Helen Drange, a non-professional. What with his long theatrical career which started in Milwaukee back in 1907, and his experience in the Navy during the World War, Lynne has covered a lot of territory in his time. He is now under contract to Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.



ANNABELLA: When this talented little French girl was a mere child, she was an avid movie fan whose one ambition was to become an actress. She didn't know just how to go about it but she started out by producing little matinees in the henhouse behind her Paris home. When not being an impresario she would turn collector of auto-graphed pictures of famous stars. Only, to save time and trouble, she didn't bother the stars—she just auto-graphed them herself. Annabella was born in Paris on Bastille Day (July 14) in 1912. Her real name is Suzanne Charpentier and her father is a newspaperman. Though she is now only twenty-six, she has eight years of screen experience to her credit. At the tender age of eighteen she began playing small parts in French movies. Later she made pictures in England, and four years ago she came to Hollywood to make French versions of American pictures.

Nobody paid any attention to her, though. She made her pictures and skipped back to France unnoticed by a whole colony full of movie talent scouts. This time, however, her studio is taking no chances for they've tied her up with a long term contract. Annabella is five feet, two inches tall, weighs one hundred five pounds, has natural blonde hair and blue eyes. She has a gay, fresh charm and is utterly without affectation. She is active and skillful in sports, especially winter sports. She skis, skates, toboggans and also swims, plays tennis and golf. Annabella reads omnivorously, plays the piano, loves to garden and is a dog fancier. She studies English continuously. She was married to Jean Murat, the French actor though recently received a divorce. Her last picture was "Suez" with Tyrone Power and Loretta Young. At present she is in England making a picture, but will return after that. Address her in care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Cal.

GENE AUTRY	2773
NELSON EDDY	2662
TYRONE POWER	1494
ERROL FLYNN	949
SONJA HENIE	537
REQUESTS	

SEND A STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR NEW ADDRESS LIST

Send a stamped self-addressed envelope today for a new, enlarged list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. Hundreds of names, including contract and even free lance players. This list has been completely revised and rearranged alphabetically for your greater convenience. It is so convenient in size to handle, or keep in a scrap-book. Do you want to write a fan letter, request a photograph, or just trace the studio connections of your favorite players? Then you'll find it indispensable.

To receive one of these lists, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



MISCHA AUER is the grandson of the famous music master, Leopold Auer. His father, whose name was Ounskowski, was a member of the Russian aristocracy and died on the battlefield of the Russo-Japanese War.

When Mischa was twelve, he was separated from his mother by the tide of Red Revolution and, for protection, he became a member of a band of parentless children who roamed Siberia. Finally reunited with his mother, he joined her in an attempt to escape from Russia. After weeks of danger and heart-rending struggles they reached the British Expeditionary Forces in the south and Mischa, though still a youngster, served with this army and later worked in a refugee hospital founded by his mother. She contracted typhoid and died, and Mischa, after selling a few jewels to which they had stubbornly clung, made his way to Florence, Italy, to visit friends of the family. These friends cabled his grandfather in New York and that gentleman sent passage money to bring the youngster to America. Mischa was fifteen, but showed the ravages of hardship and hunger. The boy, always interested in the theatre, was soon doing small roles in New York, then toured for two years, arriving in Los Angeles in 1928. He sought work in a film studio and made his screen debut in "Something Always Happens." He has since improved so fast and become so popular that now he hasn't time to fill all the engagements offered him. Mischa Auer is now his legal name. He was born in what was then St. Petersburg, Russia, November 17, 1905. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred sixty-five pounds, has brown hair and eyes. He is, of course, an American citizen and is married to a non-professional. They have a five-year-old son, Tony. Mischa's hobby is the breeding of Great Dane dogs. Three of his recent pictures were "You Can't Take It with You," "In Society" and "Service de Luxe." His next will be "Three's Company" with Bing Crosby. You may address him in care of Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Millicent Mayes, New Orleans, La. There are several institutions in Hollywood which will help newcomers to find reputable schools, academies and "little theatres" and help you to steer clear of unscrupulous "chiselers" who set all kinds of traps for the uninitiated. The Screen Actors' Guild and Actors' Equity will give very helpful information about little theatres. The California Labor Commission will be glad to supply you with a list of accredited dancing and dramatic schools. They will even give you personal advice on the right schools. The Better Business Bureau will give you similar information. Remember when you go to Hollywood take enough money to keep you a year without working. And guard every way you know how against scheming groups and individuals who make their living off gullible stage-struck boys and girls—and their parents too.

Earl Grey, Wellington, New Zealand. Nan Grey was born in Houston, Texas, July 25, 1920. Her real name is Eschal Miller. She has blue eyes, natural blonde hair, weighs one hundred fifteen pounds, is five feet five inches tall. Address: Universal Studios.

Betty Green, St. Louis, Mo. Charles Starrett
(Continued on page 105)

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

Name

Street

City..... State.....

If you would like our chart listing the heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

WINTER WARNING!

Underarms perspire all year 'round



**Popular girls never risk offending.
In winter, as in summer, they use MUM**

A MAN—A GIRL! Every chance for romance if that lovely wool dress is always fresh and sweet—free from underarm odor! Even when she sees no moisture, a smart girl knows there's danger of odor. And she realizes that warm clothes and indoor living actually make this danger worse.

That's why she uses Mum! For in spite of heavy clothing and tighter-fitting sleeves, Mum makes odor impossible. With Mum you're *always* nice to be near!

For Mum does what no bath can do—Mum prevents underarm odor. A bath removes only *past* perspiration but Mum

prevents odor *to come*. Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps you sweet. Mum is so easy, so *dependable*!

MUM IS QUICK! 30 seconds to smooth in Mum, and your underarms are fresh for a full day or evening.

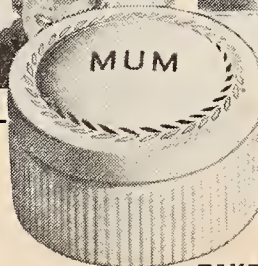
MUM IS SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your druggist's today, and know that you're always charming!

NO WINTER WORRIES FOR THE GIRL WHO USES MUM!



For Sanitary Napkins—
Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

BETWEEN YOU



*Say it with
a Clear Skin*

OUR SKIN frequently reflects how we feel. In business and social contacts we like our friends to tell us *how well we look*.

The laity now recognizes—as physicians and scientists have for years—the vital importance of rich, red blood, as the foundation of strength, energy, and a clear healthy skin.

for that tired let-down feeling

It is well known how worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood.

S.S.S. Tonic brings you new strength and vitality by restoring your blood to a healthy state, and its benefits are cumulative and enduring, in the absence of an organic trouble.

improves the appetite

Further, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite . . . foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated, and finally, the food you eat is of more value . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow, reflecting good health and well being.

You should note an improvement at once, but may we suggest a course of several bottles to insure more complete and lasting recovery.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making "you feel like yourself again."

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical.

*S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the
appetite and helps change weak
blood cells to strong ones.*



A "new face" in the movie world is just the same "old phiz" to a lyrical fan from Wilton, Maine.

\$5.00 Prize Letter

Real Entertainment

I hope the movie people, from producers down to extras, have taken to heart the lesson that the public has taught, through the box-office, during the past year.

The paying public has shown conclusively that what they want first, most and always, is entertainment.

Big spectacles, million-dollar productions and big-name stars don't mean a thing to the constant movie-goer. That is, unless these are coupled with entertainment. At least, that is the way I feel about it, and I think I can consider myself an average movie-fan.

Big musicals, with that monotonous "back-stage life" background, seem to have gone the way they deserved. Such screen veterans as Joan Crawford, who aren't actors or actresses but just names, are fading quickly and surely—they can't give the fans what they want, entertainment.

Such low-cost pictures as the Jones Family and the Hardy Family series show just what the movie public craves—good, plain, down-to-earth acting combined with an interesting plot.

I hope the movie industry goes on to give us less stars who are just names and more people, plain people, who can act and who will give us the entertainment we want.—John C. Treuden, Milwaukee, Wis.

\$2.00 Prize Letter

Let By-gones Be

Just "between you 'n' me" why do they bring the old films back? Perhaps that question may sound strange considering the crowds that these reissues are drawing. But, really, does the average fan who attends one of these old pictures truly enjoy it?

Not very long ago I went to see "Smiling Through," which had been brought back by popular demand. The first time I had seen this movie I had been deeply touched. I cried, as a woman will, and was completely carried away by the sympathetic portrayals of Miss Shearer and Mr. Howard as the lovers whom death had

parted. I had considered this one of the best stories the screen had ever presented.

Naturally, when I knew it was going to be featured again I went to the theatre to see it. But I was disappointed. The scenes which had once thrilled me now seemed overacted. The clothes, which I had so admired, were now outdated. In parts which were to have been sad the audience laughed. Needless to say, it was a very disillusioned fan who left the theatre that day.

Please stop bringing these old films back. Let the fans keep their favorite movies tucked safely away in memories' treasure chest. Let them enjoy reminiscing the beauty of the old films. But don't bring them back into the scrutinizing light of modernism.—Rena Pacini, Chicago, Ill.

\$2.00 Prize Poem

New Faces?

It's none of my biz
But here it is—
They take newcomers
And daub on the paint,
And make 'em look
Like what they ain't.
They want "new faces"
But you'll agree
They all look alike
To you and me!
Same old haircut
Same old "phiz"
Why not leave 'em
The way they is!!

—Ethel Smith, Wilton, Me.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Movies for Young-Marrieds

I wonder if you have any idea what movies mean to the young-marrieds? Before you were married you took movies in your stride—several a week probably—and it didn't matter too much whether they were good or not, for at least it gave you the chance to be alone.

After you're married, though, you shop around for movies and choose them for themselves. When there is coal to be paid for, house rent and, after a time, probably orange juice and cod liver oil, you don't feel like throwing away a dollar on a poor show. Therefore, a movie becomes something to look forward to, and one truth of your courting days still holds good, a picture theatre is practically the only place of amusement where you can recapture that intimate sense of there being only two persons in the world who matter, and those two are yourself and your husband.

And if, for some reason, your feelings have been a bit ruffled before you go, there's a good chance that, as the romance unfolds on the screen, you'll begin to wonder why you were so impatient. For, after all, the man beside you still spells romance, and it's easier to make up in the dimness of the theatre than to say you're sorry when the lights are brighter.

The picture over, perhaps you hurry home so as not to keep the girl who stayed with the young man too late. Then you'll raid the ice-box, bring your cocoa and sandwiches into the living room and, relaxed and gay, talk over the picture. All in all, I think movies should have some award for the Promotion of Married Happiness.—Robert Wortendyke, Albany, N. Y.

'N' ME

Try your luck at winning a cash prize. What do you have to say about the movies and their stars?



From Albany comes the prescription of a good movie to cure young-marrieds' quarrels. Did you ever try it?

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Ramon Novarro

The first picture I can really remember seeing is "The Pagan," starring Ramon Novarro. Even to this day I can remember the beauty of the setting, story and music of that picture. For it gave

me my first "movie hero," the handsome, charming Ramon Novarro!

Down through the years that followed, Ramon has remained my favorite actor. For he gave to the screen such grand performances as his roles in "Devil May Care," "Mata Hari," "Son Of India," "Laughing Boy," as well as many other fine roles. Surely these portrayals rank on as high a level as most any the screen has ever known. Surely he rates the starring rank he achieved through hard work and splendid performances!

Then he left the screen for a musical tour. I think that was a mistake on his part, for the public is fickle and soon shifts its favor, when an actor is away for a long time. However, he is back on the screen again to stay, I hope, for many years. I'm sure that Novarro fans everywhere are very glad to welcome him back. Unfortunately, he did not receive very good stories for his first two pictures since his return. I, and probably many of his other fans, would like very much to see Ramon in a role placed in a background of his native land. Anyway, I'm rooting for him all the way. So here's good luck to that handsome, talented Mexican star. Viva Novarro!—Genevieve Sayre, Hillside, N. J.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Lynn Bari

A few years ago when Bette Davis first made her debut on the screen a critic accused her of imitating Constance Bennett.

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, \$5; two second prizes of \$2 each; six prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

This riled Bette, who changed her personality, hair-dress and type of acting, and then scaled the heights of film fame.

Today, there is another glamorous newcomer in exactly the same situation. However, unlike Miss Davis, this starlet is intentionally imitating incomparable Claudette Colbert. Her name is Lynn Bari, who last appeared in "Meet The Girls."

(Continued on page 96)

Soft, Romantic Glow in Harsh Light

Pasty Face
Under brilliant evening lights, color flattens out—make-up goes dead!



"Glare-Proof"
Pond's Rose Shades reflect only the softer rays—add rosy flattery.

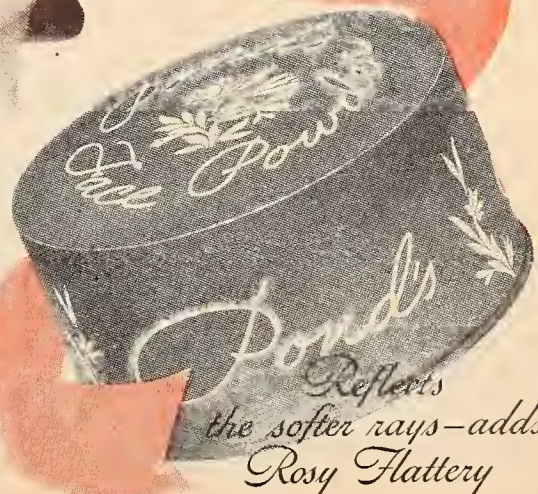


A society girl says—"I am never worried about my powder in the brightest light. Pond's Rose Cream never shows up on my skin—always looks soft."

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

● Give your skin the soft blush tints men adore—with Pond's Powder. Pond's "Glare-Proof" Rose Shades reflect only the soft, rose-touched rays—look lovely with the new light, transparent make-up.

Two shades: Rose Cream (Natural) for fair skin; Rose Brunette for warmer coloring. 55¢. Also 10¢ and 20¢ sizes. Or send for free samples—Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PBB, Clinton, Conn.



Reflects the softer rays—adds Rosy Flattery



Fredric March dislikes romantic parts.

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

THE ACTORS of Hollywood are unhappy. The funny part about it is that they have a right to be. Yes, I know. They earn huge salaries. They live in luxury. They are handsome and famous.

That doesn't alter the case at all. They're still unhappy. What they really want is a chance to do the sort of work they think they can do best. They look at themselves quite honestly, realizing their capabilities and limitations.

Take Bob Montgomery, for instance. You write MODERN SCREEN and ask, "Why do they keep on giving Bob the same role? Why do they always make him the smart cracking gent with a supercilious smile? Why can't we see this good actor in another kind of part?"

Bob wants to know the same thing. He doesn't like that role either. He's sick of it. But what can he do?

Says Bob, "Look here, I've given my studio value received. I think I've earned the right to play a role in which I can honestly believe. When I complain about the parts they keep on handing me they say, 'You show no gratitude.'

"That isn't true. I'm grateful for every fantastic thing that has happened to me in this amazing business. But if I were as grateful as Hollywood thinks I should be it would be the same as if you sent me a Christmas gift twenty years ago and twice a week I wrote and said, 'Thanks so much for the military brushes. They are just what I needed.' You would be sick and tired of that letter pretty soon—and so would I.

"I'm grateful to Hollywood. But I think I've earned the right to play one role I want to play, and I don't

George Raft's grievance is really unique. Bob Montgomery, left, doesn't want comedy roles, if you please.

mean some vague and arty job, either. Those light, smart cracking things I've been doing, I can play with both eyes shut. Without conceit, I can do them as well as they can be done, merely because the role itself is so limited. There are a thousand other people who can do them just as well as I."

"And what," I asked, "do you want to play?"

"Well, I'd like to do something like 'Prisoner of Zenda,'" Bob answered. "I want to do it with a light comedy touch. I've a hundred ideas about it. I know I could do it well and that it would be successful."

So that's Bob Montgomery, an intelligent, sound thinking man who can look at himself honestly.

Now take Freddie March—and there are a lot of gals I know who wouldn't mind. Fred is sick to death of the roles he's been playing.

"I'm not the romantic type," he told me, "I can't see myself in romantic roles.

"The thing that amazes me is that I'm always getting them, when there are men, younger, hand- (Continued on page 100)



THEY'RE SO
Blue!

**What—with all that fame
and money? Yes—and
they tell their troubles, too**



**THE KENTUCKY OF
GREAT TRADITION HAS
INSPIRED A GREAT
PICTURE . . .**

***IN ALL THE SPLENDOR
OF TECHNICOLOR!***

Proud romance . . . beautiful women
. . . chivalrous men . . . magnificent
thoroughbreds! The sport of kings
climaxing when the silks flash by at
Churchill Downs in the famed Ken-
tucky Derby! All against the warm
beauty of the Blue Grass country!



Kentucky

with
LORETTA YOUNG • RICHARD GREENE
and **WALTER BRENNAN • DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE**
KAREN MORLEY • MORONI OLSEN
Photographed in TECHNICOLOR

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Gene
Markey • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti and John Taintor Foote
From the story "The Look of Eagles" by John Taintor Foote

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

Ask your theatre manager for KENTUCKY

IN WINTER...

Let Hinds Lotion help your
hands say nice things about you



Even one application makes Chapped Hands feel smoother!

PEOPLE look at your hands and think—"She's well groomed, *hands so smooth!*"...Or—"She's let herself go, *hands so rough!*" Don't let them stay that way. Use Hinds. Extra-creamy, extra-softening. Even one application helps soften up flaky chapping, comfort tiny "skin cracks" that sting and burn. Used regularly, Hinds coaxes back the "Honeymoon Softness" that wind, cold, steam heat, and hard water take away. Right now you can try Hinds without risking a cent. Without risking a cent! Do it. Good-Will Bargain (below) is at toilet goods counters.

Copyright, 1939, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

TIME EXTENDED ON GOOD-WILL BARGAIN

Extra bottle with the medium size Hinds!

MONEY BACK—Buy the medium size Hinds. You get a Good-Will gift bottle with it. Try the gift bottle first. If it doesn't convince you that Hinds is grand for chapped hands, take the large bottle back unopened, where you bought it—and get Money Back.

EXTRA LOTION—Keep both bottles and you get nearly 20% extra lotion—at no extra cost! More of this fine lotion for the money than ever before! Also in 10c, 25c, \$1 sizes.

FOR HONEYMOON HANDS



HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 10)

offers opportunities of wearing clothes and making men swoon at her feet. The role also provides her with dramatic scope.

Undeniably a woman's picture, "The Shining Hour" may be enjoyed by some audiences but not looked upon with much favor by those who like a lighter touch in their screen entertainment. Directed by Frank Borzage.—M-G-M.

★★ Straight, Place and Show

Since everyone goes slightly mad at the race-tracks, you can imagine what happens to the Ritz brothers. "Straight, Place and Show" has them completely berserk, and offers a fitting vehicle for their peculiar talents.

Though operators of a pony ring, when the boys chance on a hot tip at the track, they stake their all. Through bad management mixed with good luck, they get the wrong ticket and win \$3000. From that moment the dime-a-ride ponies are scorned in favor of the horses. The brothers acquire one of their own to enter the steeplechase. The nag belongs to Phyllis Brooks, a blonde and beauteous heiress, but it's Richard Arlen who pawns it off on the Ritzes. It's a matter of making the deal or losing the girl, for Phyllis is far more stuck on Play Boy (the horse) than on Richard Arlen (the hero).

One of the many high-spots of the film is the wrestling match in which Harry Ritz becomes involved—and we mean involved—in order to earn the required entrance fee for their horse at the track. She's a winner, of course, when Arlen finally rides Play Boy for the \$25,000 sweepstakes, but not until all the Ritzes have had a go at being jockeys. It's straight comedy for the brothers Ritz, without sacrificing any of their best shenanigans. Musical numbers are capably handled by Ethel Merman. Members of the supporting cast do their bits with a flourish, but it's a Ritz picture from first to last. Directed by David Butler.—Twentieth Century-Fox.

★★ Hard to Get

It's Dick Powell who's hard to get in this particular case and Olivia De Havilland's the girl on his trail. It all starts by Dick, an aspiring architect, but at the moment a gas station attendant, being tough on Olivia, an heiress whom he thinks is trying to gyp him out of a dollar. She's out to get revenge, but after a short exposure to the Powell charms, is out to get him. The picture is based on one of those fool-proof formulas that you've been seeing for lo these many years, but with just enough variation to pass it off as entertaining screen fare.

Dick Powell is likable in a role that allows him to break into only an occasional warble and Olivia De Havilland, prettier than ever, makes the most of every opportunity afforded her by the script. Stealing all acting honors, though, is Charles Winninger. The millionaire father of the heroine, he has just two interests in life—his spoiled daughter and his valet. He is intent on seeing that Olivia doesn't develop into a snob like her mother and younger sister, played, respectively, by Isabel Jeans and Bonita Granville. And he is equally intent upon some day beating the valet, Melville Cooper, at wrestling. Good performances are given by Cooper, Penny Singleton and Allen Jenkins in the supporting cast, while the rest of the characterizations are adequate. Directed by Ray Enright.—Warner Brothers.

(Additional review on page 101)

MICKEY ROONEY








● DOROTHY LAMOUR

RAY MILLAND



 **JAMES CAGNEY**



MERLE OBERON

"I love you



Words torn from the anguished heart of a woman in love . . . words breathing the intense emotion of a proud woman whose pride has vanished in the wonder, the thrilling glory of her first great love . . . the words of the immortal Zaza to her beloved Bernard . . . pouring tumultuously from the screen as Claudette Colbert brings Zaza, gay, reckless Zaza, who loved too well, to thrilling, glorious life in Claudette's mightiest acting triumph, in the year's grandest screen love drama.



more than you love me . . . "

"Don't be modest, darling. There are men women can't leave alone. And you're one of them. Yes, and there are men who can't leave women alone and you're one of those, too!"



Adolph Zukor presents

Claudette Colbert

in **"ZAZA"** with

Herbert Marshall

Bert Lahr · Helen Westley · Constance Collier

Genevieve Tobin · Walter Catlett

Directed by George Cukor · Produced by Albert Lewin

Screen Play by Zoe Akins · From the Play by Pierre Berton & Charles Simon

A Paramount Picture



MEN DON'T GO

THIS ISN'T," Claudette Colbert said, puffing away at a cigarette, "a man's world, any longer. Today the very phrase sounds musty and old-fashioned. Time was when it was much easier for a man than a woman to get a job. If there was a boy in the family, no matter how many intelligent girls there were, the boy was sent to college and the girls were pushed into the background. But the day of pushing women aside is gone."

We were talking about a recent magazine article which told women "how to be happy in a man's world." A famous woman star had said, "Before I married, I thought this was a man's world. Now I'm sure that it is."

Claudette leaned back in her chair, her dark brown eyes sparkling with amusement. We were sitting in the living room of her Georgian home—an all white home beautifully landscaped, with great green stretches of lawn, and white roses clambering over the fence outside. The living room was done in gray and old rose, with everything, even the flowers and pictures in harmony with those shades—for Claudette likes subdued colors. She wore a simple black and white tailored suit, with a blue crepe blouse and a golden pin at the throat. It was dusk, and the soft lights in the room brought out the reddish-gold tints in her smartly coiffed Brunette hair.

"Naturally, each of us sees these matters

Claudette Colbert, with lure

Claudette with Herbert Marshall in a tender scene from "Zaza."



The star and her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, attend a Benefit.

FOR GLAMOR !

from a different viewpoint," Claudette was saying. "Perhaps if that star's husband had been asked, he would have said, 'This is a woman's world.' I've sometimes heard men complain that today it's the women who get the breaks."

"Do you feel that it's a woman's world?" I asked. Claudette leaned down to pat her dachshund, Hansi, who had just come into the room. "No," she said, "I don't think so. Today everyone has an equal chance at happiness. Our world is colored by economic conditions. The day of the woman who sits back and does nothing seems to be gone. And that, I believe, is all for the best, because I know of no better recipe for happiness than keeping busy."

"Of course," said Claudette thoughtfully, "I don't mean that all women have to rush out and find jobs in order to be happy, for undoubtedly some of the happiest ones find their greatest joy in running perfect homes. Sometimes, however, it isn't economically possible for a woman to devote herself entirely to domesticity. It often takes a long time for a young man to find himself in this modern world, and if women didn't put their shoulders to the wheel, many couples couldn't afford to get married."

"Then, too, some women aren't completely happy unless they have outside interests. I'm afraid I'm like that. I work because I love to. I see no reason why an intelligent woman cannot manage to have both the man she loves and the work she enjoys, if she applies good sense."

I glanced at an old interview Claudette had given me seven years ago, when she was a young actress. The article contained a photograph of Claudette, and the face that stared back at me was sweet and pleasant but very unsophisticated. She looked like a nice young girl trying very hard to appear (Continued on page 80)

to spare, claims she knows whereof she speaks

BY DORA ALBERT





Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr were a sultry combination in "Algiers."

"HOLLYWOOD'S A DANGEROUS

BY

MARY PARKES

THAT IS a very dan-ger-ous place—Hollywood," said Charles Boyer.

We were standing together on the wide semi-circular deck porch of his new house on the mountain top, a beautiful, modernistic place with circular rooms and a great central loggia, the ceiling of which rolls back exposing the owners to the sun, moon and stars. Below us lay the canyons and lower hills, the distant sheen of the Pacific, the dark crag of Catalina against the horizon and Hollywood spread at our feet. It was then Boyer said, "That is a very dan-ger-ous place—Hollywood."

I thought how well the setting suited him for, at heart, Charles Boyer has always been a man on a mountain top. Unlike Pepe Le Moko in "Algiers," Boyer has never wanted to leave his Casbah, his home, either to follow the wiles of the world or to drink in the applause that would

be so eagerly heaped upon him. Not a hermit—for to be a hermit is, often, to be a poseur—and Boyer is guiltless of any affectation of any sort. He is so little exhibitionistic that the limelight spots know only his name, not his presence.

Indeed, he has only gone down from his mountain top three times in the past three months. He smiled and held forth one sockless, sandalled foot and said, "I haven't had on a pair of socks for over two months!"

It occurred to me that Boyer would take his women fans somewhat aback if they could visit him at home. For there is something about his screen personality which pre-

You can take the word of this Frenchman, who's pursued adventure halfway



Vivacious Pat Patterson is the lucky Mrs. Charles Boyer.



"I do not like to feel safe," claims Boyer. "It dulls the imagination."

PLACE"—CHARLES BOYER

agine him any other way. And when he is off the screen he is so genuinely and simply just himself.

He spends his time, he told me, but all of it, "reading madly" books both in French and English, swimming in his pool in the mornings—he is a powerful swimmer—playing tennis—and he has a serve which Big Bill Tilden in his heyday might have applauded. Somehow, this is surprising, too, because one does not expect Boyer to be athletic. But he is. He also has a fine flair for culinary artistry, with intricate sauces, salad dressings and the exact charring of steaks among his proud accomplishments. Add to these unexpected talents his knowledge of horticulture. He pointed with pride to the young trees and flowering shrubs, the annuals and perennials with which he hopes to make his mountain top to blossom like the rose—"mostly with my own hands," he told me. But afternoons he spends with his books. And on occasional, but very occasional, evenings, (Continued on page 93)

supposes a Sybaritic type, a dark and languorous Latin, lounging in exotic robes and exerting a professional charm off as well as on the screen. One would not expect to find him wearing indifferent slacks, a shirt of no particular color, open at the throat, yes, but not the professional open-at-the-throat kind, just a shirt without a tie. He was sitting on the sun-deck reading and smoking his innumerable cigarettes.

It is not that he is less attractive in real life than he appears on the screen. "Those eyes," as his fans say, take care of that. It is that when he is on the screen he is so completely the character he is playing that one can't im-

'round the world and knows a thing or two about the meaning of excitement

"A career child, unless carefully guided, is at an overwhelming disadvantage," says our Shirley's mother.



MRS. TEMPLE'S DEEP

Shirley's mother tells a dramatic true story, never before revealed!

ON A MEMORABLE day, two years ago, Gertrude Temple confided to me a dramatic and stirring and poignant story!

Today, a glowing, buoyant Mrs. Temple said to me on the set of "The Little Princess," Shirley's current production, "That story we have been keeping secret—it can be written now. I've never felt so well in my life."

Younger than I had ever known her, with a serene charm which heightened her electrifying energy, she was an inspiring contrast to the anxious, harried, ill woman to whom I talked those many months ago.

It was a throat-tightening story she told, the story of a mother's terror. The story of a mother's heartbreaking but careful preparation to place Shirley's destiny and happiness in the hands of another woman! At that time she revealed that for weeks she had been painstakingly training another woman to replace her in Shirley's life, if

the need arose. So casually had she done this that not once did she give a clue to her terrifying suspicions.

Until now, only two people, Gertrude Temple and I, have shared this secret. Now at last, the whole story can be told.

The "Wee Willie Winkie" company was on location. In a wedge of the Santa Susanna mountains, the magic of Hollywood had created a replica of India—of British Forts and Chieftain's strongholds, of the trappings and backgrounds to give the picture authentic flavor.

Gertrude Temple sat in a camp chair in the indifferent shade of a scraggly bush, while below her, in the cup-like canyon, assistant directors marshalled camels and horses and turbaned extras for a scene of triumphant Arab return to their inaccessible hideaway.

Lights. Camera. Action. Mrs. Temple watched Shirley as she climbed laboriously up the rock-hewn stairs, edging away from the flying hooves of the horses and the pack animals. According to the story, Shirley was on her way to call on the Arab chieftain and to plead the cause of peace between his people and the English.

The child stumbled—a bit of action not in the script—and instinctively extemporized some dialogue to explain her misstep. John Ford, the director, nodded in approval, and the cameras ground on.

Mrs. Temple smiled. "That bit wasn't in the script," she explained. "It adds to the scene, doesn't it?" There

BY SONIA LEE

A joyous spirit,
warmth, tenderness
and sensitivity are
a great part of
Shirley's charm.

SECRET

It will surprise and touch you

was triumph on her face. And a strange excitement. Her expression betrayed an absorption in Shirley I had never seen before.

I looked at her curiously. I had known Shirley and Mrs. Temple long before the world's united acclaim, long before a curly head and a misplaced dimple and an unerring sense of drama had made this remarkable child a star.

Through the years, I had frequently watched Shirley work. Had seen her electrify hard-boiled directors, blasé electricians, exacting technicians with her amazingly spontaneous talent: I've heard many an old timer mutter to himself, "How that kid does it certainly beats me!"

Never once had I heard (Continued on page 76)



WE CALL HIM GLAMOR BOY

BY

NANETTE KUTNER

And believe that you will
agree Doug Fairbanks be-
longs in the spotlight brigade
with his qualifications



"I'm an eligible bachelor," Doug admits,
"but I'd make a poor husband."

WHEN A national magazine recently ran a spread picturing America's leading glamor boys, they named Alfred Vanderbilt, Jr., and, if memory serves, Woolworth Donahue of the ten-cent-store clan, Eddie Reeves of those grocery millions, several other blue bloods, and Errol Flynn. "They left me out," said Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

I judged he was sorry.

The editors are entitled to their competent opinion. However, after taking a good look at Mr. Fairbanks, at his gray suit and red tie and his red handkerchief and carnation to match, and listening to his talk (conversation is hardly the word), this reporter nominates him for the glamor brigade. He belongs in that sphere, right up in the front line of spotlight boys of café society. He practically admits it himself. "I am an eligible bachelor," said he.

"I'm not in love," he added. "Why

people keep wanting to know that sort of thing is beyond me." He wearily waved one hand. Then, with man-of-the-world tolerance, "They must get a vicarious thrill. Sex starved, I suppose.

"Yes, you can say I'm not in love *today*, but," and he flashed his engaging, even-toothed grin, turned it on as one might twist the water faucets, "I can't tell about tomorrow."

He grinned again. "A girl would be foolish to marry me," he said.

I did not contradict him.

He went on, "I'm selfish."

"In what way?"

"That's my secret. But I'd make a rotten husband. I'm thoughtless and undependable and irresponsible. In fact," and he looked me straight in the eye, "I'm Peter Pan."

This was enough to stump anybody, so I kept quiet.

His clipped words, pleasant sounding, rolled out in his slight English accent, far less pronounced than the last time I had seen him, at the rehearsal of a Rudy Vallee broadcast when Fairbanks, Jr., had but recently returned



The languorous Marlene Dietrich and Doug
have been pal-ly for years.



Doug and Norma Shearer are neighbors and preview companions.

Marlene . . . as he says the name his voice becomes a croon. She is in Paris and plans returning to this country. When he goes to London they will probably pass each other on the ocean. That was for Marlene Dietrich.

Gertrude Lawrence. Here his voice loses the crooning quality. Like Noel Coward, he calls her Gertie. They have known each other since 1920. She was a friend of his uncle's. So much for Gertie.

Norma Shearer. They are neighbors, just one happy group out there on Santa Monica beach.

He feels people are catty when they say he goes out with older women. These women aren't just older than his twenty-eight years. They are intelligent, he claims. And he often goes out with younger women, but they don't happen to be well known, says he, so nobody knows about them. When asked what obscure young women he took places, he couldn't remember. He did mention


Zorina, whom he escorted dancing on his first night back in New York. "She is younger than I," he said. She is also on top, the ballet dancing toast of Broadway. He neglected to mention that.

He is partly right. His women friends are not merely older, but they all have one feature in common. Fame. He evidently prefers this kind (i.e., glamor boys like glamor girls).

He wants to impress you with his utter casualness, his devil-may-care approach to life. This is a pose. When he made "The Rage of Paris," a friend of mine, on the same picture, said that Fairbanks, Jr., a big boy, kidded all through the work. What my friend doesn't know is that during this time Fairbanks made retakes for another picture. And although he was exhausted, with barely five hours a night sleep, he resolutely continued his light-hearted act. For he works at this casualness.

"Twice I've been on top of the movie heap and twice skidded. So I don't take it too seriously."

Again that pose . . . probably due to the Noel Coward influence. If Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., could be anybody else, (*Continued on page 87*)



Hitting La Bennett in
"Tail Spin" hurt Alice
more than it did
Connie—but really!

TANKS,

Alice Faye admits that

everything she has she


owes to this famous

New York street

BY

GLADYS

HALL



Alice always wanted
a tall, dark and
handsome husband
—so Tony Martin!

TENTH AVENUE

ALICE FAYE and Constance Bennett were standing face to face, eye to eye. Two beautiful blondes, Connie as brittle as a faceted diamond, Alice as softly curved as April. They both struck Cagney poses and prepared for battle. Connie let go a stinging blow that caught Alice on the cheek. Alice let go a plushy tap which barely grazed the surface of the Bennett cuticle. Director del Ruth groaned. He called, "Hit harder, Alice. Hit as if you meant it!"

Connie, the trouper, obligingly offered the other cheek. Alice tried again. Perceptibly she girded up her loins and let Connie have it. But still too gently, again pretty much "faked." Then she walked off the set of "Tail Spin," tears in her eyes. She couldn't hit Connie. Alice has to feel what she does and she likes Connie. That's the way she is. That's why you get a lump in your throat when Alice sings sad songs. Because the tears aren't part of her make-up—they come from her heart. That's why her gaiety is infectious too. When Alice acts gay she really is gay.

She told me, "I'm a cream puff at heart. I can't hit anyone I like. It isn't natural." And for Faye, what isn't natural is well nigh impossible.

Gotta-mean-it Faye: that's why she's sitting so pretty among the stars. But that's also why her studio has a problem on its hands every now and again. They will tell you that the difference between a Faye rehearsal and a Faye "take" is that well-known difference between night and day. The rehearsal is as limp and colorless as a dish rag. But when Alice goes into the real take she comes to life, tears, laughter, song, death, hilarity—anything the scene calls for. She's got to give all or nothing.

Her studio has to sell her on herself, of all things, and on the idea that she can do dramatic parts. (Shades of the Swansons, Negris and Naldis, whose egos rampant stormed ahead of them like Bengal tigers at feeding time—those yeasty stars of yesteryear!) Alice made a test for "A Message to Garcia" a couple of years ago—Barbara Stanwyck played the part because Alice didn't believe she could do it! She didn't *want* to be dramatic. She doesn't realize that she is more important now than she was before she made "Alexander's Ragtime Band." She has a sort of complex. She's humble in her own esteem unless she actually feels what she is doing. She hates to say no. Alice does a lot of things she'd rather not because of that. She admits, under cross-examination, (*Continued on page 90*)



The poorest kind of poverty, thinks Alice Faye, is not having anything left to want.

BY

CHARLES DARNTON

No matter what you thought John Payne was like, you were probably wrong.

ONE STAR COMIN' UP



YOU NEVER can tell. Your preconceived idea of a person may be so far wrong that once it's set right you feel like using your head for a football and kicking a little sense into it. That's how I felt after meeting John Payne.

Everything I'd read about him had led me to think Mr. Payne a solemn young man of scholastic profundity whose whole day would be spoiled by a split infinitive and who, by some strange mischance, had been lured from somber halls of learning to glittering Hollywood, there to brood over eventual return and lifelong dedication to differential calculus or dark-green Ibsen matinees.

It didn't help any even to know that a remotely avuncular celebrity had written "Home, Sweet Home." When, from time to time, it had been suggested that I do a piece about Mr. Payne I had taken my cue from that hearth-warming song and locked myself indoors.

But one night I ventured out, not without forebodings, to take a squint at the cinema likes of him in "Garden of the Moon." Imagine, then, my glad surprise at finding John Payne not only a gay and swingtime lad, leading a jazz band and singing for the sheer joy of it, but also the most natural and likable young actor

Meet John Payne, a new light on the Holly-



John makes love to the luscious Olivia De Havilland in "Wings of the Navy."



Two stars in one family is the Payne record. Anne Shirley is the Missus.

it has been the luck of the screen to discover since James Stewart first ambled down the lot.

Of course, "Garden of the Moon" had thrown a new light on him. But it was on the other side of the moon I found the real John Payne. Indeed, he turned out to be real as a tree. Not scrub growth, either, but standing well over six feet and no knots in him. Most of his slim yet sturdy height was barked in old gray slacks, but from the timber-line up he took the air in a half-sleeved shirt, free at the neck as the wide open spaces and unfettered by that coil of masculine civilization, a necktie. His dark hair, tumbling over his eyes like branches in a breeze, recalled something out of the Black Forest, while his face played through its shadows, pleasantly careless of a close shave.

That's what I liked about him—no "side." Still, I took it he must be feeling not a little set up by scoring a success which unmistakably marked him for stardom. "Swell," he admitted. "But after seeing you I'm going to see a doctor."

That didn't sound so good. Seemingly, John Payne had anticipated my insalubrious effect upon him.

"Bum knee," was his reassuring explanation, as he sprawled into a chair and yanked up a leg of his trousers to half-mast by way of introducing Exhibit A. "Had a bit of a fall down in Florida—and was it hot there!—doing a scene in 'Wings of the Navy' with George Brent. I played a young flyer. No music. Suits me fine. Untypes me before I get typed. I spent just as much time learning to act—or trying to—as I did to sing, and I don't want to lose either one."

There wasn't a word out of him about "Garden of the Moon" till I mentioned his hit picture. Then, surprisingly enough, "I haven't seen it. And I don't care to see it. I'm not eager to criticize myself. Willing to let it ride. It was my first break in two and a half years."

Thanks to Dick Powell, who turned the part down flat. Interesting, too, that, in spite of the fact the boy from Roanoke, Va., had run a pool-room (five cents a cue) in the upper reaches of Manhattan during his collegiate days at Columbia, he should have come to Hollywood only to find himself again and again left behind the eight-ball!

"They certainly had me sewed up," he confessed. "After playing the son in 'Dodsworth' I got three other parts, but none of them got me anywhere. I had more money than I could spend, and that was in marked contrast to other days, for," and he twisted a wry smile, "I had not lived a nourishing life. In New York it was anything for a living. When I left Roanoke, I'd saved a couple of hundred dollars, but that wasn't enough to keep me going at Columbia. Having kicked around in various phases of the contemporary young man, I felt I now could do it with comparative ease. Running a pool-room was far easier than running a dormitory switchboard for three dollars a week, room and board. There were more than a thousand numbers. I'd get them all mixed up, then pull the whole thing out and start all over again. When I happened to get a right number I had a wonderful sense of triumph."

"This, unfortunately, was not generally shared by the telephoning students, so I turned (Continued on page 84)

wood horizon, and a very misleading young man who will bear watching

A LANE

Alone

YOU MEAN," said Priscilla, wide-eyed, "that I am not even to mention my sis—ter—not even Rosema—or, er, Lo—"

"Not one word," I said firmly. "This is not to be a sister act. This is to be a solo. A Lane alone. Just you, Pat Lane. I want you to talk only about yourself. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about Priscilla Lane. I'd like you to take your heart out, if you don't mind, lay it on the table and analyze it for me. Spread out your hopes and fears, your likes and dislikes, your virtues and faults, your whims and ambitions, favorite things to eat . . . your loves and dreams."

"A sort of mental and emotional vivisection, eh?" laughed Pat, who is nothing if not quick on the trigger.

"Well, more or less," I said in the slightly martyred tone of one who really doesn't ask very much.

"I have an awful lot to overcome," says Priscilla. But her fans think she's pretty much all right just as is.

Pat laughed again, mischief in her blue eyes. She wouldn't be poking fun at me now, would she? Then she said demurely, "I am a very popular girl! How'll that do for a take off? I bet I'm the only girl you ever met who has had 720 beaus in one evening. The only drawback to this proud boast being that they didn't come a'calling on me. I went a'calling on them. It was when I went to V. M. I.—Virginia Military Institute to you—with the showing of 'Brother Rat.' The first evening we were there I was the only girl in the midst of 720 cadets. That was really something. I've known what it is to have a couple of boys at a time cut in on the dance floor but when a couple hundred cut in at one time—that was an evening! Wasn't Lilith supposed to be the first woman in the world—even before Eve? Well, that was me."

I said, "And did you eat it up?"

"It was fun," admitted Pat, "and novelty for a girl who'd never had much time to go with boys until she came to Hollywood. But here is the moral of this little tale: It's not my kind of fun—for more than once. I'm not the coquette type. You see, I'm what is called a—a one-man woman. I'm not the date-with-a-different-boy-every-night type. I like to 'go steady' with one boy—one at a time, anyway. I never go out with a boy just because he can take me dancing or to the Troc, for instance. I like to go with one boy and feel at home with him, have companionship and be real friends."

"My idea of the perfect date," said young Pat, "is to wear slacks, go to the beach, raise Cain on the roller coasters, eat hamburgers and frankfurters. I hate to be all dressed up with hat and pocket-book and gloves."

"I can't stand big parties. I'm not very talkative and I'm uncomfortable around big crowds of people. I'm not one of the ready-repartee Rhebas who can go right into a snappy routine of smart small talk."

"I like to be comfortable. That's why I got such a special kick out of making 'Cowboy From Brooklyn.' It was fun, good, down-to-earth, no-frills-about-it fun. I was always in the middle of about fifty cowboys, watching them do their rope tricks. When the picture was finished I knew every rope trick. Didn't have to watch my diction in that picture, either. I could just



Fame led all the Lanes to Hollywood, but it was Priscilla, the baby, who really conquered—and there's a good reason why, as you can see

relax and be cosy. That's what I like. I hate being fussy about every little detail. Don't you, really?" "Do you," I countered, "get serious about the boy you are going out with? Do you think you are in love with him?"

"Well," said Priscilla, and now her eyes were level and grave, "I thought I was in love once . . ."

"Wayne?" I asked boldly.

"Yes, Wayne."

There was a brief silence. Then Pat said, "And if you think you are in love it is a kind of being in love—the same thrills, same sadnesses. Wayne was the first boy I ever went steady with, you know. Before we came to Hollywood, when we were with Fred Waring's Band . . . I started with the Band when I was fourteen and now I'm twenty . . . we moved around so often that it wasn't possible to form attachments of any kind, even if I'd been old enough, and hadn't been working so hard.

"Then I came to Hollywood and they sort of threw me into 'Varsity Show,'" grinned Pat. "Then Wayne and I were co-starred in 'Love, Honor and Behave,' remember? That was pretty unbelievable luck. We were called a 'team,' and right away everyone said, 'A romance!' They kept on saying it.

"At first it wasn't a romance at all. But people talked so much about it and kept on writing that we were in love. We did have dinner together every night when we worked late and it certainly was 'propinquity' plus. We got to kidding about it ourselves and the first thing you knew, it wasn't kidding any more. We really thought we were in love. We were on the thin edge of getting married.

"Of course it's a good thing for both of us that we didn't. We were much too young and green.

"I don't like to talk about it," said Pat quietly. "But people have seemed so interested that I'll just say this: there were no hearts broken. Both of us are going out with other people. I'm happier right now than I've ever been in my whole life, and that's saying a lot because I've always been pretty happy. And that's the whole story of Wayne and me. The same kind of story happens to girls and boys in every small town and city in the world. It's only in Hollywood that anyone pays much attention.

"I've learned one lesson, though," said Pat. "I'll never again make any predictions about love—not until I'm telling it to the minister. I don't mind talking about going out with a boy." (Pat is going now with very clever young assistant director and screen writer, Oren Haglund.) "But I'll not talk about the state of my feelings. It's all too uncertain. It's pretty silly to make predictions about anything involving emotions.

"I'll only say that I hope I won't fall in love for the next two years, because I feel differently about my career now since 'Four Daughters.' In that picture, for the first time, I felt the character I was playing. That did something to me. The next two years of my life will be very important to my career. I want to give most of my time and thoughts and energies to my (Con-

tinued on
page
83)

**Wayne
Morris and
Pat almost got
married, but
both thought bet-
ter of it, and no
hearts were broken.**

**BY
MARTHA
KERR**

**Oren Haglund is the
lucky object of Pris-
cilla Lane's affections.
They have great fun.**



For four years, John Garfield turned down movie contracts.

But "Four Daughters" with Priscilla Lane brought him overnight success.



BY FAITH SERVICE

BORN TO BE A

MUG

yet John Garfield has grown to be a scholar, a gentleman and an artist

HE WAS born to be a mug. He was born to be a gangster, or, a second-rate prize fighter. Or worse. He was "conditioned" to crime. He lived to be a movie star. The fates had it all fixed for him to end up in prison or as a battered punch-drunk pug. He is an idealist.

He was born in one of the toughest neighborhoods in America, away down town on the lower East Side of New York. He could now pick himself a Beverly Hills "estate" if he wanted to. He doesn't want to.

His mother died when he was seven. His eyes and heart are still scarred with the remembered sight and pain of that piteous death, climaxing a still more piteous life. With his mother's passing went the geranium in the tin can on the window sill—symbol of the sweetness of love for him which strained through her tired heart. Thin striving for beauty which she attempted. With his mother's passing he also "lost" his only brother, Max, a few years younger than John. Max went to live with an uncle in New Jersey. "One less mouth to feed" is money in your pocket on the lower East Side.

His father was a poor tailor who was too closely engaged in endless warfare with the lean and mangy wolf which prowls the tenements to have time to teach his son the Golden Rule, the Ten Commandments, his prayers, how to take a bath, respect women or even to look for the



Stanley Fields, John Garfield and Norman Willis in "Blackwell's Island."

A scene with Beulah Bondi from "They Made Me a Criminal."

stars that shine above the gutter for all the world to see.

He was hungry and poorly clad. He was always too hot or too cold. He was bad, but he was not unhappy because he didn't know what it means to be happy. He must have been content enough because, now, he pities the children of wealth, playing on clipped velvet lawns, alone. He says, "Poor little mugs, they must be lonesome."

At twelve, he was a vegetable-swiping, cop-baiting little hoodlum. Now at twenty-six, he says, "To do honest things is all I ask of Hollywood." Environment! Heredity! Where are you now?

He went to one school after another because he was expelled from one school after another. He was so bad that the mothers in the tenements tried to keep their sons away from him. "He don't teach you no good," they said. Now, in Hollywood, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy and Jimmy Cagney seek his company for the gifts he has to give. Gifts of idealism, of courage, of integrity.

The guttersnipe has become a sought after gentleman.

In the Bronx, where he lived with his father after his mother's death, he was a source of constant annoyance to the police and to the school authorities of his neighborhood. He was always in trouble and he says now, "It's a wonder I didn't end up in a reform school. I was headed that way. But I'll probably be in trouble in Hollywood, too. Next year or the year after that they'll want me to do something I won't believe in doing and then I'll have to fight. The only difference is that now I'll fight for

what I believe is true and honest. When I was a kid, I'd fight for anything. I didn't know the difference."

After school hours he sold the "Bronx Home News" on a street corner. He'd picked the best street corner. He learned to use his fists to good advantage, protecting his stand from kids who thought that they were tougher than he and ganged up on him because they wanted his corner.

He told me, "I kept that corner until I surrendered it of my own accord. I'll keep my stand on what I think's right, too, until I surrender of my own accord. But when that day comes, they'll be planting me."

When he was thirteen, the authorities decided that something would have to be done about him. He had got into contact with two criminal gangs. He says, "I was ripe material for either one of them."

At thirteen, then, he was sent to the Angelo Patri School. Now the Angelo Patri School is an institution to which problem children are sent. Its aim is to straighten out crooked minds in neglected bodies. Most people would try to conceal the fact that they are alumni of Angelo Patri. But not John Garfield.

He says, "I'm proud of it because I'm proud to know Mr. Patri. He's doing one of the finest things in his school that any man has ever done. He's making useful citizens of underprivileged children. He certainly changed the course of my life.

"When I went to the school, I didn't like it. I decided, after two days, to run away (Continued on page 88)

HAVE THE MOVIES CHANGED *You?*

BY

JAMES CARSON

Madeleine Carroll points
out that they very easily
could—and tells why



"American girls
are very lucky,"
says this British
beauty.

Shirley Ross and Fred MacMurray
with Madeleine in "Cafe Society."

SHE CAME clean. She'd just had her hair washed. And, of all things for a Hollywood star, it was in a net! Only a defiant beauty would dare risk that before masculine eyes—strange ones at that.

Yet Madeleine Carroll was not too aggressively challenging. She didn't cry out, "I must look a perfect fright!" She probably knew she couldn't. Obviously this British charmer doesn't bother about her off-screen looks—doesn't need to. But there is something more in that shapely head than the gold that was at that moment shining like sunlight through a lattice. Brains, that's what she values—and possesses—besides the beauty reputedly only skin-deep. And right now Madeleine had something on her mind.

"Hollywood is changing women the world over, inside as well as out," she began. "And it's the inside that really matters. So far as actresses are concerned, in England people don't even think that beauty goes with dramatic talent. The most admired and successful young women on the London stage are not beauties. Indeed they're quite plain, and glad of it. Beauty is an asset on the screen, but over there a face like mine, at any rate, is a positive liability."

Her frankness was refreshing, even a bit startling. Here, for once, was beauty unafraid. Better still, it was honest. None of it had come out of jars and bottles. There was no daub of rouge, no smear of lipstick. Madeleine Carroll's color is flung up from an inner glow to light her face with human warmth.

From that lovely presence grew the grateful impression of hearing the woman, not the actress speak. Moreover, she had something to say, and now she was speaking:

"We who make pictures must not be content with beauty alone. We must think of the effects of our work upon people beyond our own narrow horizon, understand what it makes them think and do, how it influences their lives. I have realized this more than ever since my last visit abroad. At the studio it is very difficult to keep tabs on what the world in general is thinking. In Rome, for example, I was asked by ministers of state what the American people thought of this and that, and whether Hollywood was clearly expressing that thought. Their questions made me see Hollywood's responsibilities as others see them. I realized our amazing influence in the world, our almost staggering power."

Yet Madeleine was not staggered by it. Simply, without pose or pretense, Miss Carroll sat there, plainly wrapped and talked about things that most Hollywood stars would not even understand.

"At heart," she added whimsically, "I'm a potential ambassador of good will. In my small way I'd really like to help bring about a better understanding between Hollywood and the outside world. No, I have no mission," laughed Madeleine, "nor am I any kind of a politician. But a nation, it seems to me, is like a person, and may be approached in a personal way. Certainly, if anything can be done to smooth out world-mad conditions, now is the time to do it. This, of course, is only one woman's opinion. Yet women rule Hollywood. They make up at least three-fourths of our film audiences, and women are nothing if not personal."

Although no mere man could hope to be a match for this adroit would-be ambassadress, it seemed quite safe to challenge her on Hollywood's influence on women.

"Hollywood has the most powerful influence in the world on women," was her decisive reply. "This is especially true of young women. In England shop girls, typists and the like are terrifically influenced by American films—in their emotions, their dress and their language. In the matter of speech, for instance, there can be no doubt we're definitely acquiring an international accent. Emotionally, women everywhere, because of Hollywood pictures, are becoming more and more introspective. This has made them much more conscious of their inner needs. I daresay this is all very good for them, but," she laughed, "it probably makes them seem impossible to their poor dear husbands."

"Overly emotional pictures, before censorship was established, had a most harmful influence on inadequately balanced young women. This was only to be expected. Women always put themselves in the place of the heroine. They behave exactly as she does in the same situation. Now if the heroine happens to be a decent sort, that's all to the good. But if she's the opposite, it's very much to the bad. Good or bad, women are highly impressionable, so are bound to be affected one way or the other. Of course, the one greatest danger lies in making the heroine do wrong, then letting her get away with it."

WOMEN get far more out of pictures than men do. I'm sure of that. Many impressions soak in unconsciously, things a man wouldn't notice. In watching a picture they see, for instance, the style in which interiors are decorated. In this and other ways their tastes are being formed, though they may not be aware of it. And when it comes to feminine fashions, of course they have both eyes wide open, taking in every detail.

"I doubt, though, whether many women always see what is right or wrong for them. Now in real life I myself dress quietly and simply. But I can't keep to that creed on the screen. It would be fatal. There, clothes, like acting, have to be projected. In other words, clothes must be made to act. If they weren't, no one would pay any attention to them. But it may definitely be bad acting if they're not suited to either the actress or the character. They must be tempered and adapted to both."

"Now I would not, and could not, wear exactly what Joan Crawford wears. Even if I believed her hats and bows and so forth to be just right, it is a certainty they wouldn't be right for me. The same rule applies to others. A girl in the audience seeing Myrna Loy sail down a flight of stairs in a marvelous creation might easily see herself in it. But she ought to have sense enough to know she could never in the world, let us say, get on a bus with it."

"Still I don't see any real danger in that phase of pictures," stoutly maintained Miss Carroll. "Film fashions, the more conscious she becomes of them in relation to herself, may work a wonderful improvement in the girl who studies them sensibly. Or they may at least bring a bit of color (Continued on page 70)"



Remember the days when hair looked as if it had never been combed?



How much smarter Norma Shearer is in today's simple coiffure.

THE TIME, THE PLACE, THE GIRL

BY MARY MARSHALL

GALS, THIS is going to be an article about such things as suitability and good taste, about not over-doing, yet not under-doing your own individual style. It's about trying to achieve, in clothes, make-up, hair and general grooming, a rightness that fits your type, your environment and the occasion at hand.

One reason I am doing this is because we beauty scribblers are inclined to keep always in the backs of our minds a composite picture of a young, pretty girl who really doesn't need much advice from the likes of us. We rattle on about new shades of lipstick and dabbing on eyeshadow in our efforts to bring you new beauty news and forget two rather important facts.

One is that many a girl who is not-so-pretty, but who nevertheless has her possibilities, is going to take our advice literally and go daubing on some sort of war paint which won't enhance those possibilities at all. Another is that there are thousands of girls and women who simply couldn't "get away with" the hog-wild artificiality in make-up and the elaborateness of coiffure which are fashionable this year.

When I say they "couldn't get away with" such didoes, I'm thinking of—oh, school teachers and

nurses, for example, who might lose their jobs if they went in for blue-spruce eyeshadow and a doll hat perched on a Gibson Girl coiffure, of young people in small towns, who'd probably be socially ostracized and dubbed hussies if they went "too far" with make-up.

I'm thinking of the athletic type of gal with the fine figure but plain face, who'd like to fix up a little but who'd feel like a simp with much make-up on. And of plump, comfortable matrons who just naturally are going to stay plump and comfortable the rest of their lives, who'd also like to "do something," to add a little zip to their appearance, but who, again, cannot alter themselves greatly. I'm thinking of all these people.

I think the "do and don't" method of attack, plus a few examples from life, will best put over my points about taste and discretion.

Don't, then, if you are under twenty, wear eye make-up. Why is it young things all want to go *femme fatale* in slinky gowns and lots of paint? I see them all around. Don't put on lipstick in the Hollywood manner—that is, over the edges. Wear lipstick if the "other girls" do, but in as natural a shade as possible, and blot it after you put it on. When may you start, you ask, to get a bit more flossy about make-up—particularly eye make-up, which you feel you sadly need?

Well, if you live in a (Continued on page 74)



Pretty Joy Hodges would look much more attractive minus artificial lashes.

Hair piled high may be all right for formal, sophisticated evenings



A soft, upswept side curl adds height to Deanna Durbin's round young face.

—but see in how much better taste Bonita Granville is this way.



GROWN-UP *Juveniles*

TIME WAS when all an actor needed was a double-breasted blue suit and a little dialogue," reflected Herbert Marshall. "No, don't protest. I know. I was there. Nowadays, it's an entirely different story. You have to give the cash customers value received or else—or else you're right on the outside looking in at the people who work."

Herbert Marshall knows whereof he speaks, for Herbert Marshall has been around for years, he not only admits, but points out. However, it's little short of amazing to see this middle-aged gent successfully carrying off romantic leads. His contemporaries are playing character roles. And that goes for that scintillating Bill Powell, who usually begins life in a picture with a wife. But, not Herbert Marshall! He still wins the girl in the last reel—which automatically makes him one of 'em. We mean a juvenile—though a grown-up version.

Meeting Mr. Marshall, it is easy to understand why he can so convincingly project that youthful quality. He likes fun. We don't mean the subtle sort, but good, healthy, robust humor. There are those prone to think him pompous, but those are the people who do not know him. On the surface, he may seem as cold as the tuna Clark Gable is forever supposed to have just caught, but when he thaws out a bit, through sympathy and understanding, he's as impulsive as a Wayne Morris.

"I like Hollywood," he began, "but I'm not quite sure how Hollywood feels toward me. Somehow I don't seem to be a sensation out there. Maybe I don't have the right sort of polo shirt, eh? That infernal telephone again. Pardon me. As I was saying, it might be a question of wardrobe and then again, it might be me."

However, we can't help doubting this. Especially when you consider the constant trail of autograph seekers ferreting him out, no matter where he goes. Though, Herbert Marshall is the first to admit he feels darned foolish when he signs for the simple folk.

"You know, there's always some business man who invariably glances over just long enough for me to catch the disgusted expression on his face. That, you must admit, is a bit disheartening. But, then, we actors wouldn't be happy if they overlooked us, either, so what to do about it!

(Continued on page 98)

BY ROBERT McILWAINE

**Herbert Marshall could play
character roles—but he doesn't**

**If Herbert Marshall
seems pompous,
it's because you
really don't know
him at all.**





"I abhor being a gold fish in a bowl," storms Kay.

Kay and Ian Hunter in their latest, "Curtain Call."

IS Stardom WORTH IT?

Kay Francis, who's been cinematically around a long time, gives the answer

OF ALL the incandescent ladies currently twinkling in Hollywood, perhaps none is better qualified to assay the values of stardom than Kay Francis. For a decade or more she has been importantly photographed in minor and major masterpieces stemming from the cameras of Paramount and Warner Brothers. She has given her talents to miniature classics and pretentious disappointments. She has weathered silents, talkies and the switch from sophisticated comedy to costume drama and back. She has had hits and floperooes, triumphs and disasters, yet today she remains pretty firmly entrenched.

In addition to this, Miss Francis has been around. She knows both Paris and London as well as she knows Hollywood and New York. She is possessed of darkling beauty and is, in a word, worldly, as few movie stars are. She does not hesitate to express her opinions, and she knows a number of good words that enable her to express them well. She is decorative but, more important, she is adult in her thinking processes.

When cornered, Miss Francis had just arrived in New York and rather begrudged any time from the theatre, which she was attending matinee and night. However, she agreed to weigh the advantages of stardom against the disadvantages, and you, as the judge, may decide whether stardom is worth while or not.

"Stardom looks alluring when you haven't achieved it," said Kay. "You know the old maxim, distance lends enchantment. It's very true. Not, mind you, that stardom hasn't its virtues.

"First of all, the financial remuneration. Delightful! Money is handy stuff. I don't think I'm mercenary, but when all those horrid bills start piling up the first of the month it's reassuring to know you can write checks with a free hand.

"Then there's the idea of being somebody. Seeing one's name in lights is a thrill, and don't let anyone tell you it isn't. I've yet to glimpse Kay Francis on a marquee without glowing a little inside. Call it vanity, call it pride. Whatever you want to name it, there's a tremendous ego satisfaction in being a star on the lot, instead of one of hundreds of more or less nameless stock players.

"That brings us to the third good reason for enjoying top billing. There are attentions shown the star that are reserved for her only. Portable dressing room, special camera care, special lighting, and retakes when desired. Sometimes you've done a scene that you feel could be better even though the director has let it run. As a star, you're entitled to a retake. If you were a character woman or second lead, you could whistle for it and like it."

Just as Kay was leading one to believe that she is the original glad girl who likes everything, she tacked over to a complaint against being a star.

"One of the unpleasant angles," she said, "is being handed a poor story with the idea that your name and popularity will carry it. That's a very foolish notion. No star is better than her script. Someone once said that no star could survive three flops. (Continued on page 92)

BY MALCOLM OETTINGER

Citron colored hat and gloves, sable furs and copper wool are stunning.



Sigrid

STEPS OUT

in a new wardrobe that is dashing
different and gracefully seductive

BY MARIAN SQUIRE

Miss Gurie's metal cloth dinner gown is brocaded in gay colored field flowers.



SIGRID GURIE is starting the New Year right, with a "splash" wardrobe designed to wipe out the memory of the loose blouses and peasant skirts assigned to her in "Algiers." No longer hiding her streamlines under a bushel of gathers, Miss Gurie chooses street clothes with an eye to line and femininity.

She starts out with a formal version of the new classic

dirndl. "Classic" in fashion language, being a style that keeps cropping up in one form or another for years—like the shirtwaist dress. Miss Gurie's dirndl is a modified version, bearing only a distant relationship to the original, or mealsack effect—and a blessing it is that the designers took it in hand. The dirndl which first swept a gullible femme public overboard, and still persists in some quar-

A bright stitched hat and matching gloves do wonders for a dull costume.



With this striking black silk jersey frock Sigrid wears a chic Scotch turban.

Miss Gurie's black sailor hat sports moire bows of red, green and blue.

ters, unfortunately made girls feel a lot cuter than they looked. The figure required to wear that type of full gathered skirt successfully should be womanly above and very boyish below, and that's a shape that rarely exists outside of fashion sketches.

The model chosen by Miss Gurie is smoothly molded through the midsection, with a slightly full bodice and the

skirt gathered low on the corselet. The bodice is crossed high at the throat in surplice fashion, and a large metal flower perches on one shoulder.

The whole is topped by a merry Scotch plaid turban, or rather the 1939 version of a turban. It consists of a saucy roll perched over one eye, with a feather rising from the small, fitted crown. (Continued on page 97)

When Shirley sets her mind on anything, no gambler would take odds against her!



ON *Hookin'* A HUSBAND

BY KATHARINE HARTLEY

Shirley Ross—who knows from experience—tells how it's done

IT WAS COCKTAIL time Saturday afternoon, September 17th, and two young people, well known around Hollywood, sat at a small table in the Seven Seas, seeming to listen quietly to the tropical prop rain which dripped from the eaves over the bar, down through the prop palm trees. One was Shirley Ross, recently of "Thanks For the Memory." The other was Ken Dolan, popular bachelor around town, handsome, thirty-five, a successful radio and picture agent, besides.

It's not quite certain what was in Ken's mind at the moment, but Shirley has since admitted what was in hers. She sat there with one elbow on the table, her pretty face propped against her hand, and behind the quiet look in her eyes the thought wheels were turning madly. Shirley, at that moment, was working mental telepathy, or trying to at least. Over and over she repeated to herself, "Now, Ken, now is the moment. Ask me to marry you. Go ahead, Ken. Just to see what I say. Ken, say 'Shirley darling, will you marry me?' Say it, Ken. Darn you, *will* you say it, Ken?"

Now wait a minute. That kind of thought will only confuse him. Start all over again, think it calmly, clearly. "Ken, you know you love me. You want to get married. You know I'm the girl for you. It's just natural you should ask me. Come on, Ken, right now, ask me. Ken darling, ask Shirley. Now, that's right, take a big breath. Oh, now you're going to say it!"

Ken was taking a big breath all right. He was going to say something. She waited, not daring to breathe.

"That was an awfully good movie we just saw, wasn't it? What was the name of it?"

Shirley answered his question, drearily. She took another sip of her cocktail, prepared to start her deep mental work all over again.

This was the last step in her campaign, the last resource. She had tried everything else. A week before she had decided that Ken Dolan was going to propose to her within a week, and the time (*Continued on page 78*)



Ken Dolan may have lost his bachelorhood battle, but he won Shirley Ross.



OFF THEIR
Guard

Dick Powell looks over the nags at Santa Anita and, remembering Hollywood Park last summer, wonders whether he did the right thing.

RIDING THEIR

Hobbies

Look out—it's Paulette
Goddard on her way
to the studio, and in a
hurry, too!

Yes, movie stars have
'em, even as you and I

Jeanette MacDonald
takes to her garden as
the proverbial duck
does to water.





Needlework is Anita Louise's chief hobby. And she's good at it!



When it comes to target shooting, Fred MacMurray is the tops.

Basil Rathbone's leisure moments are spent in his pool.



His boat is Jimmy Cagney's greatest off-screen interest.





JANE WYMAN



LUCILLE BALL

HERE BY

Request



RONALD REAGAN



DICK FORAN



ANN RUTHERFORD

ANN SHERIDAN



Ladeez and gen'men! The attractive players on these pages are here because you've asked them to be—and let it never be said that a potential star isn't an obliging one! Each boasts good looks, personality and acting ability and, with a little more experience, will rate an individual gallery page in MODERN SCREEN.



LOUIS HAYWARD

BILLY HALOP



JANEY AND HER



It's always be-kind-to-animals week in Jane Withers' back yard

Professionally, Jane may be a problem child, but at home on her California ranch, she's the meticulous mistress of a miniature menagerie. She started out with dogs—several varieties of them—but it wasn't long before deer, turkeys, chickens, geese and little mountain burros were answering to her lusty call. We heard at Christmas time that Santa Claus was considering writing her a letter, but didn't have the heart—she's that attached to every furred and feathered playmate in the lot! Every day Jane dashes home to feed her pets before having her own dinner. All have names, too.

PALZ



THINK BEFORE YOU ACT



YOU MAY have heard of the wisdom of counting ten slowly before answering back, and surmised that what's one man's bad break is likewise to be another's good. But there are stars in Hollywood who actually *know* the truth of the famous adages.

Luise Rainer and Rochelle Hudson are just two of the players who walked into the movies because hotheaded favorites, who acted before they thought, walked out!

Let's consider Myrna Loy, or perhaps, better still, let's consider why Luise Rainer became an over night sensation in "Escapade."

In the vernacular of the Oriental ladies whom the exotic Myrna's enigmatic eyes suggest, her studio tiff may be described somewhat in this fashion: Blig shots do velly much for Loy. Move mountain girl right into drawing-room. Glive her Leslie Howard, Bill Powell and heap glowns by Adrian. Clould girl ask for more? Girl clould—and did! She pick up fan and chop-chop off "Escapade" set.

The big shots, not being in sympathy with old Chinese customs, tore at their fast thinning hair. Who to get to fill the vacant role!

Several names were suggested and discarded. There was Rosalind Russell, who looked more like Miss Loy than anyone on the lot, including Myrna, herself, but she was busy on another picture. There was that new girl that someone brought over from France or was it Vienna or just where the heck was it? No one knew exactly. The files gave them a clue that her name was Luise Rainer and that she had been under contract for five months. Oh, yes, someone

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

Movie stars know how to make haste slowly

remembered. She was the girl who was told to lose fifteen pounds and learn to speak English! Well, if she had and could, there might be a chance for her now, but frankly, the bigwigs were skeptical.

And so when she was called to the studio at eleven o'clock at night to make a test, she was bewildered but ready. At midnight the cameras cranked and Miss Rainer emoted. Next morning the test was shown and the smoke-filled projection room reverberated with reverent, if slightly exaggerated, murmurs of "Genius."

Luise Rainer made "Escapade" with William Powell and thrilled audiences with her captivating personality. A new star had arisen.

Myrna Loy has long since patched up her own troubles and is now busy again, but the dove of peace didn't fly high before little Luise was well on her way to bigger movie accomplishments.

When you saw "Way Down East," did you pause to wonder why Rochelle Hudson was entrusted with a role as important as that of the heroine of this famous tear-jerker? Here's the reason.

Janet Gaynor, who was originally cast for the part, walked out of the picture. She said she was ill. The meanies claimed temperament. The "in the know" guys argued for studio politics. But the point is, Miss G. was out.

With the wardrobe made to fit Janet, the problem was to find an ingenue who could step into her shoes—and dresses and hats. After testing Rochelle Hudson, studio heads decided she could play the role without so much as putting in a tuck or letting down a hem. So, you see, even the ability to slide into a Winsome One's clothes may prove a golden opportunity.

And so, as Uncle Don signs off, let him warn movie stars that it may be important to look before you leap, but it is very wise to think before you walk. For the door that lets you out might let in a brighter star. Why add a *new* face to face when you walk back?

HERSHOLT HELPS OUT



BY MACK HUGHES

The Quints' movie doctor tells on them

GREAT Guy



BY HUGH ROBERTS

There's nothing small about Jimmy Cagney

JEAN HERSHOLT, the man who has played doctor to the most famous little girls in the world, the Dionnes, thinks this particular job is the most interesting of all his thirty-one years in the films. Hersholt admits, however, that it is thankless, supporting the wards of the King of England, but he is ever-willing to help out. It's not easy to get youngsters to like a total stranger, you know.

"Besides, Callender is a long way to go for a picture and the conditions we work under are not too good. That's why Mr. Zanuck is considering building a studio on the grounds. It wouldn't take much money and when you figure how much would be saved in time wasted, you realize it's well worth any cost.

"Every morning I had to be up at six and gray my hair in time to leave with other actors at six forty-five. By nine-fifteen we were back at the little hotel with nothing to do for the rest of the day. The children can only work for one hour a day and you can't get much done with five babies to photograph in an hour. Consequently, after about a week, none of us felt like speaking!

It's an easy job to kill time in New York or Hollywood, but in a small Canadian village where you don't know anyone and there is nothing to do, it's another question.

"Then too, all this waiting cost the studio money for the players have to be paid whether they are working or not. And of course there is the expense of carting up and back the props, grips, lights, cameras and all the equipment. If they build a studio there we could finish our work sooner and they would not have the cost of taking things back and forth each time."

We suppose that there are many actors that would feel their importance at such an assignment as Hersholt has with these world famous quintuplets, but you'd never know that he even suspected it was anything out of the ordinary. In fact, there was only once that there could be detected any trace of self satisfaction. This we recognized when he told us of his return to make the second picture with the darlings of Canada.

"I like to fool myself and think that the babies recognized me when

I returned," Hersholt said with a sly smile. "The fact is that I look to them like Dr. Dafoe, but they do seem to like me. I could tell this when I saw a little jealous look from Dr. Dafoe, but I can't blame him for they are his and I would feel just the same. I do think they will really remember me by next time we go back.

"It was a disappointment to see some of the cutest sequences in 'Five of a Kind' cut out. There was one scene in the picture where I was to take their pictures and just as I had them arranged all together Marie took to her feet and flew to a corner and sat. It wasn't in the script, but the cameras kept going so I walked over to retrieve her and just as I turned I saw the other four at work on the camera. They were pulling the film out by the yard. Well, Marie rushed ahead of me, pushed the others aside and began to stuff the film back into the camera. It was entirely spontaneous and couldn't have been done in weeks of filming, but they thought there was a little too much of the Quints in the picture as it was so that scene was cut."

THOSE WHO know him—and to meet him is to know him—claim that Jimmy Cagney is the tops. No side, no nonsense, no beating around the bush for friend Cagney. He speaks his piece, let the ax fall where it may. He has never "yessed" a soul from his mother to a movie executive, for which gent he usually doesn't have too much respect. At one time, Jim and his studio had a row, a rousing one. The newspapers kept the score for the public for days. The fight wasn't very fair, many thought. But there was no complaint from Cagney when he ultimately went back to work, having made an independent picture which proved to be too independent to make money.

Cagney likes good books, simple food and down-to-earth people. He doesn't put his neighbor on the pan and expects the same consideration and courtesy to be accorded him. He has a home in the West, where he works, and a cottage in the East, up in Martha's Vineyard. There, you can ride for hours and just when you think you're practically at the jumping-off place—the end of the

world—you're practically in the front drive of the Cagney estate. Pretentious seems a fitting description for a movie star's estate—but not for the Cagney variety.

"They all think we're crazy up there," Jim explained when we asked about it. "Last summer, an old fisherman saw Allen Jenkins down near the shore one afternoon and cornered him. 'Say, do you stay up there?' he asked, and pointed to the place. 'Sure, it's a great little spot, isn't it?' Allen replied. To his amazement, the old man just said, 'Oh,' and walked quietly away. We had a laugh when Al told us about it."

Before we let Mr. C. get to the forgetting stage we got him down to remembering a few of the old times—when he was still a struggling young actor, hoping for a break. There was an amusing incident about the time he was in vaudeville and did a bit of female impersonating that interested us no end. Now if you have an imagination you'll have to stretch it a bit to see Cagney in the role of a female. Never a more virile Irishman has

kissed the Blarney Stone than one James C.

A friend of Jim's had told me about the night when he was working down on Fourteenth Street in a show. It seems that one night just when Jimmy had finished his bit, it was discovered that the gal in the act had not shown up. However, the show must go on and Jim was it, with a capital "I." Out he went, wig and all, and did his stuff. That all seems years ago and funny to Jim now, but no doubt not half as funny as it did to the audience at the time.

"We had some great times back in the days when I was hoping for a job and even when I got one, which was pretty seldom, there was always that seventh day of rehearsal to worry about."

When Max Reinhardt arrived in Hollywood to make the picture industry his office for a short sojourn he was asked by the press whom he thought was the greatest actor in motion pictures. "James Cagney," he promptly replied. Yes, indeed, Mr. Cagney is a great guy and a splendid actor.



Let's go sightseeing and glimpse the little shacks the stars call home

WHEN *They're* **AT HOME**



After a dizzy day of playing somebody's scatter-brained wife, Billie Burke relaxes in the quiet surroundings of this charming Beverly Hills home. Here she lives with her pretty daughter, Patricia Ziegfeld.

When Errol Flynn isn't acting, globe-trotting or otherwise disappearing, he comes home to this little shack (lower left). It hangs precariously on the side of a hill in a setting as untrammelled as its dashing occupant.

Classic simplicity and restful spaceousness bespeak the good taste of William Powell, who owns the beautiful home at top, right. Bill has been taking a long enforced rest, but you'll soon be seeing him again.

Claudette Colbert's sunny home in Holmby Hills stands in the midst of a charming garden and commands a broad view of the sparkling blue Pacific. Here Claudette retreats between those too infrequent pictures.

GOOD News

BY LOIS SVENSRUD



What's this? Sonja and Tyrone back together again? Well, now and then!

The sables are on Miss Lombard, of course—but why the sulk on Gable?

We've just heard about Hedy Lamarr's big passion. It's not Reginald Gardiner but pecan crunch ice-cream. The gallant Gardiner brings a pint along every time he comes to call. The other evening he arrived, handed Hedy the paper bag and sighed, "The things I do for Austria!"

That other glamor girl, Virginia Weidler, prefers a vanilla cone dipped in chocolate syrup. John Barrymore happened on her at the commissary as she was going to work on one. "What, in heaven's name, is that?" he inquired. "It's swell," said Virginia. "I'll treat you." The Barrymore profile in a chocolate syruped ice-cream cone was something to see!

In "The Great Man Votes," Virginia Weidler and Peter Holden play a strenuous fight scene. After the fourth take, they walked over to Director Garson Kanin and said, "We think we could do it better if we tried it again." Impressed, the director consented and after the take announced it was perfect. "We thought we were good the first time," said Peter. "We just didn't want to go back to school."

For his role in "The Little Princess," Arthur Treacher had to have curly hair. The hot lights melted out marcells in no time, so there was nothing to do but undergo a permanent wave. You know, girls, how sometimes they'll go fuzzy—and that is just what happened to poor Mr. Treacher's permanent. With the result that every day he had to have it set with great care. "Don't look now," Treacher begged in anguished tones when he appeared on the set in the morning. "Wait 'til I get these bobby-pins out of my hair."

As you know, divorce proceedings have been started in the Harmon Nelson vs. Bette Davis case. Though the two have been caught holding hands at night-spots, there definitely will be no reconciliation. Bette's sold that swanky hillside place and moved into a Beverly Hills home with none of the former trimmings—swimming pool, tennis court or "Ham."

Ring out the old, swing in the New Year and





Attention, fans of Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman, Michael Whalen and Ilona Massey! Nifty quartet, eh?

Overheard after the preview of "The Great Waltz" in which Miliza Korjus makes her debut: "That's the first time I knew Mae West could sing like Jeanette MacDonald."

Though Metro took forty-five pounds off their Viennese import before she was allowed to appear before the camera, the neighbors report that the Gorgeous Korjus still bicycles around the block twenty times every morning.

Tip to girls who like all the comforts of home with none of its inconveniences: Margaret Lindsay has moved her mother, kid sister and furniture from Dubuque, Ia. into a Hollywood house. But Maggie's had one side of the house made over into an apartment of her own—with a quarantine sign painted on the adjoining door.

Out on the set of "Newsboy's Home," Jackie Cooper was having a tough time with his lines. "They tell me," he remarked after the third correction, "that Barrymore can read his lines off a blackboard." "Let's get going, Jackie," said Director Young, "this is no time for professional jealousy."

With Santa Anita again the Place To Go, Stu Ewin offers our readers his exclusive foolproof formula for beating the nags. When the urge comes upon you to smack a few samolas on a horse, says Stu, write down all the names of entrants in each race on slips of paper. Then put slips in a hat. Then throw the hat out the window. You can't lose.

Dead Ender Gabriel Dell is so smitten with the charms of Loretta Young's sister, Georgianna, that he's gone out and bought himself a garage. "This movie business is precarious," Gabriel says. "A guyotta have regular work to support a wife and family."

That gateman out at Metro is still getting the razz for not letting Garbo on the lot. Returning to the studio her first day, Garbo found the old gate barred and wandered around to the new entrance. "Hold everything, lady," yelled the gateman. "Howz about your pass?" "I'm Miss Garbo," said the lady. "Oh yeah?" answered

Metro's trusted custodian of the gates. "You extras can't pull that stuff on me. Now run along. I want to be alone."

Whether or not Greta will become Mrs. Stokowski is still shrouded in deepest mystery. Latest information is that the boy friend is still at Santa Barbara and Greta herself is seeking solitude at a Victorville ranch.

On the "Made For Each Other" set, Carole Lombard and Jimmie Stewart got along fine until the day they had to outfit Bonnie Belle, a month-old baby, for a scene. "You told them square," said Carole. "Triangular," insisted Jimmie, his mouth full of pins, "let me show you." A prop man, recently a father, settled the dispute by folding Bonnie Belle's underpinnings in a neat wedge shape and the show went on.

Bonnie Belle, with a total working day of four minutes, collected \$73.50 for the week. Social Security got the extra \$1.50—old age pension, you know.

Since Clark Gable bought himself that roadster just like Mickey Rooney's, Mickey's been seen flashing around in a chromium and pearl-grey multi-cylindere model. To meet the monthly payments, Mickey admits he has had to sacrifice the services of Sylvester, his valet.

If you happened to see a news syndicate picture of Clark Gable standing in front of a microphone rearranging his tie prior to going on the air, you may like to know the story behind that incident. Publicity men asked Gable to readjust his tie to show a touch of pretended nervousness. Gable protested that he would be sure to be labeled as one of those "vain Hollywood actors," but the photogs assured him he needn't worry. The reaction was exactly as Gable had predicted. Newsmen commented that Gable had at last been caught off guard and revealed as conceited as the rest of them. Truth is that immediately after the picture was shot, the tie came clear off, the collar was loosened and Gable pitched into his work.

Lucille Ball was approached at a party by a gentleman the other night. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" he inquired. "Yep," said Lucille, "I'm that tired wench you've probably seen in RKO's last six pictures."

come along with us for a glimpse behind the Hollywood social scene



Orchids to three song-birds,
Lily Pons, Nelson Eddy
and Gladys Swarthout.

"So it's milk makes you that
way," Marie Wilson twits
Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom.

Lucille gets a comparative snap in "Beauty For The Asking," her current opus. She doesn't get kicked in the—er—picture once. In fact, she gets pretty nice treatment and was given special privileges on the set the other day. As a beauty operator, the script called for her to apply a mud-pack. "With pleasure!" said Lucille, and whammed a fistful of mud into the victim's face with greater gusto than has been displayed by all the Academy winners put together.

The reconciliation of Edmund Lowe and his wife, it is rumored, was caused by Mrs. Lowe's crashing the Hollywood Athletic Club to talk things over. Lowe had moved in there because of the ban put on women visitors. Attired in one of her husband's suits, Rita Lowe had no trouble at all getting past the front desk.

There isn't a romance in sight for Ginger Rogers, according to her own statement. "I haven't time," she says. "I'm working constantly on pictures and in between times working for a vacation."

Over at Paramount, Martha Raye's fallen heir to Marlene Dietrich's dressing-room. But you'd never recognize it as the same place. Drapes have gone up over half the walls—which, you'll remember, were entirely of mirrors so La Dietrich could view herself from every angle. "The less I see of myself from any angle, the better I like it," avers Martha.

Friends are accusing Bing Crosby of taking a press agent praisery job on the side while in Bermuda. Generally reserved about the charms of everything except golf and Dixie, he's been boosting Bermuda ever since his return. When Gary Evans was asked if he was glad to get home and see the twins again he said, "Nope. I like being the whole cheese."

Since the Dracula and Frankenstein pictures have swept the country in a fresh wave, theatre marquees have been blazing "We Dare You To See This Double Horror! Can You Take It?" Robert Young and his wife were really taken the other night. Admiring the frankness of the theatre owner, they bought tickets expecting to see an ordinary double feature.

Universal's hard at work on another Frankenstein chiller, with the toughest assignments falling to the make-up men who get to the studio at six every morning. Boris Karloff's make-up alone takes four hours. But Bela Lugosi presents the worst problem. He has to have his neck broken every morning, since according to



the script he was hung but saved in the nick of time. This, happily, all transpired before the picture went before the cameras.

At a local theatre the other Sunday, a man asked the manager for permission to return in an hour. He didn't want to miss the Jack Benny broadcast. Pocketing his ticket, stamped "Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment," he left for the nearest radio.

Which brings to mind Adolphe Menjou's remark that women's hats are his best entertainment.

Oren Haglund, that assistant director, is sooooo much in love with Pat Lane that she could give up her press agent this minute and still have her charms publicized plenty. Other day on the set of "Yes, My Darling Daughter," conversation ran to the best pictures of the month. After one or two films had been discussed, Oren could contain himself no longer. "Haven't you folks seen 'Four Daughters?'" he asked. "Say, that's right," put in Pat, "those Ritz brothers shouldn't be overlooked."

On the same set, Genevieve Tobin is already taking orders from her husband of a few months, William Keighley, who's directing the picture. After a particularly tough correction, Keighley called

his wife over and explained that he didn't want anyone to think he was getting sentiment mixed up in business. "Sentiment!" exclaimed Miss Tobin. "By now they've chalked up our acquaintance as just another Hollywood rumor."

At Selznick's, sets are springing up all over the lot for "Gone With the Wind." Perhaps they're going to take Gable's suggestion and shoot around Scarlett all through the picture.

For her role in "Beauty For The Asking," Frieda Inescort has to be not only plain, but downright homely. Other morning she appeared for her nine o'clock call all done up in satin and silver fox. "I got up two hours early to look like this," she admitted, "I'm not going to run any chances of getting a script inferiority complex."

Anne Shirley and John Payne's marriage has consisted largely of seeing one another off on location trips and personal appearance tours. After Anne had waved goodbye at the airport to John and his bevy of beauties—Olivia De Havilland, Margaret Lindsay, Jane Bryan and Marie Wilson—on their recent convention trip, John settled back with a deep sigh. "It's a shame," he said, "just when Anne's really getting somewhere with my cooking lessons."

When Rosalind Russell, Jimmie Stewart and others in the cast



Nancy Kelly's the colleen behind those gardenias, and Franchot Tone's the lad with her this time.

of the "Silver Theatre" read through the script to the satisfaction of Producer Conrad Nagel, that courteous gentleman invariably says, "Fine, now shall we try it on the mike?" Other day at rehearsal, Rosalind Russell spotted Joan Fontaine, Conrad's girl friend, in the sponsor's booth, admiringly watching Producer Nagel. After a few words with Stewart and others in the cast, she went back to script reading. When Nagel asked his polite question again, he was almost knocked off his chair by a booming chorus of "No!"

Rosalind Russell and Jimmie Stewart, incidentally, are making their love scenes so convincing on this program that it sounds like the real stuff. And those on the inside say that since Rosalind's return from England, Jimmie Stewart has an option on all her spare time.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Morris have applied for a building permit in Beverly Hills. The only remarkable point about the above is that Mr. and Mrs. A. Morris are Tony Martin and Alice Faye. It's good news to their friends, and will be Good News for our next issue if divorce proceedings don't upset this new deal.

Out at Metro, the gate situation has caused considerable trouble. But not to Hedy Lamarr. Driving her car up to the old gate, now barred, she was informed that the entrance was only for pedestrians under the new ruling. "Okay," said Hedy, promptly locking her car, blocking the driveway and walking into work.

For "Pacific Liner" a huge ship-deck was constructed on one set and mounted on rollers. To lend the authentic touch, bona-fide gobs were transported from San Pedro for local color. But there was more local color provided than bargained for. When the set started rocking, a greenish pallor spread over the sailor boys' faces. Several rushed to the larboard rails and clung there. Consensus was that a good typhoon on the briny was preferable any day to another minute on Stage 17.

Who is the brunette belle, recently reconciled with her husband, a well-known star, who told friends that since she'd blown her \$30,000 settlement on a New York apartment, new clothes and a swanky car she might as well give Mr. Movie Star and his money another trial?

When Dick Powell chanced upon a bargain in Mongolian cat skins, he grabbed them with plans of a rug for his private den. But when he unwrapped them at home, Joan Blondell let out a squeal of delight, gave him a big hug for this thoughtfulness and rushed to the phone to consult her furrier. Dick still hasn't had the heart to tell her that the new sports coat she has in mind was formerly a rug in his mind.

In "Love Affair" you'll see Beverly Davis making her film debut. Beverly is the five-year-old daughter of Joan Davis. "I'll bet you're going to grow up and be an actress just like your mother," Irene

Jon Hall's off to England, alone, but he's taking along a trunkful of Frances Langford's records.



Dunne remarked on welcoming her to the set. "No," said Beverly. "I'm going to grow up and be an actress just like Alice Faye."

Andy Devine commissary routine: "I'm not hungry," he tells the waitress, "but let's see the program. Now," he continues dreamily, "let's see. Think I'll start with a little marinated herring, some of this vegetable soup, a tuna salad and a bit of apple pie. Coffee, of course." On his way out of the commissary he taps several pals on the shoulder and croaks, "The food in this place is certainly lousy."

Virginia Bruce is one girl in Hollywood who mourns she hasn't a thing to wear—and means it. It's all happened since she went on that house-building spree—one for herself in Bel-Air and another for her mother in Brentwood. The houses are completed now, but landscaping is the current headache. "Every time I find myself in the mood for a Chanel," Virginia says, "I catch myself in time and go out and buy a tree."

When Wendy Barrie and Victor McLaglen met the day they were starting a picture together, McLaglen extended such a limp paw for a greeting that Wendy asked if he was ill. McLaglen looked apologetic. "The last time I shook hands with a lady," he explained, "she carried her arm in a sling for a week. I'm not taking any chances now I know my strength."

Photographers around town are going to chip in and get Eleanor Powell an orchid one of these days. After doing strenuous dance scenes for "Honolulu," Eleanor was asked to do some of the numbers over again for the magazine photos. She not only did them, but did them gladly, and afterwards was more concerned over whether the boys got their pictures than over the aches in her famous feet.

Latest hang-out of the stars is the "Tropical Ice Gardens Ice Rink"—a palm-bordered ice phenomena that could only happen in Hollywood. Richard Greene has been a constant customer, practicing some of those fancy steps Sonja Henie taught him before she left town. His partner's been a UCLA co-ed, and not Arleen Whelan. Richard hasn't had a date with Arleen since Tyrone Power decided that red-heads with cute freckled noses were more his type.

W. C. Fields and Charlie McCarthy are feuding daily now that they're at work on "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man." W. C. claims that McCarthy's a dud but he admits Edgar Bergen is the cleverest guy in town. Says that whenever the phone rings at home Bergen picks up the receiver and says, "Hello, Charlie!"

Jack Oakie admits that he used to be so conceited no one could stand the sight of him. At last he had a heart-to-heart talk with himself and decided on a new way of life. "It wasn't long," he says, "before I woke up one morning realizing that now I was liked by everyone."

There is the case, too, of an English actor who was heading for Hollywood. Kind-hearted friends offered to give him letters of introduction. "Don't bother," said the actor. "Anybody who is anyone will make the effort to meet me."

Out on the set, the Dead End Kids were in the midst of a football game, when Billy Halop suddenly pulled himself out of the huddle, "Heck," he said, "I gotta go take my psychology test." "Don't kid your pals," said Bobby Jordan, "psychopathic test's what yuh mean."

Root out your mother's scrap-books, girls, and get one step ahead of the fashions. After Ginger Rogers appears in "The Castles," the chiffon dancing dresses, dutch bonnets and starched lace, Castle bob and that black velvet band holding down the eyebrows, Minnehaha effect, will probably be the new craze. And Fred Astaire is so enthused about Irene Castle's lessons in the bunny-hug that he's giving her free lessons in swing.

"Stanley and Livingstone" is Fox Studio's biggest problem at the moment. With two years of research and hundreds of thousands sunk into the African expeditions, the picture is now being held up due to casting difficulties. Spencer Tracy, in the role of Stanley, is the only one definitely set. And the hunt goes on for Livingstone. The other day the cullud boy who shines the exec's shoes burst into a conference which was being held. "Ah," said Spencer Tracy, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

Marie Wilson showed up at the studio the other day with a very black eye. "It was a door I ran into," she explained, "though maybe it looks more like Nick and I have at last come to an understanding."



What, no Walter Wanger?
No, this time it's David Niven
with pretty Joan Bennett.



Above, Virginia Bruce and J.
Walter Ruben. Below, Edgar
Bergen with Helen Woods.



That party put me on the front page!

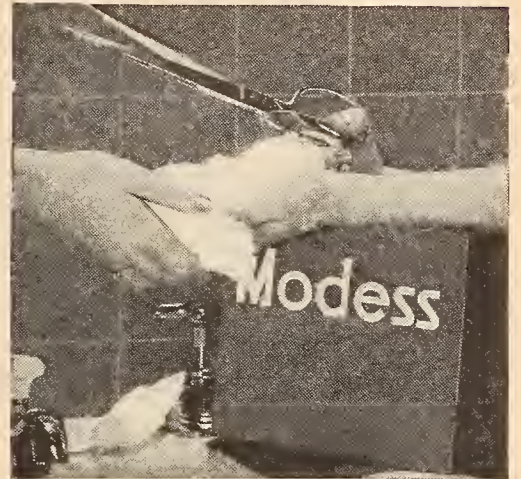
"Hurry!"—the editor barked. "Grab a cab! Jump into your evening clothes! You're covering that Van Dyke blow-out tonight!" It was my big chance . . . but instead of being thrilled, I could have cried. Why—oh, why—I wailed inwardly, does Avis Van Dyke have to bow to society tonight!



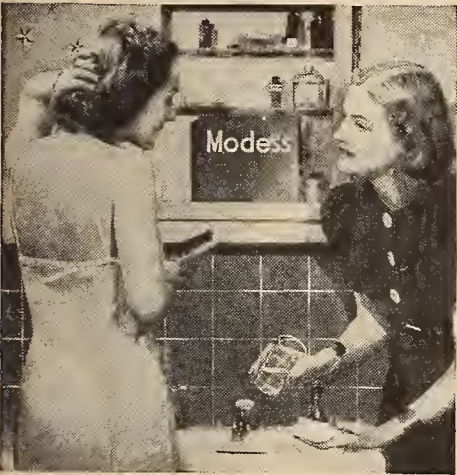
I stopped just long enough to phone my roommate. "Elsie"—I begged—"be a lamb and press my green evening dress. I've got to report a debutante party tonight! Wouldn't you know a break like this would come at a time like this? Honestly, I'm so chafed and irritable I could scream!"



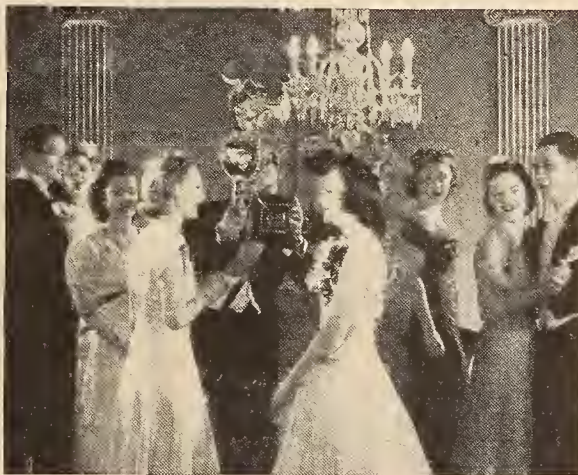
"What would you do without me?"—Elsie greeted me gaily, waving a blue box. "Dress pressed . . . velvet wrap brushed . . . and a gift that will give you blissful relief! Take it, ducky—it's Modess—the greatest boon to womankind ever invented! I just discovered it myself this month . . . and it's a marvel."



I must have looked skeptical, for she flew to her sewing box—whipped out the scissors and cut a Modess pad in two! "Feel this," she commanded—thrusting a handful of soft, fluffy filler toward me. "That's what's in Modess! And that's why you'll not be bothered by chafing again!"



"And what's more," continued Elsie, "with Modess you can have an easy mind all evening—because it's *safer*! Watch . . ." And she took the moisture-resistant backing from inside a Modess pad and dropped some water on it. To my amazement, I saw that not a drop went through!



So—off I went, cheery as a cricket, to stalk debutantes and stags at play. I buzzed around, writing about fabulous jewels, fountains of champagne, and divine Paris dresses . . . with never a moment's worry . . . nor a single moment of chafing discomfort. And—wound up the evening with a story that even an old hand could be proud of!



"Whee! On the front page—with your name signed to it!" shrieked Elsie, brandishing the paper the next day. "You owe it all to Little Goody Two-Shoes who told you about Modess! And think," she added, "soft, *fluff-type* Modess costs no more than those *layer-type* pads we used to buy!"

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD—ASK FOR JUNIOR MODESS)

3 DELICIOUS WAYS

to save on food bills

DRESS UP
CHEAPER
MEAT CUTS
WITH TASTY
FRANCO-
AMERICAN



ADD SAVORY
GOODNESS TO
LEFT-OVERS WITH
FRANCO-
AMERICAN
SPAGHETTI



SERVE THIS
TEMPTING
SPAGHETTI
SOMETIMES AS
A MAIN DISH



*A "Millionaire's dish"
for less than 3¢ a portion*

• It's just like having an expensive chef in your kitchen to get spaghetti with a sauce like Franco-American. It's made with cheese . . . tomatoes . . . savory seasonings . . . eleven different ingredients. There's no work for you to do—just heat, serve and enjoy. The pictures above show only a few of the ways this delicious spaghetti makes food dollars go farther. A can holding three to four portions costs only ten cents. But be sure you get Franco-American. Order today.



IT'S THE KIND
WITH THE
Extra
GOOD SAUCE

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Send for FREE Recipe Book

Campbell Soup Company, Dept. 622
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free
recipe book "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

MID-YEAR CLASSICS



BM-3850. Raglan sleeves and ribbing yoke are becoming.

BM-3852. Contrasting colors in a new three-piece suit.

DOES your winter program include mid-year exams at school or just mid-year inspection at home or in a business office? Whichever it is, you'll come off with high marks and flying colors in either of the fetching knits illustrated here. The new sweater above is a honey, with raglan sleeves and a yoke of ribbing for variety. Try matching your fabric skirt to your knitted sweater. It's smart this season.

In the three-piece suit at right the short-sleeved undersweater and matching skirt are paneled both back and front in a combination seed and ribbing stitch. The long sleeved, zipper-fastened cardigan is knit in a second color. It has a low V-neck to show the contrasting undersweater. Can't you imagine how attractive it will be? Knitting directions for both sweater and suit are, of course, free. Fill in the coupon and let us send them to you without delay.



ANN WILLS, Modern Screen
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send, at no cost to me:

Knitting directions for BM 3850

Knitting directions for BM 3852

I enclose a stamped, self-addressed (large) envelope.

Name

Address

City State

Check one or both designs and please print name and address plainly.

BARBARA STANWYCK says "Want Romance? Then be careful about COSMETIC SKIN"



I USE COSMETICS
BUT I REMOVE
THEM THOROUGHLY
WITH **LUX TOILET
SOAP'S ACTIVE
LATHER**

TO pass the Love Test, skin must be smooth and soft. The eyes of love look close—and *linger*—would note the tiniest flaw. Clever girls use Lux Toilet Soap!

This gentle white soap has **ACTIVE** lather that removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*. It's so foolish to risk the *choked pores* that may cause Cosmetic Skin, dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores! Lux Toilet Soap leaves skin soft—smooth—*appealing*.

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"UNION PACIFIC"

Sue follows BARBARA STANWYCK'S advice— has skin that passes the LOVE TEST



I DON'T WANT **COSMETIC
SKIN** TO SPOIL MY LOOKS
SO I TAKE THE SCREEN
STARS' ADVICE. **LUX TOILET
SOAP** LEAVES SKIN SOFT
AND SMOOTH

9 out of 10 Screen

Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

HAVE THE MOVIES CHANGED YOU?

(Continued from page 43)

PREVENT CHAPPING*



*Get a Trial Bottle FREE!

For over 2 generations, Italian Balm has held the "first choice" vote, among all anti-chapping preparations, in Cold-weather Canada.

And, in the United States, its rapid rise to wide-spread popularity has been one of the sensations of toilet goods history.

So if your hands are dry, or rough and chapped, from housework or weather—test this famous Skin Softener at Campana's expense. Try it before you buy it!

Italian Balm contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest selling brands of lotion—yet its cost to use is negligible. It's wide-spreading—that's why! Not thin—watery—or wasteful. One drop (not a handful!) is the right amount for both hands per application. Get your FREE Vanity Bottle now. You be the judge.

Campana's
Italian Balm
Secret Formula—Exclusive Process

FREE

CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
602 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois
Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

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In Canada, Campana, Ltd., MG602 Caledonia Road, Toronto

into her imagination without making her envious. Supposing she lives in a little town in the middle west where, day in and year out, the only bright thing she sees is the gaudily painted gas station. Well, she has only to go across the street or around the corner to see motion pictures showing people in Paris, London, New York, their dress and manners. This doesn't mean she is going to try to be like them the moment she gets out of that movie house. We might just as well say that a poor girl in a city sees a beautiful gown or coat in a shop window and immediately starts walking the streets intent upon getting money to buy it.

IT'S far more likely that the picture-going girl in either a small or big town gains from movies a wider vision of people and their dress, just as she might from reading books. And rather than become dissatisfied with her own lot, she may well be bucked up by what she has seen and then and there determine to better it. She may be stirred by a new and worthy ambition to work harder and make more money so she can improve her appearance. I can't for the life of me see that she has been led into a temptation which threatens to be morally disastrous. That's all rot. It has been my observation that the usual reason for a girl's going either straight or otherwise is not the obvious, but the hidden, unsuspected thing.

"Love of finery," continued Miss Carroll, "may lead a silly girl to do silly things. But that has nothing to do with the screen. Pictures may, without any undue stretch of the imagination, stimulate a girl to work honestly for what she wants. So far as that goes, they are no more dangerous to her than copying patterns in fashion magazines would be. In going to pictures she is like the little girl who delights in reading about little princesses rather than girls like herself. Thank goodness, I'm still like that, too! The fact that she's a poor girl doesn't matter, doesn't mean temptation in the wrong direction. I've been as poor, probably poorer than any of them, so I know from experience.

"I tramped the London streets looking for a job when I had little to wear and less to eat. But when you are young you don't mind going hungry. All I bothered about was keeping as clean and neat as possible. I wasn't afraid of work, any kind to keep me going. Finally, when I was down to my last shilling, I got something to do, tutoring the six noisy, grimy children of a second-hand dealer. That job lasted till I got a small part in a play. I wanted nothing better."

When it was assumed that even then Miss Carroll might have had her heart set upon one day becoming a picture star, she surprised me by saying:

"I never wanted to go into pictures at all, except for a bit of crowd work to tide me over. The rest of it was wholly an accident, and is the only explanation of my being in Hollywood today. When I was playing on the stage with Robert Lorraine, he urged me to take a screen test with a hundred and fifty other girls for a part in 'The Guns of Loos.' I balked at the idea, but upon Lorraine's insisting that the widespread publicity of the contest would be good advertising for the play we were doing I let myself in for it. To my amazement, I was chosen."

"Since then I've been known as an English screen actress—another mistake.

There's not a drop of English blood in me. Though born in England, I'm a mixture of French and Irish. Because of this, I think I understand the American temperament which is a mixture of so many different strains. I can put myself in the place of the American woman. I hope I can, for in the two years I have been here America has done everything for me. I get lyrical on the subject. For one thing, I love the American attitude. It accepts you as a success before you have proven a failure. That acceptance in itself makes you a success. They want you to be one—and you are. Something in you rises to meet that gesture half-way. I don't wonder that Hollywood exerts a great influence on American girls and women, giving them ideas to better themselves generally, for it has given me everything."

Including a castle in Spain. It was only natural to wonder why Miss Carroll had bought it and what she was going to do with it.

"I bought it a month before the war broke out there because I like the Mediterranean," she explained, "and I'm going to live in it in my old age."

NONSENSE. Anyone could see with half an eye that Madeleine Carroll is as ageless as her wisdom. But this brought a merry peal and:

"Good heavens! That's an influence on women that even Hollywood can't claim. But it has made something blossom in my heart, something good which will always be there. I don't look for evil here, and since first setting foot in Hollywood I haven't found it. This is not a sales talk—I really mean it. If you like people they like you, and that makes you a normal human being. There you have Hollywood's influence on at least one woman, and I believe it extends to countless thousands of others."



Another Taylor—this time one-year-old Jackie—plays with Carole Lombard in "Made For Each Other."

All through your Beauty Sleep your skin *must* stay Awake

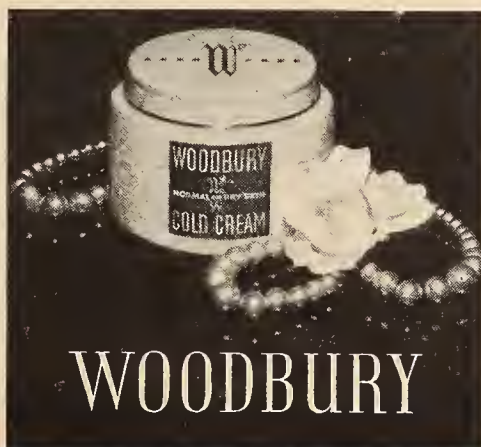


Like your heart, your skin must keep active 24 hours a day. Use this "skin-awakening" cream to help keep your skin appealing.

WHILE you sleep, your skin must be ceaselessly wakeful and working. Only so can your complexion hold the healthy "aliveness" that makes for cream-smooth texture and flawless clarity.

That's why it's such good cosmetic sense to use Woodbury Cold Cream night and morning. Your skin soon feels an awakening of its flagging energies. For Woodbury Cold Cream contains a skin-stimulating Vitamin, which helps the skin work actively. Woodbury Cold Cream is a basic cream

for beauty. It tones and stimulates the skin. It cleanses the pores thoroughly. It brings needful oils to soften your skin.



And in this cream you have germ-free purity to the very last dab in the jar.

To be alert, alive, busy for your beauty, your skin needs the cleansing, stimulating care of this skin-enlivening cream. Get a jar of Woodbury Cold Cream today! Only \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, at beauty counters.

YOURS... SMART NEW MAKE-UP KIT
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6701 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)

Please send me new Woodbury Make-up Kit, containing tube of Woodbury Cold Cream; attractive metal compacts of Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

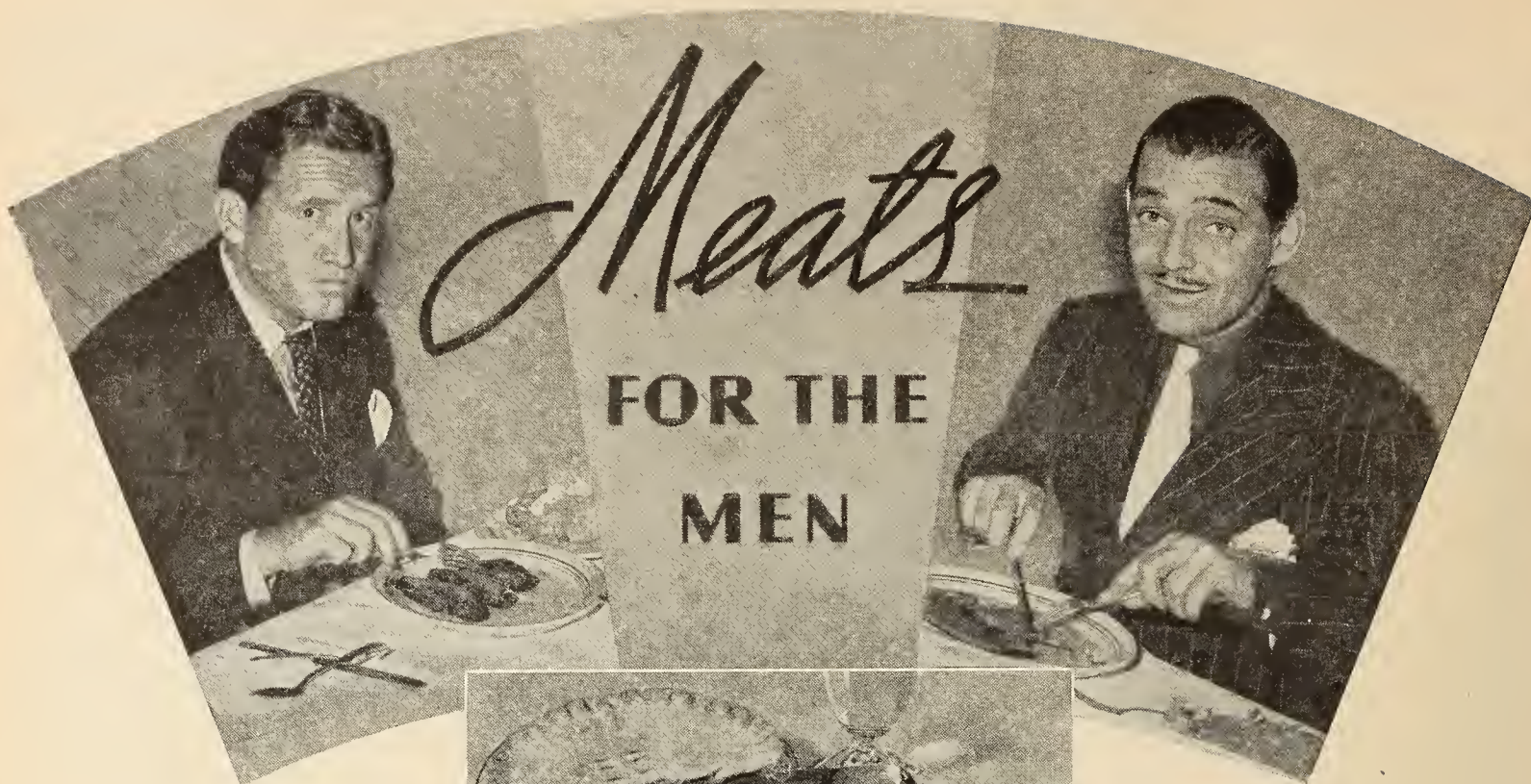
CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

CHAMPAGNE ☐
(For golden skin)

WINDSOR ROSE ☐
(For pink skin)

Name _____

Address _____



Good robust beef—roast, broiled or simmered in rich pan gravy—never fails to intrigue our favorite, Spencer Tracy.



Clark Gable goes for a mammoth ham steak. And, pictured at left, a Scotch meat pie—another pretty sure way to a man's heart.

Courtesy Campbell Soups

We'll help you vary your menus to tempt those fickle male appetites

BY MARJORIE DEEN

REMARKABLE, isn't it, how frequently meats come in for honorable mention when one asks a man to name his favorite dishes. True, he will generally speak of a special apple pie he once had at some friend's house, or talk with deep feeling about mother's famous chocolate cake! But, sooner or later, inevitably and enthusiastically, he will be off on the subject of meats.

I've certainly found this true in Hollywood. The replies I get from the menfolk serve to substantiate the evidence of my own eyes. Clark Gable, for example, will give his hearty okay to a triple decker ham sandwich on rye for lunch any old day of the week, while at other times you will find him, between scenes, in the studio restaurant disposing of a mammoth broiled ham steak, as when this picture was taken. Spencer Tracy, on the other hand, admits to a marked preference for beef, whether broiled, roasted or simmered in a rich gravy. And so it goes up and down the line. They all must have their meat.

There is one point, however, that should be emphasized, and that is that every man—whether film star in California or factory worker in New England—every man likes variety in his meats as well as in his meals. The best liked menu palls with constant repetition. The most highly favored roast loses its appeal upon too frequent appearance. And the woman who relies upon roasting and broiling as her only two methods of meat cookery is overlooking at least four other good bets. Because, you know, there are actually six methods of cooking meats, besides innumerable variations.

Would you like to know more about these six methods? Would the men of your household enjoy something new in the meat line one of these brisk winter evenings? Are you racking your pretty little head for some knockout menus which assure you, in advance, of the right accompaniments for the main dish? All right then, give ear. All this information is contained in the special free meat booklet we are offering you this month. And ssh! don't tell the men, but you might like to know in advance that this helpful

booklet also contains carving directions which will give you the right to look superior the very next time your lord and master can't seem to find the joint or the grain of the roast! The coupon at the end of this article will bring you all this useful information—and more besides.

In the meantime, however interested you may be in getting the booklet itself, be sure also to try the recipes given here. The first, a meat pie in the Scotch style, is about the best Sunday supper suggestion I've found in ages. The second, a flavorsome Ham Loaf with a peppy, tantalizing sauce, features Gable's preferred meat as a main course treat worthy of appearing at a company dinner. While the Russian Steak is as delicious as it is different. All have the economy feature to recommend them, while their general excellence and originality make them a hit with men the country over.

SCOTCH MEAT PIE

2 tablespoons butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons finely minced onion	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
1 pound ground beef	rich pastry for 2-crust pie
1 can (condensed) tomato soup	1 tablespoon melted butter

Cook the onions in the butter (or other fat) in a frying pan, until soft. Remove (and reserve) onions, add the meat to the butter and cook until barely browned. Blend in the soup, salt and pepper. Add the cooked onions, mix together thoroughly. Cool. Line a pie plate with rich pastry, rolled approximately $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Fill the pie shell with the cooled meat mixture. Moisten edges of the crust with cold water. Cover pie with top crust, press together firmly around rim of pie plate with floured fingers or tines of a fork. Brush top of pie with melted butter, cut slits to allow steam to escape. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) for 1 hour. Or bake in hot oven (450°F.) 15 minutes, then decrease heat to moderately slow (350°F.) and bake 15-20 minutes longer. Serve hot.

DEVILLED HAM LOAF WITH HOT MUSTARD SAUCE

- 1 1/4 pounds lean pork shoulder, ground
- 1 1/4 pounds smoked ham, ground
- 3/4 cup cracker crumbs
- 1 whole egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup canned bouillon
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 egg white, beaten stiff

Mix ground meats with the cracker crumbs. Beat whole egg slightly, add milk, bouillon, pepper and Worcestershire sauce. Combine with meat mixture, blend together thoroughly. Lastly, mix in stiffly beaten egg white, reserving yolk for the sauce. Form mixture into a loaf, place in slightly greased baking pan and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 1 1/2 hours. Remove loaf to hot platter, carefully. Garnish with sliced, stuffed olives and beets, if desired. And by all means serve with the following sauce, passed in a separate serving dish.

HOT MUSTARD SAUCE

- 1/4 cup butter or vegetable shortening
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1/2 cup canned bouillon
- 1/4 cup prepared mustard
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 1 egg yolk, beaten
- 1/3 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Melt the butter or vegetable shortening in top of a double boiler, over direct heat. Add the flour, bouillon, mustard and sugar. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Add a little of hot mixture to beaten yolk. Add slowly to remaining mixture in double boiler, stirring vigorously. Place over boiling water and cook for 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from heat, stir in lemon juice and Worcestershire. This sauce should be served immediately. However, any that may be left over can be reheated in the top of the double boiler with perfect results.

RUSSIAN STEAK

- 2 pounds round steak
- 1 cup sliced onions
- 4 tablespoons butter or other fat
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup sour cream

Have the butcher cut the meat into two steaks and ask him to pound these well with a meat hammer. (This can be done at home but it is easier to have it taken care of at the market.) Cut the meat into 3 inch squares. Melt the butter or other fat in large iron skillet or dutch oven. Sauté the onions in this until lightly browned. Remove onions and brown the meat in the fat. Sprinkle meat with the flour, salt and pepper, and add the cooked onions, then the water and sour cream. Cover tightly and simmer 2 hours, or until meat is tender. Serve in the gravy in which meat was cooked. Serve with noodles.



The Modern Hostess
Modern Screen Magazine
149 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Kindly send me, ABSOLUTELY
FREE, your 44 page meat booklet.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

How can a man forget so soon?



A year ago I marched down the aisle in my wedding veil. Bob promised to love me forever. But before very long, the quarrels began...



First it was his shirts. He said his mother used to wash them lots whiter. Gradually the nagging got worse—my curtains looked "dingy," my linens were a "disgrace." I thought he'd completely forgotten his promise, until...



My next-door neighbor caught me crying and promptly tossed my woes out the window. She told me my clothes had tattle-tale gray because they were only half-clean. She said I worked hard, but my lazy soap just didn't wash out all the dirt.



Quick as you please, I took her advice and changed to Fels-Naptha Soap. And glory, what a difference! That richer golden soap blended with gentle naptha hustles out every speck of dirt and my things simply shine like snow. Now Bob says he married a wonder. And I'm so glad that wonder is me!

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

CHILDREN CONSTIPATED?

Give them relief this
simple, pleasant way!



1. WATCH YOUR
youngster's face
brighten when you
give him a half-tab-
let of Ex-Lax. No
struggle to get him to
take a laxative. Chil-
dren actually *love* the
delicious chocolate
taste of Ex-Lax!

2. HIS SLEEP
is not disturbed after
taking Ex-Lax. It
doesn't upset little
tummies or bring on
cramps. Ex-Lax is a
mild and gentle lax-
ative... ideal for
youngsters!



3. THE NEXT
morning, Ex-Lax
acts... thoroughly
and *effectively*! No
shock. No strain. No
weakening after-
effects. Just an easy
comfortable bowel
movement that
brings blessed relief.

Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the
family—the grown-ups as well as the young-
sters. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.
Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

COUGHS!

Get After That Cough
Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry
or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny
glands in your throat and windpipe often turn
into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes
you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour
out their natural moisture so that the annoying
phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly
your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why
neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use
Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for
children and grownups. Many physicians have
prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's
safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN

The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

THE TIME, THE PLACE, THE GIRL

(Continued from page 44)

large city, for some really grand evening affair, okay on the mascara. Or you could put it on for the theatre, or for dining in a smart restaurant. But not for playing bridge, where you'll have a strong light shining on you all evening. If you live in a small town, be guided by what the other nice girls do. Above all, don't use eye make-up at all unless you really need it. If you do look drab without it, perhaps at a country club dance or something like that you might indulge.

Do, if you are under twenty and not a "big" girl, take advantage of the many charming variations in the dirndl style. They're made for you and you alone. Wear 'em while you can—a velvet street length one for afternoon, or a wasp-waisted, mile-wide skirt one for evening. If you are a big girl, steer clear of this style, even though you're young.

Don't—you young people—wear your hair up except in the evening. Up hair with down hat is terrible, and every simple, sports type of hat is a down hat, I don't care what anybody says. I paid a visit to the spouse's office the other day. The high-powered sekretary came in on her way out to lunch. A simple felt beret was perched on top of a high hairdo. It looked all wrong. A more elaborate, tip-tilted hat was needed.

IN a department store, a belle waited on me. She turned to open a stocking drawer, and I noticed that the back of her hair, which was brushed up and secured with little combs, was all bristly looking at the back, where the hair had been cut for her previous down-hanging bob. For evening, this could have been hidden with some sort of ornament.

However, there is such a thing as an upward feeling in hair arrangement which may do a lot for you, no matter what your age. What made me think of this was a feature I saw in a magazine recently. There were photographs of several well-known women, not one of whom is a beauty at all, at all. Kate Smith. Fannie Brice, Elsa Maxwell, Mrs. Roosevelt. Some others. Alongside each photograph was a clever sketch which showed how the lady might look if she did thus and so.

In each case, it was a lift in the hair, in front, which either took pounds off the lady's face, or years off her life, or revealed an unsuspected fine forehead or widow's peak, or something of the sort. In each case, too, the uplift added distinction and charm to a face where beauty and prettiness was lacking. Young people can achieve this lift with two soft curls on each side of a center part, as Deanna Durbin does sometimes. It does add height to her young round face.

Now I don't suppose I need to tell any of you young people that false eyelashes aren't exactly in good taste for you. You know this already. But, of course, going to the other extreme is the girl who is so athletic that she allows herself no feminine foibles at all. She is very fond of sports. All right. But her skin, while healthy and unblemished, could almost be described as weatherbeaten. I cannot think of a single shade of powder or rouge which would do a thing for this type. Powder just doesn't belong on that outdoor skin. And she knows it. However, there's no law against using a little cream on it at night. Just to soften it a tiny bit and keep that too, too hardy look away—a look neither becoming nor womanly.

And, since this young lady is closer to thirty than to twenty, why not a gay dash of lipstick and some reshaping of a mouth which is poor in outline and pale in color. And those eyebrows—how about a little pruning? They are inclined to run all over her face. With these few little attentions and artifices, a face which is not pretty-pretty and never will be, could nevertheless gain chic and added femininity.

IT is hard to put over what I want to say. If I could only sketch, and show you, first, how certain folks actually look and, second, how they might look with the least little change in the world. But as I happen to be one of those dim-wits who can't draw, I'm doing the best I can with words.

The chief point I'm trying to get over is this: don't go to extremes about make-up. Don't use everything on the counter, on the one hand, or nothing at all, on the other. Don't excuse yourself by saying you know you're not a beauty, and you can't seem to get the knack of putting the stuff on. If you can afford it and have access to a really smart beauty parlor, trot in and say, "Here, what can be done for me—without putting too much goop on my face?"

However, if there isn't a really smart beauty parlor for a thousand miles, keep trying by yourself. Experiment in privacy, and look at the results in a good strong light. Then try your new beauty trick in public.

The changes which have taken place in the movie stars illustrate, I think, the one important point in the acquisition of good taste. You older fans, think back upon the appearance of your favorite stars



It's "Flirting With Fate" in any language when Joe E. Brown gets up to do the rhumba.

of ten or fifteen years ago. You younger fans, think of the old photographs you've seen in this magazine occasionally. There was always much hair, concealing foreheads, covering ears, piled up on the head, not in the small, neat head-conforming manner of today, but messily, looking as if it hadn't been properly combed.

But nowadays, generally speaking, there isn't a better groomed, better coiffed group of women than the stars anywhere in the world. Clean, simple lines prevail. In make-up a certain haywire-ness still prevails, but it is a mighty clever haywire-ness. The make-up begins with a cleansed face, and a skin as perfect as scientific diet, proper exercise and constant care can make it.

Then, although every aid to facial glamor may be used, all these aids are put on with very consummate care, so that the final effect may be soft, unobvious as possible. Powder is put on thickly and then brushed off until it gives that soft, "mat" effect. Lips are outlined first with brush or pencil so that, even though an artificial line may be created, it isn't a smudgy and amateurish artificial line. Then the lipstick is blotted. The lines are drawn around the eyes, or the eyeshadow is quite frankly laid on pretty heavily, and smudged or blended with oil so that there is never a hard line of demarcation anywhere.

OF course I know as well as you that these stars spend hours on themselves. They have tons of money and all the finest experts in the world right in their immediate vicinity. You haven't. Most of you must work out your beauty destiny for yourselves. But what I'm getting at is don't copy from the appearance of these stars the most obvious point in their personal adornment. Their mouth make-up, their eye make-up, their more elaborate coiffures.

Don't copy these things, I say, unless you have the basic matters down first: the good skin, and the cleverness and skill with which their war paint is put on. And don't copy these things, anyway, if you're very young, or living in a simple, unsophisticated community, or holding down a rather sedate job. Copy, instead, the trigness and trimness of some star's figure, her cleverness about clothes, if she is your type, her neat and meticulous grooming.

Phew! Anybody who tries to write about good taste is a perfect simpleton. It just can't be defined. However, I hope these random thoughts and examples I've cited may help you a little.

I hope, too, you'll write for the sample lotion offered this month. This lotion is just bound to be a big help in taking the "Brrr" out of winter because it helps keep the hands and skin from chapping and roughening under temperature changes. It's so easy to use lotion, very good . . . and economical, too, because it's guaranteed not to thicken . . . not a drop wasted! A few drops on shoulders, arms and hands completes loveliness. And it can be used as a powder base, too, because it makes powder cling with just the right degree of persistency. It's a lotion you want to be acquainted with, so send for the generous trial bottle now.

Mary Marshall
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE
149 Madison Avenue
New York, New York

Please send me the generous trial sample of lotion.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE



"Hey, hey! What's all this ki-yi about? The neighbors will think I've got you both by the tail!... Oh, sure, it's okay to yelp when something hurts—I always do myself. But what is it, anyway?"



"Chafed, eh? Well, to be sure... your tummy scrapes on every step! Your chassis is too underslung, that's all."



"Matter of fact, mine is too. See? Why don't we try the up-on-the-hind-legs stuff the grown-ups do?"



"Oh, you have tried it... and it didn't work. Aw shucks!... But wait—got an idea... Johnson's Baby Powder!"



"Say! When you're slicked over with that lovely, soft, slippery powder, you'll simply glide down the stairs!"



"Leave it to Johnson's to keep a fellow's skin smooth and comfortable! It doesn't cost much, either—so why don't you get some for your baby?"

**JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER**

Copyright, 1939, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

MRS. TEMPLE'S DEEP SECRET

(Continued from page 31)

Mrs. Temple unduly praise her child, or even indirectly solicit praise for her. Never once had I heard this remarkable mother make the slightest comment which would train the spotlight on Shirley. Now, Gertrude Temple was out of character.

There was a reason for it—an important reason! As we sat spasmodically talking, there was something new in this woman's face, something new in her tone and her attitude towards Shirley. Her eyes were following the child with an intense concentration.

"She's grown, hasn't she? She'll be grown up before we know it. And she's becoming more self-reliant. I am so glad!"

Little phrases, meaningless on the surface. But significant in the light of the things she was to tell me in the next half hour. There were fine lines etched around Gertrude Temple's mouth. A drawn, harried look was in her eyes.

WHEN the scene was done, we climbed to an upper level, where Shirley's trailer was parked. In this perambulating dressing room she rested, ate her lunch and studied her lessons.

A bright-faced, alert, twinkly-eyed woman came over to speak to us. "This is a friend of mine, Mrs. —. We have known each other since long before Shirley was born," Mrs. Temple introduced us. Then turning to her, she asked, "Shirley is eating her lunch?"

"Yes, I'll straighten her hair for the next scene as soon as she's finished."

Now, the care of Shirley's hair has been

a legend in Hollywood. No other hands but her mother's had ever touched those famous curls. She washed them tenderly. She curled them on her fingers. Pinned them carefully. Laced ribbons through them herself when the role required it. No hair-dresser, no wardrobe woman, no make-up artist for Shirley. Her mother did what was necessary. She attended to every slight detail of Shirley's needs.

And yet now, to another woman was relegated a mother's cherished domain. It added to my perplexity and suspicion that something was wrong. Mrs. Temple's eyes followed the competent figure of her friend.

"Shirley adores her. It makes it easier." And then Gertrude Temple began to speak, hesitantly, as if each word were only now giving complete pattern to her fear.

"I'm going to the hospital for a serious operation as soon as this picture is over. And I am afraid—not for myself, but for Shirley. If something should happen—" For a moment she was silent, as if weighing the dread possibility.

"Boys get along when a mother leaves them—and my boys are almost grown in any event. Shirley needs me—she's so very little. She'll be needing a lot of care as she grows older—not physical care, but emotional guidance. Someone who is young enough to understand her, to appreciate her problems, to keep step with her as she grows into adolescence.

"I am not worrying about Shirley's career. The studio will look after that phase. But I am worrying about Shirley as a delicately attuned human entity.

"I have never discussed Shirley's remarkable qualities. I have never wished her placed in the category of a prodigy. But she definitely has a comprehension, an instant grasp of detail and involved fact which is singular in a child of her age.

"She has a joyous spirit, loves to tease and play pranks. She has warmth, tenderness, sensitivity. I want to be certain that these qualities are guarded and developed.

I HAVE in my own family a woman I near and dear to me who would happily devote her life to Shirley. But she is well past middle life. She is entitled to serenity, to complete lack of complication to the end of her days. And the care of a growing girl can become a burden.

"So when I realized that I might not get well, I tried to find someone to take my place in Shirley's life. This friend, whom you have just met, is the woman I hope can help. I haven't told her why I have asked her along on several recent occasions. She is under the impression that I am not well enough to do everything for Shirley, and have asked her here for my own sake.

"My real reason, of course, is that I want her to learn every detail about Shirley—her little traits, her small, endearing habits, her requirements. Shirley is an extraordinarily patient child, with a well-developed sense of justice. These things must be understood about her.

"In addition, I want Shirley to get very close to this fine, lovable woman. If I don't come out of my illness, I know that

**LOVE IS SUCH
A PRECIOUS
THING!**

**WHY RISK LOSING IT WITH DRY,
LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN?**

I THINK YOU'RE JUST
SILLY TO RISK GET-
TING DRY, LIFELESS
"MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
YOU KNOW HOW MUCH
A LOVELY COMPLEXION
MEANS TO A MAN!

BUT WHY DO
YOU THINK
PALMOLIVE
WOULD HELP
MY SKIN?
WHY IS IT
DIFFERENT FROM
OTHER SOAPS?

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE
WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS
BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY
NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN
SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S
WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD
FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!

AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS
MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND
PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS
REALLY DIFFERENT! IT
CLEANSES GENTLY YET SO
THOROUGHLY, KEEPS PORES SO
CLEAN AND HEALTHY, LEAVES
COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

I GUESS I'D BETTER TAKE
YOUR ADVICE AND USE ONLY
PALMOLIVE, TOO! THAT
"SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"
OF YOURS CERTAINLY
WORKS LIKE A CHARM
WITH THE MEN!

IT'S MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!
THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS
SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN
SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

PALMOLIVE



When Claire Trevor's in a picture you just know there'll be good acting. Her next will be "Stagecoach."

she will help Shirley to make adjustments, transitions.

"Shirley will have more problems than the average youngster as she grows older. She will have to be advised and guided in her adult relationships to others. She will have to develop extraordinary resources within herself against greed and selfishness and flattery. She will need wisdom and farsightedness. I have made every effort to lay the foundations for these qualities. But the process must go on. A career child, unless surrounded by loyalty and love, is at an overwhelming disadvantage.

"I want Shirley to grow normally, to have intelligent guidance and a sincere love on which to lean. I can depend on this friend to carry on. No one knows what I am doing, not even my family. I know you will guard this secret now—and use judgment in revealing it later."

Almost two years later, on the set of "The Little Princess," Mrs. Temple and I recalled the time when she faced a consuming fear. We went over the details of what she had then told me. She added, "I remember the night before I went to the hospital. My will had been made and signed. I had gone over the household matters carefully, checked over supplies and budgets and linens and silver, given careful instructions for the proper physical care of my family while I was to be in the hospital.

"Everything was done. My worldly affairs were in order. I went into the library to get a few favorite books to take with me to the hospital. And then I felt a small hand slip into mine. Shirley had come in so quietly I hadn't heard her.

"She looked up at me confidently. 'Don't be afraid, Mummy. God will take care of you.' I had to run quickly to hide my tears from her.

"God did take care of me. On many a night of pain, when I was so low that I seemed to be at the end of the road, I would remember Shirley's words, 'God will take care of you.' And her faith gave me new strength to fight. She had faith in God's goodness and care. Could I have less?"

Shirley came skipping over to have her hair-ribbon tied more securely. Again the thought came to me, that of the fortunes showered by Fate on Shirley the greatest is her remarkable mother.

As I watched the unity between mother and child, the almost tangible love, I thought to myself, "God is good to spare this woman for her child."

This is not only the story of a time when Mrs. Temple chose a stand-in mother for Shirley. It is the story of a courageous woman who faced a crisis gallantly!

MARY'S COME-CLOSER SMILE
"HAS WHAT IT TAKES"

MARY SAYS, IT'S REALLY HER
TOOTH POWDER
THAT "HAS WHAT IT TAKES"
—IRIUM



Only PEPSODENT Powder has IRIUM*

to erase unsightly surface-stains from teeth . . .
reveal their full pearly luster!

● Want a "Come-Closer" Smile . . . the kind you've always admired . . . always desired? Then do as millions do—switch to Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM! 30 million sales prove it *has what it takes!*

But how can this tooth powder do so much? . . . Because only Pepsodent Powder contains remarkable IRIUM. Never before has there been so effective a cleansing ingredient in *any* tooth powder . . . *that's why!*

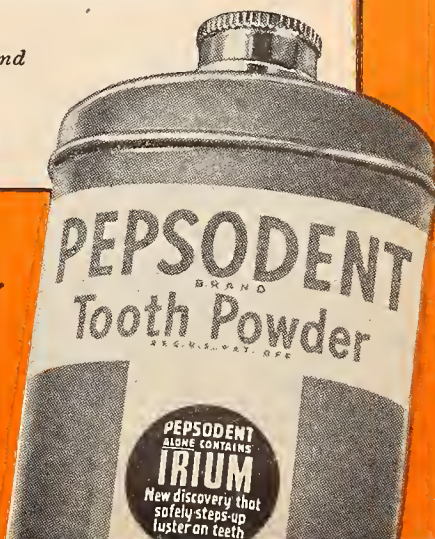
You'll see Pepsodent Powder with IRIUM quickly reveals the full natural sparkle of your teeth! Does it easily . . . effectively . . . for it gently brushes away *masking* surface-stains—polishes teeth to dazzling natural brilliance in record time!

Yet Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM is SAFE! Contains NO BLEACH, NO GRIT, NO PUMICE. Buy it today!

*Registered Trade Mark for Pepsodent's special brand of Purified Alkyl Sulfate

25¢ and Larger Economy Size

FOR A COME-CLOSER SMILE
START TODAY THE IRIUM WAY
with PEPSODENT
POWDER



ON HOOKIN' A HUSBAND

(Continued from page 50)

would be up at six o'clock. If he didn't ask her now, he never would. Bachelors who have stayed bachelors until thirty-five have long experience at escaping, and Shirley realized that it was necessary to crowd him a bit. He was in love with her, she knew that. But the trouble with him was, he had had no experience at proposing.

The past week had been hectic. It had begun by their quarreling, parting, and agreeing never to see each other again. That was Saturday evening at Big Bear, where Ken had driven her to spend the week-end with her family. She had known him for almost a year. They had been out together a lot, they had gotten along beautifully. That was the trouble. All sweetness and nonsense. Nothing serious. No quarrels. Then that evening on the way to Big Bear they had suddenly had a spat. He was jealous about something or other, some little thing she had said. And bang, Shirley knew right then and there that they were in love.

"Goodbye!" he said, as he left her at her family's house in Big Bear.

"Not coming in?"

"No, I should say not."

"All right, goodbye to you!" And he drove off in a huff.

"What's the matter?" Shirley's mother asked when she came in. "I thought he was going to stay for the week-end, too."

"No," Shirley replied smiling. "He's never going to see me again. Isn't that wonderful?"

Her mother looked puzzled. "I don't see what's so wonderful about it. I thought you liked him. I thought—"

"That's just why it's so wonderful. Don't you see, Mother? Now I know he's really in love with me."

"If that makes sense," the mother frowned, "then I'll eat—"

"Don't, Mother!" Shirley laughed. "You'll see how nicely it all works out."

TUESDAY morning Shirley was back in Hollywood. Step One: To reach Ken on the phone, and get him to invite her to the preview that night. To do it without letting him know that she was engineering it. About noon his phone rang.

"Ken, this is Shirley. I'm calling on business. You know that contract for my radio appearance in Fort Worth Thursday night, that celebration thing. I've decided to go. I'll leave by plane in the morning. But I wanted your opinion on the contract first. May I read it to you? I mean, you've always handled my radio spots and I thought we shouldn't let out personal feelings interfere with business."

"That's right, go ahead. It's funny though, I thought you said before that you had a cold and wouldn't be able to sing."

"Oh well, I'm all over it now. And I thought a change would do me good. Bob Hope's going along, and Gene Autry, and George Fisher. It might be fun. Besides, we're going to be royally entertained. Elliot Roosevelt is to be our host, and Governor Allred will be there. I'll meet lots of new

people. Here's the contract. See how it sounds."

"No, don't read it now . . . I mean, those things are always hard to understand over the phone. Let's see . . . can't I stop by the house and take a look at it tonight?"

"Oh, if you want," said Shirley. And that's how it happened that shortly after eight they were on their way to a preview.

But Step Number Two didn't come about until they drove into the parking lot near the theatre. The quarrel hadn't yet been entirely erased. There was still that kiss-and-make-up moment which hadn't yet arrived. But it happened there. He was helping her out of the car, offering her his hand, when the hand suddenly gave a firm tug and pulled her to him. A second later they were in each other's arms. They were still in a clinch, horns blowing all around them, there in the full glare of headlights, when the parking attendant ventured, "Pardon, sir, but you're kind of jamming up things around here. Can't you just move a little and let those cars by?"

They moved off—in a daze. They have no recollection of what the picture was. Afterwards, still in a daze, they drifted to Victor Hugo's. At six in the morning he was again at her house to take her to the airport. Ken saw those jovial three, Bob Hope, Gene Autry and George Fisher, and frowned. Shirley saw his frown and ventured on Step Three: "Better keep in touch with me," she warned, "if you don't want these three to cast their spell on me."

AUNTIE...IS BAD BREATH CATCHING?



OF COURSE NOT, SALLY! WHY DO YOU ASK SUCH A SILLY QUESTION?

WELL, WHEN I GROW UP, I WANNA HUSBAND! SO I DON'T WANNA CATCH YOUR BREATH, AUNTIE MAY!

MY BREATH!

UH-HUH. 'CAUSE DADDY SAYS BAD BREATH IS WHY YOU AREN'T MARRIED. AN' HE SAYS MAMA SHOULD TELL YOU TO SEE YOUR DENTIST!

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate's—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S

IS HE REALLY GOING TO BE YOUR HUSBAND, AUNTIE MAY?

YES, SALLY, I REALLY AM!



BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY—PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!



LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

Shirley, during the trip, sent only one wire, and that one not to Ken Dolan, but to Frances Langford and Jon Hall. It read as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Jon Hall,
Hollywood, California.
Will you newlyweds do me a great favor? Call Ken and invite him and me to dinner Friday night and at dinner lay it on thick. Wedded bliss, two live cheaper than one, marriage is the only thing, etc. I'll tell you why later.
SHIRLEY ROSS.

The fruits of that telegram were the greatest step forward so far. Shirley arrived in Hollywood Friday afternoon and that evening she and Ken joined the Halls at dinner. The publicity that the Halls gave that great institution of Marriage was better than even Shirley had hoped for. Nor did their feelings have to be acted. When she left at the end of the evening Shirley was sure that the trick had worked, that any minute Ken was going to suggest the same for them. But no soap. "Goodnight, honey," he said at the door. "Shall we have lunch together tomorrow?"

BY SATURDAY noon, Shirley was a little frantic. If the Halls hadn't worked, she didn't know what would. Perhaps she should have picked a couple with children. She happened to know that Morton Downey was taking a couple of his children to the Vendome that noon. On the way to lunch Ken asked her to pick her lunch spot. A few minutes later they were at the Vendome, sitting right next to Downey and his brood. Step Number Five: "I love children, don't you, Ken?"

"Certainly do!" And that was that. A sixth resort was to take him to a romantic movie. Shirley had seen "Four Daughters" and knew it to have just the right atmosphere. There were marriages popping all through that picture. "I hear there's a good movie, called 'Four Daughters,'" she suggested.

But they saw all seven reels with their three marriages, and still the idea hadn't clicked in Ken Dolan's mind. After the movie, here they were, sitting in the Seven Seas, Shirley practicing the one thing she hadn't yet tried. If she could only force the idea into his mind, she knew he would like it all right. He'd been a bachelor for so long he just wasn't used to thinking of marriage.

Time hurried on. It would soon be six. If he didn't ask her now, then the jeweler's store would be closed. They wouldn't be able to get a ring tonight—and the marriage must be tonight. She had set her heart on it.

Well, they say that if you work hard enough and long enough at anything, the goal is always won, and that goes too, it would appear, for mental telepathy.

At eight minutes of six Ken Dolan finally crashed through. "Darling!" he said, "I've just thought of something wonderful! A marvelous idea. Let's get married! Right now, tonight, I mean!"

Shirley bounded up. "Quick, honey, let's get going. Pay your bill. We'll have to hurry. We have only eight minutes. The shops close at six."

He was hurt. "Darling, you don't like my idea? I talk of marriage and you talk of shopping!"

"Your idea?" she shrieked happily. "Ken Dolan, that's what we're going to shop for—a wedding ring!"

Did it matter that in the rush the only ring they could get was too small? Did it matter that it was a stormy night and no pilot wanted to fly them to Las Vegas? Did it matter that they had to drive all night, without food, that they got lost,



What has *SHE* GOT that Some Girls lack ?



**Assurance of Charm comes when
you make up to Romance.
Avoid Nose Shine..Choose Powder
that Dramatizes your Skin**

FACE TO FACE with your man, does fear
of shiny nose spoil your charm?

The oiliness that causes that shine is often aggravated by germs. What a relief then to know about Woodbury Facial Powder! A special ingredient in Woodbury Powder hinders the growth of germs and so makes this fine powder especially good against shiny nose. Stays on! 7 shades—chosen to dramatize a girl's natural coloring. The newest shade—*Champagne*—sponsored by Mme. Suzy of Paris. *Windsor Rose* is the new shade for pink-tinted skin. Face close-ups with assurance! Wear Woodbury Powder. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ everywhere. Complete your make-up with Woodbury Rouge and Lipstick.

Woodbury Facial POWDER

YOURS...SMART NEW MAKE-UP KIT

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9101 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
(In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)

Please send me new Woodbury Make-up Kit, containing attractive metal compacts of Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick; tube of Woodbury Cold Cream. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

CHAMPAGNE ☐ WINDSOR ROSE ☐
(For golden skin) (For pink skin)

Name _____

Address _____



ARE YOU A BRUNETTE? There's a special shade of Colorinse for every shade of hair—to accent the natural color, make it really sparkle and shine with rich beauty



ARE YOU A BLONDE? Bring out all the golden glamour of your hair with Colorinse—the tint-rinse that gives it the youthful radiance of brilliant, sparkling highlights!

Complete every shampoo with your own shade of Nestle Colorinse. It rinses away shampoo film; glorifies the natural color of the hair while blending in grey or faded streaks. Colorinse makes your hair soft, lustrous and easy to wave.

Colorinse is quick, easy and simple to use. Pure and harmless; not a dye or bleach. It costs so little, too — only a few pennies for each Colorinse. Two rinses for 10c in 10-cent stores; 25c for five rinses at drug and department stores.



COLORINSE

U. S. Government Jobs

Start \$1260 to \$2100 a Year!

Get a 1939 Gov't Job

Railway Mail Clerks—Mail Carriers—Postal Clerks—File Clerks—Stenographers, etc. Write immediately for Free 32-page book, with list of positions and particulars telling how to qualify for them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. F259, Rochester, N. Y.



"Aids to Beauty"

Is the title of a fascinating free booklet which many women say has shown them the simple, easy way to

SECURE and KEEP

—A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

This helpful booklet was written especially for women who want to know how to make the most of their appearance and personality—for women who miss the popularity, admiration and attention which are the natural reward of being lovely. The makers of **STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS** will gladly send you a copy free and without obligation. Its valuable information may be just what is needed to help you achieve greater skin loveliness. Write for

FREE SAMPLE STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS and a **FREE** copy of

... what every woman should do. Send name and address now. Send to **F. A. STUART COMPANY**
Dept. H-114 Marshall, Mich.

went a hundred and fifty miles out of their way, and didn't arrive in Las Vegas until seven in the morning?

It did not. But it had all been pretty hectic, pretty mad. At eight they stood before the judge, so tired they could scarcely see, or think.

In the middle of the ceremony the judge said, "Just a minute—won't you please put that ring all the way on?"

"I can't," said Shirley. "It's not that kind of a ring."

The judge looked doubtful. "Oh, all right. Now, Mr. Dolan, will you repeat after me, 'With this ring I do thee wed.'"

Ken got the first part all right, but the last threw him, "I dee thoo wed," he said sweetly, foolishly. They were so tired, they didn't even notice. Only the witnesses laughed.

Afterwards Shirley suddenly remembered something. "Ken! I was married without any flowers—not even one little violet! Oh Ken, isn't it terrible! Not one little censee-teensey violet!" For a moment it looked as though she were going to cry.

"There, there," he said, "don't cry. I'll buy your God damned violets." And at the nearest florist, he did!

And so Mr. Ken Dolan gave up his bachelorhood, on what he thought was his own very wonderful idea. But it will appear that it was Shirley who had the idea first and who followed through on it right to the finish, with perfect Northwest Mounted get-your-man tactics. That's the way with most romances, actually, in Hollywood, in Podunk, anywhere.

Of course it takes a little time to thoroughly domesticate an ex-dyed-in-the-wool bachelor, but Shirley is working on that, too, at the moment. Shortly after she moved her things into his house, the house began to have a new air about it. It had been so plain, so tailored, so mannish before. Now there is porcelain bric-a-brac on the mantel, and frills on the window curtains. That day she did the "fixing up," she also moved his favorite chair into another corner. That night when he came in, he saw none of the lovely new touches, the flowers in the vases, nothing. Only that chair.

"Why darling, that doesn't go there. That chair has to be here, by this lamp, so I can read!"

In that moment Shirley was the perennial bride, pouting and crying in disappointment over the first batch of burned biscuits. "All right," she said, "I'll put it back, but you're not very observant. Look at all the other nice things I've done with the room."

He looked then, and agreed everything was just dandy.

But there is a point still to be made about that chair. "It went back to its original place," Shirley admits. "That is, almost to its original place, about a foot to the left. You see, what I'm trying to do now is to move it over gradually, every day a foot or two. I figure that about March it'll be just where I want it."

And considering what has gone before, there is scarcely a gambler in the world who would take a bet that it won't be!

MEN DON'T GO FOR GLAMOR!

(Continued from page 27)

grown up. I stared at the photograph and then at the woman before me, and marvelled at how well Claudette had learned to bring out her good points.

Thinking of all this, I threw Claudette's words back at her, "You told me seven years ago that 'No man ought ever to marry an actress.' Do you still feel that way about it?"

"Did I really say all that?" laughed Claudette.

"Yes," I reminded her, "seven years ago you said to me, 'A man can be ideally happy only if he is married to a woman who is completely interested in him and his work. An actress or artist never is. She can never forget her own work sufficiently to become absorbed in her husband's interests to the exclusion of her own.'"

The new Claudette sat back and considered, then took another puff at her cigarette. "I still think," she said, "that an actress is not the ideal wife for the average man, but she may be a perfectly grand wife for a man who understands the demands of her profession. After all," said Claudette, "actresses have to get married, too. Whether a woman makes a nickel a week or has a million dollar income I don't think she can be completely happy unless she's in love with some man and he is in love with her. Perfect independence can be very misleading."

I told Claudette of a woman I'd once known who had made her husband miserable because of her own sense of financial independence. When they were married, they had agreed to live on his income, but she had money of her own, and when he refused to get something on which she had set her heart, she would say, "Oh, well, all right, if you won't, then I'll get it out of my own money."

"Undoubtedly," Claudette said, "that was a mistake, and the woman was very

tactless. No man likes to have his pride hurt that way. For centuries men were the sole providers, and now when modern economic conditions sometimes make that impossible the least women can do is to be diplomatic.

"I think a woman makes a mistake when she tries to be too modern. It isn't humanly possible to live your life exactly as a man does. The double standard existed yesterday, it exists today, and I believe it will exist tomorrow. Which is, I think, as most women prefer. What nearly every woman wants is to find the one most perfect companion for her and then settle down with him."

As Claudette talked, I recalled the picture "Ex-Wife," so enormously popular a few years ago. It told the story of an all too modern woman who set out to lead her life according to a man's code and who was told off by Robert Montgomery, when he said, "Men like their women, like their liquor, straight."

THAT, I think, is a sentiment with which Claudette would be quick to agree. Undoubtedly she remembers that her own venture into a very modern, sophisticated type of marriage didn't work—and so she is wary of glittering theories about modernism which sound so much better on paper than they ever work out. Today she doesn't believe that men want the women they love to be too glamorous.

"When a man's really in love," she said, "he doesn't like to see his girl all painted and powdered up to the very teeth. Before he's in love it's perfectly all right with him if a girl wears her fingernails long and scarlet—but afterward he usually wants her to wear a lighter shade of polish. When he's not in love, she can wear gold lacquer in her hair for all he cares, but the moment he really falls, the more natural she is, the

more simply she dresses, the better."

"But don't you think," I asked, "that a man likes a woman who is mysterious, whose mind and heart he can never fathom?"

Claudette looked amused. "Goodness knows," she laughed, "all men don't react alike—and thank heavens for that. But, on the whole, I don't think men prefer mystery in women. That sort of thing is all right on the screen, but at home it wouldn't go over so well. Think of having to put up with glamor twenty-four hours a day!"

I thought, instead, of a successful writer, who, after watching a famous siren emote on the screen, that evening greeted her husband with an exact copy of the siren's soulful look. Instead of being devastated, he was worried. "What's the matter with you?" he asked. "Are you sick?"

"Look at the most popular male actors on the screen," Claudette said. "Do most of them marry beautiful glamorous women? They do not. The happiest ones are generally married to plain, intelligent women who are sweet and natural at home."

"But don't you think," I asked, "that a business man who has seen beautiful, extremely well dressed women around him all day is going to feel frightfully bored if he comes home to a wife who's very plainly dressed?"

"Of course," said Claudette, "I don't mean the woman ought to be a sloven. But in the privacy of her home she needn't wear false eyelashes and heavy make-up either. You can let your hair down when you're alone with the man you love—and he'll love you all the more for it."

"Certainly, I think men like their wives or sweethearts to look super-glamorous when they're going out. When he introduces his wife or the girl he loves to a group of men friends, a man wants her to look entrancing. Then she's on parade, and he'll be very happy indeed if in the other men's eyes he sees a look of envy at his luck in winning this perfectly gorgeous creature. At other times, however, the more natural she is the better he likes it."

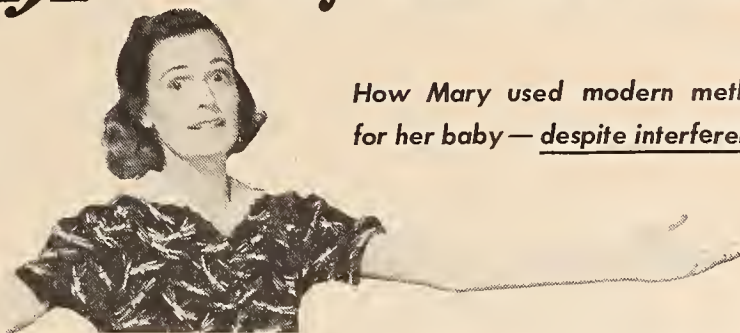
OFTEN I've read articles saying that if a man likes a certain type of girl and you aren't that type, you ought to transform yourself. Maybe I'm wrong, but I can't agree. Suppose a woman goes to all the trouble of transforming herself into a new type. Finding that the man she's interested in likes fluffy women, she pretends to be fluffy, although she really is a very sane, practical person. Or perhaps she learns that the man she wants adores domestic women. Though she hates to boil an egg, she immediately pretends a great passion for everything domestic. Or suppose she's naturally a butterfly and finds he hates social butterflies, so she pretends to be a demure Alice-sit-by-the-fire.

"Sooner or later that act is going to catch up with her. Even though she may keep it up for six months, all the time she's under a strain acting a part she doesn't really feel. And some day she's going to forget all about the role she's playing, or she's going to say to herself, 'The devil with it' and go back to being herself. If she has won the man through an assumed personality, what's going to happen then? Unless I'm very much mistaken, there's a lot of trouble ahead, and she may even lose him altogether."

"Of course I agree that a woman ought to analyze her faults and correct them if she can, but that's far different from trying to change her type. The only thing you can safely do is to be yourself and be content with attracting the type of man who likes what you naturally are. Study the man, yes, so you won't hurt his feelings or antagonize him, but don't try to change your type to please him."

"Do you think," I asked, "that women

"Why does my mother-in-law *always* take my husband's side?"



How Mary used modern methods for her baby — despite interference!



MARY: John, will you take your hands off that child and listen to ME for a change?

JOHN: I'll handle this MY way! I'll make her take it...



MOTHER-IN-LAW: My dear, you know John is ALWAYS right...

MARY: Oh mother... please... please...

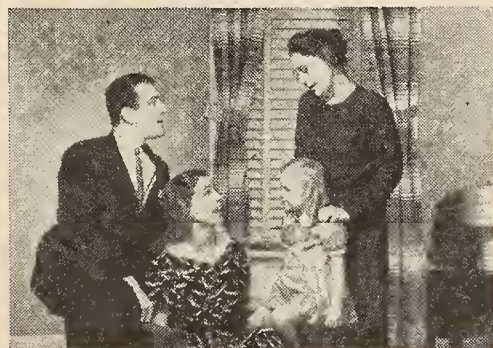


MOTHER-IN-LAW: But I'm only trying to help...!

MARY: But I don't need help! It so happens I talked with the doctor this morning. He said it's old-fashioned to force Sally to take a nasty-tasting laxative. It's liable to shock her nerves and upset her digestive system.



MARY: He told me to get a PLEASANT-TASTING laxative that Sally would take willingly, but not one made for adults. A grown-up's laxative can be TOO STRONG for ANY child's insides. He said that the modern method of special care calls for a special laxative, too. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



MOTHER-IN-LAW: Fletcher's Castoria?

MARY: Yes! The doctor said Fletcher's Castoria is the modern laxative made especially, and *only*, for children. It's SAFE... has no harsh drugs. And children simply love its taste!



JOHN: Look, mother, look!... she's taking Fletcher's Castoria like a lamb!

MOTHER-IN-LAW: Humph! Looks like maybe the modern method is best, after all.

MARY: We'll have some peace around here now.

Chas. H. Fletcher

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Note: If your 10c store is not as yet stocked tell manager to order—and send 20c for both powder (state shade wanted) and bracelet to Tayton Co., Dept. R, 811 West 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

TAYTON'S
CREAM-POWDER - LIPSTICK - ROUGE

ought to get the things they want from men by guile?"

"Sometimes women do get ahead or do win the men they want through guile," Claudette admitted, "but the kind of success they win or the temporary happiness they get isn't usually worth having. Certainly I've known little pussy-cat women who did everything very guilefully and, for a while, everything seemed to come their way. I've also known gentle, clinging vines who, underneath the surface, were more ruthless than the women who were direct and honest. By pretending to be helpless, they sometimes inveigled men into doing things they wouldn't have done for other women. But in the end these clinging vines generally ruined their own happiness. Other women see through guileful women, and men, too, catch up with them, eventually."

"Of course, I don't mean one should be tactless. Naturally, tact is a great asset. Today," Claudette summed up, "it's an accepted thing that men and women work side by side, but a girl doesn't have to flaunt her sex appeal in an office to get what she wants. Neither does she have to use all the traditional feminine weapons. She needn't dress like an early suffragette, but she must dress appropriately."

"Do you think," I asked Claudette, "that women dress to please men?" Again she looked at me with amusement.

"No, I don't think they do. Women dress to please other women. Men loathe the new hats, but how many women pass up the latest most chichi models because of their husbands? A great many women are wearing their hair up, because stylists have said that upswept coiffures are new and smart. But when a fashion magazine recently asked a group of men what they thought of it, though a few sophisticates said they were glad to see women's necks for a change, a great many other men said, more honestly, that the upswept coiffure made women look older."

Claudette herself wears her hair off the ears, with soft bangs falling over her forehead, and likes upswept hair only with evening clothes, particularly with the period evening dresses now coming into vogue.

"To get back to the question of whether or not this is a man's world," Claudette said, "women today are respected for the things they actually accomplish. When men speak with the greatest awe and respect of

the achievements of women flyers, when one of the best-loved and most highly respected persons in the United States is Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, when our Secretary of Labor is a woman, whom the country admires as a very competent person, how can anyone truthfully say, 'It's a man's world?'

"In almost every field of achievement women have opportunities equal to men's. To a large extent, women are trained to earn a living. Nearly every girl is now taught a trade or profession. No, indeed, I don't think it's a man's world. Or a woman's world. It's everybody's world." Claudette repeated.

Then she smiled and said, "I'd rather you didn't write anything saccharine about me. I loathe interviews which describe an actress in terms of sheer flattery."

Claudette is one of the very few Hollywood actresses who feel that way. Most of them think the more sugary an article is, the better. But Claudette would run screaming in horror from a vision of herself as a super-personality.

She continued, "I never talk about my private life. No one really does, I think, though they may seem to. After all, when any actress talks about her private life, she describes it, not as it really is, but as she wishes you to think it is."

That, I thought, was perfectly true, and an interesting example of Claudette's honesty. Today she is softer, happier, more poised than she has ever been. Rarely do I meet an actress who has so few nervous mannerisms. Generally they brush their hair back with their fingers or smooth out an imaginary dress fold. I've even seen an otherwise glamorous actress rub a dime over her face and forehead, quite unconscious of what she was doing. But Claudette is so perfectly poised that if she has a single nervous mannerism, I didn't detect it. To me that is conclusive proof of the happiness she has found, and explains why, where once she believed that "modern women are out on a limb" and that their independence had killed romance, where once she believed that "it is harder for two people in the professions or arts to be happy together over a period of years than if they had nothing to do but to come home to each other," today Claudette Colbert knows that any woman who has found her perfect companion has found happiness that is almost beyond belief.



Looks like some lucky farmer found a nest of starlets in his hay loft. Left to right, they're Susan Hayward, Peggy Moran, Janet Shaw and Jan Holm. Slick chicks, huh?

A LANE ALONE

(Continued from page 39)

work. So I hope I won't fall in love. When that happens it's apt to be pretty serious with me.

"I want to work and improve myself in every way. I can't hand myself much on the looks item," laughed Pat, "so I've got to develop from within, as 'twere. I'm certainly thankful for make-up! The screen has given me sort of a shock about the way I look. You know how it is when you look in a mirror. You sort of pose and tilt your head at its most attractive angle. You're at your best and think, 'Not bad at all!' But when you see yourself on the screen, in action, you're seeing yourself as others see you. When I saw my first screen test I groaned out loud. I never knew I was that boring. That's the reaction I got. I was plain bored.

"When I saw myself crying on the screen . . . well, golly, I never knew that I looked like *that* when I cried. I'd always thought of myself as a sort of damsel-in-distress, crying tears like white stars and all that. A kind of a water lily, you know . . . I guess everyone has illusions but you get over them when you see yourself on the screen. Of course, you have a close-up now and then where they've been very careful with the lighting and then you look nice, even to yourself, but in action. . . ."

I SAID, "But you must be pleased with some of your features. You know that you are very pr . . ."

"Don't say it," laughed Pat. "And don't forget I'm wearing make-up now. I do like my eyebrows very much. I wouldn't pluck them or change them for anything. My eyes are reasonably expressive and that's important. I . . ."

"I like your mouth," I interrupted, seemingly unable to keep mine shut. "It has character. It's sensuous, makes you look altogether different from any other blonde."

"Before I had my teeth straightened," said honest Pat, "my mouth was pretty bad. My lower lip sort of lopped around and went off every which way. I've had to put in quite a stint of time and thought, training my mouth to behave.

"But of course," sighed Pat, "I have a great many other things to overcome. My worst fault is stubbornness. I have a tendency to get hurt at something someone says or does, and go around not telling them about it, but feeling injured, which is, of course, revolting. I'm also inclined to be very impatient, want Rome built in a day. I'm working on these defects.

"I am pretty honest, though, I think," said Pat, weighing her faults and virtues on the shining scale of her young fearlessness. "I won't fawn on people, and then talk about them behind their backs. I never gush, not even when it might be to my advantage. I have a lot of childish fears and superstitions to overcome. I don't like aeroplanes, for instance. Now I must get over that.

"My other superstitions are even sillier. I picked up pins until I got into pictures and had fifteen fittings a day. Then I had to get over that—or make a lifework of it. I knock on wood and avoid stepping on cracks in sidewalks. If a bird flies in the window, I fly out. I believe that seven is my lucky number. No reason . . . I wasn't born on the seventh. June twelfth is my birthday. I'm not the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. And I can't remember that anything special ever happened to me on a seventh. I just like the number. I always count to seven before



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*Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray co-starred in Paramount's "Cafe Society". Note her charming hands!

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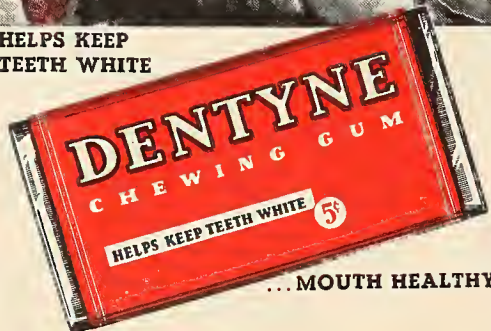
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going into an important scene. People who see me think I'm talking to myself!

"I'm not very domestic," Priscilla went on unravelling herself thoughtfully. "But I think that's because I've never had time to be. It's another reason why I hope to wait at least a couple of years before falling in love, matrimonially, anyway. I want to get time to bake another cake! I did bake a cake, once. It was good, too. I love to scrub and scour. I'm always cleaning my dresser drawers, even when they don't need it. And they almost never do on account of how Mother does everything like that for us—I mean for me."

"We have a new house now, you know, sort of a farm-housy place. The very first home of our own we've ever had, and is it exciting! Rosema . . . I mean, I share a room. It's perfectly darling, too, all furnished in maple with blue wall paper (my favorite color) with pin stripes of red and white. The carpet is blue and the curtains are foamy white net, just yards and yards of it. Very feminine, you know. I love my room to be dainty even if I do wear slacks and am mad about horses, hiking and biking. I was always the tomboy of the family. While my sis . . . while other girls were playing with dolls I was always balancing on the edge of the neighbors' roofs, or climbing the tallest tree in town, or acting like a jitterbug on stilts."

"I'm crazy about horses, you know. I read every book I can find about them. I go to all the races I can get to. And a rodeo to me is like a matinee, complete with idol, to other girls. I'd rather have hay in my hair than a tiara any day. And I adore cats. We have seven more at home now. Sons and daughters of our old Dilly and Dally. That makes about twenty-seven now."

BUT as I was saying, I think I'd be quite an efficient housewife. I'm very neat. I like towels hung up in the bathroom and the tops put on toothpaste tubes and all that. I wake up early in the mornings, too. I'm no sleepy-head, breakfast-in-bed spoiledly-cat. I sort of sing

around when I first get up.

"I'm inclined to be sort of either away up or away down. I can be the silliest person in the world. You won't have to go far to corroborate that statement. But I can also be quiet, well, grave. If I have script changes facing me, or difficult lines to speak, I'm pretty grim about it. Those are serious matters."

"I don't think I'm extravagant, either. That should promise well for me as a wife. I hate to shop. I do have fifty pairs of shoes, which is extravagance, of course. No one needs fifty pairs of shoes. I do buy quite a lot of slacks and sweaters and Lanz of Salzburg things. And perfumes and toilet waters march all over our—my room like battalions of sweet little soldiers. But I don't go in for expensive furs or jewels or gowns that cost a fortune."

"I go on eating sprees. For days I'll be absolutely crazy over chocolate cake. I'll eat it three times a day and between meals. Then I'll go on a mashed potato and gravy jag. Or a corn-on-the-cob binge. I'm a one-food woman, too," laughed Pat. "One at a time. . . ."

Fay Bainter, seated at a table across the Green Room Commissary, was casting meaningful looks in Priscilla's direction.

"Time to go back to the set, Maw?" Priscilla sang out.

"Yes, my darling daughter!" sang back Miss Bainter.

"Very pat dialogue," I remarked admiringly. "You are playing Fay Bainter's daughter in 'Yes, My Darling Daughter,' aren't you?"

"Right," said Pat. "And we didn't rehearse that little patter, either. Well, I gotta go. Anyway, I've told you everything I know about myself from the inside out—except this: The one thing I want most is to make my mother happy and to give her everything. Then, I don't want to hurt anybody because I think that is the worst sin. I really do try to follow the Golden Rule. I want to improve myself and later on marry and have a home and babies. I want happiness . . . and in that," grinned Pat, "I am not 'a Lane alone.' I am just like every girl, everywhere."

ONE STAR COMIN' UP

(Continued from page 37)

to wrestling at small clubs about town. But, as matches were few and far between, and I got only twenty-five dollars apiece for them, I looked for a steady job. I found one as bouncer in an uptown beer saloon, only to become aware of an excellent prospect of being bounced out on my own ear by one of the husky customers. Now I'll tell you something I've never told for print. My toughest job of all was taking care of three little children in Central Park every day, for which I was paid eight dollars a week. It wasn't a very prideful post for a young man of twenty-two to be nursemaid to those kids, a fact finally borne in upon me by playful cracks of passers-by, such as, 'He's so young to be a father!' I couldn't take it."

While marveling at the versatility of this enterprising wage-earner, I wondered if he had managed to "take" Hollywood.

"Not at first," he was frank to say. "I knew no one, and I was lonely. No one here is particular to know you unless you've done something big. Hollywood's a pretty cold-blooded town. It gives you a feeling of futility and robs you of self-confidence. This is the great danger. But if a performer has something to deliver, his chance to do it will come. A little patience can survive anything. There's no use tearing

your equipment to pieces by throwing a wrench in the works. No matter how hard up I've been I've always known I could sing for my supper."

Here was my chance to hear that worldwide song which had come down as a family heirloom, but it was lunch time, and anyway I rested content with asking the exact relationship of its author.

"I'm not sure, but I think John Howard Payne was my great-uncle—I'll have to look it up some day," came the casual reply. "The trouble with him, was that he did too many things at the same time. Except for that, I believe he would have been a great man. Because of it he was through at twenty-three. No one had any further use for him. By that time he had been a prodigy fawned upon in New York, Boston and Baltimore, had appeared on the Boston stage as the first American 'Hamlet,' was known as poet and playwright, and had written the operetta, 'Clarri, the Maid of Milan,' produced at Covent Garden in London, not to mention 'Home, Sweet Home,' done earlier and interpolated into that piece."

"I'm not interested if there's a slight family shadow in life's Hall of Fame, for at most it could mean only a Jack-of-All-Trades. Not that I've ever stuck to one line of work. At sixteen I took up my first

airplane, was interested in aeronautical engineering, too, but my inaptitude for mathematics queered that attempt. Though I've made models of plans and gliders, my approach has been instinctive rather than methodical, and you can't be emotional in your attitude toward an exact science.

"Everything I've done, or tried to do, has been actuated by a sort of wish complex. I studied music at prep school, just as my mother, Ida Schaeffer, trained for the 'Met.' Yes, it's the obvious conclusion that I got my voice, such as it is, from her. I sang on the radio, but was also an adagio dancer in vaudeville on the Southern circuit. I toured with jazz bands before going on the musical comedy stage and finally had the great good fortune to be with Beatrice Millie in 'At Home Abroad.' So, you see, I've always dabbled."

It crossed my vagrant mind that young Mr. Payne might have looked up to Rudy Vallee, or some other crooner and band leader, as an ideal.

"I've never even thought of jazz leaders," he stoutly protested. "I don't share the adulation paid them, all this talk you hear. Perhaps it's because I've seen so much of them. I've been around musicians and band leaders a good deal. It's all just a trick. I think jazz, so far as working at it seriously is concerned, is a waste of time, and after my kid experience I shied away from it."

"But I did get a big kick out of playing the band leader in 'Garden of the Moon' and a jolt out of watching the scenes build together. First of all, it gives you a good feeling to be entrusted with a good part. But now it's a case of my finding out just what particular kind of guy I want to be. Hollywood is the Mecca of the semi-artistic, and therefore a bit confusing. What Hollywood has given me is interest and money—and that, of course, is a great deal.

But I still feel I want something more."

In a naive attempt to be helpful, I brightly suggested he might want to be a star.

"No doubt being a star is pleasant," he patiently surmised, "but it is not a necessity, at least with me. I shall not break my heart trying to be one—it's not worth it. A star becomes something not quite human, and I don't want to be a freak."

His revolutionary point of view was nothing if not original. But what, then, could he possibly want to be?

LATER I should like to get into the production angle. I am interested in people, not stars, in naturalness, not artifice. A person learns how to act, I believe, in watching people, not by watching other actors. The fact is that the lifeblood of pictures is based on types, not on performances. Yet there is no reason why pictures can't be just as experimental as the theatre is today. Everything now written for the theatre points to pictures, both plays and music.

"All I knew about acting before coming to Hollywood was playing Laertes in 'Hamlet,' Henry-Something-or-Other in another Shakespearean tragedy, and Captain Absolute in 'The Rivals' at the Lab Theatre in Morningside. But I did learn something about music in a Shubert musical repertory company on the road."

"They brought me out here to sing, but didn't let me do anything of that sort until this studio gave me a break—and I'm certainly thankful to them. Though I like what I'm doing, I shall not stay in pictures for the rest of my life. I should like to indulge a lot of whims, travel, for one. That's not in the least unusual, probably pretty trite. But I never mean to be an idler. There's such a thing as having too much fun. Eventually I want to do research in English literature. That interests me."

There spoke good common-sense. But was this jazz-boy of the screen, after all, going academic on me? That would never do. Maybe a cigarette would work a change. No, he had never smoked. No bad habits. This was wild Hollywood!

"Hollywood's no different from any other place where people work for a living," was his opinion.

But surely its girls didn't run to pattern?

"Girls here," he granted, "are intelligent, and all of them interesting in one way or another. In fact, one of them interested me so much that I proposed to her a week after we'd met. I've now been married nearly a year and a half to Anne Shirley."

Sounded romantic. But did the youthful Benedict whose good looks could easily cause widespread heart trouble in the feminine world ever feel that his married state might ruin screen romance?

"Never even thought of that," said the fast worker outside the cinematic vineyard. "And if my bosses ever said any such thing to me I'd tell 'em to jump in the lake."

With the water cure assured to possible anti-marital producers, Mr. Payne turned to the brighter side of Hollywoodian matrimony, saying, "Oddly enough, previews of my wife's picture, 'Mother Carey's Chickens,' and the one I was in took place on the same night, and both seemed to get by. Anne went to mine, instead of her own, and wired me to Florida about it. What she said made me very happy but, naturally, she was a little prejudiced."

Waiving his undue modesty, I ventured to remark it must be pleasant to have two hits in one family.

"Yes," he grinned, "the Payne family is doing all right."

Good boy! Never mind the man in the moon. It's that young fellow on the other side of it who will bear watching.

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FUN AT FARRELL'S

**Yes, it's nice work if you can
"take it"—and some have survived**

An evening at Glenda's boasts all the peace and quietness of Grand Central Station.

Glenda and Otto Kruger in a sympathetic scene from one of her latest pictures, "Exposed."



BY RUTH RANKIN

a cocktail party, but she would be home any time now. Well, were we there for dinner? Just make ourselves comfortable, advised Teresa as she departed muttering something about how it must be nearly time to get her roast in the oven.

Enter Tommy, the Farrell heir, wearing a pair of blue jeans which looked as if they had been dredged from the harbor and hung on a nail to dry. He was working on two apples, one in each hand.

"Did you know," he opened the conversation, "my mother is allergic to mushrooms? Allergic means you can't take it. I'm allergic to spinach, but it doesn't help."

The door flew open and enter Madame, fresh as a May morning, shedding hat, gloves, coat and bag on the way, embracing everybody, talking sixteen to the dozen. (Glenda has a beau who says he automatically bends over to pick up something, every time she stands.)

"Well, so you got here at last," exclaimed Glenda, blandly ignoring the clock which says seven fifteen. And "What, no cocktails? Teresa, please shake up something."

"I would, Miss Farrell," mourns Teresa, "if there was anything to shake."

The tail of Glenda's eye catches cousin Dick, who has, it seems, just decided not to enter. "Hey, you! Tommy, go on out. I can't have my style cramped at a time like this." Tommy exits, grinning sympathetically at Dick.

"So, you had the boys in last night, and you were only going to give them two rounds? And now there's nothing in the house. Here we are with company and we can't even give them a cocktail. A fine business!"

Aunt Margaret strolls in with her permanent cup of tea—the gayest spirit of them all, but sentimental Irish enough to dote on a good sob on the slightest provocation. Dick then plays the piano. (Continued on page 100)

JUST A QUIET little family dinner on Tuesday," Glenda said over the telephone, "at six o'clock. I know that sounds perfectly uncivilized, but we like to have dinner over early so the evening is ahead to talk or play bridge."

"That's fine," we accepted, in an awed voice. The idea of Glenda's having a quiet little dinner is what inspired the awe. It seemed that the world's most gregarious gal, who loved to feed people in regiments instead of squads, had settled down at last. Without the two pianos and the caterer's men getting in your hair, it wouldn't seem like the same old place. Well, it happens to everyone some time and a very good thing too, no doubt, this settling down business.

We arrived at six-thirty. All was dark around the Farrell estate. After five minutes, Teresa came to the door, yawning. Miss Farrell? Oh, Miss Farrell went to

WE CALL HIM GLAMOR BOY

(Continued from page 33)

I think he'd pick Coward. Mention the Coward name and the Fairbanks face becomes animated.

"When he wrote 'Personal Indicative,' he used to read it aloud, chapter by chapter, to G. B. Stern and me. I helped him write it." (Did you hear *that*, Mr. Coward!)

Of course, Coward has everything that Fairbanks is prone to admire—manner, style, talent and a general worldly glamor that makes the other boys (with the possible exception of the Duke of Windsor) look like plug horses for the WPA. Besides, he's English. And Fairbanks, said to be born on Seventy-eighth Street and Broadway, takes pains to announce that half (the very broad "A" half) of his life has been spent in England.

I GUESS he rather wistfully wishes he possessed the Coward talents. Perhaps this is why he tells you about the novel that he destroyed when he became dissatisfied with the last chapter, and the trunk full of plays he says he has written, but never released for production, "as I've yet to write one that suits me."

He is about as far from being a Noel Coward as his "ex," Joan Crawford, is from becoming a Lynn Fontanne. The margin of talent is wide indeed. Trying to emulate the gifted Noel, who in three weeks' time has been known to turn out a play that runs for years, must be a terrific strain, in particular for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Because it seemed as if everything he said to me had been printed in every interview ever published. Like the organ grinder—the one with the ancient machine still playing "Forty-second Street"—so Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. found out clichés. I could not understand it, until I realized that, poor boy, he might not be able to help himself. For, if all the interviews, surrounding his early life were strung end to end, well, you can readily see . . . Pickford and Fairbanks, Senior, and Joan, they must have made their indelible impressions. And now *he* is repeating the stories they used to have lying about the house.

He actually said that his advice to girls is "Be yourself," and he reached the line about Hollywood and how it stifles one and how when you come East you realize there is an outer world where things happen.

"I mean, where people are alive and vital. I mean, I like people with imagination."

He went straight through that and no doubt would have gone on to his mother being his best friend and severest critic, but at this moment that good woman entered.

She is sweetly possessive. Even if her apartment isn't large enough to accommodate comfortably a movie star, his valet and his trunks containing full glamor wardrobe, she insists Douglas stay with her while he is in New York.

"It's the one thing I insist on," she said. Hanging from her living room wall is

an enormous picture of him painted when he was quite a small boy and the grin was mostly natural. On a table stands a recent photograph. It could have stepped out of *Esquire*.

Addressing him as "sweetie" and "darling," she asked him to go inside and telephone a friend of theirs. She offered to keep me company while he was gone.

SHE is short and stoutish and has a streak of white in her bobbed hair. She is worried about her weight and is afraid of gaining.

When Douglas returned he told me he lost twelve pounds while making "Gunga Din." He's afraid of losing.

Jack Whiting, his young, handsome stepfather, stepped into the room. Musical comedy like, he smiled good-naturedly, and wasn't afraid of anything.

Then they re-shuffled themselves, and again Fairbanks, Jr., and I were alone.

"Where were we?" he asked.

"You said you were Peter Pan," I could not help reminding.

"Oh, yes. That's why I don't like the stage. It places you in too neat, too limited a square. If you are fortunate enough to be in a hit, you find yourself in the same spot, doing the same thing night after night. I can't bear that.

"I love the medium of pictures, but only when they let me have a hand in production. I like romantic, costume parts. Best of any, I liked making 'Catherine The Great.' I always wanted to do 'If I Were

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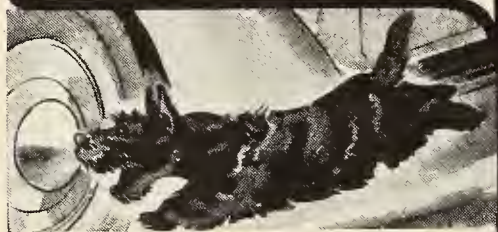


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King,' although now that I've seen Ronnie Colman in it, I don't think I could have done as good a job.

"He and Roland Young and Bob Montgomery are my best friends among the picture colony. But my two closest friends have nothing to do with the screen. One is a man, around fifty, an architect in England. The other, near his seventies, a retired scenario writer in Hollywood."

He touched on politics. Graphically his words spoke for themselves, revealing his intellect.

He thinks it wonderful that England selected such a representative figure as their ambassador, Sir Ronald Lindsay, "whom I've never met."

"I'm left," he said, "but only in theory. I can't agree with Abraham Lincoln. All men are *not* created free and equal."

From there, with the agility, already evinced in his father's gymnastics, he jumped to mental telepathy.

"It's a science, just as electricity is a science. You'd know this if you read Correll."

I felt we were over both our heads, so I interrupted with, "Do you dance the rhumba?"

"No," he answered, not omitting the English touch, "but I can do the Lambeth Walk."

At this point Jack Whiting thrust his head around a corner and reminded Fairbanks it was time to dress for dinner.

"I'd better be going," I said.

"Oh, no," said Fairbanks. "Don't mind him. I'm always half an hour late. Every one who invites me places knows that."

Studied lateness fits in with studied casualness.

Later he walked me to the elevator. He looked very handsome, so tall that he stoops a little, so tanned that his skin has a baked golden quality. I liked his face with its features put together in rugged enough manner to remove him from the matinee idol mold. And I noticed his right ear, not matching his left, an ear with a distinct personality, standing out crazily lop-sized. I liked this, too.

IN the elevator, I thought, if he would only let his character have free play, in he would only follow the course of that independent ear, what a swell person Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., might be.

Then I remembered how young he still is and how most impressionable people still growing up are apt to take on the color of their environment, and only gradually change as that environment changes and their own souls become strong enough not to have to imitate.

And I wished I had had the courage to ask why he did not apply his "Be yourself" philosophy to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. On second thought, I knew he would not have done so, because if he did, then Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., would automatically stop being a glamor boy. And I don't think he wants that. At least . . . not yet.

BORN TO BE A MUG

(Continued from page 41)

before I got kicked out. I'd beat them to it. Maybe you never forget things," John Garfield let flash his sudden, rare strong smile, "because I ran away from Hollywood after I'd made 'Four Daughters.' I thought I'd failed. I thought I'd get kicked out. So I beat it back to New York before the picture was previewed.

"Well, I tried to run away from the Patri School. I got out the back way and hoofed it across a garden. I got hauled back by the school monitors. I was in for it, I thought. I was taken to Mr. Patri's office. He asked me to sit down, like I was a guest or something. That was my first meeting, face to face, with something fine and understanding.

He talked to me, not about my attempt to run away, but about the flowers I'd trampled in the garden next door. What was he talking, Greek? He explained that flowers are living, beautiful things and that they have a right to live. And as he talked, I saw flowers, in my mind, for the first time. He asked me if I thought boys had any right to crush the life out of living, lovely things that are entitled to existence. Now, what was this? This was something new under the sun.

SO there were folks in the world who didn't beat you, didn't tell you you'd come to a bad end? I was dumbfounded. I'd never experienced kindness like this. I worshipped Mr. Patri from that moment.

"After that, he talked to me a lot. I realized later that he and his teachers were trying to help me find the thing I wanted to do, the thing I could do. I spoke some pieces at school. I liked that. I was always writing things about things I'd never heard of. I was always making up stories to tell the other kids. "Imagination," said Mr. Patri. I finally got into the Dramatics Class and for three years I ate and slept play-acting. Mr. Patri then suggested that I become an actor. An actor! That did it!

That scooped up all the misdirected energy the blind impulses into one word, into one job, into one aim. An actor! Sure!

"I wouldn't have been an actor if it had not been for Angelo Patri. There's no such thing as a 'born actor.' There's no such thing as heredity influencing a man to be this or that. If there were any such thing I wouldn't have become an actor. God knows, no one in my family was ever an artist of any kind. Nor did I become an actor as a result of revolt against the miseries of my childhood. I wasn't miserable. I led the normal life of any East Side tenement kid. And although it's a bad life, still and all it's a teeming, exciting life for a kid. So I didn't revolt. I didn't emerge from the East Side to the stage as a natural transition.

"At Mr. Patri's suggestion, I entered a national oratorical contest. I reached the semi-finals in New York and found myself something of a hero in my own neighborhood. Kids who were decent to me only when I battered their faces now considered me a hero because I had come out on top of several thousand boys and girls in a chinning contest. I found that words could do what fists had done before."

During summer vacations, too, young Garfield spent his time writing, producing, directing and starring in "sand lot" plays in the Bronx. Admission was a penny a person. The profits were used to defray the costs of sets built of old apple boxes and discarded vegetable crates.

His girl used to be in the audience at the plays, too. Roberta Mann. His childhood sweetheart. Dark and sweet and homey. Believing in him. Letting in the light, too in her own way, which was the old sure way of love. Roberta Mann became Mrs. John Garfield in 1934.

Young John graduated from Angelo Patri and immediately enrolled at the Hecksher Foundation there to continue his dramatic studies. He paid some of his ex-

enses out of the six dollars a week he still earned selling papers, the balance he paid out of the five dollars which Angelo Patri loaned him each week.

He got a job with the Eva Le Gallienne Civic Repertory Company then. No salary, but what did that matter? Worth selling newspapers late nights in order to carry papers, speak a line now and then in a real theatre. Angelo Patri said, "You're on your way now." Roberta Mann said, "We can wait."

The summer he was nineteen, he humbled his way clear across the continent to California. He worked in fruit orchards, saw the plenty of the earth. Why had it been necessary to steal from push-arts? He "rode the rods" back to New York.

A small producer offered him a role in play titled "Lost Boy," a story of life in reformatory. That was pie to do. The play only lasted three weeks but the impression young Garfield made in it still lasts. As an immediate result he was shipped off to Chicago to play in "Counselor At Law" with Otto Kruger. He stayed there six months and then was sent back to New York to join the Broadway production with Paul Muni. Muni is one reason why Garfield is in Hollywood today—Muni and Tracy and Melvyn Douglas and Jimmy Cagney. Because they do real things, honest things, because they care, and so they gave him the assurance that you can do real things in Hollywood.

This is the young man who didn't want to come to Hollywood. He didn't want movie money. He was broke and still he didn't want it. He didn't want movie fame. He proved that he wasn't just talking because, for four years, he turned down contracts. At last he signed with Warner brothers because they finally capitulated



Grantland Rice's pretty child, Florence, will be with Bob Taylor in "Stand Up and Fight."

and gave him the kind of a contract he wanted. It contained a clause permitting him to go back to the stage once a year, and further provides that he may remain on Broadway for the run of the play.

He was afraid that he would fail in Hollywood. He was so sure that he had failed that, after his terrific performance in "Four Daughters," he did actually beat it back to New York. He was even more afraid of success, especially quick "overnight" success.

He saw Robert Taylor on the train when he went back to New York. He saw how Bob couldn't get out at stations for a breath of air without being surrounded,

mobbed, his clothes practically torn from his back. He said, "But that is tragic, that is awful, his life is not his own, he has no freedom!"

I said, "But the same thing will happen to you."

"No!" he said, hushed violence in his voice, for he speaks quietly, "it won't. I'd quit pictures before I'd let it happen."

He thinks that Hollywood is a funny place. Especially the way some of the stars live—the limousines, the private swimming pools, the pomp and parade. These are not actors as he knew them in the Little Theatre Group, poor, struggling, sacrificing money and opportunity in order to stick together. He says, "These people out here shut themselves away from life. They become Royalists. Maybe it's all right for them. It's not all right for me."

"I don't want that sort of thing. I came, to make some money, but not for luxuries. I want it so that I can produce plays of my own some day, so that we can travel, Roberta, the baby and I. If ever I get to the place where I have servants picking up my handkerchief, I'll blow my brains out."

"We have one servant. I have a car. I'd like to buy a combination radio and phonograph. That will be good. That's all money can do for me. This industry has more to offer than money. It can raise the cultural level of the world. I'd like to be a part of that. I want to play real people. I don't care how small the parts are, so long as they are not phoney. I couldn't be a 'Glamor Boy' if I tried and I wouldn't be if I could. I'll work like the devil to do honest things. If I can't, I'll go back to the stage."

He was born to be a mug. He has grown up to be a scholar, a gentleman and an artist, and all America is giving this East Side boy a great, big hand.



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FROSTILLA FOR *Lovely Hands*

T'ANKS TENTH AVENOO

(Continued from page 35)

that "On The Avenue," "Alexander's," "Chicago" and now "Tail Spin" have given her a little more confidence in her own dramatic ability. But each time she makes a new picture she has to prove it to herself all over again.

I asked Alice how come. She said, "I think everything we are dates back to our childhoods. I think that I could sort of knit my childhood into my life now, purl three, knit four, you know, and you would see how it all blends into one pattern."

"I wish that I had been born on Third Avenue," laughed Alice, "because 'Tanks Toid Avenoo' would make a swell title for a song or story. I'll have to say 'Tanks Tenth Avenoo' and 'Tanks 55th Street off Broadway,' where I was born, and thanks to all the other streets and neighborhoods of New York where we lived when I was a kid. We lived on so many streets, you know. We were always moving. It must have been the gypsy in us."

"Later, when I reached the ripe old age of fourteen and went on the stage, we *had* to move—to escape the truant officers who grew aged and infirm, trying to track Alice Leppert down. The fact that Bill New-some, my first dancing teacher, and I changed my name to Faye, threw dust in their eyes. They never did catch up with me. Result: I graduated from grade school but high school never got me. And that moving business is part of my pattern now. It's the reason why Tony and I have never bought or built a home of our own. I'm afraid I'd get tired of it six months later and want to move on."

"Even the name of Faye is t'anks to Broadway," said Alice. "I took the name because I saw Frank Faye's name in electrics over the Palace Theatre. I thought 'Faye' looked so pretty in lights. Any name that made the Palace, boy, I thought that should be good luck!"

"It's definitely thanks to the sidewalks of New York that I have anything now. It's because I saw so many things that I wanted—like the chance to sing, a mink coat—oh, what a yen I had for a mink coat!—perfumes, grand clothes, a tall, dark handsome husband. Sure, I've got them because I wanted them. You've got to want before you can get. That's why millionaires' sons so seldom amount to anything. They never wanted for anything. That's the poorest kind of poverty, I think, not having anything to want."

I CAN trace back to Tenth Avenue and similar neighborhoods every single thing I have. Like my perfume collection—I'm a rabid collector of perfumes. Why? Because when I was a kid my girl friends and I thought it was pretty swell to have a bottle of perfume on our bureau. If we had two bottles of perfume, that was riches, that was elegance, like actresses and the ladies in the Sunday supplements.

"In those days we'd go to the five-and-ten and buy a little thumb-nail size bottle of perfume. Many a time, after the perfume was gone, I'd fill my bottle with water and pretend it was perfume. Then Mama and I'd take walks on Fifth Avenue. We'd look in swanky shop windows and see big, expensive bottles of perfume and I'd say to myself, 'Someday I'll buy bottles of perfume like that—a dozen of them!' Well, I have them—dozens of them."

"I'm convinced," said Alice, her soft lips twisting in that characteristic smile of hers, half ironic, half compassionate, "I'm convinced that childhood wishes are the ones we try hardest to gratify when

we grow up. And so, the more we had to wish for, the harder we try. It's when we fail to make our childhood wishes come true that we're unhappy."

"I know that I became an actress instead of the school-teacher I first thought I wanted to be because Mama and I walked on Broadway so often and I saw the names of Marilyn Miller and Irene Bordoni and others in electric lights. It all seemed to me so much more bright and beautiful than any other world that I determined to see my name in lights one of these days."

WHEN Mama and I passed the back of a theatre I always walked up the alley to the stage door, turned around and minced down the alley again, pretending that I was an actress just leaving after a matinee. Sometimes I'd stop at six or seven stage doors in the course of one afternoon. Now and then I'd catch a glimpse of an actress leaving the theatre, stepping into her limousine, wrapped in rich furs. I'd say to Mama, 'What kind of fur is that?' She would tell me, 'Mink.' I'd walk on in a trance dreaming of myself at a stage door, wrapped in mink.

"Now and then I'd see an actor come out of a theatre. It seemed they were always tall, dark and handsome. I'd think to myself, someday my prince will come—and he'll look just like that. Well?" Alice looked at me and laughed. The framed portrait of Tony Martin looked at me and laughed, too. "Well, see how the pattern is working out? If I hadn't talked like that to myself then, I wouldn't have these things. I believe in wish-fulfillment—if you wish hard enough. I wished until I nearly burst. And when such hard wishing comes true, you get a terrific kick out of it, too. That's the trouble, if any. It's so hard to believe that the wishes have come true. They still have a sort of dream quality, you know."

"Why, when I bought my first mink coat I nearly ran a temperature, I was that excited! I get a kick out of owning nice cars, too. And I have more clothes than you could count in a week. Just because of that one 'Sunday dress' of my childhood. I'm not extravagant, really. My brother Bill, who is my business manager, will tell you that I never cause him any worry. I have twenty-five dollars a week, spending money, and I never ask for more."

"But when a picture is finished I usually go on a splurge, buy a lot of slacks and sweaters and go to Palm Springs for a couple of weeks. All of which can be traced back to Tenth Avenue, too—to the days of that one 'best dress,' that one 'Sunday pair of shoes,' to the memory of how folks there always went on a little spree when a job was done or it was payday. They bought a new dress or went to Coney Island for the day."

"Tony and I have leased Oscar Hammerstein's house here in Beverly Hills. It's a gorgeous place and I love it. But I'll bet a psychologist, poking around in my subconscious mind, would find that I specially wanted that house because it belongs to Oscar Hammerstein. When I was a kid, walking up Broadway, looking up at Hammerstein's Theatre, did I ever expect to be living in a house owned by Oscar Hammerstein? I did not! See what I mean?"

"It's like this problem of having to work so hard to do something I don't honestly feel on the screen. That's 'tanks Tenth Avenoo,' too, if it's anything to be thankful for. Because, on the sidewalks of

New York you have to play fast and furiously, dodging cars, snitching what time you can get away from school, or away from helping with the housework. So you must play with all your heart, making every move and minute count, and meaning it. There is nothing on earth more real than the playing of kids on city streets. It is terribly earnest.

"And it's 'tanks to Tenth Avenoo' that I hate to do fight scenes like the one just now with Connie Bennett. I know it's only acting, but if you hit hard enough it hurts, doesn't it, call it by any name you like. I saw too many kids banged up, heard too many ambulances sirening in to take the hurt ones away, to be able to smack anyone—unless they deserve it and I mean it. If they do deserve it," said Alice, a glint in her soft blues eyes, "the Irish in me takes care of that."

"I still 'help with the housework.' I have servants to do most of it, of course. But whenever we are having 'comp'ny for dinner' I fuss around the table, changing this and that. I arrange and rearrange flowers, shake up the cushions, try to make things 'look nice,' again throwing-back to my childhood.

"Crowds scare me to death. I seldom go where there are crowds if I can help it. Why? Because when a crowd gathers on the sidewalks of New York you can be pretty sure there's been an accident, a kid has been hurt, there's a fire or some catastrophe. My fear of crowds is definitely a throw-back to the fear a city child feels when he sees crowds gathering.

"I'm a worrier, they tell me. Maybe that's because I grew up with people who doggone well had to worry—and not about what accessories they would wear with what sports outfit, either. They had to worry about rent and food and their hus-



All bundled up, Sonja Henie looks over her skating troupe rehearsing fancy figures.

bands' jobs and all that. I worry about my job, about the script, about whether I'll be able to play the next part. A couple of years ago I wouldn't go to my own previews, wouldn't even go to theatres where my pictures were running. I had tried it a couple of times and couldn't sleep all night for thinking about how I could have done this or that scene better.

"I always feel most comfortable when I'm singing. I have the feeling that if my voice, such as it is, were taken away from me I'd have nothing left. That's because I sang to the strains of the hurdy-gurdys on the sidewalks of New York and the kids would flock around and listen. They seemed to like it and gave me their great, big little hands.

"I had a lot of real faith in my singing when I was with Rudy Vallee because he gave me faith in myself. I had his orchestra and his success to lean on, to be a part of. I have faith in my singing now because I feel natural singing. For no other reason, certainly," smiled Alice, "because I never took a singing lesson in my life. I must learn to have faith in myself as a dramatic actress, they tell me. The reason I haven't any now is probably because when I was a kid I never thought of myself as a dramatic actress. I guess I'm still afraid of the razzberries those kids would have handed me if I had suddenly gone Bernhardt or Grande Dame on them.

"At home," said Alice, "I don't have any problems, because I feel absolutely myself. I can relax. No one expects me to be anything I'm not. I go around singing at the top of my lungs. There's a radio in every room in our house so I always have accompaniment. Tony plays the piano beautifully—I only play by ear. He plays and I sing or he both plays and sings, or maybe he'll play and we sing together.

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IS STARDOM WORTH IT?

(Continued from page 47)

I would like to add that no star can rationalize a badly prepared story. I know; I've tried! The public holds a bad picture against a star longer than a good picture is remembered."

Invitations from total strangers is another thing Miss Francis can find nothing to cheer about.

"Hollywood stars are asked to parties in New York by people they've never met—publicity minded society folk, as a rule. The celebrity hunters are willing to hunt small game, shall we say modestly, or practise on us to keep in form. They ask you to teas and dinners in which you are totally disinterested."

Back home in Beverly Hills, it's almost as bad, Kay added. She is invited to press buttons opening expositions, act as hostess at the premiere of a new meat market, award the prizes at a dance class commencement, serve in a dozen and one capacities in no way associated with acting.

"Of course, I don't accept these wild invitations," she amplified, "but one is bound to give them decent consideration. You owe that courtesy to everyone. You must be tactful and diplomatic in turning down an invitation because to the person issuing them they're not as silly as they may seem to you."

Miss Francis added that she sees every letter addressed to her, although her secretary sorts the mail and classifies it according to its importance.

"My fan mail delights me," said Kay. "It comes from such unexpected places—Tasmania, Delhi, Russia! It thrills me to have people bother to write just to

say they enjoyed a picture that I was in."

Another black mark against stardom, according to Miss Francis, is the ungodly hours demanded of a star. Extra scenes on Sunday, retakes until two in the morning, trailers on holidays—all for art's sake. Between pictures it is difficult to plan a vacation for fear loose ends of the last one have to be gathered up, or a new ending tacked on. A star's time is subject at all times to the call of the studio.

Kay saved her pet grievance against stardom for her final shot. "I abhor being a goldfish in a bowl, open to public inspection all hours of the day," she flashed. "I resent being asked whom I'm going to the theatre with, where I was for the week-end, and what my intentions are toward matrimony. All these things are nobody's business. Being a star shouldn't make one fair game for snooper's sniping."

"Wearing smoked glasses doesn't hide you. You can't get away from it all when your face has appeared on so many screens everywhere so many times. A star is marked as long as she is a star. Of course they let you alone when you're through." She laughed a bit ruefully. "When I fade I suppose I'll miss the pushing around. We can't be satisfied. But I would say definitely that the one thing about being a star that's hardest to take is the total lack of privacy!"

Thus Kay Francis upholds and attacks the joys and terrors of stardom, laying bare its rewards as well as deploring its sorrows. Is it worth while? Miss Francis seems to feel, womanlike, that the answer is yes and no. What do you think?

(Continued from page 91)

"We rehearse broadcasts together by making recordings of them at home and listening to the playbacks. We have a sixteen mm. sound projector and make home movies and run them for our friends. Tony has his friends at the house or I have mine. Most of them are our mutual friends, like Ben Oakland, the song writer, and his wife. Ben and I recently collaborated on a song. It's titled 'I Promise You.'"

"Often Tony and I get in the car after dinner and drive off to the beach or somewhere, usually to get clams. We're clam crazy. We drive along at thirty-five miles an hour—I won't go faster—and sing our heads off, to the radio. We come in late and go into the kitchen and I whip up a dish of scrambled eggs and bacon or make waffles and coffee and we sit at the kitchen table and eat and sing some more. It's cosy, like it used to be back in the kitchen on Tenth Avenue."

"Sundays I like to lounge around the house in a pair of slacks and a sweater, rearranging the furniture, fooling in the garden. Tony usually plays golf Sunday mornings. My mother comes over for the day, maybe with some of her friends. Or we have a few people in for supper and play records and backgammon. I do what I feel like doing."

"People tell me that I'm not temperamental," smiled Alice. "Well, if I'm not, that's 'tanks to Tenth Avenoo,' too. I gather that being temperamental means, in Hollywood, being late on sets, staging scenes that are not in the picture, making a general nuisance of yourself. But the folks I grew up with didn't dare to be temperamental, didn't dare to be late for work, took what they got and liked it, whether they cared for it or not. There was a pay-check due at the end of the week and the check meant bread and meat and beer. There was no foolin' with it."

"I do pretty much as my studio advises me to do. A sort of Father-Knows-Best complex. This trait, too, comes from my childhood, I suppose. When I was a very small child my dad was a member of the New York Police Force, and a child knows that a cop is The Law and that you obey The Law, or else. The man at the head of the studio is, to me, what Mr. Freud would call the 'father-image.' To me he wears brass buttons and is The Law."

So it's "no foolin'" with Alice. Love. Marriage. Work—all are earnest and real to Alice. She can't strike blows she doesn't mean without just about knocking herself out in the attempt. She doesn't give the wrong answers to questions. She won't answer questions about her marriage. She will neither deny nor confirm the various rumors which have been printed about her marriage. "I won't give phony answers before I know what the answers are," says Alice.

She doesn't, she says, know what tomorrow will bring—and guesswork isn't in her line. But I venture to say that whatever tomorrow brings to Alice alone or to Alice and Tony together will be "tanks to Tenth Avenoo." They will never do anything lightly, casually, uncaringly. If it is to be "and they lived happily ever after" it will be a warm, secure "ever after." If they are to go separate ways it will be because the very foundations of their marriage gave way, not because of a whim or a silly lovers' quarrel.

On the sidewalks of New York, where Alice grew up, marriage was, for the most part, "until death do us part." Life was like that, too, all of it. And so it is part of Alice's pattern now, purl three, knit four, "Tanks to Tenth Avenoo."

HOLLYWOOD'S A DANGEROUS PLACE

(Continued from page 29)

he and Mrs. Boyer entertain a few close friends.

As when, shortly before "Marie Antoinette" went into production, Norma Shearer came to dine with Charles and Pat, and the three of them spent the evening discussing Charles for the role of Louis XVI, which Norma then wanted him to play. But he didn't think he was suited to the role, either by stature or temperament and so declined, with thanks. That is characteristic of Boyer. Neither gratified pride, vast sums of money nor shinier laurels can tempt him to do something in which he does not believe. Whenever he has capitulated it has been because he had gotten himself involved in a contract which robbed him, temporarily, of the right of free choice.

NO, there is no pride of pomp and circumstance, no personal vanity in Charles Boyer. If there had been personal vanity he would not have said, as he did to me, that playing Napoleon in "Conquest" has given him more personal satisfaction than any role he has ever played on the screen.

I thought of what Spencer Tracy said just the other day, "Boyer's Napoleon should have won the Academy Award last year. He deserved it far more than my Manuel did." But in spite of Boyer's magnificent performance there were fans galore who lamented bitterly because the Boyer face was lost to Bonaparte. "We want Boyer, not Bonaparte!" they shouted.

Charles thinks less than nothing of his

looks. He told me, "I dislike playing always the lover, the romantic hero who must inevitably 'get the girl.' I am sorry that it began this way for me because, in Hollywood it is hard to break away from precedent. To harp upon one string becomes monotonous. Ronald Colman, I think, chooses excellent roles. He preserves his romantic appeal but is, at the same time, a character actor with a man-sized job to do.

"I am a gambler by nature," smiled Boyer. "If I should sign anywhere a seven year contract the excitement for me would be dried up by the end of the first year. Without excitement I cannot work—I would not want to live. I do not like to feel safe. I enjoy the game of chance, not on the gaming tables, but in my own life. I want only to have enough money so that, in case of illness or old age, my family will be suitably protected.

"I have always been a gambler. I gambled when I first broke my home ties to become an actor. I threw away, for an ambition which was purely instinctive, generations' of safe, conformist living, an established business, a life where I would always have known where my next full meal was coming from. For in my natal Figeac, in France, my father and my grandfather before me had been manufacturers of agricultural implements and I could have followed snugly in their footsteps. I could have been another respected, substantial Citizen Boyer of Figeac with nothing more erratic than the farmers' seasonal needs to plague my days.

I threw that all away for the chancy lot of the entertainment world."

Yes, Charles Boyer threw substance and safety away for the chancy lot of the entertainment world and he became, then, the idol of Paris, the idol of all France, with every theatre in which he played a veritable hothouse of adoring women, and their escorts. Then he threw that away to come to Hollywood, to follow the demon lure of the shadow theatre.

AND now, again, safely under the Wanger wing, he has come out from under, preferring to throw his own dice. Because he wants to do the parts he believes in. "Not Hamlets," he told me, smiling. "I am not pretentious. I want to do intelligent, simple, human pictures. No, not even an 'Algiers.' 'Algiers' is colorful. It is entertaining—but not the kind of thing I want. I'd like to play the Man of Today, with all the worry and anguish which is the lot of the average man of today, who puts so much heart and sweat into so fragile a way of living. I wonder that people do not write more stories about him, this contemporary man who is more than half a martyr."

We left the sun-deck then to go indoors, into one of the large and splendidly proportioned rooms which make Mr. Boyer's new home overlooking Benedict Canyon. It was as he gave a backward glance down the steep declivity which leads to Hollywood that Charles said, "That is a very dan-ger-ous place . . . but not the kind of danger you suppose." I was curious.

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"The kind of dangers I might suppose," I said hopefully, "would be wine, women, song, the old snares, the old traps, baited with new bewitching flowers..."

"No, I do not mean things like that," Mr. Boyer said, promptly squashing my erotic imaginings. "Hollywood," he said flatly and, I must admit, disappointingly, "is the safest place in the world. This sounds contradictory, but let me explain. A man is safer here than ever he would be in Paris, New York, London or Budapest. Marriage is safer here, too—because Hollywood offers a man fewer temptations than does any other place in the world."

"I," laughed Boyer, enjoying my face which was twisted into the shape of a dizzy question mark, "I am safer here than I would be anywhere else. It is too obvious here. The temptations, they are all spread out in the brazen sunshine, the romance, the intrigue, the rendezvous. When they are not spread out in the sunlight

day, emerging from some unexpected alley of your life, it is possible to meet some charming woman, to have the tête-à-tête with her, to keep your meetings shrouded in secrecy and mystery. Romance breathes best in the dark. Such chance encounters are provocative. They stir the imagination and that stirs the heart. And so romance in such cities of—how shall I say it?—crannies, can easily become insidious, tempting, where the unsecret and unmysterious romances of Hollywood cannot. Yes, it is the safest place in the world, Hollywood," said Mr. Boyer, and laughed his quiet laugh.

I said, "The women you work with in pictures, though—like Hedy Lamarr, for Pete's sake—surely they constitute temptation?"

"No," said Mr. Boyer. "No, they do not. Yes, we work with beautiful women. But you must remember that we see these beautiful women with thick make-up coat-



Yes, things have changed for Hepburn. Once, Katie scorned to pose for photogs—now, she's even signing autographs. Could it be because she hasn't worked since "Holiday?"

they are spread out in print, in public places where all may see and gossip and so, destroy. For the obvious is never alluring. A woman with a veil offers more provocation than a woman without a veil, but always. Hollywood is a woman without a veil.

"One knows all that goes on in Hollywood. There is nothing left to the imagination. We know that So-and-So "goes with" Such-and-Such one week and the next week So-and-So is going with some other Such-and-Such. And so it continues, forever changing partners in a pattern that never changes at all."

"But women?" I persisted. "The most beautiful women in the world are here in Hollywood working with you daily. What then?"

"It is too obvious," repeated Mr. Boyer. "Romances, intrigues must come from the outside, must come unexpectedly, must not be a part of your workaday life. Yes, as the woman from Paris entered the Casbah and the life of Pepe Le Moko, so do temptation and danger come. In Paris, London or New York, you are more likely to find romance insinuating itself into your heart. There, knocking at your door one

ing their faces, with heavy lipstick on their mouths, lipstick we must not disturb by a too-impassioned kiss. We are conscious of the woman's make-up more than of the woman herself. We are conscious, too, of the lines we must speak. These are more vital to us than the lines of the most divine figure. We are conscious of the director, the cameraman, the visitors on the sets. I say again, it is when we least expect it, it is when the stage is not set, when the lights are not on, when the lines are not written for us, that we are in danger, that romance finds us out."

"And when you married?" I mentioned.

"Yes," said Mr. Boyer, "don't you see, that was the sudden, the unexpected. I had no such thought in my mind, no wish to fall in love. In fact, the contrary. I had determined not to marry at all. I had determined that marriage was not for me. Then Pat and I met and within two months we were married. And because a gambler does sometimes put his chips on the right color, so a lover sometimes stakes his heart on the right woman and the marriage works out with unexpected substantiality and happiness."

"No, when I said that Hollywood is a

very dangerous place I did not mean it as it sounded. It is dangerous because one is apt to become mentally lazy, restricted to knowing only people who are doing the same thing as one's self, because one is apt to sink into the creature comforts and forget the discomforts of an earlier ambition and struggle—of the spirit, if you like, the discomforts which make for growth."

I said, "Are you sorry that you ever came to Hollywood?"

"I am sorry that there ever was such a thing as motion pictures," Mr. Boyer answered, slight amusement in his sombre dark eyes, "for if there had never been invented the motion picture, I would have remained on the stage. Without many of the things I have now, that is true, but owning many of the things I have not now, a sense of doing only the work I believe in. I would have been living contentedly in my little two-room apartment in Paris, still believing that such 'commonplaces' as frigidaires and built-in showers and heat that goes off and on with buttons belong only to the Croesuses of finance. But since there are motion pictures and since I am only human I am glad that I am in Hollywood because if I were not here, I am sure that I would be envying the money of Hollywood and the chance to attempt something new in a great new medium. I would feel that I was missing something, that here was a chance I hadn't taken."

I said, glancing about the beautiful rooms, "But you could live more simply if you wanted to."

"I built this house," said Mr. Boyer, "not only as my home but also as the place where I create my own vacations and my own solitude. And it has fulfilled both purposes. I take my vacations here. I do not need to go to the desert, to the moun-



A sweet armful for any man—that's Anita Louise. Bob Abbott is the lucky chap here.

tains, to the sea. All are here. I do not leave my house to play because where is there to go in Hollywood, what is there to do? I do not care for the races. I do not care for the night club life. So I stay here on my mountain.

"Also, in Hollywood people know how you live. They entertain you in their homes and you must entertain them in your home and there must be something equal about it. In Paris you can have one room

and a little kitchen and it does not matter. Either people do not know where you live or else they live the same way themselves. But in Hollywood everyone sees how you live and knows what money you make and when in Rome, I think, one should live, at least on the surface, as the Romans do. The Chinese call it 'not to lose face.' Besides, there is the advantage in living like this of giving employment to many people, to several servants. In this time, that is good."

I said, "Do you think you will ever leave Hollywood now? Not caring overmuch for the gifts it has to give, why do you choose to remain?"

"In my case," said Mr. Boyer, "I am a little stubborn. I failed here once. I do not forget that. I want to prove to myself that I do not fail again. I have now, for the first time in all my comings and goings between Paris and Hollywood, finally given up my apartment in Paris. Most of the furniture in these rooms is from my Paris apartment. I have a sentiment for old things, old associations. I have had my library built here, an exact replica of my circular library in Paris."

He explained that the books are arranged on the circular shelves precisely as they were arranged on the shelves in Paris, and I liked the way he handled the rare old first editions. His sensitive fondling of them showed how much he valued them because he loves them. "But I also live much as I lived in Paris," Mr. Boyer was saying. "A little less gaily, perhaps, because there are fewer places to go and fewer things to do. But for Pat and me, we live as we would live anywhere in the world where we happened to be."

"You mean, on a mountain top?" I asked. And Charles Boyer answered, smiling, "Yes, that is a way to put it—on a mountain top."



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BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

(Continued from page 15)

Miss Bari did about the most thorough imitation of a box-office queen as I have ever seen done on the screen. Miss Bari has acquired the Colbert voice, mannerisms and even the Colbert bangs. There is only one Colbert and always will be.

I sincerely hope Miss Bari realizes that a star must have individuality, a definite personality, and not be a high-class imitation of Garbo, Crawford or what have you. As shown in the case of Bette Davis, a star is hindered more than helped, because fans resent having anyone muscling in on their favorites.

Though many believe Lynn Bari has what it takes to make a star, I remain non-committal. First, she must get rid of her imitations and stop capitalizing on the personality of another.—Paul L. Nemcek, Little Falls, N. Y.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Lew Ayres

Who is leading the Hollywood comeback procession? None other than Lew Ayres.

Nearly a decade ago, Lew Ayres achieved fame in that stirring production "All Quiet On The Western Front." Later, for reasons difficult to explain, his popularity seemed to wane. This despite the fact that he never failed to acquit himself creditably in any part he took.

In "Rich Man, Poor Girl," he demonstrated that he was not going to be shelved. Really, he almost stole the show. His delineation of the character of Cousin Henry with his definite social views, was distinctive to say the least.

He again scores heavily in "Young Dr. Kildare," where he is co-starred with that veteran artist Lionel Barrymore. In a difficult role he gives a magnificent interpretation of the young doctor whose unorthodox methods and indifference to hospital discipline irked his superiors.

By sheer histrionic ability and effort he is staging his comeback march. Success to him!—Lewison Anrud, Denver, Colo.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

As They Really Are

I've discovered actors are very unlike the characters they portray on the screen.

Recently, I met Wayne Morris and Johnny Davis. Reel Wayne is as different from Wayne in real life as if they were two separate people. On the screen he usually typifies an earnest, hard-working, serious young man who has very little time for the lighter things in life. But, as a person, Wayne is a gay, laughing, effervescent fellow who bubbles over with the sheer enjoyment of living. He doesn't know the meaning of the words "sit still."

On the other hand Johnny Davis, a wild and woolly jitterbug in pictures, manages to be an exceedingly intellectual and well-informed person. That sense of humor still prevails but is more subdued and subtle.—Betty Lou Hodge, Washington, D. C.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

"Suez"

Seeing the stirring picture "Suez" convinces one that movies are indeed a vital force in the life of our friend "Gen. Public." I doubt if there is any agency in American life which could so painlessly educate this esteemed gentleman and develop his faculty for thinking. Pictures possessing such elements of greatness combined with the human appeal which will hold the interest of "Gen. Public" will go far toward accomplishing this purpose.

"Suez" being founded on a stirring period in the world's history and one which possessed many of the same elements which make up current history gives a perspective for evaluating present events. Seeing an indomitable will conquering every obstacle of circumstance, disappointment, intrigue, finance and cruel nature jerks one out of the present weak-kneed attitude. More pictures like "Suez", please.—Mrs. H. B. Harper, Columbus, Ga.

Another year has passed, and since it was a most important one in the movie industry, we want to know how you stand on these twelve questions. The results of this questionnaire will be published in an early issue of Modern Screen. Fill in the coupon (please print) and send it to: Between You 'n' Me, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

1. Best actor on the screen is
2. Best actress on the screen is
3. Most handsome man on the screen is
4. Most beautiful girl on the screen is
5. Best movie I saw in 1938 was
6. Worst movie I saw in 1938 was
7. Most promising newcomer (male) on the screen is
8. Most promising newcomer (female) on the screen is
9. The best cowboy actor is
10. The best scene-stealer (male) is
11. The best scene-stealer (female) is
12. (Lest we forget!) Scarlett O'Hara should be played by

My name is

Address

(City)

(State)

SIGRID STEPS OUT

(Continued from page 49)

This frock is an excellent choice for a number of different types, because it's young without being too, too girlish.

Another street classic designed to give you that comforting feeling of being well dressed for any occasion, except strictly formal, might be spotted on Miss Gurie by the alert Brown Derby luncheon crowd. It's the kind of an outfit you'd like to have on when you run into an old beau—or the girl who took him away from you. It's a severely tailored pin stripe suit, cunningly cut to give a feminine look at the top, further enhanced by a dainty white dimity blouse. Think twice before you adopt the hat that goes with it, though. It's an exaggerated version of the jockey cap, with that forward-jutting brim that is so apt to do unflattering things to a face that isn't "just the 'type.'"

If you crave pleats but deplore the effect they have on rear and profile view, take a look at Miss Gurie's light monotone wool street frock. You can have your youthful pleats, and your hipline, too. Notice how the skirt is cut widely circular so that the pleats blend right into smoothly fitted hips and waist, without the sign of a seam to mar your streamlines. The top is tailored, and a budget-wrecking sable scarf lends an air of opulence. Leaving out the sables, it's a grand dress for under your heavy coat right now, and it will be right at home with one of those clubby wool jackets, later in the spring.

Miss Gurie wears a becoming hat with this—one that even the untutored male can

recognize as a hat. It has plenty of crown and brim, stitched all over for trimming, and the brim sweeping high off one side of the face in gay caballero fashion.

Two other members of Miss Gurie's millinery family are much less conservative. They're the kind of hats designed to lift your spirits and make you feel like a *femme fatale*—just when you were getting low because that salesgirl addressed you respectfully as "Modum," instead of calling you "Girlie."

One is a perky miniature sailor, with fat moire ribbon bows sprouting all over the top. If you can see out of both eyes it isn't on at the properly dashing angle. The other is a bit giddier—a tiny black felt "dish" full of black and blue uncurled ostrich tips, and a circular, wide mesh veil floating all around over the shoulders. Veils still have a place on the smartest heads. Once we gals get hold of something that does as much for us as a bit of veil, it's hard to separate us from it.

And don't let the giddiness alarm you. As for hats—we've got the men pretty well trained to expect most anything so, by all means, let gaiety go to your head. The purpose of a hat (feminine gender) is to be a builder-upper—not to keep the head warm. And after all, what would the poor men do for entertainment if they couldn't make fun of our hats. Just remember—your current "head man" isn't making any more cracks about your headgear than grandfather made at the expense of grandmother's Easter bonnet.

Femininity without frou-frou characterizes Miss Gurie's evening hours, both for leisure and stepping out.

Of course you know that "house coat" is the word that has supplanted "hostess gown" for everything from your little gingham morning dresses to your favorite satin lounging pajamas. Anyway, Miss Gurie's house coat is elegant in richly rustling taffeta, but it has grand lines that might easily be carried out in any other material when you feel like running up a "little something" to lounge around in. Over a slim dress of solid color crepe, goes a floor length redingote of heavy taffeta, lavishly embroidered all over with tiny flowers. The coat is sleekly fitted in princess lines, and tied at the waist in a small fat bow.

If your neck can stand exposure, you'll probably fix a possessive eye on Miss Gurie's black dinner gown. Remember, it has only an expanse of throat to decorate it, so that had better be good. The gown holds the figure to well below the knees, where it is released in soft folds. The neckline is a deep, wide "V," and long tight sleeves join at the shoulder with the effect of being tied on. It's hard to tell whether the bodice is holding the sleeves up or vice versa. Either way, it has a flatteringly come-hither aura, if your collar bones can take it.

If you happen to have a finger length ermine cape hanging around (like the one Miss Gurie wears) it will be very good



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R. Loeffler

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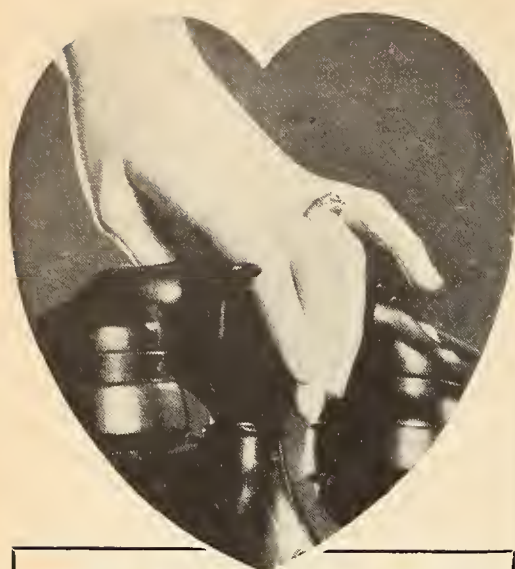
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when this stunning gown goes out stepping.

A lamé dinner gown is more universally becoming, but it allows for no bulges—so better look into the girdle situation before you adopt it. It is metal cloth of a softly drapable weave, printed all over with small muted flowers. The bodice is fitted high at the throat, sleeves are short and a narrow velvet ribbon girdles the waist. A lavish, very silvery fox cape accompanies this frock when it goes places with Miss Gurie.

BUT don't let the fur situation get you down. Lamé and nearly all other evening materials take kindly to velvet, and velvet wraps, from short capes to sweeping floor-length princess coats, are definitely in. They may be trimmed or untrimmed. The very long ones, especially princess cut, however, present pitfalls for the unwary. Beware the matronly look they're apt to give you unless you're "teenish" enough to make impossible, or old enough not

to give a darn. And all manner of inexpensive furs, even smart "immys" can be made to take the place of the higher-bracket fox and ermine with no loss of dignity and charm, but considerable saving.

The gowns described, especially the street frocks, will fit gracefully into your own wardrobes, whether you're a "Tillie the Toiler" or a Home Girl. They're simple designs with a decided air, but not such an air that you feel you should be stepping into a flare of Kleig lights when you walk out the door.

All sorts of costume jewelry, with a strong leaning to "chunks" of gold and glitter, are very good. But when you fall for a bulky piece, be sure the dress you pin it on isn't already burdened with sequin pockets or rhinestone gadgets. A simple, well-fitting dark dress is the perfect background for your favorite ornaments. So hew to your lines, and let the clips fall where they may.

GROWN-UP JUVENILE

(Continued from page 46)

"Speaking of fans, I'd like very much to find a good play. Though I'd have a pretty hard time to get one to suit me. The trick this season seems to be to portray an historical character you can both look like and play. What with Robert Morley of "Marie Antoinette" fame making such a success of "Oscar Wilde" and Raymond Massey of the English films, doing a marvellous job of "Abe Lincoln," can you imagine the sort of historical character left for me? I'm afraid he wouldn't be too interesting even fictionalized.

"Next season, however, may present a new vogue with more opportunity," Marshall continued. "Gone are the good old days of the drawing-room comedy when all you had to do was balance a cup of tea on one knee and say, 'Lady Plush-button should never have worn a thing like that, m'deah!' Nowadays you have to make a pass at delivering.

"In order to click, it seems you have to at least guide your country to safety, in the manner of Abe Lincoln, or suffer for sinning against society as the late Oscar Wilde did. All of which is quite gratifying to us 'hams.' You know, that's what actors were called in the early days of the theatre. They were known as such because they used ham fat on their faces for make-up purposes. There were no facial experts to make a prince or a pauper. That was a little job for you to figure out for yourself."

"How is it that such well seasoned hams as you, Ronald Colman and Warner Baxter can still assume the love interest?"

"Frankly, I think it's a bit of luck," Herbert Marshall began seriously. "Lord knows we've been doing it long enough to know how. And, I guess as long as we find a producer who'll give us a story, we'll continue to try and do our best.

"As a matter of fact, that's one of the reasons I like free lancing. While I may not be able to choose roles, I can at least reject those I don't like. If I were signed with any one studio, they would push me professionally, to be sure, but, at the same time I would always be around to be pushed right into any and all stories they might have on hand.

"Any actor can be miscast or appear in far too many pictures. When this happens, the public gets so tired of the sight of your face that you take a neat little nose dive. On the other hand, you can suffer immensely from poor material. Take

Robert Young, for instance. He does a bang-up job when he's on loan, but when he returns to his studio, they put him back into so-so pictures. The same happens with Claire Trevor and Basil Rathbone. Both are fine artists, but no actor can be better than his material. The greatest of all playwrights, William Shakespeare, advanced this theory when the art of acting was in its infancy."

HERBERT Marshall's theories served to remind us of another case which we hope won't fall into the aforementioned category. That is, that of our favorite, Mickey Rooney. We hope that, talented though he be, his studio saves him for more of a treat than a steady diet, for of late Mickey's impish face seems to be featured in every film in which he can possibly be cast.

"Of course," Mr. Marshall continued, "there are drawbacks to freelancing, too. Occasionally, you lose an argument, after you've committed yourself on an assignment. Then, no matter how distasteful the job may be, I make it an iron-clad rule to go ahead and do it cheerfully. I feel my misunderstandings begin, and end, in the front office—and have nothing to do with the director assigned to the picture. I've been told that some actors under similar circumstances make it just a bit tough for their director, but that's only hearsay."

"Of course," we assented. "Not mentioning names, but do you remember 'Bengal Lancer?' Franchot Tone? By the way, have you heard how Bob Montgomery is doing?"

"Would you care for a spot of tea?" our genial host countered. "Last call, you know, for our little Boston Tea Party is about to begin to be through. I say there, we don't want fights really, do we? Though one thing that's jolly well worth a fight, however, is the manner in which you're rooked in New York! High prices, y'know."

To hear Mr. M. complaining of high tariffs as he roughed it at the Ritz, was a bit amusing. "I say," he persisted, comfortably seated in his luxurious suite, "wouldn't you care for a spot of tea?"

"Spot," honestly? Frankly, I thought that was an expression we pinned on you Englishmen."

We detected an amused glint in the Marshall eyes as he replied, "Certainly not m'deah fellow! Now you know it isn't a gag!" This did more to promote

international understanding than anything Franklin D. and George VI combined could accomplish.

Continuing in his clipped British manner, "It's one of the little things the English manage, no matter where they turn up. We're great home folk, y'know, and like to be able to relax in what apparently is our own place. The 'spot' helps just as the few personal things we keep around. I don't think there's anything more uninviting than the usual run of hotel rooms, do you?"

Glancing around it was obvious to what Marshall referred. For, surrounding him were his books, a few pictures and last, but not least, his own ash trays! Yep, Herbert Marshall, like many of his countrymen have that knack of making even a hotel room seem like a home. You and I would need only unpack our tooth brush and be set for a hard winter! But, not our English cousins.

While other guests of this swank hostelry might be having themselves a cocktail or two, Herbert Marshall polished off a pot of that famous brew so near, and so dear, to the hearts of the English! At that, there may be something to this "swiggin' of tannin!" It may be the property which makes these *grown-ups* juveniles!



Come on over, boys and girls, and meet America's own contender for Sonja Henie's icy crown, pretty Bess Ehrhardt, who learned to skate away up Superior, Wisconsin way. Bess brightens the "Ice Follies," Joan Crawford's latest, with Jimmy Stewart and Lew Ayres in the cast.



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But you must grant me this—
My object here, as you will see,
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THEY'RE SO BLUE!

(Continued from page 16)

somer than I, who can do them much better. "I'm Teutonic. I'm not the swash-buckling type. Yet I do not believe I'm a bad actor. If I did, I would certainly not be giving my life to this business. As it is, I have to whip myself into a false enthusiasm for these romantic roles."

"And what," I asked, "what role do you want to play?"

Freddie didn't hesitate a moment. "Oh, light comedy, of course. It's the only thing for which I'm suited."

"I want to make another picture like 'The Royal Family.' Not long ago a writer friend of mine dug up an old French play which has such a delightfully humorous flavor. I think it's so swell that I won't even tell the name of it for fear a studio would buy it for someone else. If I can't stop being romantic on the screen, then all the pleasure and excitement that I used to get from my work will be gone."

Then you take Jimmy Cagney—except he'd undoubtedly outsmart you before you could. There's a mind like a rapier in the sun. There's a flashing, brilliant personality, a man so volatile, so exciting that during the privileged moments you're in his presence you feel as stolid as a cow, by comparison. He has courage, deep convictions, ideals. His gestures are quick, but his voice is low. He's a red-headed Irishman always fighting for a cause.

"I play more or less the same type of man on the screen all the time. The public will grow sick of that man if they see me year after year characterizing him again and again. The studio will have made a great deal of money on me, but when I'm through I won't be worth a nickle to myself."

"I have to work harder than the good-looking men. The minute they come on the screen, the public is with them. They have a personality that puts them across at once. But not I. I have to give every bit of acting ability I possess to put the most simple scene across. So I must have good, sound stories. Vital, alive, vivid roles. And there aren't as many good roles as they want me to do a year." Sound, you must admit. Intelligent, yes.

So there you have a general picture of the unhappy actor and his problems. There you have thinking men who see themselves in their proper proportions and have a sincere desire to give to the screen some of the ability that they know they possess. Each has a definite role or type of role in mind. Each has more than average knowledge and power of observation.

And now consider George Raft. He's unhappy, too. "The studio," he said, "kicks me around. I get no consideration. When I kick they say, 'Georgie, why don't you be an okay guy? You used to be an okay guy when you were making two hundred bucks a week, but now you're making a big salary and you complain.'"

"I figure that making that big salary shows I'm sort of a success and I think I've got a right to complain when things go wrong. Lots of the stars have their own cameramen. I haven't got my own cameraman. Lots of the stars have their own writers to work with them on stories. I haven't got my own writer."

"And even my big salary doesn't go so far. I've got to live in a nice apartment. It costs a lot of money. If I lived in some little dump, the studio would be ashamed of me."

"What do you care," I broke in, "since they don't treat you right? What do you care if they are ashamed of you?"

George shook his head. "Oh, no," he said, "I can't make the studio ashamed of me. No, I couldn't do that. You see, I try to be an okay guy, but it's awfully hard when they kick you around. And then look at the parts they give me. Just the same old thing over and over again. I think I could do something different, but I don't get the chance."

"And what role do you want to play?" "Oh, I know what I want to do all right." His voice was plaintive. Somewhere in the general kicking around he had been terribly hurt.

"Listen," he said sadly, "I just want to wear a uniform."

And that is the Hollywood revolution. They're all unhappy, each in his own way, but George Raft is the most unhappy.

FUN AT FARRELL'S

(Continued from page 86)

The radio is playing something different. None of the Farrells seem bothered. The telephone rings and everybody scatters in different directions. Glenda answers the one in her bedroom, Dick makes it in the den, Tommy flies upstairs to the playroom, Aunt Margaret catches the one in the kitchen.

Jerry is calling from the studio. He will be over around eight or so. He's bringing his wife, Marsha Hunt. "Listen Dick," says Glenda in the bedroom to Dick in the den, "He's bringing Marsha!" "Hoorah," says Tommy in the playroom to Aunt Margaret in the kitchen, "Marsha's coming." They carry on an inter-household communication, entirely forgetting Jerry at the other end of the wire. And Teresa, in the hall, announces to the world at large, "I put on a plate for Marsha when the phone rang!"

Jerry arrived soon after nine. He'd already had his dinner, but he consented amiably to keep us company, although naturally he didn't want a thing to eat.

So we went in to dinner right on the dot—right on the dot of half past nine—and the

boys stepped lively to see who wouldn't sit on Glenda's left. That place gets served last. Jerry took it, beaming with the light of noble renunciation.

Jerry, who would have a little of everything just to be sociable, wound up with three repeats, and even after that he eyed the platter wistfully with that famished Oliver-Twist expression in his big brown eyes. The Farrells say it's the secret of his romantic success. He looks half-starved and the girls want to build him up.

The fancy serving scissors get Tommy down. "Those things again! Why can't a man have a decent tablespoon to slide under his potato, and a fork to hold it on? Does he have to be a juggler before he can get a square meal, must he go in training, I ask you?" Tommy gives the server a pull, it comes unstuck and conveniently falls apart. The evening is a success for the scion of the household.

The telephone rings continuously. Various assorted members of the family get up to answer it. One has no sooner returned

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to the table than it rings again and another departs. Everything is just as simple and quiet as the Grand Central Terminal.

There opens a discussion concerning Tommy's future career. Everybody has a different idea. Tommy pipes up how he had sorta been considering aeronautical engineering, but he is drowned out by Dick who favors the lawyer business, Teresa who thinks doctors are nice, and Glenda who wants him to be an actor.

"When you guys decide what I'm going to be, let me know, will you?" Tommy requests, giving up and going to bed.

About that time, Glenda's best beau telephoned. Bits of romantic conversation drifted in to the table, and the family drifted out to listen on the other telephones. The boy-friend had called up to make a date with Glenda for the following afternoon—until Dick cut in, "Hey, what about that football game?" So Dick made the date with him, and Glenda came back murmuring "Fine thing! My family even takes my dates away from me!"

THE high-lights of the preceding conversation were served with the dessert—and the first thing we knew it was eleven o'clock, and dinner practically over, leaving the "evening" wide open for conversation or bridge exactly as Glenda suggested in the first place.

The doorbell rang. Mysterious expressions flitted over the faces of the boys, as they leaped to answer. It proved to be Madame's current Spanish suitor, who has not yet run the Farrell gauntlet. Jean was the one who answered the phone when he called, and invited him out. Followed Joe and Harry—invited by Dick and Tommy, also without consulting Glenda. Of course, they all thought it was a huge joke—except Glenda and the suitors.

Madame's romances are family property and the lad who can't take it doesn't get another date. Probably one good reason Glenda refuses to take any man seriously enough to marry him is that she has so much fun in her own family just as it is. The man would be marrying Dick, Jean, Jerry, Tom, and Aunt Margaret—not to mention Teresa as well—which is enough to give any man pause. Although I hear on good authority, several have been not only willing but anxious to take the chance.

The final doorbell ring turned out to be the number one guy—Glenda had made that date herself—and did she have the laugh on the family.

So we departed on that cue. Glenda and Bill took off at the same time for the Trocadero, which seemed a thoroughly superfluous gesture to me. Where, we ask you, could they or anyone find better entertainment than right at home among the Farrells, during a quiet peaceful evening?

★★ Artists and Models Abroad

"Artists and Models Abroad" can be recommended on two counts—as a picture and as a musical. The story is so good and so ably handled by an excellent cast that you would be well entertained without a single song. And when you consider that the songs are written by Ralph Rainger and Leo Robin and presented by the Yacht Club Boys, that's guaranteed good measure.

The fashion show, a perennial feature of this series, is brought into the story with such logic that the boy-friend won't squirm through the proceedings. The girls are all easy on the eyes and the gags brand new and hilarious. Jack Benny gets the best role of his screen career—and gets Joan Bennett besides. She is an heiress who joins up with Benny's troupe of starving chorus girls to escape the boredom of a life of luxury. To say there isn't a dull moment from then on is under-statement. Directed by Michael Leisen—Paramount

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DOING IT OVER AGAIN

(Continued from page 6)

After four years in stock, Mary Boland came to New York determined to get a job in a Broadway production. Such was her courage that when she was offered the lead in "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," by Sam Harris, who planned to assemble a company to tour the sticks with this melodrama, she turned it down, though she needed work desperately.

Disdainfully she looked up at him. "I can't take that job," she said. "I came to New York to appear in a Broadway production. I've had my fill of small towns."

Astonished, he glanced at her shabby attire. "Thousands of better actresses than you would be glad to grab this chance."

Mary shook her head and stumbled out, to hide her tears. At the time she was walking from theatre to theatre and hiking home to save carfare.

"The first job I landed in New York was opposite Robert Edeson, in the Broadway show, 'Strongheart.' For my try-out, I borrowed some clothes from a friend.

"It was this same friend who allowed me to sleep on the couch in her flat for six months till I got this chance. That was after my credit was exhausted with boarding-house keepers. How I loath them! I always used to think that they were the only horrible type of person extant. They'd knock on your door at ten o'clock at night and yell, 'Turn out the light. How do you think I'm going to live if you keep the gas burning all night long?' They'd watch you as if you were a criminal, fearing that you'd leave without paying.

"Another thing that made me miserable in those days," Mary Boland confessed, "was receiving a bad notice. It would very nearly kill me. I remember the time a New York reviewer commented, 'Miss Boland knows less about make-up than a Sunday School amateur.' I wept for days.

"Youth gives itself tremendous importance. When we're young we believe we are the pivot of the world. It seemed to me at that moment, thirty years ago, that the whole world was reading that notice condemning me, when really no one was paying the slightest attention to me.

"I was really very naive in those days,"

she laughed. "When I first went on the stage an actor in the company suggested that he would come up to my hotel room and teach me how to act. At first, I thought it was a good idea, but when two other men made exactly the same offer, I realized that something was wrong and turned them all down. I never did get the benefit of their training," she said, her blue eyes dancing. She got ahead without it.

From "Strongheart" she went on to fame on Broadway, becoming John Drew's leading lady when she was barely out of her teens. At first she was known only as a dramatic actress. Her gift for comedy was discovered accidentally.

Lynn Fontanne, playing the lead in the comedy, "Clarence," left the show suddenly. Frantic for fear he would have to close the play, George Tyler, its producer, asked Mary to substitute for Miss Fontanne.

"I was horrified at the idea of playing a comedy role, for in those days I was terribly serious, and felt I had to play Lady Macbeth or nothing."

At first she refused, but when George Tyler explained that she would be helping him out, she agreed. So brilliantly did Mary Boland play her role that from that moment on she was stamped as a comedienne.

About twelve years ago she accepted an offer to make silent films.

"I hated silent pictures," she told me. "Anyone who has trained herself for the stage finds it very hard to restrict herself to pantomime."

Mary Boland, idol of the Broadway stage, proved a flop in pictures. Bitterly resenting her failure, she fled the studios, vowing that she'd never go back to Hollywood.

"If I hadn't been such a fool, I wouldn't have blamed the Hollywood producers for my failure. I would have blamed myself. For I used the same technique for the screen as for the stage. One must learn an entirely new technique for films. Besides, I was too fat at the time."

"What finally brought you back to pictures?" I asked.

"What brings everyone back?" she retorted. "Money, of course. When I sat at



Virginia Weidler and Peter Holden, the gentleman of Broadway fame, romp with this adorable Dutch Schipperke pup in "The Great Man Votes."



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Ty Power's sister tells on him in March MODERN SCREEN

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the preview of my first talking picture, I kept thinking, 'Oh, all this money they've spent. Wait till they see me. It'll all be wasted.'"

But it wasn't, for movie audiences howled with glee when they heard her silly twittering way of talking. And today she ranks among our first screen comedienne.

"Is there any advice you'd give young people on living? If you were sixteen again, would you try to have more good times?" I asked.

Her smile was a little mocking as she answered. "What do you mean—good times? People spend so much time chasing around from night club to night club trying to convince themselves that they are having a wonderful time. They sit around for hours making small talk, gossiping.

"I remember once when my mother was alive a crowd of our friends came to visit us and sat around all afternoon talking about people we knew. Whenever anyone's name was mentioned, someone found something cruel and cutting to say. It wasn't that they meant to be unkind. They were just making what they considered interesting conversation. When they left, a strange expression came into my mother's eyes.

"For the first time in my life, I am worried about you, Mary," she said. "These people have so much to say against others. What do they say about you when you're not there?"

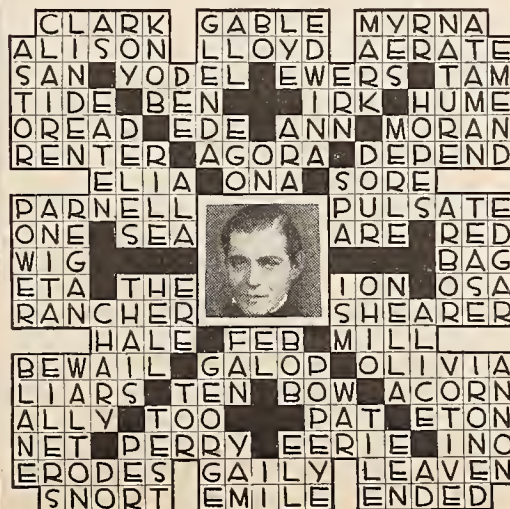
"That woke me up, and after that I was very careful to choose as my friends only people I knew to be loyal. Out of everything I've had in life, I appreciate loyalty most. I am astounded at the kindness of people. Unkind folks are the exception.

"Of course I don't blame people for being impulsive sometimes. I'm that way myself. Will I ever forget the fool I was when I grew angry at one of my friends? We had an appointment for dinner and the theatre. During dinner he was very quiet. Then, 'I'm so sorry, Mary,' he said. 'I hate to disappoint you, but I simply have to go back to the office and finish some work tonight.' I got so mad I jumped right onto his straw hat, ruining it.

"I lost the best maid I ever had by being impulsive, and letting my temper get the better of me. I went on tour, leaving my maid, Abigail, in charge at my apartment. When I returned to New York, I walked up Fifth Avenue and saw a photograph in a Fifth Avenue photographer's window that at once attracted my attention, of a girl wearing new silver foxes. The furs were my furs; the girl, my maid Abigail! Proudly, the photographer showed me other pictures of Abigail in my best gowns. Abigail was fired the minute I got home."

Today Mary Boland admits, "If I had been calm and talked it over with my maid, I'm quite sure she would never have touched my wardrobe again."

Solution to puzzle on page 106



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If a friend wishes a reading send 50c for 2 readings.



MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer

General Rating

Adventures of Marco Polo (Samuel Goldwyn)...	3★
Adventures of Robin Hood (Warners).....	4★
Adventures of Tom Sawyer (Selznick-International)...	3½★
Affairs of Annabel, The (RKO).....	2½★
Alexander's Ragtime Band (20th Century-Fox)...	3½★
Algiers (Walter Wanger).....	2½★
Always in Trouble (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, The (Warners).....	3½★
Army Girl (Republic).....	2½★
Arsene Lupin Returns (M-G-M).....	2½★
Bad Man of Brimstone (M-G-M).....	2½★
Big Broadcast of 1938 (Paramount).....	2★
Blockade (Walter Wanger).....	3½★
Blockheads (Hal Roach).....	2★
Blondes at Work (Warners).....	2★
Bluebeard's Eighth Wife (Paramount).....	3½★
Boy Meets Girl (Warners).....	2★
Boys Town (M-G-M).....	3★
Bringing Up Baby (RKO).....	3★
Broadway Musketeers (Warners).....	2½★
Buccaneer, The (Paramount).....	3½★
Bulldog Drummond's Peril (Paramount).....	2½★
Bulldog Drummond's Revenge (Paramount).....	2½★
Campus Confessions (Paramount).....	2★
Carefree (RKO).....	3★
Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo (20th Century-Fox)...	2★
Chaser, The (M-G-M).....	2½★
Checkers (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Cocoanut Grove (Paramount).....	2½★
Condemned Women (RKO).....	2★
Cowboy From Brooklyn (Warners).....	2½★
Crashing Hollywood (RKO).....	2½★
Crime of Dr. Hallet (Universal).....	2½★
Crime School (Warners).....	2½★
Crowd Roars, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Divorce of Lady X, The (London).....	3½★
Dr. Rhythm (Paramount).....	3★
Drums (United Artists).....	3★
Ebb Tide (Paramount).....	3★
Fast Company (M-G-M).....	2½★
Firefly, The (M-G-M).....	3★
First Hundred Years, The (M-G-M).....	2★
Five of a Kind (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Fools For Scandal (Warners).....	2½★
Forty-five Fathers (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Four Daughters (First National).....	3½★
Four Men and a Prayer (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Four's a Crowd (Warners).....	3★
Fugitives For a Night (RKO).....	2★
Gaiety Girls, The (London).....	3★
Garden of the Moon (Warners).....	3★
Gateway (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Girl of the Golden West (M-G-M).....	3★
Girls on Probation (Warners).....	2½★
Give Me a Sailor (Paramount).....	2½★
Gladiator, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Go Chase Yourself (RKO).....	2★
Gold Diggers in Paris (Warners).....	2★
Gold Is Where You Find It (Warners).....	2★
Goldwyn Follies, The (Sam Goldwyn).....	3★
Happy Landing (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Having Wonderful Time (RKO).....	2½★
Here's Flash Casey (Grand National).....	2★
Heroes of the Alamo (Columbia).....	2★
High, Wide, and Handsome (Paramount).....	3½★
Hold 'em Navy (Paramount).....	2★
Hold That Co-ed (Paramount).....	3★
Hold That Kiss (M-G-M).....	3★
Holiday (Columbia).....	3½★
Hollywood Hotel (Warners).....	3★
Hollywood Round-up (Columbia).....	2½★
Hurricane (Sam Goldwyn).....	3½★
I Am the Law (Columbia).....	3★
If I Were King (Paramount).....	4★
I'll Take Romance (Columbia).....	3★
I Met My Love Again (Walter Wanger).....	3★
In Old Chicago (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
It's Love I'm After (Warners).....	4★
Jezebel (Warners).....	3★
Josette (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Joy of Living (RKO).....	3★
"Just Around the Corner (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Keep Smiling (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Kentucky Moonshine (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Kidnapped (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
King of Alcatraz (Paramount).....	2½★
Last Gangster, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Letter of Introduction (Universal).....	3★
Life of Emile Zola, The (Warners).....	4★
Little Miss Broadway (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Little Tough Guys in Society (Universal).....	2★
Lone Wolf in Paris (Columbia).....	2½★
Lord Jeff (M-G-M).....	2½★
Lost Horizon (Columbia).....	4★
Love and Hises (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Love Finds Andy Hardy (M-G-M).....	3★
Love, Honor and Behave (Warners).....	2½★
Love Is a Headache (M-G-M).....	2½★

Picture and Producer

General Rating

Mad About Music (Universal).....	4★
Mad Miss Manton, The (RKO).....	3★
Man With 100 Faces, The (Gaumont-British).....	2½★
Mannequin (M-G-M).....	3★
Man-Proof (M-G-M).....	2½★
Marie Antoinette (M-G-M).....	3½★
Men Are Such Fools (Warners).....	2★
Men With Wings (Paramount).....	3★
Merrily We Live (Hal Roach).....	3★
Midnight Intruder (Universal).....	2½★
Missing Guest, The (Universal).....	2★
Mr. Moto's Gamble (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Mr. Moto Takes a Chance (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Mother Carey's Chickens (RKO).....	3★
My Lucky Star (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Of Human Hearts (M-G-M).....	2½★
Paradise For Three (M-G-M).....	2★
Passport Husband (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Patient in Room 18, The (Warners).....	2★
Penrod and His Twin Brother (Warners).....	2½★
Penrod's Double Trouble (Warners).....	2★
Personal Secretary (Universal).....	2½★
Port of Seven Seas (M-G-M).....	3★
Portia on Trial (Republic).....	3★
Prison Break (Universal).....	2★
Racket Busters (Warners).....	3★
Rage of Paris, The (Universal).....	3★
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm (20th Century-Fox)...	3★
Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel (London).....	2½★
Rich Man, Poor Girl (M-G-M).....	2½★
Road to Reno, The (Universal).....	2★
Romance in the Dark (Paramount).....	2½★
Room Service (RKO).....	3½★
Rosalie (M-G-M).....	3★
Safety in Numbers (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Sailing Along (Gaumont British).....	3★
Saint in New York, The (RKO).....	2½★
Sally, Irene and Mary (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Secrets of an Actress (Warners).....	2½★
Service De Luxe (Universal).....	2½★
She's Got Everything (RKO).....	2★
Sh! The Octopus (Warners).....	2★
Sing You Sinners (Paramount).....	3★
Sisters, The (Warners).....	3½★
Sky Giant (RKO).....	2½★
Slight Case of Murder, A (First National).....	2½★
Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs (Walter Disney)....	4★
Spawn of the North (Paramount).....	3★
Stablemates (M-G-M).....	3★
Start Cheering (Columbia).....	2★
Strange Boarders (Gaumont-British).....	2★
Swiss Miss (Hal Roach).....	2½★
Stolen Heaven (Paramount).....	3★
Storm in a Teacup (Korda).....	3½★
Suez (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Swing It Sailor (Grand National).....	1★
Swing Your Lady (Warners).....	2½★
Tarzan's Revenge (20th Century-Fox).....	1½★
Test Pilot (M-G-M).....	4★
Texans, The (Paramount).....	3★
There Goes My Heart (Hal Roach).....	3★
Thoroughbreds Don't Cry (M-G-M).....	2½★
Three Comrades (M-G-M).....	3½★
Three Blind Mice (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Three Loves Has Nancy (M-G-M).....	2½★
Thrill of a Lifetime (Paramount).....	1★
Thin Ice (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Too Hot to Handle (M-G-M).....	3★
Torchy Blane in Panama (Warners).....	2½★
To the Victor (Gaumont-British).....	3½★
Touchdown Army (Paramount).....	2½★
Tovarich (Warners).....	3★
Trip to Paris, A (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Troopship (Gaumont-British).....	2½★
Tropic Holiday (Paramount).....	2★
True Confession (Paramount).....	4★
Valley of the Giants (Warners).....	3½★
Varsity Show (Warners).....	3★
Victoria the Great (RKO).....	4★
Vivacious Lady (RKO).....	4★
Walking Down Broadway (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Wells Fargo (Paramount).....	3★
White Banners (Warners).....	3★
Who Killed Gail Preston? (Columbia).....	2★
Wide Open Faces (Columbia).....	2★
Wild and Woolly (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Wise Girl (RKO).....	3★
Woman Against Woman (M-G-M).....	2★
Women Are Like That (Warners).....	2★
Women in Prison (Columbia).....	2★
Yank at Oxford, A (M-G-M).....	3★
Yellow Jack (M-G-M).....	3★
You and Me (Paramount).....	2½★
You Can't Take It With You (Columbia).....	4★
Young Dr. Kildare (M-G-M).....	3★
You're a Sweetheart (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
You're Only Young Once (M-G-M).....	2★
Youth Takes a Fling (Universal).....	2½★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings. You'll find this average under General Rating, beside each picture. 4★, very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

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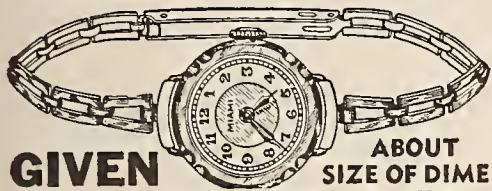
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INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 13)

was born in Athol, Mass. educated at Dartmouth College where he was a member of the school's championship teams of 1926 and 1927. He won his letter in both track and swimming and was a member of the college football team, then was graduated with honors. He played for three years in stock companies before going into the movies. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred eighty pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes. His favorite recreations are hunting, fishing, and writing poetry. His next two pictures will be "Rio Grande" and "Trail of the Tumble Weed."

Helen Cromwell, Wheeling, W. Va. Olympe Bradna was born August 12, 1920 between matinee and evening shows at the Olympia Theatre, Paris, France. Bradna is a noted name in the circus world. Olympe made her stage debut at the ripe old age of eighteen months and has been acting, singing and dancing pretty steadily ever since. She now lives with her parents in Hollywood. You may reach her in care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Jane Templeman, Sterlingshire, Scotland. Kenny Baker was born Kenneth Lawrence Baker in Monrovia, Cal. on September 30, 1912. He has been singing ever since he was in his teens and has worked hard to get recognition. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred sixty-four pounds, has blue eyes and wavy brown hair. He is married to a childhood sweetheart. We have no pictures of any players for distribution. Always write directly to each star in care of the studio for which he is working. Enclose twenty-five cents (one shilling) with each request. Kenny Baker may be reached in care of United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Myrtle Eikner, Ridley Park, Pa. June Lang, whose real name is June Vlasak, is the only child of a Swedish mother and a Bohemian father and first saw the light of day in Minneapolis, Minn. one May 5th some twenty years ago. She has very blonde hair, deep blue eyes and weighs one hundred and four pounds. Her next picture will be "It's Spring Again" with United Artists, Hollywood, Cal.

Virginia Ricker, Lynn, Mass. Frankie Thomas comes of a theatrical family, his father, mother and uncle being well known on the stage. He was born April 9, 1922, and went on the stage at the age of eleven. He is five feet nine inches tall, weighs one hundred forty-two pounds, has blue eyes and light brown hair. His next picture will be "Nancy Drew, Reporter." Address him in care of Warner Brothers' Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Helen Massingham, Evansville, Ind. Jeffry Lynn was born Ragnar Godfrey Lind in Auburn, Mass. February 16, 1909. He was educated at Bates College, Maine. He had planned to be a lawyer but, after a lot of ups and downs during the depression, he joined a summer stock company at Abington, Virginia. Later he played on the road and on Broadway where he had the lead in "Brother Rat." Just before Christmas in 1937 he landed a contract in the movies. You'll see him next in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." He is six feet tall, has blue eyes and brown hair. His hobbies are singing and writing. Address him in care of Warner Brothers' Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Winston Yeav, St. Petersburg, Fla. Peter Lorre was born in Rosenberg, Hungary, June 26, 1904. He went on the European stage as a youngster in his teens and after various hardships made a big success at the age of sixteen. He later made pictures in Germany, France and England before coming to America. He is married to a former Russian actress and lives in a lovely Santa Monica home. He is five feet four inches tall, has brown hair and eyes. He is under contract to 20th Century-Fox Studios. His last picture was "Mr. Moto takes a Vacation." His next will be "Mr. Moto in Porto Rico."

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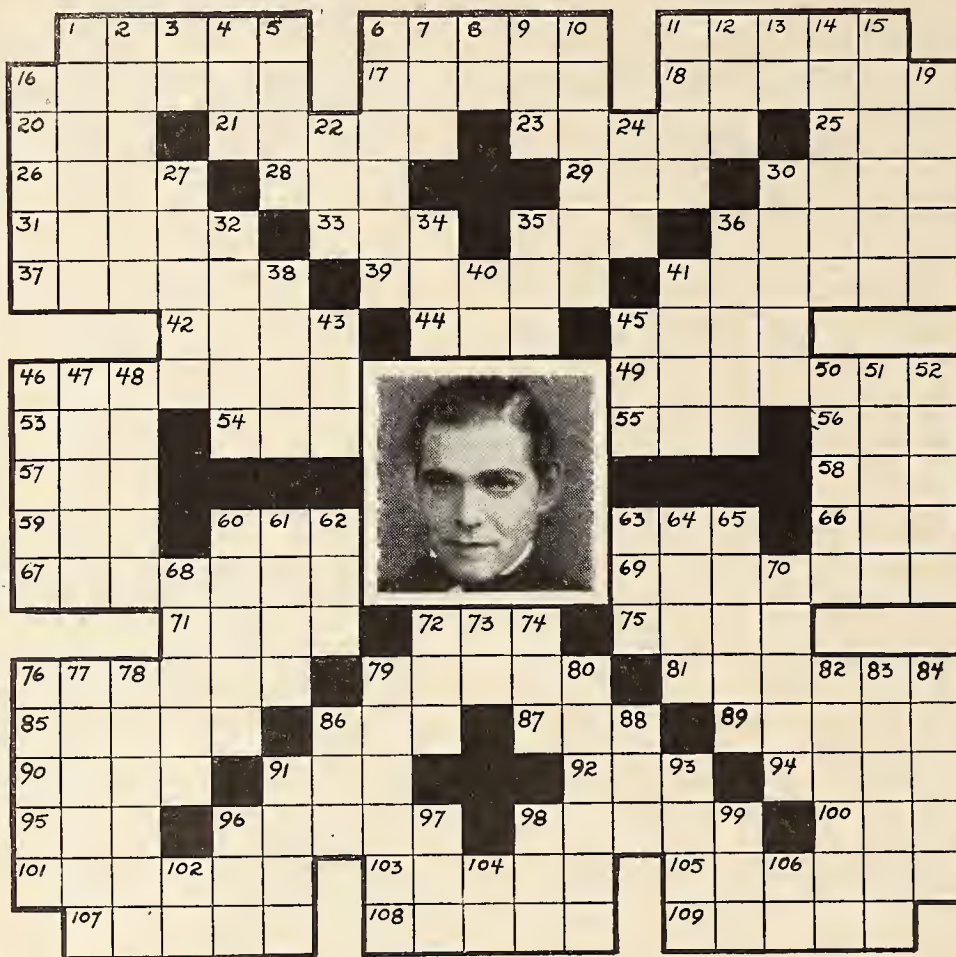
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OUR PUZZLE PAGE



• DOWN

1. Heroine of "Valley of the Giants"
2. Cecilia Parker's reel sweetheart
3. "- You Like It"
4. New western hero
5. Door handle
6. Torchy Blane
7. Everything
8. Where our star is king: abbr.
9. Caustic soda
10. Feminine lead in "Trader Horn"
11. Director of "Carefree"
12. Affirmative vote
13. Wayne's pal in "Brother Rat": init.
14. "Back to -----"
15. Cossack chief
16. She was in "Woman Against Woman"
19. Correct
22. Leading lady in "If I Were King"
24. Sea eagle
27. Consumed
30. Trusts
32. Deletes
34. Self
35. Silent siren: Theda B ---
36. Beauty of "The Cowboy and the Lady"
38. To vex: colloq.
40. Our star played in "Mutiny -- the Bounty"
41. Ned Spark's expression
43. Wing-like part
45. Mineral spring
46. Star of "Suez"
47. One of "The Sisters"
48. Jayne -----
50. Shaded nook
51. To beg
52. Charlie McCarthy's better half
60. Opera by Massenet
61. Remember 1 across in "---- Divers"?
62. Before
63. Doctrine
64. State where our star was born
65. Character actress
68. Frugal
70. Star of "The Girl from Brooklyn"
72. Ardent movie enthusiast
73. Swedish comedian
74. Star of "The Arkansas Traveler"
76. Wife of Norman Foster
77. One of the "Condemned Women"
78. His first name is Douglas
79. Male lead in "Secrets of an Actress"
80. Spinach-eating cartoon hero
82. Consecrated by a vow
83. Pressed
84. Peggy Sh -----
86. Jutting rock
88. Theme of "Blockade"
91. Our star was a "---- Pilot"
93. Marble slab
96. Through
97. The new Astaire-Rogers dance
98. Cloth measure
99. Even: poet.
102. Perform
104. Roman numeral
106. Paid notice

• ACROSS

Answer to Puzzle on Page 103

- 1 & 6. King of the movies
11. Queen of the movies
16. Polly Moran's comic partner
17. Star of "Professor, Beware"
18. Charge with air
20. Our star was in "--- Francisco"
21. Gene Autry does this
23. Large pitchers
25. Beret
26. "Ebb ----"
28. Acrobatic comedian
29. Annoy
30. Wife of Ronald Colman
31. Mountain nymph
33. Holland commune
35. She's in "Room Service"
36. Star of "The Barefoot Boy"
37. One who leases property
39. Greek market place
41. To rely
42. Corn ---- Otis Skinner
44. Il --- Massey
45. Grieved
46. Irish patriot played by our star
49. Palpitate
53. 1 across won academy award for "It Happened --- Night"
54. He was in "China --- s"
55. "Women --- Like That"
56. Color of Janet Gaynor's hair
57. Worn in costume pictures
58. Pouch
59. Greek letter
60. Our star has been cast for "Gone with --- Wind"
63. Electrified particle
66. Mrs. Martin Johnson
67. Our star is one
69. Star of "Marie Antoinette"
71. Actor in "Listen, Darling"
72. Birth month of our star: abbr.
75. Ray ---- and
76. Lament
79. Lively dance
81. Heiress in "Four's a Crowd"
85. Prevaricators
86. Our star is one of the "Big ---"
87. Former "It" girl
89. Seed of the oak
90. Associate
91. 1 across is in "--- Hot to Handle"
92. Male lead in "Garden of the Moon"
94. English school
95. Trap
96. Joan -----
98. Atmosphere of mystery films
100. Rita Cans ---
101. Eats away
103. Merrily
105. Make light
106. Sniff violently
108. "Life of ----- Zola"
109. Concluded

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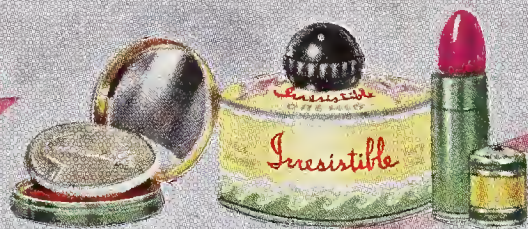
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a Cagey Guy?*

JOAN
BENNETT



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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

MODERN SCREEN

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O-BEE JOYFUL	26	IDA ZEITLIN
CAGEY CARY	28	MARTHA KERR
A STAR IS BORN—AND MADE	30	GLADYS HALL
SISTER ANN TELLS ON TY	32	JAMES REID
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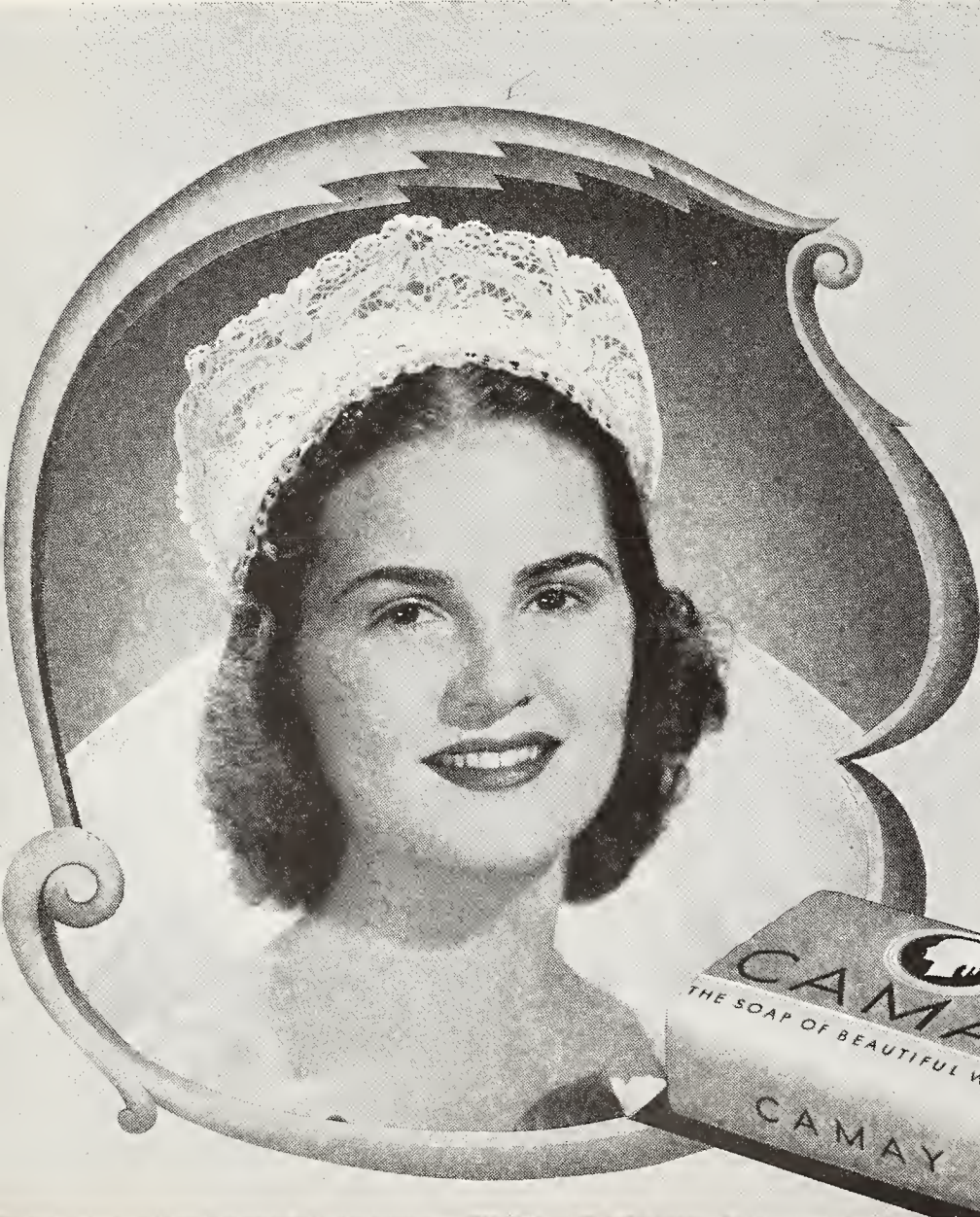
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Welcome her to her first
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
starring role—an exotic
orchid of cafe society...



I TAKE *this* WOMAN

with
INA CLAIRE • WALTER PIDGEON
Mona Barrie • Louis Calhern • Jack Carson
Produced by **LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN** • Directed by
FRANK BORZAGE • Story by **CHARLES MacARTHUR**
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



In addition to appearing in the motion picture publica-
tions, this column also appears every month in McCall's,
Pictorial Review, Redbook, Look and Liberty Magazines.

Dear Fans—

This is a fan letter for you.
I thank you from the bottom of
my lion's heart for the way you
have responded to this column.



Mickey Rooney, whose Hardy adven-
tures have pressed him close to our col-
lective bosom, is about ready for you in
"Huckleberry Finn".

★ ★ ★ ★
Rally 'round! All friends of Mark Twain this
way! Think of it! We're in for the delights of
"Huck", Jim, the Duke of Bilgewater, the Lost
Dauphin, the Widow Douglas, Captain Brandy.

★ ★ ★ ★
Shifting the scenery for the moment to
Hawaii and the art of waving a grass
skirt, there is Miss Eleanor Powell, the
girl born to dance, in "Honolulu".

★ ★ ★ ★
Lest you think that "Honolulu" is a solemn
treatise on Polynesian folkways, there is in the
cast that female brain-trust Miss Gracie Allen.

★ ★ ★ ★
Pause for Station Announcement:
M-G-M broadcasting the news to watch
impatiently for "Honolulu", "Huckle-
berry Finn" and "I Take This Woman".

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

This game involves the use of your scissors—it
is hence known as "Shear Nonsense." If you
crave a photo of Mickey Rooney as "Huck"
Finn, fill in name, address, and mail to Leo,
M-G-M Studio, Box D, Culver City, Cal.



Name

Address

★ ★ ★ ★
This is about the time when those New
Year resolutions are beginning to feel the
tug. But rest assured we'll keep to ours.

★ ★ ★ ★
Which is, to see that Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer continues to lead the way in
entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★
See you on the screen.

—Leo

A DAY AT



Connie Bennett bets with her best beau, Gilbert Roland.



J. Walter Ruben and Virginia Bruce never miss a race. They usually come out on top, too.



Guy Kibbee studies the track literature very carefully. It helps!



Randy Scott and Fred Astaire must have picked a winner. But Mrs. A. looks pretty doubtful.

Here we have the highlight of the Hollywood social season pictured exclusively

SANTA ANITA



The screen's foremost actor, Spencer Tracy, and the Missus hopefully watch the morning board.



The Edward Robinsons look as if they have good tips.



The Bing Crosbys, who have a horse running, are thrilled spectators. Their stable's okay!



Mickey Rooney rated as much attention as the horses.

for you—the thrilling opening day at the famous Santa Anita race-track

Would YOU like to **SLENDERIZE** your **SILHOUETTE?**



And.. Wear Dresses **SIZES SMALLER**

THAT is just what the Thynmold Perforated Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe such a drastic change can be possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we want to send you a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot be fitted with a dress smaller than you normally wear... it won't cost you a penny!



Appear **SLIMMER** instantly!

■ If you want the thrill of the year, make this simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice all the irregularities caused by bumps of fat... notice the thickness of your waist... the width of your hips. Now slip into a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere and see the amazing difference. The outline of your new figure is not only smaller, but all the ugly, fat bulges have been smoothed out *instantly*!

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed and delighted. If you are not completely satisfied... if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Mail Coupon for Free Folder Today!

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help perspiration evaporate... its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

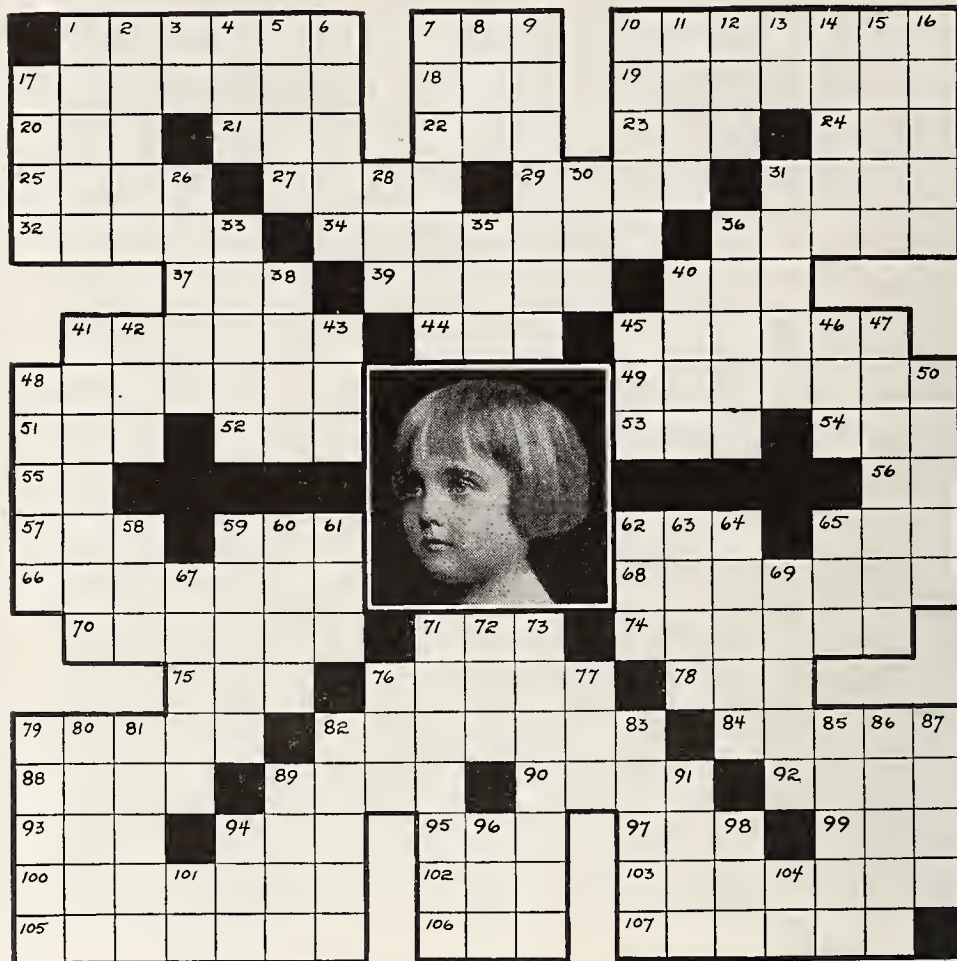
Mail coupon for illustrated folder and complete details of our 10-day trial offer!

Thynmold GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
DEPT. 223, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name
Address
City State

OUR PUZZLE



Puzzle Solution on Page 76

ACROSS

1. Lovely star pictured
7. Distress signal
10. Last name of our star
17. With our star in "Nothing Sacred"
18. Prefix: before
19. "Rosalie"
20. Things in law
21. Everything
22. Even: poet.
23. Small island
24. Suffix: like
25. Epic poetry
27. Story
29. Remember "The Gay Desperado"?
31. Stuttering comedian
32. Small depressions
34. Theatre admission cards
36. Turf
37. Gilbert R --- nd
39. "Boy - - - - Girl"
40. Oliver Hardy is this
41. Star of "If I Were King"
44. "Brother - - -"
45. "He's in "Three Loves Has Nancy"
48. Beauty in "Suez"
49. Excavates
51. " - - - Tide"
52. Male offspring
53. Johnson's comedy partner
54. The reel McCoy
55. "Broadway Musket - - rs"

56. Concerning
57. Physicians: abbr.
59. Louis Hayward's heart interest
62. Harvest goddess
65. "Kid G - - - had"
66. Stearic acid
68. Actor in "Smashing the Rackets."
70. Girl in "Gateway"
71. Period of time: abbr.
74. Made neater
75. State where 1 across was born: abbr.
76. City in Italy
78. Arabic letter
79. New star in "Service De Luxe"
82. Ex-hubby of our star
84. "Marie Antoinette"
88. Sisters in "Four Daughters"
89. 1 across' sis in "My Man Godfrey"
90. Caustic substances
92. Famed playwright
93. Our star's pal in "True Confessions"
94. Electrified atom
95. " - - - Baba Goes To Town"
97. Fish eggs
99. "The Ch - - - r"
100. Threatened
102. Girl in "Girls' School"
103. She's in "Garden of the Moon"
105. Female prophet
106. Cutting remark
107. Chooses

PAGE

DOWN

1. Crinkled silk fabric
2. Father of Jason, the Argonaut
3. Star of "The Citadel": init.
4. Anglo-saxon money
5. Tiny opera-screen star
6. Brilliant success
7. Star of "Boys Town"
8. "Love Bef --- Breakfast"
9. Comedies our star first played in
10. Inclines
11. Medley
12. "I --- My Love Again"
13. He was in "Merrily We Live": init.
14. One of "The Sisters"
15. Screen parts
16. "We're Not -----ing" starred 1 across
17. With 1 across in "Swing High, Swing Low"
26. Mickey Rooney's screen dad
28. Edge
30. Possessive pronoun
31. Labor union
33. Laths
35. New Zealand parrot
36. Our star's favorite escort
38. Lowest female singing voice
40. "----s For Scandal"
41. An Astaire-Rogers film
42. Circle
43. Man's name
45. Greek letter
46. Spoil
47. Twisted
48. Girl in "Youth Takes a Fling"
50. Smudge
58. "--- geant Murphy"
59. Mother in "That Certain Age"
60. Expired
61. Actress in "Room Service"
62. Birthmonth of our star: abbr.
63. The "singing cop"
64. Closed car
65. Consumed
67. Singer in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"
69. Simone's surname
71. One of the "Men With Wings"
72. Sick
73. Fastening
76. 1002 (Roman numerals)
77. Negative
79. Fruit
80. Hindu princess
81. Silly
82. Slender rods
83. Co-star in "Lady and the Cowboy"
85. Bake
86. Flat tablelands
87. Princess Natalie P ----
89. "There ---- My Heart"
91. Stain
94. Sonja Henie performs on this
96. Mongolian tribe member
98. Compass point
101. Measure of area
104. Lady in "Breaking The Ice": init.



**Girls who click, in jobs and on dates,
avoid underarm odor with MUM**

SALLY thinks the whole world's against her. She works so hard at her job. She tries so hard to make friends. But somehow all that she gets for her pains are snubs.

Strange that such a pretty, capable girl should find others so unfriendly? Not when you know what *they* know about Sally! For no one likes to be near a girl who offends with underarm odor. And everyone finds it hard to say, "You *could* be popular—with Mum!"

Girls who win, in business and in love, know a bath alone is not enough for all-day underarm freshness. A bath

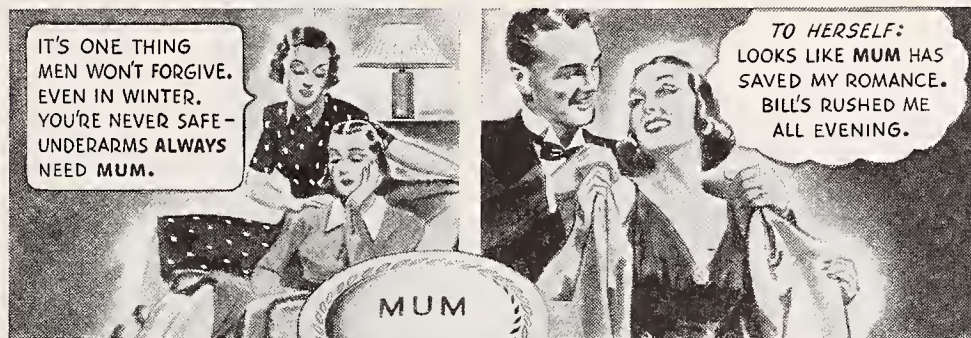
removes only *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come*. Mum is such a *dependable* aid to charm!

MUM IS QUICK! In a hurry? Mum takes 30 seconds, but keeps you fresh all day!

MUM IS SAFE! Any dress is safe with Mum, for Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your drugstore today. Let Mum keep you always sweet!

GIVE ROMANCE MORE CHANCE...USE MUM!



For Sanitary Napkins—
Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

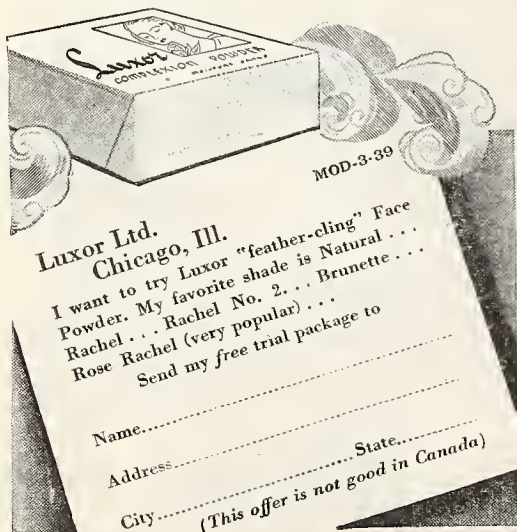
INFORMATION DESK

You ask the questions—and we'll answer them



LUXOR "Feather-Cling" FACE POWDER has a light touch!

You need never fear that stodgy, over-powdered effect when you use Luxor "feather-cling"—the face powder with a *light touch*. It sits lightly as a feather, stays on smoothly for hours. Shine-proof and moisture-proof too, so it doesn't cake or streak. At toilet goods counters in smart, new shades (55c). For generous size FREE trial package send coupon.

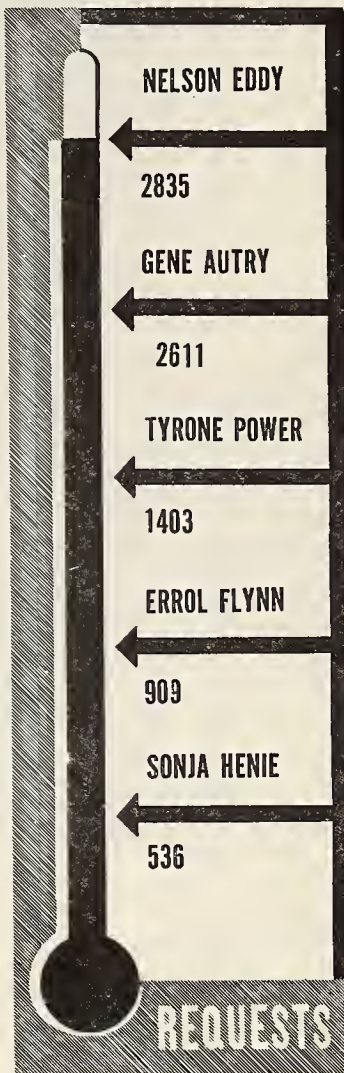


DONALD CRISP has had one of the most fascinating careers of anybody in pictures. Born in London, the son of a famous English surgeon, he began his public career as a choir boy at St. Paul's Cathedral there. He was educated at Oxford and in 1906 came to America to see what the earthquake had done to San Francisco. On the way over he sang aboard ship and was invited to become the stage manager of an American Opera Company headed for Cuba, Mexico and parts of the United States. He also sang tenor with this company. Returning to New York he directed pictures for the old Biograph Company, and played a few stage roles. He came to Hollywood in 1913 to play General Grant in D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation." He left Griffith to direct "Ramona," later "Secret Service," "The Mark of Zoro" and many others. He often both directed and acted in a picture. Donald Crisp, besides being highly respected in the profession, is also much sought after for his advice on financial matters. He is a director of the Bank of America and is in charge of passing on film loans. It is said that it was he who gave the okay for the large loan which made the production of "Snow White" possible. If he seems indifferent toward his screen future, Crisp can well afford to be for he is one of the wealthiest men in pictures. Next March when his present contract expires Crisp wants to take a leisurely voyage to Sumatra, Bali, Java and Borneo. He is happily married to Jane Murfin, an ace scenarist. His hobby is gardening. He also loves the sea. His yacht is one of the best known on the West Coast. He says that one of the secrets of his long active career is that he knows the value of vacations. Every year he sails away for about two months on the high seas, often heading for Copenhagen, Denmark. Crisp's most recent pictures were "The Sisters" and "Dawn Patrol." His next will be "Oklahoma Kid" and "Juarez." Address him in care of Warner Brothers' Studios, Burbank, Cal.



SONJA HENIE: On the night of April 8, 1913, in Oslo, the capital of Norway, a baby girl was born to Selma and Wilhelm Henie, a fur merchant. Her maternal grandmother was Irish and the rest of the family Norwegian. Sonja is her real name, and ever since she can remember, she wanted to go on the stage. At three she started to dance, and at eight to skate. Now she dances on skates. Sonja has a roomful of silver cups, gold medals and plaques she has won skating. Three times she won the Olympic figure-skating championship, seven times the European, and ten times the world's championship. She used to practice six and seven hours a day but not now. She studied Russian ballet in London, and has performed all over Europe and America. She speaks four languages fluently and has performed for most of Europe's royalty. Sonja Henie is an extremely active little person, alert and friendly, with

simple tastes and a refreshing naturalness. She loves white things, is "crazy" about America, especially California, and has taken out U. S. citizenship papers. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred and ten pounds, has brown eyes and natural blonde hair. She eats what she pleases and never gains weight. Sonja must sleep at least ten hours a night to keep in condition and she doesn't eat for four hours before an exhibition. She plays championship tennis too and is an expert horsewoman. She buys new skates every year, though has one favorite pair now four years old. Sonja reads everything from newspapers to Shakespeare and has one of the most astute business heads in Hollywood. She has three stand-ins, one for long shots, one for close-ups, and one for dramatic work. She hopes to become a famous dramatic actress. Sonja's last two pictures were "Happy Landing" and "My Lucky Star." Her next is to be "Love Interest." Address her in care of Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Cal.



SEND A STAMPED ENVELOPE FOR NEW ADDRESS LIST

Send a stamped self-addressed envelope today for a new, enlarged list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. Hundreds of names, including contract and even free lance players. This list has been completely revised and rearranged alphabetically for your greater convenience. It is a convenient size to handle, or keep in a scrap-book. Do you want to write a fan letter, request a photograph, or just trace the studio connections of your favorite players? Then you'll find one of these lists indispensable.

To receive a list for yourself all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large self-addressed and stamped envelope. *Don't forget* that lost item, as no request can be complied with unless we receive your stamped and addressed envelope. Send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



GEORGE MURPHY: In a mine up near Portage, Penna., one day in 1926 they let down an aspiring young mining engineer fresh out of college and, when the cable broke, dumping a load of black diamonds on his head, they hauled up an actor,

one George Lloyd Murphy, son of the famous Michael Charles Murphy, Olympic coach and one time coach at the University of Pennsylvania. Or, to begin at the beginning, George Murphy was born in New Haven, Conn. on July 4th, 1903, and was educated at Newton, Peddie and Pawling Schools for boys. Then young George worked his way thru Yale by waiting on tables and helping in a tailor's shop. You see his father had died when George was nine years old, and his mother a year later, so his married sister had seen him thru prep schools. But from there on George wanted to be on his own. He was graduated from Yale in 1926 in the same class that turned out Peter Arno, the artist, and Rudy Vallee, crooner. George had planned to be a mining engineer but the aforementioned accident, which laid him up for six months, changed his mind, and he ended up in New York as a runner for the stock exchange in the day-times and a dancer in local night clubs during the evenings. At Yale George had won his letter in football, tennis and track, and participated in just about every other sport on the docket, dancing in his spare time, for the fun of it. In New York George came across a childhood friend, Miss Juliette Johnson, who was studying dancing with Ned Wayburn. They teamed up as ball-room dancers, using their own names, and took New York by storm. From here they went to London and then back to New York where George made his stage debut in 1927 in "Good News." Between engagements of Broadway George and Juliette, who were now Mr. and Mrs., filled dancing engagements all over this country and Europe. George's first movie was with Eddie Cantor in "Kid Millions."

George Murphy has brown hair, blue eyes and a ready smile. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds. He collects stamps, maps and hats. He once patented a liniment to relieve "charley horses" and still uses it himself. George is devoted to old shoes, likes to sleep late, enjoys being asked for his autograph, reads his own fan mail and adores fire crackers. He swims, golfs, plays tennis and is an excellent boxer. His last two pictures were "Little Miss Broadway" and "Hold That Co-ed." Address him in care of M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Leola Roberts, Pike Co., Kentucky. The ten biggest box office draws in 1938 were Shirley Temple, Clark Gable, Mickey Rooney, Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Sonja Henie, Spencer Tracy, Robert Taylor, Myrna Loy and Jane Withers, in the order named. So you see your little favorite is right up among them, which is pretty wonderful for a young lady of twelve years.

George Goodwin, Wilkes-Barre, Penna. Florence Rice is the only daughter of Grantland Rice, famous newspaper man and sports authority. She was born February 4, 1911 in Cleveland, Ohio. She was educated at schools in and near New York City including the Sargent Dramatic school. She played her first Broadway role in 1930 and did stock

(Continued on page 101)



Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR.

says

"SNOWY WEATHER IS FINE - IF YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT CHAPPED HANDS"



Nice chapping weather we're having - but swell for skiing

My hands never chap, thank goodness

That's Honey - the beauty advisor!

That's hard to believe, Alice, because hundreds of girls write and ask me what to do for rough, chapped skin



Look - Honey took a spill!

So did Alice!

After that snow-bath, I'll bet your hands will be terribly red and rough

Let's watch and see what Honey uses for her own hands



I use Hinds lotion and chapping never gets a start. Try some, Alice

I guess I need Hinds, after all. Oh - how nice it feels!

Yes - and since Hinds soothes this harsh skiing chapping, just think how good it is for every-day use at home

Copyright, 1939, Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

EXTRA SOFTENING TO CHAPPED HANDS

Chapping • Dry skin
Windburn • Chafing
Cracked lips
Hangnails • Body-rub
Chapped heels, legs
After-shaving lotion
Powder base



EXTRA BONUS BOTTLE

A 2-bottle bargain! Hinds medium size and Bonus Bottle—both for price of medium size. Nearly 20% extra lotion! Money back on medium size, where you bought it, if Hinds Honey and Almond Cream doesn't make chapped hands feel smoother. At toilet goods counters.

EVEN one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream makes chapped hands feel smoother! It's extra creamy. Coaxes back the softness that raw cold, steam heat, hard water, and dust take away. Gives your hands a soft, lovely look. Use regularly for smooth hands like "Honey's"! 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, \$1 sizes.

HINDS FOR HANDS

INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

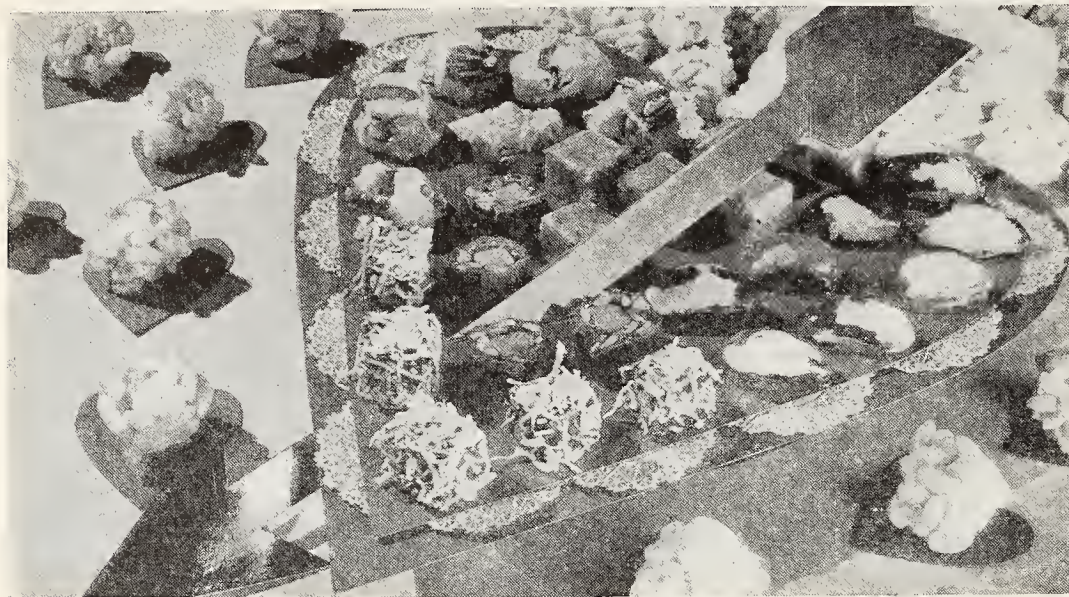
If you would like our chart listing the heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

Don't tell us Jane Withers actually sits still long enough to study! Oh, it's a candy recipe—that's different! She does her own measuring, what's more—and spoon-testing, too. (What, no pan-licking?) And will you cast your eyes on these yummy-looking results! Seems to us as though a good cook was lost to the world when little Withers turned actress. Draw up your chairs and read how to make Jane's favorite tid-bits, and Valentine treats.



Jane Withers shares her favorite sweets recipes with you

BY MARJORIE DEEN



Courtesy Karo Corn Syrup

THE CANDY KID

NO COMIC Valentines for Mrs. Withers' irrepressible child, Jane, this year! For that young lady has declared herself in favor of sweet ones.

"I mean really sweet ones, too," she informed me, "like candy! Of course, if you're a sentimental silly," she went on with that depth of scorn that young ladies going on thirteen feel towards such things, "well then, pink satin hearts and lace paper frills and ribbon bows and lovey-dovey verses for you. But my favorite Valentine is one that says, 'Sweets to the sweet!'—and means it!"

Funny, isn't it, what a decided sweet tooth all children have. Not so funny at that, though, when you stop to consider that candy is an energizing food. And certainly kids use plenty of energy during a day's activities! That's one important reason why they are unconsciously seeking something that will quickly repair their energy loss—and find it in candy!

Why, just trying to follow Jane as she rushes from studio school to the set and then home would make me long to share a candy bar with her just to see if that would help me keep up with her pace.

In the course of our interview I discovered that not only is Jane an advocate of candy giving and getting, but she's also an enthusiast over candy making. It may surprise you to know that this young star already is an inveterate recipe collector and quite an experienced little cook. Of

course, recipes for candy are at present most prominent in her large collection.

These include fudge, as you might well expect, and divinity and some of those easily made cereal sweets that children, and older candy cooks alike, love to make because of their extreme simplicity as well as their good taste. In addition most of the candies suggested here include corn syrup among their ingredients, which is a professional confectioners' rule that will also simplify your home candy making and give added assurance of success. Following recipes carefully is further guarantee that you will turn the trick every time! And a candy thermometer is highly recommended if you make candy frequently.

One of the simplest of these recipes is for Puffed Petites, shown in our illustration. For St. Valentine's Day these can be made up into tiny golden balls, each of which is then placed atop a little red cardboard heart. No trouble at all to make and with a little added ingenuity they can be turned into place cards for your Valentine party! Another cinch of a recipe is the one for "Snax," as crunchy and delightful as you could well imagine.

Other candy favorites of Jane's which are here are Coconutted Fudge and Nutty Divinity. These are illustrated on our red heart "tray" with its lace doily frills and golden arrow, just to further tempt you to try your hand at making them. Also included on the tray, by the way, are little



slices of those popular chocolate candy bars that have a nut fudge filling and a caramel center. They are most attractive sliced and you'll be surprised how home-made they look in this proud company. Though it certainly won't surprise you to find that these slices will receive a royal welcome, along with the rest, from both kids and grownups, for Valentine gifts, parties and right on through the year. So work up some of that Jane Withers enthusiasm, get together the necessary ingredients, then make home-made candies to your heart's content, for sentimental reasons, for gifts, for favors, for energy or just for fun and enjoyment for everyone from six to sixty.

SWEET SNAX

4 squares semi-sweet dipping chocolate
1½ cups shredded ralsston

Break the chocolate into small pieces, place in top of double boiler, over boiling water. Heat chocolate until partly melted. Remove from boiling water and stir rapidly until entirely melted. Drop three or four of the little shredded cereal bits at a time into the chocolate. Lift out with a fork and place on waxed paper. Cool until firm.

PUFFED PETITES

- 1 package puffed rice or puffed wheat
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup white corn syrup
- 1 cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
- 2 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond extract, if desired

Crisp the puffed cereal in a pan in a hot oven. Place in large buttered bowl. Mix the corn syrup, sugar and water in heavy saucepan. Bring to a boil slowly, stirring constantly until sugar is dissolved. Cover and boil gently for 5 minutes. Then uncover and continue cooking first to "soft crack" stage (that is, when a little of the mixture dropped in cold water will "crack" when in the water but becomes soft when removed from water—264°F. on candy thermometer). Remove from heat. Add butter and salt, also $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond extract, if desired. Pour over puffed cereal. Stir until syrup is thoroughly distributed. While mixture is still hot, shape into balls 2 inches in diameter, with slightly buttered hands. Cool on waxed paper.

COCONUTTED FUDGE

- 2 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 2 cups sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup dark corn syrup
- 2 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded coconut
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cut the chocolate into small pieces. Place in heavy saucepan. Add sugar, milk and corn syrup. Cook very slowly over low heat, stirring almost constantly, until mixture is smooth and blended and sugar is dissolved. Then bring to a boil, slowly without stirring. When mixture boils, cover and cook 3 minutes. Uncover and continue cooking until a few drops in cold water will form a soft ball (238°F. on candy thermometer), stirring only occasionally, while cooking, to prevent burning. Remove from heat, add butter but *do not stir until cool*. Meanwhile, prepare a square pan by buttering it and sprinkling it with one half of the shredded coconut. When fudge has cooled to lukewarm (110°F.) add the remaining coconut and the vanilla. Beat until fudge is thick. At the moment that fudge loses its gloss pour it quickly into prepared pan. When almost cold, cut into squares.

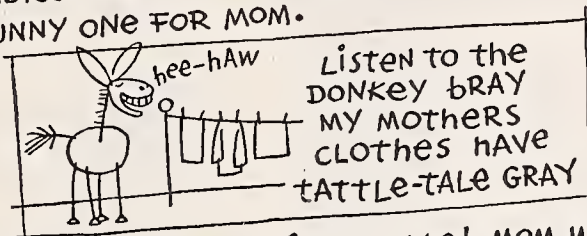
NUTTY DIVINITY

- 1 cup white corn syrup
- 3 cups granulated sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
- 2 egg whites
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped mixed nuts

Combine corn syrup, sugar and boiling water in heavy saucepan. Bring to a boil slowly, over low heat, stirring almost constantly until sugar is dissolved and mixture is smooth and blended. When mixture boils, cover and boil gently for 3 minutes. Uncover and continue cooking, without stirring, until a few drops of mixture will form a hard ball in cold water (254°F. on candy thermometer). Remove from heat. Beat egg whites until stiff. Pour the candy syrup slowly onto whites, beating constantly. Continue beating until mixture starts to thicken, add salt, vanilla and nuts. Beat until thick. Turn into slightly buttered square pan. Cut in squares when almost cold.

DEAR GRANNY,

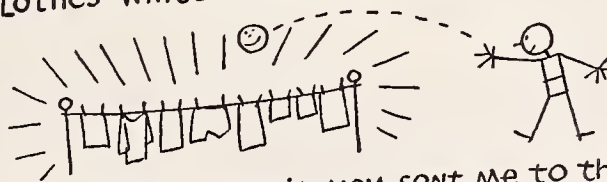
ON ACCOUNT OF YOU'RE ALWAYS GRUMBLING
BEHIND MOM'S BACK ABOUT THE WAY HER WASHES
LOOK AND ON ACCOUNT OF I ALWAYS THOUGHT
LADIES LIKE TO GET VALENTINES I MADE THIS
FUNNY ONE FOR MOM.



Gosh, DID it get me in trouble! MOM WAS
ALL FOR WALKING ME OUT TO THE WOODSHED
TILL I TOLD HER HOW YOU SAID HER THINGS
HAVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY CAUSE HER SOAP IS
A SISSY AND LEAVES DIRT STICKING IN THE CLOTHES.

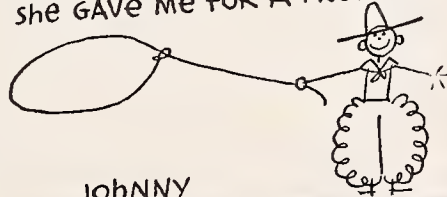


then i TOLD her how YOU SAID she OUGHT
TO CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP ON ACCOUNT
OF its GOT HONEST-TO-GOODNESS NAPTHA RIGHT
IN the RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND it GETS
CLOTHES whiter THAN SNOWBALLS.



SO QUICK LIKE A RABBIT, MOM SENT ME TO THE
GROCER'S FOR SOME FELS-NAPTHA AND NOW she
SAYS I'M AN ANGEL FOR SHOWING her HOW TO
CHASE AWAY TATTLE-TALE GRAY.

COURSE i DON'T believe THAT
ANGEL STUFF, BUT i SURE DO
LOOK SWELL IN THE COWBOY SUIT
she GAVE ME FOR A PRESENT!



JOHNNY

Copr. 1939, Fels & Co.

P. S. If you want to see tattle-tale gray hurry out of your clothes—do what Johnny's mother did. Get Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's and try it! You'll find it easy on hands. Fine for your daintiest things. And it gives you the whitest, loveliest washes you ever pinned on a line!

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN. HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

BETWEEN YOU



*Women that stop
men cold
always stand out
alone or in groups*

ONE REASON will usually be found in the way they look and feel.

A clear skin . . . that is, a skin not only clear, but beaming with health and vitality . . . actually excites one to admiration.

Men are smart enough to always want to look their best, too.

rich, red blood necessary

And all this is quite simple, because when you have rich, red blood coursing through your body, you possess genuine vitality . . . the kind that makes for strength, energy . . . a wholesome complexion . . . and that assurance of well being.

If worry, overwork, undue strain, colds, or some sickness has reduced your blood strength, S.S.S. Tonic, in the absence of an organic trouble, will help you to build the blood back up to normal again.

an aid to digestion

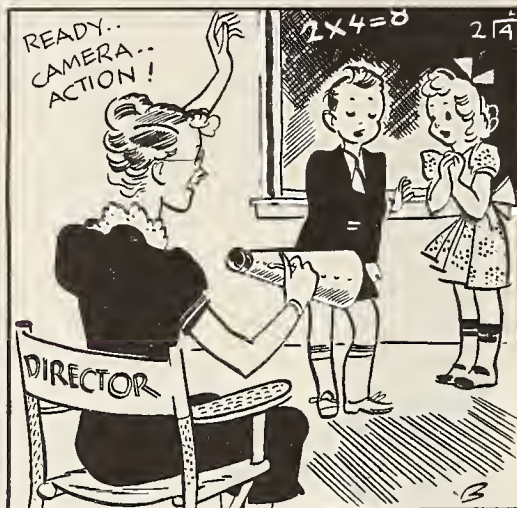
Further, S.S.S. Tonic will help you to enjoy and get more value out of the food you eat . . . it whets the appetite . . . and stimulates natural digestive juices . . . a very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making "you feel like yourself again."

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical. © S.S.S. Co.

*S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the
appetite and helps change weak
blood cells to strong ones.*



A school teacher "back in the sticks" thanks the movies for a helping hand.

\$5.00 Prize Letter

Visual Education

As a high school teacher and director of very amateur Senior Class plays, I am doubly indebted to the movies, the only form of public entertainment in our mining community. Few of our four hundred students have even been more than twenty miles from home, but they are avid movie fans.

Visual education is considered the greatest medium of education. Description, no matter how good, can never supplant actually seeing an object, process or phenomenon. So in every class, I try to connect the new and unknown with what my pupils have seen in the movies—oceans, plains, mountains, factories, busy city streets and the customs of each. Without such correlation, students see only the action or story of the movie and the dullness of the lesson.

When I begin to coach each new play, I ask my cast to study the mannerisms, entrances, make-up of movie actors. If they shy from some bit of acting, I usually overcome their reticence and awkwardness by asking if that was the way their favorite star acted. And I make it my business to know each student's favorite stars.

Or, if any current movie is the same type as our production, I urge all of the cast to see and study it. I recently took four members of a cast to a neighboring town to see a movie containing several cockney Englishmen so they could study the accent carefully for our play.

So don't forget, Hollywood, that for us "back in the sticks," your movies often serve a much more serious purpose than mere "light entertainment."—Mary Resley, Ellsworth, Penna.

\$2.00 Prize Letter

A Plea

Has it ever occurred to the picture executives who are asking the public why people are staying away from the movies that the answer might be very simple? Better actors and actresses!

In the early days of the talkies, Ruth Chatterton's name filled any theatre. Her magnificent performance in "Madame X" will never be forgotten. Yet a series of

bad pictures has reduced Chatterton to the rank of has-beens. And then to put her in a picture in which Simone Simon played the lead, and Chatterton—the greatest actress of them all—a minor role! Why not concentrate some of the effort expended on the glamor girls and pretty boys on finding suitable vehicles for Ruth Chatterton and others of her calibre?

Give us less of our pretty, grinning automatons, both masculine and feminine, and more of such actors and actresses as Chatterton, Helen Hayes, the late Marie Dressler, and Lionel and John Barrymore, and thousands of us, who have quit attending movies, will go back again in such crowds that the shows won't hold us!—Margaret Ramsey, Houston, Tex.

\$2.00 Prize Letter

Crepe Suzettes

In a scene in "Three Loves Has Nancy," Janet Gaynor showed her ignorance by not recognizing Crepe Suzettes. Of course, it wasn't necessary to her life, just as it may never be to mine, to know Crepe Suzettes when she saw them. But knowing them, what they are, and being able to talk knowingly about them, should they be the subject of conversation, is something learned, isn't it?

Which brings up the point I want to make: Thanks to the movies, a lot of us have gotten in good groundwork in knowledge that might stand us in good stead some day. One never knows! Bits of information that make life much more interesting are planted firmly in our consciousness by movies with their painstaking accuracy in all details.

As one girl said to me—and believe me, she is considered a "smart number" in our set—"Honestly, until I learned about it in the movies, I thought Crepe Suzettes were a Frenchy way of saying drapes." (As if I didn't too.)

Which goes to show you, doesn't it?—Alma Donovan, San Francisco, Cal.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

"Angels With Dirty Faces"

I have just returned home from seeing the most vividly acted and the best directed motion picture that it has ever been my privilege to view. "Angels With Dirty Faces" is second to none for sheer drama and directorial genius.

The death-house scene is imprinted in my mind permanently. Father Jerry's lips moving in silent prayers for the soul of Rocky Sullivan. The bravado of this same Rocky Sullivan crying for mercy and fighting for life. And the tears, my own tears, rolling unashamedly down my face. I have never been so deeply touched.

So, double orchids to James Cagney whose "Rocky Sullivan" was superb in characterization, and to Michael Curtiz, whose directing was a gem of perfection. —Mary J. Ransom, Sandusky, Ohio.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Comes the Don

In too many pictures lately, two's company and Don Ameche makes a crowd. 'Tain't doin' right by Don. There's a girl and another boy and then comes the Don to complicate things. But the Don comes and goes.

'N' ME

Every month fortunate ladies and gents win cash prizes for their letters! Have you tried?



A fan from California wants her glamor straight—no slapstick mixed in, thank you!

Why not let him win the girl for a change instead of being the man with a heart of gold who loses the girl but wins all the sympathy. Don Ameche is too attractive to be tossed aside so lightly, and I know many other girls who feel as I do. It just isn't true to life for girls to be immune to his charm and thrilling voice.

So I say—give the Don a break. Let the Don come—and stay. Why not let Tyrone go and find a girl on his own Power?—Florence Metz, Kansas City, Kan.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Hedy Lamarr

Hurrah! Hedy is here. Finally, we hope, glamor is returning to the screen. We, the public, are tired of seeing our glamor girls, our heroines, being slapped and knocked down, black eyes, ice packs and all the trimmings. Hedy Lamarr has come, we sincerely hope, to stay and show the producers the type of stars we want.

Keep Hedy a glamor girl! We trust that after her first few pictures you will not cast her in slapstick comedy roles like Carole Lombard has been featured in. I like Carole when she plays a sophisticated role but not a knockdown, dragout kind. For goodness sakes, don't ruin a true glamor girl, when you finally find one who meets the public's requirements.—Yvonne Metheny, National City, Cal.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

Alan Mowbray

It seems to me that producers have too long overlooked the excellent comedian represented in the person of Mr. Alan Mowbray. He is a man with a peculiar aptness for recognizing the frailties and comic weaknesses of us humans.

His forte is not direct comedy—his method is far too subtle for that. He goes

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, \$5; two second prizes of \$2 each; six prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

about his business in a perfectly serious manner which plainly tells us that such nutty guys as he portrays really do exist. On the other hand, one can almost imagine his turning around to his audience with a big wink, grinning and inviting us to guffaw as loudly as we please at someone
(Continued on page 99)

that Flattering Touch in Blazing Lights

Pasty Face—

Under brilliant evening lights, color flattens out—make-up goes dead!



"Glare-Proof"—

Pond's Rose Shades reflect only the softer rays—odd rosy flattery



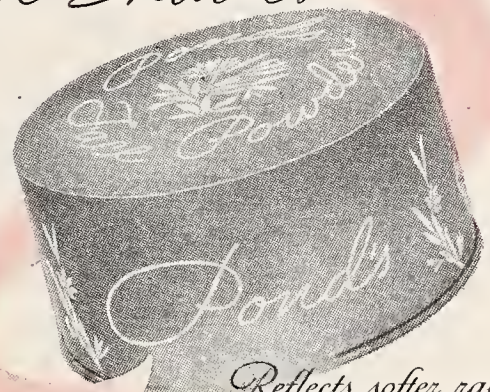
GLARE
PROOF

Pond's

Rose Shades

Now with the new pinker make-up, a subtle enchantment in your face! Pond's Rose Shades preserve flattering rose-tints in your skin even when lights blaze brightest! "Glare-proof," they soften the glare of harsh lights.

Try Rose Cream (Natural) or Rose Brunette. 55¢. Also 10¢ and 20¢ sizes. Or send for free sample—Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PC, Clinton, Conn.



Reflects softer rays—
adds Rosy Flattery

Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.

"Pond's Rose Cream adds a flattering touch to the new make-up. I love it!"

VERY GOOD EDDIE

BY MACK HUGHES

There's a reason why he's tops in his profession—and here it is

OF COURSE, there are many varied interpretations for that overworked word, *good*! Candy's good, but, not if it's old. Actors aren't usually good *until* they're old! That is, aged in experience, technique and the many things that go into developing their histrionic ability. In short, we're about to foster the opinion that actors are *not* born, but made! In so saying, we offer as an excellent example that very good Eddie Albert, of the cinema, the stage, the air lanes!

"It's funny how you'll start out to do one thing and end up doing another," Eddie Albert philosophized. "I used to be a bond salesman out west. Later, I managed some theatres—movie houses. I wasn't bad either. But, do you know what I always wanted to do? Sing! I guess subconsciously I worked at it harder than anything. Anyway, before long, I found myself pushed right into the thing I'd thought I wanted. And like a Frankenstein, it devoured me. First I sang on the radio, just for fun of course, then I went into some stock companies and then came to New York. Now I'm completely living and breathing the theatre, every minute.

"I think you have to be pretty crazy about your work to succeed and I'm in love with acting! Of course I've been awfully lucky. Take Bing, for instance, in 'Brother Rat.' I got wonderful notices, but the average person doesn't figure it was the part that made them possible. Why, it was a natural! Most anyone who could look like him could have played Bing and been good."

"Oh, I see! Then how do you account for such excellent notices in 'Room Service'?" we cautiously inquired of New York's most popular young leading man.

"Well," Eddie well'd, "I did an awful lot of work on that part—months of it. I guess that's why it showed up. The same's true with Bing. I worked months to get down the right enunciation and the proper feeling for him. I read everything I could lay my hands on about ball players and athletes, till I even walked and looked like one. When I figured him out and knew he was the sort of fellow who'd wear his hair clipped, I made a bee line for the barber.

"But, you know," Albert continued, "the story and situations are the important things. If the character's believable, he's successful with the audience. However, with Bing, the minute people don't believe in him enough to feel sorry for him, the play's lost. When we first opened 'Brother Rat' (the play) on Broadway I had to feel that boy until I got hold of him enough to be able to sit back and watch the effect. Well, a lot of times when I'm playing a character I cry. I did that one afternoon with Bing and some of the front row saw me with tears in my eyes and said, 'Gee, what an actor.' Boom, the scene was lost because their attention was focused on me and not the plot.

"Take pictures. It's the same. Not many people analyze things enough to tell whether it's the actor that gives a performance or if the part is responsible. For instance, take a young girl we both know and who's very good for light comedy. They have a scene where all the characters are wringing their hands and nearly dying with grief. Then there's a closeup of the girl looking out the window with tears streaming down her face. Wow, she's a great dramatic actress! That's what everyone thinks and she's done the simplest thing in the world. It's a cinch to look right into the camera and cry.

"On the other hand, take John Garfield. He's handed a few pages of script and figuratively stuck in front of the camera as they yell, 'Take it away, Garfield.' That's what happened in 'Four Daughters.' In one speech that's half a reel long, he has to build and spout a few pretty hoaky lines without becoming

monotonous or losing the audience's attention for a second. That's a real job, for if he loses the fans one second, the whole scene is lost. Now there's what I call real dramatic ability!"

Having seen both John Garfield and Eddie Albert on the stage as well as in films, it was enlightening to realize the wisdom in what our host pointed out. For, in reality, nine times out of ten it's the play and not the player responsible for a great success.

"The studio is pretty set in its ideas out there," continued Eddie. "Why, they didn't even want me to cut my hair for the part of Bing. I argued like the dickens, finally agreeing to cut it and do a test. If they didn't like it, we'd do it the other way. Of course, once they saw the test they were crazy about it. And, I'll bet you anything when I get back for my next picture they have my hair clipped just as before!"

"We hear you're in line to do 'The Poor Nut'?"

"Oh, I'd like to do it if they don't hoak it up. That can be a grand picture, but it's got to be done right. If they're not careful it'll turn out to be just (Continued on page 108)



Nothing Eddie Albert does is hit or miss—it's always hit, although, modestly, he believes in luck.

"HE WAS AN OUTLAW...A KILLER...HIS LIFE WAS THE EPIC STORY OF A LAWLESS ERA!"

He was hunted, but he was human! And there was one—gentle yet dauntless—who flung her life away—into his arms!

The spectacular drama of the nation's most famous outlaw and the turbulent events that gave him to the world!

"Jesse, you're a hero now! But this will get into your blood! You'll turn into a killer and a wolf!"

"I know, but I hate the railroads, and when I hate, I have to do something about it!"



DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
production of

JESSE JAMES

starring

TYRONE POWER
HENRY FONDA
NANCY KELLY
RANDOLPH SCOTT

and HENRY HULL
SLIM SUMMERVILLE
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
BRIAN DONLEVY
JOHN CARRADINE
DONALD MEEK
JOHN RUSSELL
JANE DARWELL

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer and Original
Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Photographed in **TECHNICOLOR**



Will your baby grow as fast as Johnny?

A fine start . . . on Clapp's Strained Foods



Johnny at 3 months . . . "This picture was taken at the time Johnny had his first food from a spoon," relates Johnny Davies' mother. "We had agreed to let him be one of the test babies in our town (Westfield, N. J.) and the doctor started him off on Clapp's Baby Cereal first. After that came Clapp's Strained Spinach . . . and he loved it, right from the first . . ."



Johnny at 12 months . . . "Everybody said he was the happiest baby they ever saw—and he certainly was a healthy one! He had every food on the Clapp list from five months on—I'd give him a new one every few days—and he gained better than a pound a month right along. That speaks well for the vitamins and minerals in Clapp's Foods!"



17 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Foods

Every food requested and approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. The Clapp Company—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

The good work is continued . . . with Clapp's Chopped Foods



Johnny at 22 months . . . "A regular husky! He could already play ball with his Daddy. Of course, he'd outgrown Strained Foods, but, luckily, just at that time the Clapp people started to make Chopped Foods. They're more coarsely divided, the way doctors advise for older babies and toddlers. And such a blessing! No special marketing or cooking, yet the baby has his own menu and the family have anything they like!"



Johnny at 3 years . . . "Here's Johnny now. Isn't he a big boy? And solid as a little rock. We think he's a great credit to Clapp's Foods—but then the other babies who had them are all fine, sturdy children, too. He still gets Clapp's Chopped Foods and he's specially fond of those new Junior Dinners. They're Beef or Lamb with vegetables and cereals. Very substantial, and flavory, too—you ought to try them."



11 Varieties of Clapp's Chopped Foods

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.



CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES . . . CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN





IRENE DUNNE



RALPH BELLAMY



CLAIRE TREVOR



LEW AYRES

★ **BETTE DAVIS** *Brings You Her Crowning Triumph!*



BETTE DAVIS in 'DARK VICTORY'
GEO. BRENT • HUMPHREY BOGART
Geraldine Fitzgerald • Ronald Reagan
Henry Travers • Cora Witherspoon
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Play
by George Emerson Brewer, Jr. and Bertram
Bloch • Music by Max Steiner • A First National
Picture • Presented by WARNER BROS.

★ **DARK VICTORY** Never a story of love so exquisite!... She smiled
at the cost, and bravely paid the reckoning
when her heart's happy dancing was ended.



ROBERT YOUNG

LORDSBURG SENTINEL
OCTOBER 4, 1885

STRANGE EXPERIENCE

SEVEN PASSENGERS TRAPPED IN
STAGE COACH BETWEEN HERE & TONTO, ARIZ.

ATTEMPTED MURDER

Outcasts, Fugitives Thrown with
Elite on Wild Ride with Life
and Death at Stake

One of the most curious incidents in recent frontier history came to a thrilling climax last night as seven oddly assorted passengers arrived on the Lordsburg-Santonio stagecoach after general.

STAGECOACH

A WALTER WANGER PRODUCTION
(Producer of "Trade Winds," "Algiers," "Blockade," etc.)

DIRECTED BY

JOHN FORD

(Academy award winner, director of "Submarine Patrol,"
"The Hurricane," "The Informer," etc.)

with **CLAIRE TREVOR • JOHN WAYNE**

Andy Devine, John Corrodine, Thomas
Mitchell, Louise Platt, George Boncrott,
Donald Meek, Berton Churchill, Tim Holt



Dance-Hall Girl: Nothing
mattered but a man she'd
never seen before.



Convict: He gave himself
up in order to be taken to
Lordsburg, where three
men waited to kill him.



"Buck" the driver: He
wanted to go home.



The Man of Mystery: A
strange whim . . . some-
thing from the past . . .
forced him to go.



Doctor: It took 12 cups of
coffee to sober him in
time.



Wife: "We must go on . . .
I've got to find my hus-
band."



"Curly" the Marshal:
Why did he release his
prisoner?



Traveling Salesman: "I'm
a married man . . . father
of five . . . I insist we go
back."



Bonker: Why so careful
of the little block bog?

ON THE SET she is called O-Bee. Her chair, her dressing-room, the electric fan rigged up as a surprise by one of the boys, are all marked O-Bee. A member of the press-shy crew was prevailed upon to tell why. "It wouldn't sound right to call her Miss Oberon, no more than you'd call the fella workin' alongside of you Mr. Smith. She don't go for that razzle-dazzle stuff. She's plain. Likewise the other way round. If we didn't like her, we wouldn't be taggin' her with no nicknames. It's mutual."

She is also known as Merle, the giggler. Her giggle has a lower, more agreeable sound than the word usually connotes, something like the sound of water gurgling in a spring. It does nice things to her face, which is nice enough under any conditions, but lights up in laughter like the face of a child who still trusts the whole world. People who've seen that happen say silly things to see it happen again. She's spotted by her giggle, as a firefly is by its spark. Hearing it from the other end of the set, some-

one is likely to m u r m u r, "There's O-Bee now." Her comic sense is well developed. You needn't be particularly witty to get a response.

Grief—and she knows it well—has left Merle's gaiety unimpaired.

Merle Oberon and Robert Douglas in "Over the Moon," a Korda film.



BEE

Joyful!

Her own good will is such that the will to entertain her is almost enough.

Goldwyn started by trying to make an exotic of her, a slant-eyed star of the East. He didn't get very far, because what she was came through. In appearance exquisite as a figurine, he felt that she ought to be exploited as something a little too rare and precious for this world, set apart on a pedestal, veiled in mystery. Before long he discovered that she'd jumped down off the pedestal and broken through the veils, not in any spirit of conscious revolt but because she doesn't breathe well in a hothouse. He discovered a sunny-hearted girl who liked people and wanted them to like her, who preferred to giggle with them than be kowtowed to by them, whose natural friendliness broke down artificial barriers and established instead a bond of human warmth. He was astute enough to realize that this same girl, transferred to the screen, would win more friends than a hundred synthetic mystery women. Thus the movies lost a sphinx and gained Merle Oberon.

Her gayety does not proceed from any lighthearted acceptance of life as a joke. She has had ample cause to be aware of the contrary. Her mother's courageous but losing struggle to make a living after her father's death stirred in Merle a fierce sense of protectiveness. Her mother belonged to an untrained generation. She, Merle, would train herself, remove the burden from the older woman's shoulders and make up to her for all the privations she had suffered.

Merle had taken part in amateur theatricals in Calcutta, but the idea of being an actress wasn't planted till one day she went to a movie theatre that was showing the silent version of "The Dark Angel." For some reason she can't define she saw herself in the Vilma Banky role, and from then on, her mind was made up.

When she was seventeen, an uncle took her to England for a visit. She refused to go back with him, and the next few years saw her bucking the hardest game in the world, going cold and hungry, rain seeping through the shoes she couldn't afford to have mended, being turned away from door after door and plodding hopefully on, though nobody gave her anything to hope for. It's the story of thousands of stagestruck girls, too familiar to bear

recounting. Merle was the one in a thousand stubborn enough to take it on the chin and come back for more—not giggling, certainly, but not whining either.

When success came, she took a deep satisfaction in doing for her mother all the things she had dreamed of. Ferrying, as it were, between England and America, they had always lived in hotels. Merle was sick of it. On her return to England two years ago to make a picture with Laughton, she decided to rent a house and found one in Regents Park that utterly charmed her. "How can the owner bear to rent it?" A kind friend told her that the owner had taken a superstitious dislike to it, that she was bound to get rid of it—by sale, if possible, by rental in any case, for ill luck had dogged her footsteps from the time she'd bought it. "Pooh!" said Merle, and moved in.

A few weeks later she was almost killed in a motor accident. Her injuries put her to bed for five months. Her pictures had to be abandoned. Hardly had she recovered, when the flu laid her low again. Her mother's visits to the nursing home suddenly ceased. They told Merle she wasn't feeling well, nothing serious, she'd be up in a few days. Merle tried to struggle out of bed. "I've got to go to her." She hadn't a chance, however, against doctor and nurse and her own weakness. A day or two later her mother died.

It wasn't long before she was faced with the necessity of making a decision about the house she had rented. The owner had a buyer, but would give Miss Oberon first choice. Some of her friends regarded the prospect uneasily. "Of course, we don't believe in the silly stuff, but see what's happened to you."

"What's happened to me," said Merle steadily, "has nothing to do with the house. I love it and I'm going to buy it."

As bogies couldn't affect her fundamental sanity, so grief has left her fundamental gayety unimpaired. The hurt of her mother's death was aggravated, and probably always will be, by (Continued on page 95)

They tried to make her exotic, but

Merle persisted in being her sunny self

BY IDA ZEITLIN



"If I say good evening to a girl," laments Cary, "a 'new romance' is reported."



CAGEY *Cary*

BY MARTHA KERR

For one who's known
to count his words

—Grant gives in!

Cary Grant, one of the screen's most popular players, with Victor McLaglen in their latest, "Gunga Din."



Here is Cary with pretty Phyllis Brooks, the gal that everyone says will soon be Mrs. G. Lucky Cary!

NOW LOOK," I said, "I've no wish to be nose-y or disagreeable, but what with the time it takes to go to press and all, this story won't appear till the first of February. And if you are married to Phyllis Brooks by that time and the magazine says nothing about it, why, the magazine looks pretty silly."

"Phyllis and I won't be married by that time," said Cary Grant. "We won't be married anywhere near that soon."

The world is probably full of men who'd dote upon screaming it from the housetops if they had even the remotest chance of marrying a girl as lovely as Phyllis Brooks. But—these other men are not Cary Grant, who has been on the receiving end of considerable journalistic bad taste where his private life is concerned. His dander is way up over the poking and probing which has gone on about matters which—he feels—are nobody's business but Cary's.

"Listen," he said, "there was an item in one column about Phyl entertaining her bridesmaids at a luncheon at Twenty-One. There was an item in that column about Phyl buying her trousseau at Madame Whoop-de-do's. The girl couldn't take a couple of pals to lunch, nor buy herself a new hunk of chiffon without starting something. Mi-god—I guess we'll have to get married now. We'll have to get married to make an Honest Woman of the Press.

"The other day, a writer came in here. An especially intelligent girl. Swell writer. But I shall have to dispense with any masterpiece she might have turned out about me. She asked me how my second wife—my second wife, get it—stacked up with my first wife, Virginia Cherrill. Dammit, that's abominable taste, and I told her so. Her answer was that I'm a movie actor, am I not, and therefore I should not feel entitled to keep any part of my life to myself. The hell I shouldn't. I should and, what's more, I will."

I pointed out that, though her manner of putting it

had been unfortunate, this girl had been essentially right and he knew it.

"I mean," I said, "you do, in a way, belong to the public and you'd be quite unhappy if the public suddenly ceased to care."

"Yes, I know I would," he said honestly. "But what makes me mad is that everybody's always looking for some dirt to dish. They're always looking for something to leer about. Any man in Hollywood who isn't precisely repulsive to look upon, who owns a dress suit and who doesn't eat with his knife and is a bachelor is going to be fussed over considerably. I've been through it. We've all been through it.

"If I say good evening to a girl and ask her if her cold is better, a 'new romance' is reported in the papers the next day. It's irritating, but unimportant. I personally can't see why anybody should care for these romantic, if inaccurate, details, about me or Gable or Power or Stewart or whoever. Well, it seems that they do. So okay. Somebody makes a living out of purveying this material and everybody's happy. Except Grant, Gable, Power, Stewart and the rest, and they're only mildly unhappy and the recompense they receive makes up for that. At least, that's the way I've always looked upon it. Same when the publicity department arranges interviews for me. Somebody's body has gone to considerable trouble. Somebody's job depends upon putting such things through. So I'll cooperate.

"Oh—and sure. I'm not the self-effacing little flower that last sentence makes me sound like, either. I'm getting something out of it, too. Or, at least, I used to think it helped my career, my work, my spot in the sun. But I have, long since, told all the facts about Cary Grant for them as cared to read. And now, it seems, nobody wants to ask me anything except, 'What do you think of women?' and all that mush. It makes me squirm to talk such (Continued on page 102)

THE THREE most-talked-of players in Hollywood today, not forgetting the Garbos, Shearers and Gables, are young Hedy Lamarr, young John Garfield and very young Nancy Kelly.

Wherever you go these three names rise above the surface of conversation. They are Today's Children in Hollywood—the latest claimants to the title, "A Star Is Born."

At her studio, from props to producers, you hear that seventeen-year-old Nancy Kelly is the "find" of the year. You are told that Nancy is to be given every rich dramatic plum in every big dramatic picture to be produced by Darryl Zanuck. And it isn't merely ballyhoo, because she has already appeared in "Submarine Patrol," "Tail Spin" and "Jesse James." Now Mr. Z. is not putting a newcomer into "Jesse James" in Technicolor and opposite Tyrone Power unless that newcomer has been tried out over a hot flame and found *not* wanting.

Hollywood is inclined to be skeptical when any studio begins to ballyhoo a new "sensational discovery." Producers have done this once or twice too often.

However, in the case of Nancy Kelly, you're in for a refreshing surprise. Nancy reminds you of a young Katharine Cornell. She has the same broad planes to her face, the same mobile, generous mouth, much the same warm, dusky coloring as the great Katharine. There is, implicit in her personality, that rich feel of theatre which is Miss Cornell's.

Nancy looks at routine blondes lunching on the studio lot and sighs, "Now, that girl over there . . . *she's* beautiful. If I looked like that!" Failing to consider, of course, that if she did look "like that" she might be doing what the so-beautiful blonde is doing—extra work.

Nancy is fiercely critical of herself, perennially dissatisfied with her work. She comes naturally by this self-criticism. Her mother has praised her only once in Nancy's already thirteen-year-old career. Only once has her mother said, "That scene couldn't have been done better." That was the scene Nancy made in "Jesse James" when she is lying in bed with her new-born baby, her tears falling on its fledgling head. She will break you all up in that scene.

There are other signs which point, not only to the rising of Nancy's star, but to her established stardom. One is that she didn't want to come to Hollywood. She preferred the stage. She felt that the stage was "better training." And better training is more important to Nancy Kelly than better billing, glamor or bigger money. That's how she is.

When, a year ago, for instance, David Selznick offered to fly her out to Hollywood to make one picture for him, offered to fly her back again at the picture's end, told her that she could "take her vacation" that way and, at the same time, pick up some sizeable money, Nancy said, "Thank you very much, but I'd rather take my vacation at the seashore." And she did.

Moreover, Nancy has an ambition, an ideal, indeed, an idol. She says, "My favorite actress is Bette Davis. And my ambition is to become just one tenth as good as she is on the screen. Just one tenth."

Now, how is a Nancy Kelly born and raised? Here is how:

What does it take to make the



Movie acting, radio, stage and back to the movies, is young Nancy Kelly's record.

A STAR IS
Born
—AND MADE

BY GLADYS HALL

She was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, on March 25, 1921, on an extraordinary, windy tumultuous day. Back of every successful man, they say, there is an exceptional mother. Back of almost every successful movie star, certainly, there has been an exceptional mother. Remember the mothers of Mary Pickford, of the Talmadge girls, of Bette Davis? And young Nancy has a very exceptional mother who has been, and still is, with her every step of the way. Nancy also has an exceptional father, which is a rare asset in the biographies of most screen stars. What is more, Nancy has a brother Jack, aged eleven, who has already appeared in five Broadway plays, and a small sister, Carol E., aged six, also on the stage, besides a baby brother, Clement, aged three, who, in no time at all, I daresay, will be making his contribution to the American stage and screen. There are those who say of the Kellys that "a new First Family of Broadway (and Hollywood) is now growing up."

All right, a star is born. So, then what? What ingredients go into said star's making?

Well, a mother

Both Nan and Jack Kelly are still in their thirties, vital and gay and wise. Jack is Nancy's best and only "beau." She would, she told me, rather go out with Nan and Jack than anyone she knows . . . "because they are such fun and so much in love with each other." Which seems to suggest that a happy family life contributes to the making of a star.

When Nancy was two years old her mother told her bedtime stories every night. Well, don't we all? But Nan Kelly did more than read bedtime stories. She and Nancy acted them out. She took little old Red Ridinghood and Hansel and Gretel and other juve-

movie grade? Nancy Kelly knows, for, at seventeen, she has "arrived"



Nancy's mother always wanted to be an actress, so when she discovered talent in her child, she went to work and developed it.



"They" say that Nancy Kelly, with Tyrone Power in "Jesse James," is sensationally good.

nile favorites and dramatized them for Nancy. One night Nan would be the Wolf and Nancy, Red Ridinghood. The next night they would exchange roles.

When Nancy was three, Nan and Jack took her, one night, to a meeting of their dramatic society in Astoria. The group put on "Daddy Long Legs." When the play was finished, and while the members of the cast were having refreshments, small Nancy wandered onto the stage. And suddenly, from across the footlights, came a manly voice declaiming, "No, I will not! No, no, I will not!" More of the same and then the transfixed amateurs realized that it was the infant Kelly being "Daddy Long Legs." The toddler was not only letter perfect in lines—no one had taught her—but she was also at home and at ease on the stage, taking the applause of her audience, unembarrassed and gracious. And Nan Kelly realized, with a pang of pure, wish-fulfilled pleasure, that unto her an actress had been born.

(Continued on page 72)

with theatrical ambitions of her own seems indicated. And Nan Kelly, mother of

Nancy, wanted most awfully to "be an actress." She did do quite a few things in silent pictures back east. She organized a dramatic society in Astoria, Long Island, too, where, after the birth of Nancy, the young family took up residence. That's where they lived until Nancy came to Hollywood.

Nancy's father, Jack Kelly, was in the theatre ticket brokerage business back east. So it can really be said of Nancy that the theatre is "in her blood."

Ty and his sister
are great pals.



Sister Ann Tells on



Annabella's is the latest name to be linked with Ty's. This time, will he marry?

"Ty actually has an inferiority complex," says Ann, "but he can take it on the chin."



TYRONE POWER can't fool me," said the slender girl with the shining brown eyes. She smiled. "I know him through and through."

She wasn't boasting. She was merely stating a simple fact. If any girl knew Tyrone, she was the girl—for she was his sister.

Hollywood hasn't been particularly conscious until recently that Tyrone had a sister. An attractive one, at that—brunette, with long bobbed hair, young, animated, alert. She hasn't been an actress. And, despite her photogenic face, her warm voice and her theatrical heritage, she says that she has no acting ambitions now.

Honolulu used to be her home. Marriage to a young Honolulu business man took her there before Tyrone was a movie name. Something went wrong with the marriage. Otherwise, she wouldn't be in Hollywood now, taking up life again with her mother and brother, in a big white Colonial house in Bel-Air.

Ann Power is only seventeen months younger than Tyrone. The small difference in their ages made them closer to each other than the average brother and sister when they were growing up. Ann had the opportunity to know Tyrone as no one else did. Then, being in the Islands, far away from him, all during the time when fame and wealth were happening to him, she faced the inevitable question when life brought them together again: "Has he changed?" And that other question: "Has Hollywood done

something to him—something that I won't like?" She was answering those questions now, out loud. And, in doing so, she was talking about Tyrone for publication for the first time.

"Separation hasn't made us strangers," she said. "I feel as close to Tyrone as I ever did. Yet, at the same time, because of our long separation, I can look at him without the near-sightedness of constant association. I can see him in perspective."

What traits did she see in Tyrone before Hollywood happened to him? What traits did she see in him now?

"Well, for one thing," Ann said, "—an amazing lack of conceit. As long as I can remember, girls have been casting sheep's eyes at Tyrone. And I've heard girls—who didn't know I was anywhere near, or didn't know I was his sister—say, 'He's good-looking, all right. Too good-looking, probably, not to be awfully conceited.' I used to smile inwardly at that, because I knew something that they didn't."

"Tyrone hid it pretty well, but he was burdened with an inferiority complex that kept wriggling constantly. One reason for it was the fact that he was Tyrone Power, Jr. His name reminded people of Father, and he always had to wonder if that was why they noticed him. On top of that, he had just one ambition: acting. Having a great actor for a father, he knew he had a head start on a theatrical career. But he knew, too, how much (Continued on page 92)

BY JAMES REID

Fame, fortune and good looks don't fool her, so Ann reveals a new, intimate side of the "perfect" Power

24

THOSE MARRIED CAREER

THE MOUTH of a blondined extra fell wide open.

"Well I'll be darned!" she spluttered. "Get a load of *that* busman on a holiday!"

"That busman" proved to be Myrna Loy. Clad in a simple frock of wool and wearing only a trace of street make-up, Myrna was strolling arm in arm with Producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr., through an elaborate set of "Midnight," the new Colbert picture being filmed under his supervision. With obvious interest she was inspecting the details of the set, chatting with the director and exclaiming over the beauty of Claudette's cloth of gold evening gown.

"Jeepers," the extra went on, "you'd think she'd get her fill of movie sets and stars without spending her spare time poking around like a movie-mad tourist. She must be nuts! You wouldn't catch me doing a dumb stunt like that on my day off. Not if I was the big-shot she is!"

You probably wouldn't. She'd be out getting her eye-lashes dyed, or shopping for dresses beyond her means. But that's one difference between the two women, and one darned good reason why Myrna's home and marriage to Producer Hornblow is one of Hollywood's happiest, while the extra is having trouble with her mate who sells used cars.

For Myrna's interest that day was not the professional interest of one great star in what was being done for another in a rival motion picture. It simply was the genuine and wholehearted concern of a wife in the work of her husband.

"Nothing remarkable in that, is there?" she observed. "It's just part of the trade of being a working wife."

"And there were tricks to that trade as any other?"

"Well," she parried, "I wouldn't call them 'tricks' exactly. Let's say, rather, unwritten rules for happiness and harmony. But whatever you call them, to me they are the safeguards women who work will do well to cultivate if they want to keep their husbands as much in love with them as the day they said 'I do.'"

Furthermore, she pointed out, those rules were applicable equally to stenographers, filing clerks, maids and writers as they were for the glamor girls of the movies. Basically, all wives are sisters under the skin.

I struck a snag, however, when I suggested she tell other wives what those rules were, and how to make them work as successfully as she has done. It was giving advice, she said, and she hates to give advice. Thinks it is presumptuous on her part.

"Besides," she said earnestly, "it isn't always fair because I have so much more to do *with* than many women, and a financial advantage is a powerful one. For example, I could say it is a worthwhile idea to keep a man's home running smoothly at all times, even if the woman does some kind of work outside her home, because a man's home is his castle and he has the right to expect that much. That is easy for me to say, and practise, too. All it involves is keeping the proper servants and giving them the proper orders. But what about the wife who is employed all day in an office and still must prepare the meals, keep his clothes in order (*Continued on page 105*)

Myrna is Hollywood's perfect screen wife, Maxie Baer and Clark Gable agree.

There's no question as to who's head of the family in Mr. and Mrs. Hornblow's household.





GIRLS !

**Myrna Loy, who is
one of them, tells
how to make every-
thing work out**

**BY
KAY
PROCTOR**

Working
wives can
contribute
plenty that
has nothing
to do with
finances,
says Miss
Loy.



HE WANTED A *Boy*

But Papa Withers drew the infectious Jane
and has been completely satisfied ever since

JANE'S MOTHER wanted a girl. Her father wanted a boy. Nature satisfied them both by giving them a girl who could meet any boy on his own ground and give an excellent accounting of herself.

The story of Jane and her mother has been told often. This is the story of Jane and her father. He's a big man with the softspoken drawl and courteous manners of the South, with a quiet, deliberate air that inspires confidence and masks a store of humor as infectious, if less boisterous, than Jane's own.

One night before the baby was born, Mr. and Mrs. Withers were walking home from a picture show that had featured Mitzi Green. "Won't the name Jane Withers look nice in lights?" said her mother-to-be dreamily.

This was nothing new to Walter Withers. When he'd asked Ruth to marry him, she first said yes and then, with her face hidden against his chest, "If we ever have a little girl, Walter, I want her to be an actress. Promise me you'll say nothing against it, because I just couldn't bear it."

He had laughed. "That's okay with me, honey. Let's wait, though, and see if she can act."

He hadn't promised to *wish* for a girl. "I want a boy," he insisted. "I want a boy to go hunting and fishing with me. I want him to be a boy scout. I want him to lick that sissy down the street. I want a boy," he continued, his imagination soaring, "and I want him to be so mean that when he comes out on the front porch all the other kids'll go chasing into the house."

"Yes, you do!" scoffed his wife.

"I give you fair warning, if she does turn out to be a girl, I'm going to make her the finest tomboy in Atlanta."

The family doctor grinned over the controversy. As he slipped from Mrs. Withers' room the night the baby was born, he came on the palsied father in the hall. "Ruth's fine," he said. "The baby's a tomboy, weighs eight and a half pounds."

Mr. Withers went in to his wife. "You don't really

mind it's being a boy and not a girl, do you, honey?"

She gave him a weak smile. "It's a girl, you crazy."

Jane was kind to her father. She saved him the effort of making a tomboy of her. Strange as it may seem, she grew into a miraculous combination of what both parents wanted. She took naturally to dancing, singing and general cain-raising. She uprooted the neighbor's prize tulips, imported from Holland, and stuck them into tin cans as table decorations for a tea party in the backyard. The neighbor didn't talk to the Withers for weeks. In need of a spade, she appropriated the handsome sword that went with her father's lodge uniform, and buried it underground for safekeeping. She used his new razor and every blade he owned to sharpen her pencils. "One blade would have sharpened all the pencils in Atlanta," he objected.

"Well, then what would I of done with the rest of the blades, daddy?"

Whatever he may have told her, his private feeling was one of pure content. Just as she was, she suited him better than any boy he could conjure up. His cup of satisfaction brimmed over when, hearing a commotion on the walk one day, he sallied out to investigate. Jane stood, arms akimbo. The sissy, a buxom lad, four years her senior, was blubbing his head off. "Jane licked me," he wailed. And Walter Withers knew that dreams do come true.

Mrs. Withers had another dream. At five, Jane was already active in radio work. She had conquered Atlanta, but her mother felt that the field was too narrow. "Why don't you take her to Hollywood, Ruth?" Mr. Withers would hear their friends suggest.

She'd eye her husband wistfully. "I would in a minute, if Walter were willing."

He hadn't forgotten the promise he'd made before Jane's birth, and he's not a man to take his promises lightly. "But we've got our own home here, honey, and our family and friends, and (Continued on page 74)

Jane's dad promised to make her the finest tomboy in Atlanta. She widened the territory considerably.

BY CAROLINE
S. HOYT

Jane confides that she occasionally can talk her mother over, but her dad—never! They're too much alike.





FERNAND GRAVET



HEDY LAMARR

TCH, TCH -

BY RAMON ROMERO

IF HOLLYWOOD could add up the millions of dollars it has spent in blind attempts to make great stars of imported European actors, the sum would make some of the foreign war debts look like a Scotchman's tips. Between Pola Negri's landing in New York fifteen years ago and Danielle Darrieux's recent embarking to fulfill a Universal contract, a whole army of thespian recruits have come and gone, leaving in their wake shattered careers, broken dreams, bitter denunciations and, in some cases, very much depleted treasuries.

The cinema executive, ever in search of profitable and exciting merchandise, recognizes no boundary lines in his determined and eternal search for screen talent. On the premise that art is international, he invades wherever there is promise of reward, and does not hesitate to plunder foreign studios for future Hollywood stars, just as, for years, he has robbed our own Broadway.

When the bait of a glamorous career via American billboards fails to entice the wavering foreign actor or actress across the Atlantic to a California swimming pool and mansion, American dollars turn the trick. Simone Simon's thirty-five-hundred-dollar-a-week sal-

If producers and their "imports" would only realize that we don't want



ERROL FLYNN

SONJA HENIE

Those Furriners!

ary was a minor example. In her own native Paris her weekly stipend was probably less than one-third of this amount. The same is generally true of the rest of the gilded importations. While capable artists warm benches around Hollywood casting offices, waiting for a chance to be discovered, Hollywood producers, like thirsty men chasing a mirage, scurry off in mad pursuit to lasso every available actor on the continent.

The past year has seen a deluge of foreign talent. Each major studio has contributed to this melting pot. At Paramount there is Isa Miranda, the Italian actress, noted for being Mussolini's favorite screen star, Franciska Gaal, from Budapest, and Georges Rigaud, a

new sheik type, featured in "Spawn of the North." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with the largest list of imported players, boasts Fernand Gravet, Miliza Korjus, Ilona Massey, Della Lind, Hedy Lamarr, Robert Morley, and others.

Columbia brought over Luli Desti and Dolly Haas. Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox has on his roster Anna-bella, Richard Greene of London, and Mickey Hood, his latest contractee, not yet arrived. Of course, departed are Simone Simon and Germaine Aussey. Universal brought over Danielle Darrieux at one of the highest salaries ever paid a performer in Hollywood, while Walter Wanger (*Continued on page 86*)

another Garbo or Lamarr, but a brand new and individual personality!

HAPPY

THOUGH MARRIED

BY
DORA ALBERT



"Everyone dislikes me on sight," claims Humphrey Bogart. "There's something about my face that annoys most people."

Humphrey Bogart has a

I HATE WOMEN who are spineless, brainless clinging vines, who open their eyes wide and their mouths still wider and sigh, 'Oh, you great big wonderful man,' all the time fluttering their eyelashes at some helpless, captivated male. I hate women who have never in all their lives had a thought of their own, whose lives are dominated and ruled by the type of vicious mothers we sometimes see in Hollywood who cling and cling and cling, who are so possessive and so overbearing that they will not let their daughters make any decisions of their own. I feel sorry for women who are always suffering from imaginary ailments, fainting females who rush to the hospital for two weeks because the strain of modern life is too, too much for them, and who retreat there to rest and read—although they've probably never read a book before in their lives.

"I adore women who do things, who have guts, who can stand up to a man and say, 'You're wrong' when he is wrong, who like to stand on their own two feet, who pack a good wallop and in case of an emergency know when and how to apply it. Which in a nutshell is why I adore Mayo Methot."

Humphrey Bogart paused and rubbed his own chin reflectively. We were sitting at the Lakeside Country Club, a gay, informal lunchroom, the sky outside a panorama of blue, and the sunshine pouring in through the open windows, making little patterns of gold on the tables. Humphrey, in a blue sport shirt and black and white checked trousers, looked much handsomer and younger



new recipe for romance and it's not moonlight and roses—but it works well

than you've any idea from just seeing him in movies. "It's pleasant here, isn't it?" Humphrey asked, with a sweep of his hand, taking in the lunchroom and the rolling countryside surrounding it and the golf course nearby. Then he swung right into his favorite subject—Mayo Methot.

"Mayo is a frail-looking person," he said, "as feminine and attractive as any woman could possibly be, yet she has more strength and honesty and directness than most men. Do you remember reading about the women in the American Revolution—they were pretty strong women, weren't they? I imagine that if Mayo had lived back in those days she would have fitted in perfectly. "Recently Mayo was taken seriously ill, and needed a major operation. One day after the operation, she was sitting up, and one week later she was home. The day after her operation she didn't take one single solihaps, if she had been another type of woman. But she has a very strong constitution—she is strong in every way—her courage is simply superb."

Again Humphrey's hand stroked his chin. Then he laughed out loud. "It still hurts, where Mayo hit me a good strong wallop," he said. "It happened to be the only possible way of handling a certain situation, and Mayo had the courage to do what she knew was right. Which is another reason I admire her so intensely." It happened one evening when his studio sent Humphrey a script which he disliked very much. For months Humphrey, who takes his work very seriously, had been complaining about his roles, and the studio had promised to find a grand part for him. With eager, hopeful expectancy he had started to read the script, but as he read on and on,

his frown deepened—this story was utterly wrong for him, he thought, and the role the studio wanted him to play was such a colorless part he was sure it would do him a great deal of harm. Now, as it happened, Humphrey was very tired when he read the script and not his usual good-natured self. As he read on and on, the resentment he had been fighting back for a year suddenly rose in him. He was seething with anger. All logic and reason were wiped out in the tide of his fury.

"I went off my nut a little bit," he told me apologetically. "I got so mad I didn't know what I was saying or doing, for, you see, a man feels kind of ineffectual bucking a great studio."

"At the time Mayo and a couple of friends were with me at my home, and Mayo said, 'Come on, Bogey, have a drink.' Often drinks make me sleepy and she evidently hoped that, after having a drink, I would get over my hysteria and just drop off to sleep. But it didn't work. I had one drink, then a second drink, but I was as hysterical as before. Suddenly Mayo walked over to me, and gave me a good resounding wallop on the jaw that snapped me out of it. Then she got the doctor and gave me some sleeping pills. That night I slept like a baby, and when I awoke in the morning I felt fine and was grateful to Mayo for what she had done. It was not the accepted thing to do—but she has courage enough to do the unconventional thing if she knows it will help someone."

The romance of Humphrey Bogart and Mayo Methot (whom he calls Sluggy) is one of the gayest, maddest and most delightful in all of Hollywood. It isn't the kind of romance that comes all wrapped up in lavender and old lace, that is compounded of moonlight, dreams, and the witchery of magic illusions. Instead it's the sophisticated, mature love of two utterly charming people who might have stepped right out of *(Continued on page 109)*



Humphrey Bogart and Billy Halop are crooks together again in "Chalked Out," their latest.

She calls him "Bogey;" he calls her "Sluggy." Lavender and old lace don't go with the Bogarts.



She knows

WHAT SHE WANTS

And when it comes along, Jane Bryan will gladly forfeit fame and fortune





Eddie Albert and Jane Bryan did a grand job in their latest, "Brother Rat."



Bette Davis has shown Jane what it is like to be a star—and J. B. doesn't fancy it.

IT WOULD BE a grand thing if American girls—yes, and American boys, too—could take a leaf from the book of Jane Bryan. That leaf, I mean, on which are written down in a strong, clear hand the well defined ambitions from which Jane hasn't wavered a wiggle since she was a little girl; on which are written down the ideals which go hand in hand with those ambitions, the resolutions, many of which begin with, "I will not." "I will not be satisfied with a cheap, easy success, no matter how well paid. I will not waste my substance on cheap, easy romance, no matter how much pleasure seems to go with it. Though I shall, of course, make a thousand mistakes as I go along, I will *not* make mistakes about important things like my work, love, my family, husband, children and home."

Ah; yes. If the millions of young people who come out of schools and colleges every year—some of them pathetically starry-eyed, others pathetically cynical, so few of them knowing what in heaven's name they want to do—if they could acquire some of the blessed certainty about important things which little Jane Bryan possesses, they'd be in a happier position to tackle this none too happy old world that we live in.

I talked with Jane over a late breakfast in a hotel dining-room. She hasn't changed, outwardly, in the something over a year that she has been in pictures. The combined wiles of the studio make-up department haven't been able to make her change her glossy, natural brown hair to a shade more golden. Her eyebrows have remained where nature put them on her intelligent young brow. She wears lipstick and nail polish and simple, straight, unbedecked clothes. There was nothing about her to cause the other late breakfast-ers to look up and wonder where the Klieg lights were. Otherwise—yes, most decidedly—she is different from other girls.

She brought along a girl friend. Not a member, as I feared at first, of her studio's publicity staff or of the Mutual Protective Association. Because both girls indulged in a little mild studio panning, much in the manner of a couple of New York wage slaves exchanging details of office hardships over Schrafft sandwiches. Jane said she isn't very good at interviews yet and she thought Peg might be helpful.

I found that though the little Bryan's intelligence goes way ahead of her twenty years, her little girl appetite

hasn't quite caught up yet. She tucked into a hearty amount of cereal with cream and drank considerable cocoa. Lucky girl—she doesn't have to count up the calories and drink black coffee. While I drank black coffee, I launched into Interviewer's Stock Question II A—but I did not receive a stock answer.

"You've come quite a way in a short time," I said. "What do you feel you owe to yourself, and what do you owe to others?"

"Well, of course, I owe a tremendous amount to Bette," said Jane. She ponders a moment before speaking, which is another good idea. "Bette Davis has helped me immeasurably in the tricks of the trade, for one thing. I mean, make-up, and technical points about acting before the camera and all that. But mostly, I think, I'm thankful to her for giving me a picture of what a really important star is like. The whole thing . . . her problems and difficulties, and all the sadness that comes with the glory, and everything. She's shown me what I might be like if I ever achieve what she has achieved. And,"

Jane's big gray eyes looked straight into mine, "I don't want to be like that. It's too tragically lonely."

This made me ponder for a moment before speaking, and Jane went on.

"I adore Bette. I worship her. She's

a deep-feeling, warm-hearted woman. She's tempestuous and vivid. She's the kind that starts a gale of excitement the minute she enters a room. She's the stuff of which great women are made. But she's a woman before she's an actress, and she has struggled so hard to keep the things which are precious to a woman . . . and she has failed."

"Yes, lately she has been going through a bad time," I said. "But perhaps it will work itself out. Perhaps she and Ham Nelson may even yet get back together again and be wiser and happier for it all."

"No, I don't think so," Jane answered slowly. "I don't see how any Hollywood marriage can survive such a set-up. I really don't. As a matter of fact, I don't see how any important woman star can have a happy marriage. I think those who stick just muddle through, at best. If any two people ever struggled to keep things on a sane basis, those two people are Bette and Ham."

"Bette doesn't have a thing that money can buy that I couldn't buy with my modest salary. Clothes, jewels, cars, house—nothing. She (Continued on page 78)

BY MARY MAYES

She has something the rest of us seem to lack, but we're willing to learn


RIGHT SMACK off at the beginning, let Auntie Marshall put it on the record that, in this attempt to analyze the undeniable charm of the southern girl—and southern woman, too—she is talking about the very nicest kind of Dixie belle. Not the empty-headed little flutter-budget whom I guess we've all metten up with at one time or another, who honey-chiles and you-alls folks to death and who has little to offer beyond a cute accent and a pretty face. She is rapidly disappearing from the face of the earth, anyway, praise the Lord. The attractive southern miss or matron is just like any other attractive person except—except—that she is a darn sight smarter about men.

What started me thinking along this tack was a cocktail party I went to recently. Practically everybody there was from Charleston. Our host and hostess and their twenty-year-old daughter were leaving next day for their native city and it was just an informal affair to say good-bye. Two of the daughter's girl friends dropped in after school. One was a tiny thing—about five feet tall, very cute. Her pal, I give you my word, was at least six feet tall. They were a comical pair together. The tall one had a very pretty face, but my land, the height! But do you think she was the least bit self-conscious about it? Think


you that she slouched or slumped? Not she. She carried herself beautifully. She walked like a—like a—well, like a queen, which isn't very original, but that's the way she walked.

An older woman, mother of the cute little half-pint, arrived, attired in nondescript blouse and skirt. "I apologize for my cooking clothes," she said laughing, "but So-and-so called me up and asked me to a matinee, and I flew out just as I was and haven't been home to change." She stayed a little while and then she had to leave, and after she had gone, everybody said what a charming person she was and our hostess added, "You should see her in an evening gown; she is really beautiful."

A group of us, mamas all, congregated in a corner and began talking, as mamas will, about our children. One parent's child was going thru the teeth-straightening stage. "We were fortunate, with Ann," the hostess said. "We were in England and we were able to get it done by an excellent dentist for under two hundred guineas." That's a thousand bucks, American. Mind you, these people, while comfortably off, aren't wealthy and never have been. But Ann's teeth had to be straightened, and Ann's teeth would have been straightened, if the family had been poor as Job, for they realized the importance of it.



Gail Patrick, left, an Alabama campus belle with what it takes!



It was down Texas way that Margaret Tallchett charmed them.

—here's the way

You see what I'm driving at? The whole southern idea about women is that women are meant to be beautiful. If they're not born so, they must be made so. The tall girl has had it instilled into her that she's lovely. She has not been allowed to be self-conscious about her height. She has been schooled to stand and walk beautifully. She has been made to feel, by a hundred small, considerate, daily teachings, that it's simply swell to be so tall—why, she will be a queen among women. Let the tiny girls be cute and all that. *She*
(Continued on page 113)

WHAT HAS THE SOUTHERN GAL GOT?

BY MARY MARSHALL

Petite Margaret Sullivan, below, hails from "ol' Virginny."

Dorothy Lamour clicked in New Orleans long before we knew her.





The Erwins love the races—sometimes they win, too, and then again, ouch!



What do you mean, you can't stay happily married in Hollywood! The Erwins have.

HOMESPUN HERO

THEY SAY—and you know that never-ending line of hypothetical theys—that it's impossible to remain married in Hollywood. Further, *they* say *they* won't even let a couple stay happy out there where the beauties come a dime a dozen. But, don't make the fatal mistake of trying to find "they." Because as soon as you do, they'll vanish into thin air.

Nevertheless, the Stuart Erwins may be the exception to the rule—for, it's nigh on to nine years since they said "I do," during which time, we hasten to add, *they* have been unable to mar the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. E. On the camera coast this in itself is a record. However, to get on with the Erwins, their family life is little different from yours or mine. In fact, it's just about like the Joneses or the Smiths.

Each morning, Stuart doesn't catch the eight-fifteen, because he catches his station wagon and drives himself to work. Each evening dusk finds Mr. Erwin turning into the driveway with but one purpose in mind—to see his wife and kids.

It's no simple matter when Stu gets an assignment in New York for picture work. There's an extra room on the train for the kids and their maid, to say nothing of an additional suite in the hotel. Many a man would bring on his family for a few days; then, when work began, send them home. Not Stu Erwin. It's all together or not at all. That's the way he likes it, and, that's the way it is—just as the Jones family or Smiths. When they go a-visiting it is en masse or not at all.

Having completed a picture made in New York and tentatively titled "Frankie," Mr. E. was ready and willing to return to the quiet life in Beverly Hills.

"Why, do you know," he explained, "at home we don't go out when I work, but here in New York, you do nothing else! Your friends call and if you're working they get very considerate, making it 'just for dinner.' The thing we forget is that dinner isn't over 'til midnight and by the time you ease out, it's after one, and two by the time you're in bed. Boy, does five a. m. roll around fast!

But, I never feel low! I just wonder if I can get up! The bad part is by six o'clock that afternoon you're all pepped up and raring to go. I guess this New York stimulates you. An average evening out back home is over by twelve; one, if it's a celebration and that's not often. But here! Wow, I don't see how you stand it the year around."

Our host lost sight of the fact that New Yorkers don't have to crowd into four weeks what they have the entire year to accomplish. Fifty-two weeks are consumed in the pursuit of those same things the average guest crowds into a couple of days.

However, there're no regrets in the Erwin menage, since this New York trip is responsible for our hero broadening his histrionic concepts. Stuart, as you no doubt know, has for years played the home town hick who invariably makes good, one way or another. In "Frankie," he evolves a com- (Continued on page 80)

BY ROBERT
McILWAIN

Stuart Erwin is the movie actor who's as real as the man next door

UNMASKING MAGGIE

Abe Lincoln said, "You can't fool all of the people all of the time." But Margaret Lindsay did.



That accent! That glamor! That colossal faker—Margaret Lindsay

WHAT HAPPENS

BY BEN MADDOX

when you adopt a terrific line and it goes

over—but big? Margaret Lindsay knows. That's why she doesn't use it any more! On the other hand, if she hadn't posed outrageously, she wouldn't be where she is, and she knows it. If she hadn't deliberately assumed her phony front, hadn't lied brazenly, hadn't hoodwinked all the influential men she met as soon as she began her pretense on a major scale, she'd certainly not have won the big stakes for which she gambled.

She wanted that special excitement which a lot of money and fame and far-above-ordinary escorts can bring. Margaret sockoed. And then—?

I have run into no one else in Hollywood who has mapped out and put over such an amazing campaign of personality faking. But, though her great idea for herself worked marvels, now she's swung

to the other extreme, absolutely abandoned those tricks which

caused her rise from obscurity to promising fame.

Why? What did she come up against that she didn't expect? I think every girl who's ever imagined creating a glamorous reputation, who's longed for an escape from the humdrum, will be intrigued with the Lindsay frankness about her own reasons for calling a halt to her adventurous glamor system. You've read too many of those long-winded schemes on how to get your man, how to be a beauty, and how to get far away from existing-alone-and-hating-it. But here is an actual case history.

"All the 'You, too, can be a charmer' stuff riled me," Margaret declared candidly. "If I really could transform myself, I most definitely wanted to! But was it possible?

"I wasn't born a fatal (Continued on page 89)

DRESSING YOUR PART

Opulent fabrics, huge jewelled trimming are used when Hedy Lamarr adopts simple, straight lines as in this shell pink lamé wrap with plush velvet sleeves.

BY
ANN WILLS





Madeleine Carroll's costume has good lines for a campus outfit.



Rosella Towne's tweed suit would be a fine mainstay in a wardrobe.



Hedy Lamarr wears the perfect siren dress for that important date!

THE NEXT time a saleswoman says to you, "But everybody is wearing full skirts," just keep on looking until you find something sleek and slim. If she says, "Stripes are all the rage" hold out for polka dots, or checks, or a flowered print, or a plain fabric—or anything a little bit different. Encourage her to tell you what her other customers are buying. That will tip you off to what you don't want. But don't be swayed when she says with an air of authority that this is a fluffy-ruffles year, or that short jackets are out and long ones in. What she says may be all very true for the mob. But you are going to stand out from the crowd as Madeleine Carroll always stands out in a scene full of good-looking extra girls.

Even if a saleswoman treats you as if you didn't know Hedy Lamarr from Sonja Henie, don't let her bully you. You're the one who is going to wear the clothes you are buying. And you know best whether you are buying a standby that you can wear for months, always looking neat and well-groomed though you ride in your beau's open roadster, or a languorous siren formal to put all those coquettish full-skirted belles in their places at the next big dance.

It is not entirely by accident, or by more vivid personality, that the star of a picture stands out in every scene. If you had been around the Hollywood studio lots as much as I have, you would know that the star watches (Continued on page 97)

The star stands out in a crowd—and so can you if you try her tricks



There's nothing new

about Clark? It's all been

told? Well, just listen!

Why is Gable in the movies—for fame, art or money? He frankly and gladly tells you.

him, a picture not of himself but of Robert Taylor. The Gable guffaws came!

No, I won't write again about how Gable is a "man's man," pal of Spencer Tracy and Wally Beery, loving hunting and fishing and flying, nostalgic for freedom and the wide open spaces.

Gable is generous. Not only with money. He is generous of spirit, free from spites and rancors, resentments and rivalries.

I knew, too, what he thinks of fame. How honestly he debunks this business of being a star. He has said time after time, "I just happened to get the breaks, that's all. It could have happened to anyone."

Which is all very Gable-illuminating. But—what else?

Plenty else. For Gable turned the table on me. Gable passed by or passed up all the Gable highlights, the "man's mannishness," the love of hunting, the zest for practical joking. He opened the back door and took me in with him, into the "house" where he lives. It is more important to know that Gable whistles "The Daring Young Man On The Flying Trapeze" when he takes his cold shower than it is to know what he does when he attends an exhibitors' dinner.

The kind of things that are not for publicity are the kind of things Clark told about himself the other afternoon. It all began at mention of Robert Taylor's name. We were laughing about the birthday cake gag. Immediately Clark's face lighted. He said, "He's a man, Bob Taylor, a real honest-to-God he-man, make no mistake about that."

I didn't think I ever had made any mistake about the he-mannishness of Bob Taylor. But leaving Bob out of it for a moment, I thought I had made a (Continued on page 100)

THAT GUY

Gable

BY

FAITH SERVICE

I WENT to interview Clark Gable with a distinct feeling of discouragement. For, what would I find to say about the man, that hasn't been said before?

I knew about his days in the lumber camps and oil fields. I knew of his early stage struggles, his first frustrations and later blazing triumph here in Hollywood. I knew about his marriages. I knew his penchant for practical joking.

I knew that Gable can take a joke, too. There was the occasion of the birthday cake, ablaze with candles and gay with lace paper frills, which was presented to him on the set on his last birthday. When he removed the top frill, there was a picture staring up at



OFF THEIR GUARD

Tea for two, at which Constance Moore and Boris Karloff toast the latter's brand new baby. Yep, B. K. became a pappy on his fifty-first birthday and he's that proud! You'll see him and his eighty-five pounds of make-up—but really—in "Son of Frankenstein."

Everyone but Loretta Young knows of the dearth of men on the camera coast. She, invariably, has her own beau and somebody else's—David Niven and Richard Greene.



Gene Raymond is justly proud of the little woman — Jeanette MacDonald, of course—who is a sen-sa-shun in "Sweet-hearts." They gaily leave the preview.

The lady dripping in silver fox and orchids and diamond bracelets is the popular conception of a movie star. She is one. Norma Shearer dines with Mervyn Le Roy.

Dietrich parks the languorous look for an honest grin. She's Henry Fonda's dinner partner here.

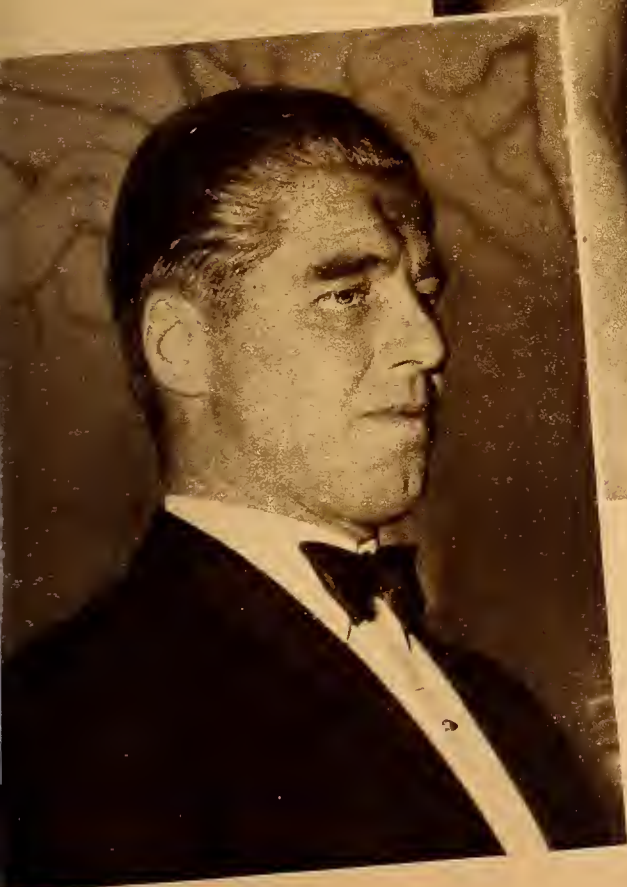


Kay Francis sporting a new fur coat and a title—the Baron Barnekow. The story goes they're headed for the altar early this spring.





Don Ameche, wearing his wedding ring, and Marjorie Weaver, an upswept hair-do, talk about their operations. Each sports a fine contract, but no appendix. Well, say we, you can't have everything!



**Snapped when the cameraman was lookin'—
and the players were not! Result? Some inti-
mate "off-guard" pictures of your favorites**



When Greek meets Greek, they open a —make-up kit. June Lang shows Jean Parker how to wield a mean lipstick.



The screen's favorite actor takes his favorite girl stepping—the Spencer Tracys.





Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett are deciding whether to get married or stay friends.



When a star's without a date—that's news which makes Jimmy Stewart a headliner.



Even Buddy Ebsen's wife, Walter Winchell's ex-Girl Friday, laughs at his "wind-blown" haircut.



You know Leo Carrillo, so he wants you to meet the missus.



Shirley Temple scoots around Palm Springs on her favorite birthday gift.

What do you mean Joe E. Brown has no sex appeal? Just look!



Si Wills and his wife, Joan Davis.





Believe it or not, Mrs. Crosby *can* get Bing into a dress suit. So there!



If you like male pulchritude—and who doesn't—cast your eyes on Jon Hall.

Evidently Marian Nixon and Randy Scott just heard a good one.

The gent whose face you can't see is Claudette Colbert's husband.





They met first in 1932 working in "No Man of Her Own." It was distinctly not a case of love at first sight, for Carole was Mrs. William Powell and Clark, the husband of Rhea Langham.



Meet Josephine Dillon. Clark did in 1924 when she gave him diction lessons and he presented her with a wedding ring.



With his second and present wife, Rhea Gable. She is that surprised that he wants a divorce! Can you imagine?



In 1931, when Carole and Bill Powell were one, they kept a great many night spots flourishing. Their marriage lasted but two years. The clubs are still going strong.

THE MARITAL *Mix-up* OF CAROLE AND CLARK

There's a woman in their cards who,
they say, is blocking out the altar



The most glamorous friendship on the Coast. She's free to become Mrs. Gable and they say he'd like to be free.



Again Modern Screen is the first to show you what makes Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire tick in their tango—from "The Castles." Let's follow them as they whirl around the floor and see if we can't catch onto this thing. Left, in an open ballroom position they go into a slow glide. Above, after four steps, they break and face each other.

THE TANTALIZING

Tango

as performed by the gay-
est of Senors and Senioritas
—Rogers and Astaire to you



With hands behind their backs, the dancers do a slow tango step forward and backward.



Then, facing forward, they take long dipping steps toward each other in a semi-crossover.

The lady steps forward and goes into a back bend, supported by the gent's right arm.

And snapping suddenly into an upright position, they stamp three beats of the bolero step.



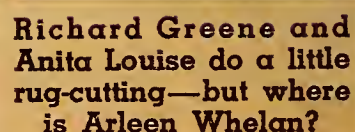
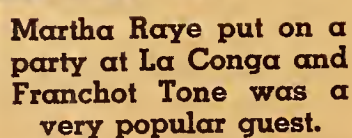
GOOD NEWS

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

If you think Clark's been twiddling his thumbs while the girl friend does her homework on crop rotation, you don't know Mr. Gable. He, too, has been taking a course in which he's learning the art of leather work. So far he's made a saddle, intricately carved, and several other less ambitious pieces. A. H. Hardy of Beverly Hills is his teacher and another pupil in the group is Gary Cooper. But according to Mr. Hardy, Clark Gable is his prize pupil. "I've yet to see a

Cupid Dept.: Mayor Glenda Farrell takes time off from duties to date Tom Lewis, radio executive. Eddie Norris has been dating Mary Brian while Ann Sheridan is dividing her time between Dick Purcell and Don Barry. Hoot Gibson's sparkin' Louise Shelton, oil heiress from Texas. Olivia De Havilland says the talk about her interest in George Brent is "highly embarrassing"—but they still see a lot of each other. Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin hold hands at previews. Lana Turner and Greg Bautzer are all made up and talking wedding plans. Rosalind Russell and William Powell have more than their love of reading in common. Wayne Morris has confirmed those remarks of Bubbles Schinasi, the cigarette heiress, that he's really going to marry her and forsake all other debs and screen cuties.

Though Ann Rutherford's reely swell, Mickey Rooney would prefer to confine his huggin' and kissin' routines to Barbara Salisbury. No, you haven't heard of Bobbie, but Mickey's been taking every date she'll spare him since their high-school days together in Long Beach. First girl he called up after his week in Oklahoma City was brunette Bobbie, who is now a picture starlet, only to learn she had a date that evening. "Hold on," pleaded Mickey, "You're turning down a date not only on Mickey Rooney but on a Cherokee Indian Chief, a police captain, a Texas ranger, honorary mayor of Oklahoma City and leader of the Oklahoma Girl's Kiltie Band." Mickey actually collected all those honors in his one week's visit and we're happy to report he also collected a date that evening with his dream girl.





Billie Burke and Alice Brady are two of our very favorite scatter-brains.



Judy Garland's getting to be a habit with Mickey (fashion plate) Rooney.

in which
matic ability was the
teeth on a trapeze!

Cast and crew of "I Take This Woman" watched with amazement the other day when Spencer Tracy was supposed to fervently embrace Hedy Lamarr. Tracy not only didn't take advantage of the opportunity offered by the script, but he made the scene look like hokum by very gingerly putting his arm around Hedy. The sequence was taken several times, but it was still obvious that Tracy's heart was not in it. Finally, he had to break down and confess—He'd sprained his wrist playing polo the day before. And polo, you see, is on the list of banned activities for an important star while he's making a picture.

On the set of the "Son of Frankenstein," the director asked Boris Karloff to please regain his composure so the scene could be shot. "I can't," giggled the monster, "Lugosi's making faces at me."

The Martha Raye-Dave Rose marriage wavers and wavers but they were spotted at a popular restaurant the other night in a very married mood. Martha commented that she had never been happier and "there's nothing to it"—meaning both the divorce and stork rumors. "One thing that is true, however," she added, "is that I'm feuding with Bob Hope." Seems that on the set of "Never Say Die" that afternoon the script had called for Martha to save Bob's life when he fell into the swimming-pool. In an organdy dress, Martha



Two top stars talk shop. Bette Davis tells Jimmy Cagney how to win an Academy Award and you know he can. See "Angels with Dirty Faces."



Dick Powell and Joan Blondell agree to disagree with their studio, and so they're reading offers. There's been no scarcity of them, either.



A deluge of rain soaked many an ermine wrap and top hat the night of the "Kentucky" premiere but it didn't dampen the gala spirit of the affair. Hundreds of fans huddled under umbrellas to gape at the stars as they swept up the Carthay Circle theatre promenade. But the biggest cheers went up for the guests of honor of the occasion—Governor and Mrs. A. B. (Happy) Chandler and their two pretty daughters. You couldn't have found two more excited and thrilled girls in the country that evening than Marcella and Mildred Chandler, the sixteen and fourteen-year-old daughters of the governor and his wife. At the Trocadero party which followed the picture's showing, the girls were introduced to all the stars and Marcella had the first dance with her favorite actor, David Niven. She was given a screen test by one of the studios, too, before her parents got her safely back to the old Kentucky home.

Kay Francis was given a very warm reception at the plane when she returned to Hollywood. Burnt a gorgeous golden tan from the Haiti sun, Kay did a deeper burn when a reporter asked what her plans for the future might be, and Kay replied, "To be a good wife." "Nothing more interesting than that?" asked the news-sleuth, "You mean you haven't any picture plans and are just going to marry the Baron?"

Garbo's on a sit-down strike. She refuses point blank to discuss any picture plans unless she can have George Cukor again as director. And Mr. Cukor has been borrowed by David Selznick to direct "Gone With the Wind." The solution to the whole problem may yet be a Scarlett who tanks she go home to Tara.

Now that the dove of peace has settled on the Chester Morris household, plans are being made for a second honeymoon. The Morrisises will check the children with friends and be off for Honolulu for a month. After their reunion, Chester told his wife to pick out the largest star sapphire in town as a second engagement ring. Tiffany's or Marlene Dietrich may have a larger stone than the one Mrs. Morris selected, but it's doubtful.

Which brings to mind the fact that U.C.L.A. students will tell you

There were those meanies who said it would not last, but John and Elaine Barrymore will soon be celebrating another wedding anniversary, which proves again that you never can tell.

George Burns pulled a Gracie when supplying his wife with her late lamented jewelry. You've no doubt read of the incident. In college vernacular these days, a dumb dora is a "Gracie."

LOOK HOW THIS DAZZLING-SWIFT SKATER EASES NERVE STRAIN

"CAMELS ARE SO SOOTHING..."

SAYS MISS DOROTHY LEWIS,
petite performer who thrills society throngs
at the Hotel St. Regis in New York



"FIGURE-SKATING IS A NERVE-STRAINING JOB"

Above, Miss Lewis caught by the photographer as she does the "Camel Spin." Following this, she may swing into the "Butterfly"—a difficult feat which she performs on a block of ice no larger than the floor space of a room! "Whirlwind spins, turns, and twists," she says, "put constant pressure upon my nerves. So..."

"I LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!"

she adds, "...whenever I can, I break nerve tension. I let up—and light up a Camel. Such an enjoyable way to rest the nerves!" So enjoyable to Miss Lewis, and to millions of other smokers, because Camels are mild, rich-tasting. They are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.

(above) A close-up of young Dorothy Lewis wearing her skating costume of white silk, turban of silver fox. Her skill on the ice makes her a favorite with those who dine and sup in the stately Iridium Room of the St. Regis. She excels in intricate figure work, dances the Lambeth Walk on skates. "If my nerves were jittery," she says, "I couldn't keep my performance up to par. So what do I smoke? Camels, of course! They certainly are soothing to the nerves."

The Dog instinctively
gives his nerves a rest...
Do we?



Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

LOOK at the Gordon setter above—a fine-spirited sporting breed. When his instincts warn him: *nerves need rest*—he obeys his instincts and rests. His nervous system is like our own—highly strung. When *our* instincts warn us to rest our nerves, they are often overridden by our will-power...we keep on the go till nerves are tense. Yet think how much more pleasant life can be when nerves are smooth, unruffled! So pause frequently...Let up—light up a Camel. Smokers often say, "Camels are really soothing to the nerves!"



"RUNNING A HOME can use up a woman's nervous energy," says Mrs. Frank E. Smith. "It would really run me ragged if I didn't ease up now and then. So when I feel myself getting tense, I let up and light up a Camel—a grand comfort to my nerves."



Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos are SOOTHING TO THE NERVES

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!



*is tops
in food energy*



Karo is the only syrup
served to the Dionne quintuplets.
Its maltose and dextrose are ideal
carbohydrates for growing children.

Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D.

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CECILE

MARIE

ANNETTE

YVONNE

EMILIE

Remember...KARO IS RICH IN DEXTROSE...The food-energy sugar

MOVIE REVIEWS

★★★★ Sweethearts

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy singing the Victor Herbert melodies from "Sweethearts" reunite for their best picture since the captivating "Naughty Marietta." The music is superb, the dialogue provocative, the story plausible and absorbing, and sheer magic is achieved with the color photography.

Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell, writing a play within the original stage version, concocted an amusing plot. The "Sweethearts" are not only hero and heroine of the Broadway success, but man and wife in real life and much in love. They're allowed to stay that way until Reginald Gardiner, a Hollywood talent scout, breaks up the six-year run of the play with promises of an utopian life for the team in the film capital. Mischa Auer, playwright of Sweethearts, conspires with producer Frank Morgan and the heroine is made to believe that her husband is really in love with their secretary, Florence Rice. The team splits, the play closes, and into the story comes Young Douglas McPhail and Betty Jaynes to co-star with the separated lovers on different road tours. All ends happily, of course, but not without a thoroughly satisfactory sequence of comedy, song, and dancing from MacDonald and Eddy, the talented Ray Bolger, and an excellent cast. The gentle satire on Hollywood and the fun poked at typical Broadway theatrical families are very amusing. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—*M-G-M.*

★★★★ A Christmas Carol

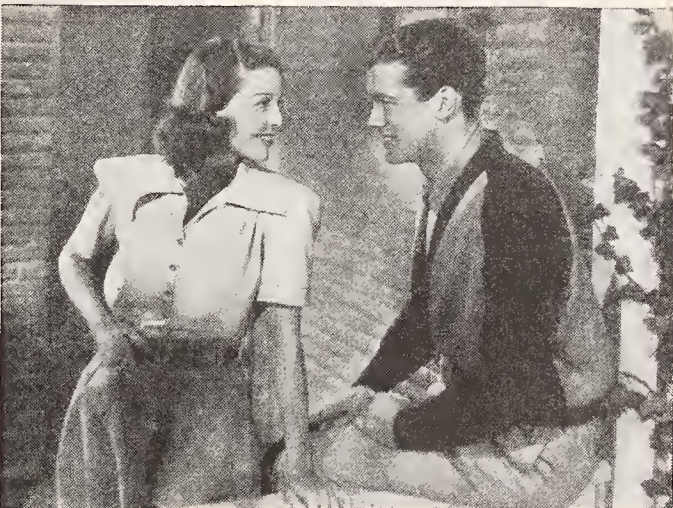
The familiar and well loved story of Tiny Tim is here brought to the screen with all the charm and warmth found in the pages of the Charles Dickens story. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has assembled an excellent cast and spared no effort to keep the photographic and musical background in accord with the simplicity and beauty of the tale. Young and old will find this picture deeply enjoyable.

Gene Lockhart gives a fine and memorable performance as Bob Cratchit. Kathleen Lockhart, in the role of Mrs. Cratchit, is entirely satisfactory, while all the little Cratchits are admirably portrayed by a well selected group of youngsters. It would be hard to imagine a more perfect Tiny Tim than Terry Kilburn, whose understanding portrayal of the role is enough to melt a heart tougher than Scrooge's. The character of the bitter Scrooge, to whom Christmas is just another day, only worse, is well done by Reginald Owen. His characterization of the dour old gentleman who is finally saved by the spirits of Christmas past, present and future, is convincing throughout. Others in the cast who deserve special credit are Lynne Carver and Barry Mackay, who provide the romantic interest, also Ann Rutherford, Ronald Sinclair, and Lionel Braham. Directed by Edwin L. Marin.—*M-G-M.*

★★★★ Kentucky

"Kentucky" easily heads the list as the best picture entertainment of the month. Beautiful photography in Technicolor, excellent production and direction, an engrossing original story and capable performances distinguish it. Its impressive scenes are laid in the blue grass country and the story revolves about the horse breeding and racing for which Kentucky is justly famed. The picture is climaxed with a thrilling sequence of the Kentucky Derby. Hollywood will be a long time topping this offering in the minds of horse racing fans.

Though the racing beauties steal every scene in which they appear, the acting honors go without dispute to Walter Brennan. As the crotchety Uncle Peter, the best judge of horse flesh in Kentucky, Brennan gives a performance that should put him in the running for an Academy Award. Loretta Young looks beautiful and her performance as Sally Goodwin, a Southern belle and hoss fancier, is notable for its sincerity and charm. Richard Greene, in the romantic lead, suffers somewhat by comparison. High points of the picture are the scenes in which the darkies appear. Among several excellent performances that of George Reed is outstanding. "Kentucky" is a picture you'll enjoy and remember. Directed by David Butler.—*20th Century-Fox.*



BY LOIS SVENSRUD



★★★ Dawn Patrol

A powerful screen drama, "Dawn Patrol" is a stirring plea for peace as well as excellent entertainment. Without such notably fine performances by the principals in the cast the picture might have verged on the melodramatic, but as it is, even the most harrowing scenes have credibility and plenty of punch.

The story deals with a group of men in the Royal Flying Corps, stationed close to the German enemy lines. Each dawn several of the flyers in their rickety planes are sent out to battle and almost certain death. And each day new replacements are sent up to the station—boys with only a few hours of experience in the air to their credit. Basil Rathbone, as the British squadron commander whose job it is to send these boys into the slaughter, gives a memorable performance. Errol Flynn, in what is undoubtedly his best role to date, portrays one of the intrepid flyers with remarkable, sympathetic insight. But it is David Niven who steals the honors with his characterization of "Scotto." Whether his role calls for tipsy gayety or starkest tragedy, David delivers unerringly. This performance should put the English actor right up in the front line of big screen names. Donald Crisp is splendid as the adjutant, whose job is to save the squadron from blowing up from nervous hysteria as well as enemy bombs. A fine picture. Directed by Edmund Goulding.—*Warner Bros.*



★★★ Dramatic School

This is Luise Rainer's best picture in a long time. There is good entertainment here, particularly for those with dramatic leanings, inhibited or otherwise. The routine of a dramatic school, the trials and errors of its students, the disappointments and triumphs of those who devote their lives to the art of drama are all rolled into the script and put in the hands of a competent cast.

Luise Rainer brings to her role of the little factory worker who longs to be a great actress a warmth and charm that is irresistible. Paulette Goddard, a student who is more practical than idealistic, again comes to the fore as an actress of promise. And there is an attractive assemblage of other students, among them Lana Turner, Virginia Grey, and Ann Rutherford. Anthony Allen, a new juvenile, distinguishes himself in a minor role and Henry Stephenson and Gale Sondergaard are stand-outs in their respective roles.

Though there is a romance, the most interesting sequences revolve around the school. Embittered Gale Sondergaard, formerly an actress of note but now unable to face the fact that she's twenty years too old to play Juliet, delights in taking her ire out on Luise Rainer, whose youth and talents are unmistakable. The other pupils indulge in the same sport. The tables, however, are turned before long. Directed by Robert Sinclair.—*M-G-M.*



★★★ Thanks for Everything

A guaranteed gloom-chaser, "Thanks For Everything" can be recommended for the entire family. It's a homey and hilarious story of the average American's reactions to current problems. The small-town background provides the homey touches and Jack Haley, Jack Oakie, Adolphe Menjou, and Binnie Barnes ably supply the hilarity. Menjou, a crooked but brilliant advertising executive, picks Henry Smith (Jack Haley) as his guinea pig for testing Mr. Average American's tastes. Menjou is aided and abetted by his assistant, Jack Oakie, a gent not quite as brilliant but equally crooked and Binnie Barnes, secretary to the big boss, and a fine little helper on shady deals. Between them they almost succeed in breaking Henry Smith spiritually, mentally and financially. But they forget that the Average American always muddles through. So in the end Henry winds up with a bride and a bank-roll while the Messrs. Menjou and Oakie end up in strait-jackets.

The story in itself might have proved pretty dull, but a well chosen cast brings it through with flying colors. Laughs through out are timed to just enable you to catch your breath between. Arleen Whelan, as the home-town sweetheart, is a dainty dish, if no Duse, and Tony Martin isn't half bad at his singing.—Directed by Wm. A. Seiter.—*20th Century-Fox.* (Continued on page 84)



Here's an unbiased guide to this month's
outstanding screen entertainment

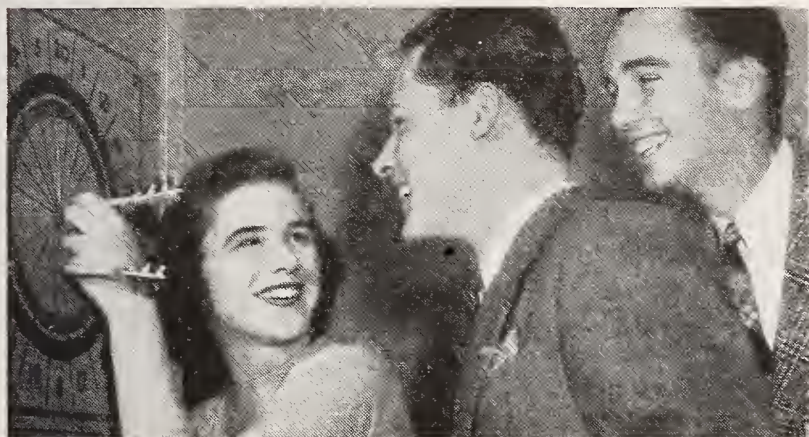




Valentines, Violets and Vows FOR THEM



**WISE GIRLS DEPEND ON THIS EXTRA SKIN CARE—
THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN!***



Boy Teaches Girl—Nancy Hoguet gets a lesson in the fine art of hitting the bull's-eye. Her fresh young skin gets simple and intelligent care. "I cream my skin every day with Pond's Cold Cream. That puts extra 'skin-vitamin' into it, besides **cleaning** and **softening** it."



Most Snapshotted Engaged Couple—Anne Clark Roosevelt faced the camera squad cheerfully for 4 hours straight in exchange for 3 weeks' privacy before her wedding! She says: "'Skin-vitamin' helps **skin health**. I'm glad to have this plus element in such a good cream as Pond's."



Big Moment—Camilla Morgan (now Mrs. Remsen Donald) finds it takes two to cut a cake. "I'll always use Pond's," she says. "When skin needs Vitamin A, it gets **rough** and **dry**. Pond's Cold Cream helps make up for this."



245 Presents—Marjorie Fairchild sails for Bermuda **honeymoon** day after her wedding at St. Thomas's—one of the prettiest weddings of the season. She says: "Pond's was famous when I was still in my high chair. I use it for the reason they did then—to smooth skin **beautifully** for **make-up**."



Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again.

● Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns **quicker**.

● Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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A STAR IS BORN—AND MADE

(Continued from page 31)

"From that night," says Nancy, "mother went to work on me in earnest. I've never been to a dramatic school in my life, you know. I've never had a diction lesson. Nan was afraid I would lose my naturalness. So she has taught me everything. She taught me expression. She taught me how to cry at will. I was emotional anyway, still am, and deeply devoted to Nan. When she used to tell me about sad things that had happened to her, I would burst into tears that were not at all make-believe. I use the same method now. When I have a crying scene to do I think of Nan and of pitiful things that happened to her or that might happen to her and I am dissolved in my own tears. And it isn't make-believe, either."

When Nan Kelly felt that she had got the child to the point where she could register any emotion from maudlin mirth to cold fury she talked to Mr. Cohill, then casting director at a Long Island studio. Gloria Swanson, said Mr. Cohill, was looking for a child to play in "The Untamed Lady." Why not bring Nancy to see Gloria? Nancy was brought to be interviewed and remained to play the part.

THUS, at the age of four, Nancy's career was launched—and stayed launched. Picture followed picture almost faster than her small legs could carry her from studio to studio. "Say It Again," with Richard Dix, "Mismates" with Warner Baxter. At which time Warner said, "I never want any other little girl in any picture of mine." There was cemented between little Miss Kelly and Warner Baxter a friendship which was not to end. Warner took her to the Zoo and the Aquarium. He dated her at the Ritz for luncheon where he introduced her as "my future leading lady."

All through the years that have followed, Nancy and Warner have corresponded. And when Nancy stepped off the train in Los Angeles a few months ago, the first person she called was Warner Baxter. "I adore that man," says Nancy. And so strangely pat are the workings of the Kelly destiny that now here are Nancy and Warner on the same lot again.

All told, Nancy appeared in fifty-two pictures before she was old enough to count that far. Before she was five she was known as "America's most photographed child." You couldn't pick up any magazine of that time without Nancy's cherubic face greeting you, wistfully, laughingly, from some elaborate advertisement of ships or cheese, or sealing wax.

Another item worthy of any star-maker's attention is that a star-in-the-making should be made of, not ethereal stardust with a permanent wave, but a healthy little body in which to house the gifted spirit. Nancy looked so healthy and handsome that a committee of physicians once pronounced her "100 per cent perfect." Nor was she kept in a glass show case lest bruise or scratch mar her starriness, as is the sad case of many youngsters whose parents have professional ambitions for them. Nancy roller-skated, skipped rope, played cops 'n' robbers, got as dirty and as black and blue as she pleased along with the other kids.

I'm sure I don't know where she found time, but somewhere during this period, she appeared in a number of Red Seal Comedies in which she was something of a feminine Tom Mix Junior, riding horses, doing daredevil stunts, making Wild West whoopee. "The Girl On The Barge" was

her last picture until "Submarine Patrol."

For then Nancy was ten. "And," she confides, "I began to get a little, well, stocky. I just couldn't continue to climb winsomely onto people's laps. Nan and I put heads together and held a 'What now?' conference. I had an idea. I said, 'Nan, why don't I hide behind a microphone until I get over being tubby?'"

Nan set to work on the airways. Result: Nancy "hid behind" a great many mikes. She was the first and only ingenue on the "March of Time" program. She was the first dramatic star of her time on the air at all. Dialects were like mother tongues to her. She says, "I did everything from playing Freddie Bartholomew to the Princess Juliana." She played Dorothy in the "Wizard of Oz" broadcasts for six months with such success that when she was compelled to be off the air for two days she had 50,000 letters from children all over the country pleading, "Dorothy, where are you? Nancy, don't stop being Dorothy! Dorothy, come back to Oz!" She played the role of Nancy Miller on the Myrt and Marge broadcasts. Somewhere during this period, too, she appeared in the Broadway production, "Give Me Yesterday."

Nancy was just about the busiest young lady on the air when she got the call to try out for the part of Gertrude Lawrence's daughter, Blossom, in the stage play, "Susan and God." The part was coveted by every ingenue on Broadway.

On a certain afternoon the producer, John Golden, was feeling very weary and discouraged. He had listened to a legion of pretty ingenues with their dramatic school voices, patterned gestures, and trained walks. Suddenly the author, Rachel Crothers, whispered, "Wait a minute, Mr. Golden. I think . . . here she comes!" Just then a slender girl walked effortlessly across the bright empty stage, with the light grace of Spring. Her voice was not the voice of a tutored ingenue. It was what they hadn't been able to find—a girl's voice. Mr. Golden sat erect in his chair, all weariness gone, and cried, "That's the girl!"

And "That's the girl!" is what Darryl Zanuck, star-maker, cried when he saw Nancy's screen test. He had won the prize



Pretty as an old-fashioned Valentine is Merle Oberon.

coveted by all producers in Hollywood. For practically every studio in town had made offers to Nancy. But Nan and Nancy, also astute, decided on Fox because that studio has fewer young actresses than any of the others.

And that brings Nancy to Hollywood, to being the talk o' the town, to the afternoon when I sat with her and her mother in Nancy's portable dressing room on the "Tail Spin" sound stage.

OF course," said Nancy, "there wasn't only professional work in my life. There was also school, plenty of it. Whenever I left school for the theatre, I had a tutor. When I came to Hollywood the Board of Education advised me that if I could pass a certain examination I could get out of having school on the set. I took the exam and, if I do say so, I was surprised at myself!

They rated me as in my second year of college. And so my tutor on the set turns out to be a child welfare worker, whose mission seems to be to make sure that I am not hit over the head and that no one uses "indelicate language" before a 'minor.' Isn't that delicious? However, I am going on with my studies with a tutor.

"My greatest ambition is to live up to what Nan expects of me. In order to make that exacting grade I must work very hard. But that's about all I really enjoy doing anyway. I read a lot. I'm studying music. I have fun collecting 'little things,' all kinds of tiny things. My most precious possession is a charm bracelet given me by Gertrude Lawrence when I left the cast of 'Susan and God,' to come to Hollywood.

"I love to play with the children. Carol E. is my special charge. I act out bedtime stories with her the way Nan used to with me. When we were in Astoria I used to get mad at Carol E. because she was forever going into my room and messing around with my theatre make-up. Then when Nan and I came to Hollywood before the rest of the family joined us, I'd hear 'Little Lady Make-Believe' on the radio and I'd cry my head off. It fits Carol E. perfectly. So, when she got here, I threw open the door of my room and told her, 'It's all yours, darling. Make just as much mess as you like.' She does.

"No, I've never been in love," Nancy said honestly. "I've never even been interested in any boy. Oh, I get crushes on Nelson Eddy, Robert Taylor and others, just like all the girls. But my crushes are all shadows.

"What do I do with my time when I'm not working? I work! I go home, eat my dinner, study my lines and go to bed. Every night of every week except Saturday. Saturday night is my night to howl. Then Nan and Jack and I go out and have ourselves a time. Occasionally some boy I know goes with us. But I have never gone out without a chaperone. I don't think much about going out, dates and things like that. I don't think about love, yet. I just want to be an actress. My whole heart's in that."

And about fame? Glamor? About all the things people are saying about her?

"You know what people say," said Nancy, maturely. Then, with a laugh and a "seventeen" shrug, "I just think, so what? So I've got to die sometime, so what? While I'm on earth, if I can do anything to entertain anyone, in any medium, I'm happy."



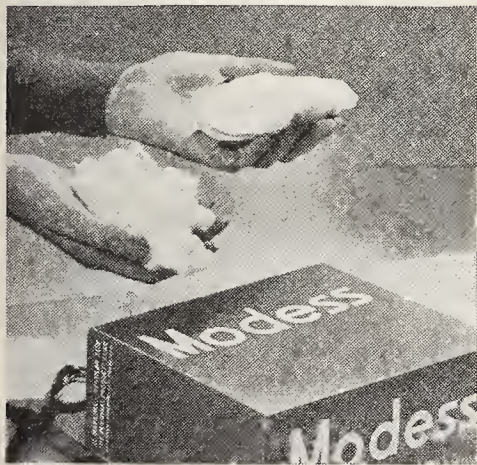
Daisy got orchids for telling—



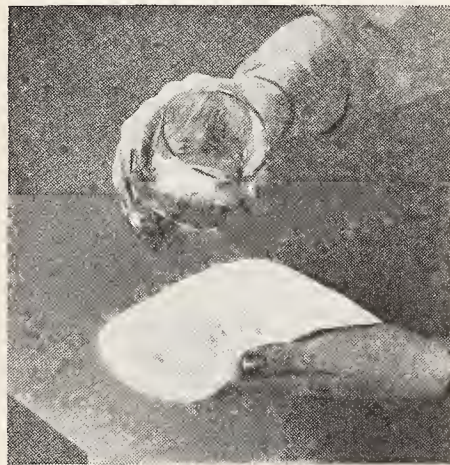
I could hardly keep a straight face at the bridge club yesterday. In strolled Daisy—with her whole shoulder aquiver with orchids. Naturally, the girls were dying to find out who'd sent them. But Daisy just smiled mysteriously and said, "Wouldn't you like to know?" Ha-ha, I thought, *wouldn't Daisy like to know!*

Here's what happened. I ran into Daisy downtown on Monday. I'd been shopping all afternoon, and I wasn't up to par anyway. "Daisy," I moaned, "I'm so chafed and uncomfortable I can't go another step. Let's stop in here and have a soda."

"So that's what ails you," said Daisy, when I'd explained more fully. And with that she marched over to a counter and came back in a flash with a package. "I just got you a box of Modess," she said, "and I'll deliver it and you right to your door. Come on—my car's outside . . ."



"Now for some scissors," were her first words when we got home. I handed them to her—and she cut a Modess pad in two and showed me the soft, fluffy filler. I was amazed at the difference between the "fluff-type" filler in Modess and the layer-type pads I'd been in the habit of buying!



"You bet Modess is softer," Daisy continued. "And what's more, it's safer! There's a moisture-resistant backing inside every Modess pad!" Whereupon she took out the backing . . . and dropped some water on it. Safer is right!—Not a drop went through!



So—the truth is that Daisy's orchids came from me! Modess gave me such wonderful relief—both from chafing and worry—that I thought a corsage of orchids was none too great a reward. And to make the thrill greater, I left out my card—so Daisy would think they came from an admiring beau.

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)·

HE WANTED A BOY

(Continued from page 37)



SHE SERVES FINE MEALS



KEEPS OUR FOOD BILLS DOWN



ALWAYS PEPPY—READY TO PLAY



● Better-tasting meals, lower food bills, less kitchen work, more leisure! Let delicious Franco-American Spaghetti help! This is no ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Franco-American has a wonderful cheese-and-tomato sauce, made from a famous chef's recipe. It gives savory goodness to less expensive meat cuts, tempting flavor to left-overs.

It's a splendid hot lunch for children. On the table in a jiffy; no cooking; just heat and serve. A can holding three to four portions costs only ten cents.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

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Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

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Hollywood's a mighty long way off."

She began selling him the idea "in a roundabout way," as he put it. "Jane and I could go out there, on a three months' vacation, and while we're there, we could just look around."

At length he yielded and off they went. Each letter he received was a buildup. They hadn't landed anything yet, but they'd managed to get inside a studio and they'd bumped into Roscoe Ates and Jane had done one of her imitations for him and he thought she was wonderful. Please have patience. It wasn't patience he lacked, but faith. Jane was talented, yes, but so were plenty of other children and Hollywood was a hard nut to crack. When were they coming home?

THE three months stretched into six. There was a good chance that Jane might get into an "Our Gang" comedy next month, Mrs. Withers wrote. She'd sung at a benefit attended by lots of movie people, and someone was sure to spot her soon. In all this Walter Withers found scant comfort. But to his friends and neighbors he sang the same tune. Loyalty forbade anything else. "When's Ruth coming back?" they'd ask. "Is Jane in the movies yet?"

"Well, not exactly, but she landed a little radio job."

"She could do that here too." A few of the blunter-spoken gave him unsought advice. "If I were you, I believe I'd lay down the law, or else quit sending money out there for rent. That way she'd have to come back."

He'd smile his slow smile. "Kind of hard on them, wouldn't it be? After all, they do have to eat."

One night he was feeling pretty low. He sat down and wrote Ruth a letter, asking her what she intended to do. It didn't seem fair to expect him to go on much longer without his wife and child. Her answering letter bubbled with hope and joy. "It won't be long before we're together again. Jane's just been signed to a part in "Handle With Care." We start work Monday. Please tell all the folks to be sure to see the picture and to watch for Jane."

"I told every one of 'em," says Mr. Withers, "and then I was sorry I'd ever mentioned it. First day the picture came to town, I went down during lunch hour and carried three or four people from the store with me. There was a flash somewhere round the middle of the picture that might have been Jane, or again it mightn't, depending on your eyesight. That afternoon my brother came in. 'I spent two or three hours at the theatre looking for Jane,' he said. 'Where is she? Next day I went back but I went alone—so I could concentrate better. After that I just took the ribbing that was coming to me.'"

But Mrs. Withers had tasted blood. Left on the cutting room floor or not, Jane had worked in a picture. More months rolled by. Mr. Withers waited, because he wanted Ruth to get it out of her system, get it out so completely that the word Hollywood would never be mentioned again. With a second Christmas in the offing, however, he decided that the time had come to act. He would go to Hollywood. He figured it would be a nice vacation for him, and he also figured that he'd "get it out of Ruth's head once and for all that Jane could ever be in pictures."

"Well, I figured wrong. Once I got out here, I wasn't so keen about getting Ruth to go back. Not that I was sold on

Jane in pictures—nothing like it—but I was sold on California. It's so pretty out here I wanted to stay myself."

Mr. Withers is known as one of the best salesmen ever employed by the Goodrich Tire Company. He sold them the idea of transferring him to the west coast. The following February saw him in charge of the Goodrich store in Whittier, some forty miles from Los Angeles. He spent the week-ends with his family. No ideal arrangement, it was still a considerable improvement over what had been.

One day his wife phoned him. One of the big studios had asked her to bring Jane over—something about a part in a Shirley Temple picture called "Bright Eyes."

"Well, don't get steamed up," he cautioned her. "It's just another one of those interviews. And look, honey—don't spread the glad news around. Remember 'Handle With Care'?"

Still remembering "Handle With Care," he refused to turn handsprings when Jane was cast in the part. The day after the picture was previewed, came another phone call. Half laughing, half crying, Ruth managed between a gasp and a sob to convey the information that this same studio wanted to sign Jane to a contract.

"This is where papa begins to be thrilled," chuckled papa. "Go ahead and sign it."

As his daughter's career progressed by leaps and bounds, Walter Withers kept his humor and his level head. "What! A kid in the movies, and you still working!" If he heard it once, he heard it a dozen times a day.

"Well, it's this way," he'd tell them. "I eat an awful lot. I may not look it, but I sometimes eat as many as four eggs for breakfast. And I like 'em fresh. In fact, I'm so cranky that way that I've got to go out and buy those eggs myself. Where would I get the money if I quit my job?"

"Why don't you quit the tire business and be Jane's manager?" he was asked frequently.

"I'm a salesman. I don't know anything about the picture business. And Jane's got a perfectly good manager already."

ABOUT two years ago he left Goodrich to become distributing agent for a group of eastern manufacturers. The new work gives him more time with his wife and tomboy. They've built a house on a hill, overlooking the campus of UCLA, a site chosen by Jane so she can watch the team, whose mascot she is, while they are at football practise.

Last year they put in a swimming pool. A friend of Jane's gave her swimming lessons as a birthday gift, because her father refused to teach her. "It's like teaching your wife to drive a car. You both get fussed. Now Jane swims and dives like a little water-rat, and we're still good friends."

"As if that would've made any difference," scoffed Jane. She was busy in a corner with a bead-loom, minding her own business for the most part but moved to toss in a comment now and then.

This year they built a guesthouse. At least they call it a guest-house, because that's what it started to be, though it turned into something quite different. Jane has a vast and ever-growing collection of dolls. Her father would open his shirt-drawer, to find a doll tucked cozily in among his intimate belongings. He'd reach into his closet for a hat, and find himself grabbing a cold bisque leg instead. "When we build the

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Schiaparelli whimsy in sulphur-yellow moiré. For added dash, Schiaparelli suggests finger tips in the new Cutex ORCHID.



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Lelong creates a pale-blue suit with plum trim and blouse—advises mauvy nails in the chic, new Cutex CEDARWOOD.

IN a season mad-over-purple, Lanvin, Schiaparelli, Lelong and Alix sponsor three new Cutex nail shades—ORCHID, CEDARWOOD, CAMEO—to wear with their latest creations!

The new Cutex ORCHID is a rich, glowing fuchsia-rose... the new Cutex CEDARWOOD, a fresh mauvy-rose... the new Cutex CAMEO, a fragile pink, with a touch of lavender. They tone in perfectly with every purplish shade from bonbon pink to raisin, with the new mauvish blues, the even newer yellows.

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WEARS! WEARS! WEARS!

The new Cutex Salon Type Polish is the result of a quarter-century of research for the most durable, longest wearing nail polish that modern science can devise. Based on a new principle, the new Cutex Salon Type Polish is heavier than the regular Cutex Crème Polish—gives days and days of added wear!

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Says—It's Tayton's
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fine cosmetics.



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HOW TO GET YOUR 24 KARAT GOLD FINISH BRACELET

Buy a box of TAYTON'S face powder in your 10c store. Tear off pink band around box. Mail the pink band and 10c coin to Tayton Co., Dept. S, 811 West 7th St., Los Angeles, California and you will receive charm bracelet. Send pink band and 10c today.

Note: If your 10c store is not as yet stocked tell manager to order—and send 20c for both powder (state shade wanted) and bracelet to Tayton Co., Dept. S, 811 West 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif.



TAYTON'S
CREAM-POWDER-LIPSTICK-ROUGE

guest bathhouse," he said, "for the love of Pete, let's build a room big enough to hold ten million dolls, so I can have a place for my shirts and hats."

"We might as well make it a playroom for Jane," said her mother.

He regarded her thoughtfully but said nothing. She noticed that he and Jane did a lot of whispering in corners for the next day or two. It must be explained that Mr. Withers' idea of a well-spent afternoon is to round up a dozen steaks and barbecue them. Jane adores wienie roasts. In the end, they approached Mrs. Withers hand in hand.

"We'd like to sell you a two-story idea, mommy. Gameroom downstairs, playroom on top of it." Eventually, mommy was sold. The huge gameroom, with its fireplace and barbecue, is as pleasant a spot as you can imagine. The family spend their evenings in it, playing Monopoly or a version of three-handed bridge that appeals to Jane.

ON Sundays she and her father start off at nine to collect Sunday School scholars. The Buick has held as many as twenty. They sit on the floor and on each others' laps. So long as he can close the door on them and snap the safety catch, Mr. Withers sets no limits. He attends the Bible Class while the children are at school. At eleven they tumble back into the car, and their host drives them to the drugstore for ice cream cones. Three o'clock finds them gathering at the pool. Then follows an hour or so of what might be described as unorganized water sports supervised by Jane's father or Uncle Jack Trent, her bodyguard. The day's crowning event is an elegant wienie roast and, as Jane waves goodnight to her friends, trooping homeward in the dusk, she hugs her father's arm and sighs blissfully, "That was a swell two-story idea we had, Dad."

Satisfactory as he finds her in most respects, he has failed to make a fishing and hunting companion of her. Thirty minutes of sitting still with a rod is about all Jane's energetic young body can stand. On the subject of hunting she and her father will never see eye to eye, for there she is pure girl. She used to take his activities in that direction for granted, but since she was presented with two baby deer, rescued from a coyote by a friend of hers, she has become a fierce anti-hunting crusader.

The deer known as Dot and Dash live in a large enclosure from which, if they care to, they can also watch the boys at football practise. They have a little log cabin into which they retire when the weather is inclement. The day they arrived, Jane was so happy she cried, and they were so small that they had to be raised on a bottle. Their favorite dessert is rose petals. "And they kiss me right on the cheek, the little darlings," murmured Jane, her eyes shining.

"Yah!" glibbed her father. "After you bribe them with rose petals."

"I do not," cried the indignant Jane. "They kiss me first, they don't even know they're going to get paid for it."

"Not long after their arrival, Jane came on her parent, polishing his gun. "Dad, come with me, will you please? There's something I have to show you." She led him out to the enclosure, where Dot and Dash were enjoying their innocent lives. "Look at them, dad. Just look at them once, and then I dare you to ever go hunting again."

"It's not only deer, though," Mr. Withers complains. It's anything that breathes. We had three frogs that croaked so they shook the house. I had to coax 'em away when she wasn't looking. About three months ago I bought

fifty-five perfectly good fryers. I haven't had a single one on the table. When I want to eat chicken, I've got to go outside and buy it. I figure the eggs we get from those fowl cost us ten or fifteen cents an egg. Jane goes out there and pours the food on the ground. She won't have any of her chickens on a diet.

"Henry Wilcoxon gave her twenty-four ducks. We raised twelve of them to the quack-quack stage. Well, rather than have the neighbors running us out, I figured we'd eat barbecued duck. Jane took one look at that bird and started crying. She cried for half an hour and she wouldn't touch the duck. What's more, she'd harp on it. If an argument came up, she'd say, 'Another thing. You killed one of my favorite ducks and barbecued it.' Well, they went on yapping, so I finally got her permission to give them away, provided I found good homes for them. Now we're down to two quackless ducks."

Problems of discipline are handled just as they were before Jane became a movie star. Her great joy is to see a picture on Saturday night, her great woe is to be deprived of it, as she is for any major infraction of good conduct. There was the historic occasion when she emptied a jar of tadpoles into the pool, because she thought they'd like some nice clean water to swim in. "Yah!" chuckled Jane. "I missed the show for two weeks, but it was worth it to see pop's face."

SHE had acquired the habit of saying, "Aw nuts!" which her family frowned on. "If you say it again," her father warned her, "I'm going to take some Octagon soap and wash your mouth out. She said it again, and he washed her mouth out while she yelled.

"That's pop for you," she commented. "If he says it, he does it. I can talk mommy out of things once in a while, but I haven't been able to change my dad's mind yet." She sent him a sweet smile. "If I were a boy, could I say it, daddy?"

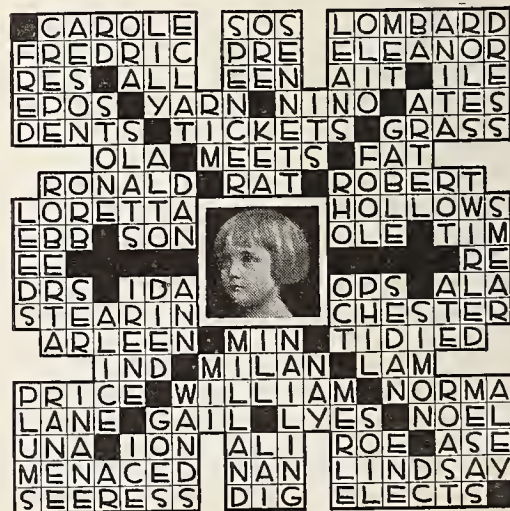
She delights in the story of the boy he wanted and didn't get, and rubs it in whenever she can. Last Christmas she was given a handsome motor bike. Going out to exercise it, she found that her father had had the idea before her. He turned to discover his daughter in her favorite attitude of exasperation, arms akimbo.

"Say, Dad, what did you ever think you wanted a little boy for?"

He recognized that he was in no position to argue. "Why bring that up?"

"Because you don't need a little boy," she crowed with the wisdom of the eternal feminine. "Because you're a little boy yourself."

Solution to puzzle on page 8



Today's Beauty Shops Help



Beauty below par . . . She was lonesome, unnoticed, her whole personality warped by her lack of charm, her failure to attract others. Like thousands of other women with neglected complexions, dowdy, dull-looking hair—this girl is colorless, uninteresting—just average! Yet look what the skilled hand of a beauty specialist revealed!

MISS "AVERAGE"

TURN

Glamour Girl

Glamorous, alluringly lovely . . . Life holds thrilling new interest and romance for her now! She has new confidence in herself. She is admired, popular—her appearance transformed by the simple beauty secrets every beauty operator knows! A facial left her complexion clear, glowing. With clever shadowing her eyes appear larger, luminous. Correct rouging defines lovely lips. And in her hair you see the most glamorous change of all, its true sparkling beauty is revealed after the new-type shampoo better beauty shops use. And her hair modishly dressed to glorify her personality.



IN THIS modern day, there's no need for the "plain" woman to resign herself to a lonesome life! Almost any woman who would be classed as "just average" now, *can* develop the glamour in her and bring out the beauty that wins admiration and romance, *if* she is only willing to try!

For today's beauty operators are specialists in the art of making the most of your appearance! And glorifying your good points in a way that may change your whole life! Their suggestions are based on years of study of those little things that accentuate a woman's beauty. They can recommend the proper facial to help sallow complexions bloom. Your beauty operator can help you select the powder, cream or rouge best suited to your particular type of skin and coloring. And tell you how to style your hair to your personality.

Many beauty experts agree, that the hair, more than any other single thing, offers the greatest possibilities in a woman's glorification. Famous art models and movie stars, whose careers demand that they be beautiful, consider well-groomed hair especially important.

If your hair is properly styled to the contours of your face, if it "fits" your personality—if it's lustrous, shining with intriguing highlights—it may work as startling and glorifying a change in you as it has in the girl whose picture appears above.

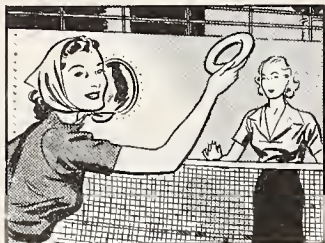
Seeming miracles have been achieved in beautifying the hair by many of the nation's leading beauty experts, through the use of a new-type shampoo called Special Drene for Dry Hair. This

unusual shampoo is different from old-style shampoos because it's not a soap, not an oil. Therefore, it does not leave a dulling film on hair. Equally important, its mild, new-type lather safely removes the beauty-clouding film many types of shampoos leave on hair—and reveals all the brightness, natural sparkle and lustre that had been hidden in the hair! Another reason why beauty operators like Special Drene for Dry Hair is because it leaves the hair soft and manageable, ready to set in flattering new styles right after washing!

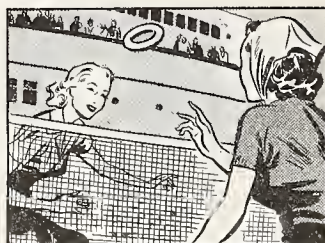
Important though the glorification of your hair is, it is only one of the ways modern beauty operators can serve you. Expert guidance in making the most of your appearance is yours for the asking at your beauty shop. The charges are moderate. And you are more than repaid by the feeling of pride and satisfaction over the transformation in your appearance. So resolve to go to your beauty shop more often. Make a date for this week . . . And make it your weekly habit!

"I'm living that missing month again"

"Just imagine, Helen — me, going this pace ever since morning, and at a time when I used to curl up like a sick kitten. How much I owe you for telling me about Midol!"



"Before I tried it, I was really giving up living a month a year — meekly surrendering to several days of miserable inactivity each time my regular pains came on."



"Now, thanks to you and Midol, I'm living that missing month again. Not only keeping on my feet, but keeping comfortable. Too bad all women don't know how much Midol helps!"



IF functional menstrual pain makes you miserable at least one day each month, and keeps you uncomfortable and inactive several days more, give *Midol* a chance to redeem that precious time for *living*. It probably can. For unless there is some organic disorder demanding medical or surgical treatment, Midol helps most women who try it.

Midol is made for this special purpose. It acts quickly, not only to relieve functional periodic pain, but to lessen discomfort. Keep Midol on hand. A few Midol tablets should see you serenely through your worst day. Trim, inexpensive aluminum cases at all drug stores.

MIDOL



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

Is there anything about menstruation which you do not understand? Midol's new booklet, "What Women Want to Know," deals clearly and completely with this vital subject. For free copy, together with a trial package of Midol, send name and address to General Drug Co., Dept. H-39, 170 Varick St., New York, N. Y.

SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE WANTS

(Continued from page 43)

doesn't care about them. Ham works like a dog. Why he isn't up with the other high-powered orchestra men is just his miserable luck. But even if he were a huge success in his work, I don't think that would have helped. The only thing that might help would be for Bette to give up her work, and that she couldn't do. It would be like removing an arm. That's why I say, much as I love Bette and much as her success is to be envied, I wouldn't want to be like that."

I SIMPLY couldn't, in that shining, young presence, summon enough crude courage to bring up the gossip which has linked the Davis name with the name of an actor who is young, handsome, famous and wealthy. Anyway, Jane continued talking and gave me another slant on the Davis break-up and, at the same time, another slant on her own mature personality.

"You know," she said, "I think it may be much more important to like the person you marry than to be passionately in love. Of course, I'm not going to even think about marriage for many years to come, so maybe I shouldn't talk. No, there's nobody in my life," she made a little face over the phrase, "and there never has been. But some day I shall get married, I feel sure, because I shall want children."

"I do honestly feel that, though the idea of romantic love is exciting, wouldn't it be just awful to be madly in love with a man and yet be driven crazy by niggling, unimportant little traits of his, little personal idiosyncracies that make you want to scream? I think it's much more important for two people to live in sweet accord than to be fainting with love at the sight of each other."

I maintain, folks, that that is an unusual point of view for a girl of twenty. I asked if the Davis situation had prompted this opinion, but Jane deliberately avoided the question.

"I read an article a while ago," she said, "in a woman's magazine about career girls. It said that over sixty percent of all the patients who go seeking aid from psychiatrists are married career women. The reasons for their mental mix-ups are familiar to us all. Wife more important than husband, wife makes more money than husband, wife subconsciously despises husband because she is more important than

he is. It all wound up with the rather depressing conclusion that woman's place is in the home. The most depressing thing about it is that, in my heart, I really agree."

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Jane Bryan?" I asked. "You say you don't want to be a star."

"I don't want to be a movie star," she corrected me firmly. "I'd give my eye teeth to be a really great stage star. For that matter, I'd give my eye teeth to do even the smallest, if good, role in a play."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Usual objections to pictures?" I asked. "No chance to sustain character in scene-by-scene shooting? No audience? All those things?"

"That's part of it. But mostly I feel that, on the stage, I could look back on a piece of acting I had done and say, 'I did that. Me. Jane Bryan.' Not the director. Not the cameraman and the electricians. They make the pictures—not us. I'm going to do a stage role soon," she finished.

"When? What will it be?"

"Oh, I don't mean I've anything lined up," she laughed. "No Broadway producer has been scrambling for my services, drat it. But I know I'm going to, because that's what I've always wanted. Pictures are just an interlude. A lucky interlude, and I'm happy enough, but I never lose the feeling for a moment that I'm just waiting."

"Well, now," said I, "do you think you'd stand a better chance of combining fame with happiness in a stage career than in a movie career?"

"Perhaps. The life isn't so out of focus. But I don't think I'll try any combinations," she said slowly.

I'M young, for which I'm devoutly thankful. I don't want to get married for at least five or six years. In that time, I shall find out whether I'm a really good actress or not. Versatility, interest, excitement—there are all those attributes to acquire, as well as doing a sincere job with nothing phony about it, as I've tried to do so far.

"I've wanted to be an actress ever since I was a child. I know exactly the kind of actress I want to be: I'd like to be a composite Bette Davis, Margaret Sullavan and," she ducked her head, eyed me quizzically over her shoulder and just



Oh, for the bliss of the dietless teens! Bonita Granville and Frankie Thomas are together again in "Nancy Drew, Reporter."

Even as you Sleep your skin must stay Awake



Sleep your way to Beauty! Leave on a thin film of this skin-arousing Cream when you go to bed.

LIKE your heart, your skin is on 24-hour duty. Daylong and nightlong, it must stay wide awake and busily at work. For only skin which functions *actively* can hold its clear "alive" look.

Luckily, you can help your skin to bolster its waning energies. Every night before you go to bed, first cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream. Then leave on a little extra cream to stir your skin to wakeful activity while you sleep. This fragrant cream contains a skin-stimu-

lating Vitamin to help enliven laggard skin. This Vitamin, together with Woodbury's snowy gentleness as a cleanser, its rich oils

and germ-free purity, makes Woodbury Cold Cream a *basic* cream for beauty.

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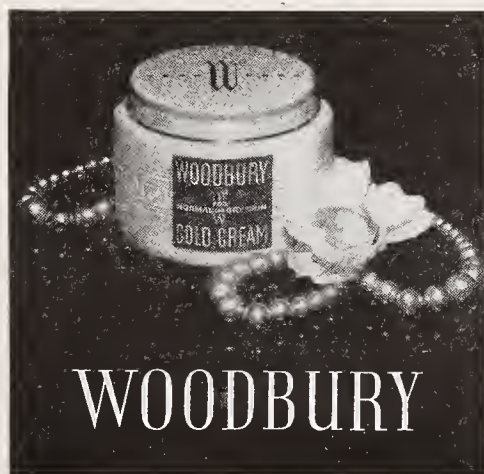
CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

CHAMPAGNE ☐
(For golden skin)

WINDSOR ROSE ☐
(For pink skin)

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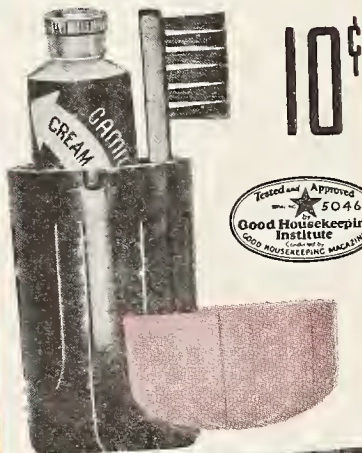
New Glamour for Nude Eyes

"How nude my eyes must have looked before I started using Camille Cream Mascara! Now that my eyes are dressed to attract I know they are my most important beauty point—the first thing a man notices when he talks to me. Camille is so easy to use—the Vanity Kit so convenient to carry—I don't know how I ever did without it."

"No more nude eyes for me! Now my eyes say 'Come Hither'—thanks to Camille. It's mascara at its best—tearproof, sting-proof, harmless. The vanity keeps my purse clean—my brush sanitary."

Ask for Camille Cream Mascara—10c complete with vanity, brush and tube of mascara—at all 5 and 10c stores. Black, brown or blue.

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MASCARA

whispered the name, "Helen Hayes! Oh, there's nothing small about Bryan! But seriously—that's a big order and don't I know it! I want nothing half-way. I must be first-rate or nothing. Maybe I'll get an awful blow between the eyes one of these days and find out that I haven't got the stuff. If so, I hope I can take it. I think I can."

"And when romance comes along?" I asked.

"Career is tossed out of window," she answered promptly.

"You think you mean that, but you don't. You wouldn't quit when it came to a show down."

"I do! I would!" she cried emphatically. "To think any other way would be a most greedy way of looking at life. It's just too much to hope that I'll fall in love with a man—and he with me—who will be as important in his way as I *hope* to be in mine. Even if a staggeringly happy break should come my way, I don't see how it would work out."

"I don't want to marry an actor. And a man in any of the professions—lawyer, doctor, engineer, whatever—why, such men want a home to live in, not a hotel. They want a wife, not a room-mate. And then—children. I don't want anybody to bring up my babies but me! No nurse and governess partnership for my kids. Oh, I'd like to feel that there was some way of having everything—career, love, marriage, husband, home, children—but I'm convinced that there just isn't. And I know what I want most. After I've had my little chance to prove myself, I want love, marriage, home, husband, children—and the deuce with a career. Any female who says she doesn't want these things and prefers her 'independence,' is lying in her teeth."

There, I said she wasn't like other girls. Remember the little Bryan is twenty.

"But Jane," queried the girl friend, who

up to that point had had no chance to take a part in the conversation, "what in the world would you do if you weren't acting? You would die with boredom if you tried to take part in the usual sort of social life. And I can just see you being the leading lady of some amateur Little Theatre Group. You'd be miserable."

"Would you get any kick out of running a house—beautifully, efficiently, being a charming hostess and all that?" I asked.

"I'm afraid I wouldn't know the first thing about it," she said in a small voice.

"Well, then?" demanded the girl friend and I together.

OH, those details would work themselves out," Jane maintained stoutly. "In the first place, I'd have two or three children as fast as the statute of limitations would permit. I hear tell that can keep a gal pretty busy. And I'd want to be responsible for seeing to it that somebody provided tasty meals and dusted and sent out laundry and all that. I'd want to be a good manager—a good household executive. If you don't think that the haphazard manner in which these mundane details are looked after in some of our best Hollywood homes has a great big effect on the divorce rate—you're crazy. Many a big, strapping man is dining off lettuce to such an extent that his nose begins to wiggle the minute he enters the house."

"Hmm. I can't quite see you in the role," I said. "I wish you luck. I hope you don't run smack up against some situation that won't fit into your scheme of things."

"I guess I've sounded pretty smug and know-it-all," said Jane. "But I'm honestly not. I guess I'm like the trite folks who say, 'I don't know much about art, but I know what I like.' Me, I certainly don't know much about life yet, but I know what I want."

HOMESPUN HERO

(Continued from page 46)

pletely new type home town boy—that of a jail bird. This is really a character role for Erwin and therein lies a story, but let's hear it from him.

"The story begins when we're all kids," Stu began in his folksy manner. "Then five years later—movie time—Wally Ford comes in and after getting in plenty dutch is shipped to the reformatory. Another five years later, the scene is Leavenworth, and we're just getting out from a stretch. Things happen and we're no sooner out of cold storage than back we go again. I'm always around to get into messes even though I don't commit the deed. I guess I'm just too dumb to clear out once the cops head our way."

"You know, it's a real life story. A true one, too. Bill Howard, the director, Jim Tully and a fellow called Makeley, who ended up with the Dillinger mob, actually lived it. Bill heard about it when Makeley was killed and decided to one day do the story and this is it. I believe it's going to be good. At any rate it'll be entertaining and that's what seems to count nowadays."

"What Mommy thinks I should do," Stu generalized, "is to stay here now and do a Broadway play. She's probably right, too. But, a play is a gamble, with the chances of success entirely problematical. I might be the one to rehearse four weeks only to open and close the same evening! Stranger things have happened, y'know. So, Mommy and I will stick to a sure thing for the present, and go home."

With an amused glint in his eye, Erwin

told one of his experiences during the filming of "Frankie."

"Did you ever visit the prison out on Rikers Island?" he began. "Nope? Just as well! We had some outside stuff to do there the other day and I'm still not sure whether it was I or the red tape that got us in a jam. Anyway, the scene was supposed to be of us in the can—at play! We did the one in the ball park and moved into the courtyard for the final takes. When the sequence was over and we asked to get out, the guard took one look at me, shouldered his gun and marched off in the opposite direction! Try as we might we couldn't get an inch nearer to freedom than the big gate."

"Well, to get on, I've got a very sensitive skin, so by five I looked like a broiled lobster, or Jack the Gyp! About five-thirty, when the rest of the inmates were taken in, they herded us into the main hall and, luckily, found no place for us. After much ado the authorities let us go home, and not a minute too soon."

"I think Stuart would still be there," June broke in, "if I hadn't gotten worried and telephoned, when he didn't come in. Even then it took an hour to locate them! He won't have any trouble making people believe he's a graduate of any local jail."

"No siree," Stuart confirmed and continued, "I'm pretty darn sure I'll be convincing. But the funny part is, I still don't know whether it was on the level or whether it was a gag. I wonder if they think I'm dumb enough to fall for a thing like that?" We don't.

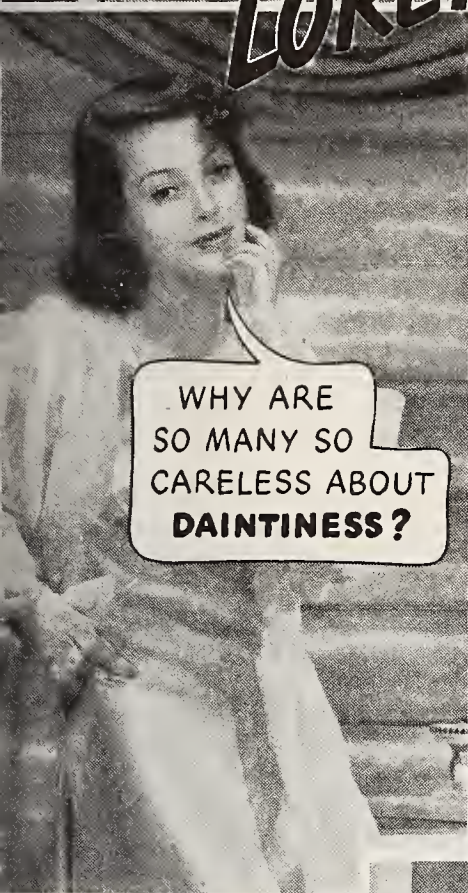


MEN FALL FOR
SKIN THAT'S
SMOOTH AND
SWEET

GIRLS WHO
DON'T PROTECT
DAINTINESS
LOSE OUT

EVERY WOMAN
REALLY WANTS
ROMANCE

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Protect daintiness the Hollywood way. Screen stars use **LUX TOILET SOAP** as a **BATH** soap, too. Its **ACTIVE** lather removes stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Leaves a delicate fragrance on the skin.



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No. 1383—A drop stitch stripe makes this flatteringly fluffy bolero bed jacket.

EARLY SPRING TONICS

DOES your wardrobe look a bit winter-weary along about this time of year? Then get out those knitting needles and make yourself this good-looking basic frock with its graceful, cleverly designed skirt and radiating detail at the waist front. Hand-knit of cobble crepe, it's the kind of adaptable dress that looks well on either miss or matron.

The fascinating bit of fluff at the top of this page is a bolero style bed jacket made of such delectably soft pink or blue angora that breakfast in bed will become a serious temptation to its lucky owner. It is easy to make, too. Fill in the coupon and we'll send you directions for either or both of these attractive garments.

No. 1360—It would be hard to find a more becoming dress than this cobble crepe knit.



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Kindly send, at no cost to me:

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Check one or both designs and please print name and address plainly.

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It's Max Factor's new Tru-Color Lipstick... Hollywood's latest sensation. Just imagine a lipstick with these four amazing features...

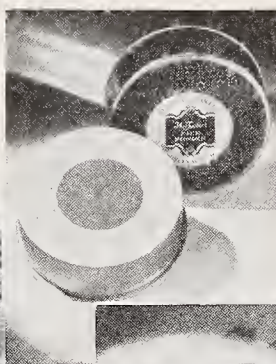
1. lifelike red of your lips
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For your most thrilling lipstick experience, try this wonderful new Tru-Color Lipstick created by Max Factor, Hollywood, for the screen stars and you... *it's perfect!* There's a color harmony shade for you whether you are blonde, brownette, brunette or redhead. Remember to ask for Max Factor's TRU-COLOR Lipstick...\$1.00

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Do you know your type in make-up?

DISCOVER Hollywood's beauty secret! It's color harmony make-up, originated by Max Factor. You can actually look lovelier, more alluring, more attractive with powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony for your type. Note the coupon for special make-up test.



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ROUGE... Are you blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead? There's a color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge that will be amazingly flattering to you. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily and evenly... 50¢

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"Cosmetics of the Stars"

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MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD:

Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up".....FREE.

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Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Green... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled... <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDFEAD
Olive... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
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TODAY'S TALKIES

(Continued from page 70)

★★★ Out West with the Hardys

"Love Finds Andy Hardy" has been equalled, if not topped, by this latest Hardy epic. The congenial Hardys go west this time for a visit. Ranch life provides an excellent background for the various problems that beset the family, and also provides the excuse for Andy Hardy to get into some more grievous and hilarious escapades. He has just acquired his letter in basketball and the combination of that honor and the new jallope has made Andy pretty insufferable. Father Hardy (Lewis Stone) hopes the wide open spaces will prove a cure-all, but it's small Virginia Weidler who's responsible for wiping out every last vestige of the Hardy heir's superiority complex. And it's Virginia, too, who's responsible in large measure for the picture's success. Her characterization of the rough and tough youngster, brought up to shoot straight and think straight, is enough to make an Academy Winner sit up and take notice.

Daughter Cecilia Parker provides the romantic element. Because the boy friend back home has cooled a bit, Cecilia falls pronto into the arms of the first good-looking cowboy she sees and again Father Hardy's wit and logic are called upon to extricate her from the entanglement. And, of course, Mother Fay Holden and Andy's real love, Ann Rutherford, contribute their familiar and competent characterizations. Directed by George B. Seitz.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★ Ride a Crooked Mile

If the wild Cossacks have intrigued your imagination, here's your picture. Akim Tamiroff is the Cossack and a wilder one you'll never meet. Nor, in all probability, an actor who can make such a lusty and swashbuckling character more believable. His characterization is excellent.

As for the rest of the picture, the plot has novel twists but the net results are too complicated for credence. Akim Tamiroff, a cattle racketeer, is suddenly confronted by his son, Leif Erikson, whom he has not seen for twenty years. It soon develops that the son is a true Cossack at heart and perfectly adaptable to the free and easy life of Cossack cronies. But the U. S. government upsets every plan for the future by slapping his old man in jail. From there on the story is concerned with the son's efforts to arrange an escape for his father, his joining the army to further the plans and his consequent struggle between a sense of family loyalty and keeping faith with the Army.

Leif Erikson's characterization is spotty, but his healthy good looks and sincerity ought to put him in line for other opportunities. Frances Farmer takes on a Garbo accent and blonde braids but still manages to do well enough with her role of a Cossack maiden. Lynn Overman, a prison pal of Tamiroff's, does a grand bit of acting. Directed by Alfred E. Green.—Paramount.

★★ There's That Woman Again

Those happy-go-lucky Reardons are back in a picture that tops their previous effort. Melvyn Douglas again plays Detective Reardon but "That Woman" is now Virginia Bruce instead of Joan Blondell. And Virginia Bruce is the surprise hit of the picture. She is not only photographed to better advantage than ever before but

handles her role in as adept a manner as one could ask. Sleuth Reardon and his busy-body blonde wife sail through impossible situations with the greatest of ease and plenty of hilarity, making good entertainment of an otherwise trite "whodunit."

The plot again has the Reardons in danger of their lives for every minute of the picture's sixty. People are being popped off right and left by a mystery woman, later identified as Margaret Lindsay. She's a heartless beauty who loves not wisely but too well and when it looks like Mrs. Reardon is going to gum up her amour, the villainess plots to do away with her, too. It is only through the adroit actions of Melvyn Douglas and his faithful stooge, Stanley Ridges, that the heroine is saved for further Columbia serials. Besides the good work of the stars, the supporting cast is excellent. Margaret Lindsay does a swell job and models some Kalloch numbers and a collection of jewels that will make feminine mouths water. Directed by Alexander Hall.—*Columbia*.

★★ Smiling Along

The popular English star, Gracie Fields, is here presented in a sparkling musical comedy. "Smiling Along" is crammed with diverting songs and comic situations. As the leader of a struggling theatrical troupe, Miss Fields displays all the talents which rank her as the world's highest salaried actress.

The story deals with the adventures of the show folk who have been cut adrift from a chiseling manager and the troubles they have producing their plays in both countryside houses and swank houseboats on the Thames. Roger Livesey, working opposite Miss Fields, gives a likable account of himself and the pretty and talented Mary Maguire romances convincingly with Peter Coke, a pianist who befriends the stranded troupe. Last but not least, Skippy, a gifted pooch, gathers his share of credits for intelligent work throughout the picture. But the show belongs to Gracie Fields. Here is your chance to become acquainted with an actress who promises to make an enviable collection of American fans as well as English. Jack Donohue, Joe Mott and Philip Leaver as villains turn in commendable performances too. Directed by Monty Banks. Produced by Pinewood Studios, England.—*Twentieth Century-Fox*.

★★ Charlie Chan in Honolulu

Best news in regard to this picture is that Charlie Chan, as played by Sidney Toler, is as convincing a sleuth as was Warner Oland, with many ingratiating qualities which should endear him to Charlie Chan fans.

The renowned Chinese detective goes out to a ship in the Honolulu harbor, where a murder has been committed, only to find that his No. 2 son has beat him to it and managed to mess everything up, to say nothing of No. 5 son (Layne Tom, Jr.) who has sneaked aboard to see what he can do to help his honored father. Sen Yung, who takes Keye Luke's place as the aspiring young detective of the family, is likable and capable, but it's Layne Tom, Jr., who walks off with every scene. Aboard the ship is a beautiful blonde (Claire Dodd) who obviously is up to no good, a pretty young thing (Phyllis Brooks) who has been robbed of \$300,000, an untasty gentleman (George Zucco) who dotes on collecting live brains, a couple of escaped convicts, a sinister captain and a handsome young officer for romantic purposes. Before the second corpse shows up you'll be suspecting even No. 5 son and having a fine time. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone.—*20th Century-Fox*.



"I call that a shame, Mrs. Panda! Here you are, a stranger in a strange land—your baby comes down with a common ailment like prickly heat—and what has anyone done to help you? Absolutely nothing!...Well, I'll say this..."



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TCH, TCH—THOSE FURRINERS!

(Continued from page 39)

induced Madeleine Carroll to sign a contract well up in four figures. RKO was content to pay the passage of only one actor from abroad, Anton Walbrook, the Prince Albert of "Victoria The Great." Having used him in one picture they allowed him to return quietly to the seat of the British empire.

Many of these most recent "brought-overs" have already proven themselves box-office fiascos, completely unadaptable to the Hollywood scene, and must be listed as bad stocks. Yet the producers, recognized by renowned bankers as astute business men, continue to play this will o' the wisp game, for instinctively they are gamblers who find their fortunes in a smile, a voice, or the way a man kisses a woman. Always there is the hope that another Valentino will be discovered or a second Garbo brought to light. But only once in a blue moon does a Hedy Lamarr flare on the film horizon.

Hedy's sensational debut in "Algiers" is the talk of the industry. Not since Marlene Dietrich captured the American imagination in "Morocco" has an imported movie queen rated the raves that are being showered upon this Viennese charmer, who first aroused interest as the scantily clad heroine of the much censored foreign film, "Ecstasy." Miss Lamarr already commands star billing on the same lot with Greta Garbo and is being hailed as the Swedish star's most logical successor. Her career apparently is to be tailored to the peculiar standards by which Hollywood measures glamor. It is more than a coincidence that she will be made to follow in almost the exact footsteps of her predecessors, Garbo and Dietrich.

It is too soon yet to prophesy anything definite for Miss Lamarr's future. On the face of things it looks as though her success will be more than a mere flash. In her first Hollywood film, she is introduced to the public in as glamorous and mysterious a setting as any actress with exotic inclinations could wish. She wears the atmosphere of the sexy, tropical Algiers with real grace and lets it frame her strange beauty without seeming to so much as

move an eyebrow. The question is, how long can she last?

Critics of the movies have practically agreed that Miss Lamarr's histrionics are nothing to write home about. Furthermore she makes no attempt at acting. In "Ecstasy," she was a dramatic, lovely and innocent exhibitionist. In "Algiers," fully clad, she is still an exhibitionist. The girl can't help it.

With time and experience Lamarr may develop into a competent actress, depending a great deal on the way she is handled, the stories assigned her and the direction she receives.

If Hedy is to become a fixed star in the film firmament she should be humanized, for sooner or later the Great Public, who make and break careers, will begin to ask, just as they did of Dietrich, "Can she act?" If the answer is "no" the box office will tell the sad story as it already has in the case of the marvelous Marlene.

COLD statistics prove that the foreign stars who have survived the longest as public favorites are the personalities discovered by the public itself. Remember that Garbo came to this country a lanky, unattractive Swedish girl with but little actual experience. Contracted by Metro at Mauritz Stiller's insistence, they took Garbo into their fold as an intruder, paying her a very small salary.

After months of weary waiting, during which she posed in shorts for the publicity department, she was at last assigned a role opposite Ricardo Cortez in "The Torrent." Over night the movie fans discovered her, demanded that she be made a star—and in turn made her a legend. To each fan she was a personal discovery, and they began immediately to take an interest in her career. Therein to a large extent lies the secret of her lasting success over a period of years.

Hedy Lamarr's discovery by the movie going public parallels Garbo's first Hollywood triumph in many ways. Contracted by Mr. Mayer, Hedy came to this country with a flock of other imported actresses, hams and screen acrobats. Her salary



This butler and maid (Bob Hope and Martha Raye to you) put plenty of life into "Never Say Die." Here they're studying their lines between scenes.

would hardly pay for the rental of quarters such as foreign celebrities are supposed to occupy during their sojourn in the cinema capital. Forbidden to give personal interviews, it was whispered about this was because the studio was saving her for something important. But she was permitted to languish for months, until gradually curiosity and interest in her American debut waned.

Nothing more was heard of her career until it was announced, quite without any fanfare, that she was being loaned to Walter Wanger for a secondary role with Charles Boyer and Sigrid Gurie. What happened is now history. The public discovered a new star of their own free will, without ballyhoo, and minus the blowing of press trumpets. And at what a saving in cash dollars to her studio!

Zukor and Zanuck spent thousands of dollars introducing Marlene Dietrich and Simone Simon to the American public in impressive introductory campaigns that displayed their names on billboards all through the country. Hedy Lamarr, like Garbo, got a word-of-mouth introduction that no amount of money could buy. Marlene Dietrich's career is now at a standstill, her tricks for keeping it alive having given out. Simone Simon is back in Paris to start all over again. But Hedy stands at the threshold of success, where Garbo stood a dozen years ago. Time will tell whether or not she is a comet.

It cost Samuel Goldwyn a million to learn that a star cannot be thrust upon the public. Anna Sten, Soviet Bernhardt, was hailed by the press agents as Europe's gift to the American screen. She was glamor plus, twice a Duse. Nature's composite of Garbo and Dietrich. There were hardly enough adjectives with which to describe her. By the time Mr. Goldwyn had presented Miss Sten in a half dozen million dollar epics ranging from "Nana" to "Resurrection" even he had to raise the white flag and give Anna back to the Soviets.

AT PRESENT Mr. Goldwyn is concentrating his amazing showmanship on the home-grown brand of foreigners, like Sigrid Gurie, Scandinavian actress from Brooklyn, and Zorina, Russian ballerina and present star of the New York musical hit, "I Married An Angel," whose background is strictly Broadway, even if her accent isn't. In passing, let it be said for Mr. Goldwyn that he has had his hits as well as his misses. Lili Damita, who is Mrs. Errol Flynn now, was one of his early cinema miscarriages. But on the other side of the ledger there is Merle Oberon, whom he brought to Hollywood after her triumph as Anne Boleyn in "Henry The Eighth," and even before that, Vilma Banky is another shining example of a great foreign star he created.

Paramount and Metro have imported more stars from abroad than all the other major companies combined. Out of literally dozens, only a scant half dozen clicked like Dietrich and Maurice Chevalier. But on the deficit side there were Emil Jannings, Dortha Wieck, Charles Laughton, Jan Kiepura, Ida Lupino, Carl Brisson and a great many others whose names already are blurred from memory.

At the Culver City studio Garbo was of course the first imported actress to achieve unusual distinction. Her reign has been long and glorious, with the end not yet in sight. Then came dozens of others, men and women who sat around Hollywood drawing four figure salaries sometimes for a year, and then departed without ever having appeared in a picture.

Then Luise Rainer emerged from the pack of dark-horses with accents, the lone thoroughbred since Garbo to rate a star dressing-room. Miss Rainer has since

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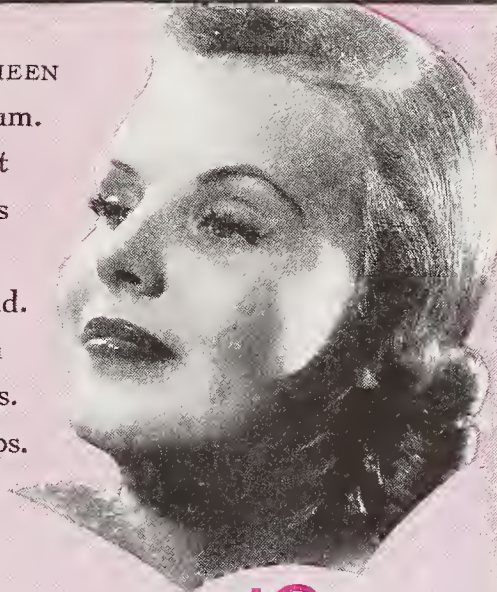
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been the winner of Academy awards. So has Garbo. Perhaps Mr. Mayer feels well repaid with the dark Rainer's success in spite of the arithmetic that says his investment on the duds would hardly be covered by the profits realized on Miss Rainer.

Nevertheless, on his last jaunt to Europe he took another suitcase of contracts along, and before one could say "Quota" the Normandie and the Queen Mary had reservations for Ilona Massey, Della Lind, Miliza Korjus, Robert Morley, Vivian Leigh, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, The Earl of Warwick, known on the screen as Michael Brooke, Hedy Lamarr and so many others that it was said someone with a sense of humor and an ironic appreciation of the truth, had signs posted about the lot reading, "English is also spoken here."

This is not intended as an indictment against foreign actors in American pictures. After all, motion pictures are as international in their appeal as music. It is rather a decry against the futile practise of signing up so many continental actors who are unsuited to the demands of American audiences, when Hollywood is full of foreign-born players more adapted to our standards, and who are allowed to go jobless while producers import less competent performers at salaries far beyond their worth.

Rudolph Valentino is a good example of a foreigner who was given his first chance to screen fame in Hollywood, and became one of the immortal stars of the business. Sonja Henie is another foreigner who has been made a great star by Hollywood brains. Errol Flynn, brought from England, is Hollywood-made. In truth, one rarely even thinks of him as foreign. Cary Grant, another Englishman, came to Hollywood on speculation and through persistence and



Petite June Duprez is a pleasant reason for seeing the London Film, "Four Feathers."

hard work has developed into one of the most sought after leading men.

Perhaps the gravest mistake made by producers in importing stars from abroad is the way they attempt to change their personalities once they have set foot in Hollywood. When the make-up experts, the cameramen, the publicity department and the studio hairdressers get through with their job of Americanizing the alien celebrities, their own mothers wouldn't recognize them. They look as like as two Frigidaires given away on Bank Night!

Another reason for the failure of most foreign stars who come to Hollywood is

that the American public is fed up with glamor. We know the greatest stars of the American screen have been homespun personalities like Mary Pickford, Will Rogers, Marie Dressler, Janet Gaynor, Shirley Temple and Deanna Durbin. Only occasionally a Valentino and a Garbo.

Check the box office records of these homespun stars over a long period of years and you will find that their popularity has been consistent. It is doubtful that you will be seeing Fernand Gravet, Francisca Gaal, Isa Miranda, Miliza Korjus and Annabella on American screens in three years from now. What happened to Chevalier, Tala Birell, Lillian Harvey, Elissa Landi, Lil Dagover, Conrad Veidt and Marta Eggerth can happen to them too.

Not so long ago a bill was brought up in Congress asking that foreign actors be barred from this country except in cases when their services were required for a specific production. Long term contracts were out. This was a slap back at England and other countries where laws have been enacted allowing outside performers to stay only long enough for one or two pictures. The bill was defeated. So Hollywood will continue to have foreign invasions from time to time.

Right now accents are ten cents a dozen on the Boulevard. But it won't be long again before every studio will be looking for another Hedy Lamarr. From Paris, London, Budapest and Berlin will come a new band of foreign importations, most of them with round trip tickets. And, as others have learned before them, they will find out for themselves that America is looking for individuality, will applaud it and reward it. But they are not looking for another Garbo, a duplicate Rainer or a carbon-copy of Lamarr.

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UNMASKING MAGGIE

(Continued from page 47)

beauty, you see. I wasn't brought up in a Park Avenue penthouse nor in romantic old Budapest, but in Dubuque. My father had been a respected druggist, and not an aloof continental banker with little time to devote to me. There was no picturesque tragedy lurking behind me either. I had a sensible mother to guide me, and I'd not only never seen a villa nor ridden in a Rolls-Royce, but my boy friends could keep me off their minds when that was necessary. I just didn't have Paris in my eyes, it seems!"

Newly installed in the fashionable house she has taken in the swank Los Feliz district, Margaret looked her vivid best. A cerise velvet cocktail suit cleverly complimented her abruptly smooth long bob. She had just given instructions for the kind of liqueur she wished served after eight o'clock dinner.

"I persuaded my mother to send me to the best dramatic school I could spot in New York. But soon after I started I discovered I'd be sunk before I ever began in the theatre or in pictures. I never could compete with women of the world."

A LESS spirited nineteen-year-old would have folded up and resumed her apparently destined routine back home. Margaret, typically middle-class until then, got a wild notion.

"I wrote a fifty-page, burning letter to my mother. Both Broadway and Hollywood were then hopelessly impressed by sophistication served with a British accent. A young, docile amateur from Iowa, like myself, would be treated like a ridiculous aspirant. My only chance was to pretend to be poised. So, instead of going on at the dramatic school I should go to England for a surface polishing. Then—success, a wonderful husband, everything!"

Few mothers have the understanding and sympathy Margaret's mother evidenced. "She trusted me," Margaret remembers gratefully. "So off I sailed on the Aquitania. It wasn't as hair-brained as it sounds. I really planned. First of all, I went directly to the very north of England, to Harrogate. I picked it because it was the most out-of-the-way place I could have had stock company training. Of course, I didn't do any acting in the tiny theatre there. I'd never done any professional acting at all. But it was to be my elementary reference, so I mastered all the local legends and names. And how!"

"Next," she smiled, "I went to Leeds and visited friends I'd made crossing the Atlantic. No, I never confessed my objective. I always explained that my mother felt I was too shy and so I'd come over to see a modest bit of the world."

"After five months in these two towns, I had six or seven weeks left to spend in London. I registered at a family hotel and attempted to put my finishing touches on. I've an amusing memory of that coaching school that rejected me firmly. I went over to the Regent School of Languages, 153 Bond Street, to be coached. But they turned me down flatly, said a convincing British diction couldn't be learned in less than three months. I keep the receipt for what I paid to be rebuffed—seven shillings, six pence—in my desk."

"I couldn't accept the ultimatum of defeat, however. I had to pass as British, and in short order, too. So I crammed on my own. I memorized the names of streets, golf clubs, restaurants. I read all the newspapers and magazines, observed the customs, watched the popular actresses



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and imitated their manner. I spent my week-ends at the country estates of interesting people I met.

"When my experiment-study time was up I wrote letters to the foremost producers and managers in New York. I said I was coming to America, mentioned the plays I'd done in England, and hoped I'd have the pleasure of knowing them. I explained that, while I'd lived all my life in London, I was an American citizen because I'd been born in New York. My father was in the American embassy in London. On the boat I believe I switched 'fathaw' into the law, made him a barrister. When I reached Hollywood the pater was a broker and I'd been born in Kenley, an austere suburb of London! In those letters I signed my newly-concocted name, Margaret Lindsay. It's rightfully Margaret Kies, you know!"

IN New York, which she'd left seven months before as a mere nobody, she was immediately accepted at face value. She still had never been in a play, but there were a dozen notes from important producers awaiting her. Casually, she called the men who would have rudely ignored her had they known who she truly was. When she met them they hailed her as a young find of finds!

She consented to enact the lead in a play and was ready for rehearsals when she was swept west and onto the screen. Because of her deliberate transformation, she was much too good for the stage!

"I didn't admit I had a line until after I'd been in Hollywood more than a year, until I'd clicked and had signed my long-term contract." Sinking further in an easy chair in her formal-but-friendly drawing room, Margaret tossed one slipper off and there was a glow of amuse-

ment in her black eyes. "My line skipped me from outside to inside here, but it was no fun! You may have read that it's so stimulating, so developing to your poise to assume a glamorous personality. That's not so! I know. I forced myself into a strange mold and it was an awful strain. I couldn't afford to slip up once, for more than a year, and so my deception was anything but gay for me.

"I had to be on guard continuously. I even suffered for months with an aching wisdom tooth because I was literally afraid that if I took gas I'd talk and give myself away. I came to know fear as my everyday companion. I no longer had good friends. I had to be cagey with everyone, and so all of a sudden I had only acquaintances who weren't confidants.

"I was forever praying no one would pop at me and expose me. Oh yes, I had my terrible moments. There was that night, for instance, in the Coconut Grove. A girl friend from my school days rushed over to my table and I had to blankly deny I'd ever seen her before. She had recognized me. Now imagine trying to so change yourself that everyone who'd known you couldn't tell on you, couldn't expose you!

"Luckily, I did get away with my fancy line. But even if I was fortunate, believe me, I learned how to be an actress the hard way. I acted steadily, with no time off at all. It was playing an unending scene. At first it was like a dare to have to be astonished at your Americanisms over here. It flattered my ego to be accepted as a cool exotic when lord knows I wasn't. But when the pose stretched through a year it was all on the nightmare side.

"I threw the whole idea of a line overboard because a line is an outmoded approach to success—and to love!

"Today a girl can't get half as far with as without a pose—and what she *can* get she'll not want. I got in on the dying days of magnificent hooley. I'd have gone on putting on if I'd felt it'd help me. But times and people have changed unmistakably and I decided I'd be smart to be streamlined, too.

A LINE used to work because a whole generation was raised on superficialities. There was little honesty between men and women, between bosses and employees. But today men can spot subterfuge in a woman, and fast! They can detect stalling, and all the quaint gags. They recognize a poseur, no matter how hard she works at it, and then they leave her strictly to her silly self. They're bored by nonsense. No, you can't fool the men of this realistic era.

They want us to be wholly sincere, to make our lives worth living by trying to be what's best for us, whatever that is.

"When you adopt a line you severely limit the men in your life. I found that out. You attract only those few who are drawn to the very definite type you've made yourself. When I was attempting to be so veddy, veddy, only much older men asked me out. In turn, they supposed I was undoubtedly a woman of the world. Any girl who isn't knows what maneuvering I became involved with!

"Now," Margaret sighed contentedly, "I can relax when I want to, and I am beginning to meet the sort of man who truly fascinates me. I can go out on the spur of the moment. I don't have to be self-conscious every second I'm out on a date. I might have gradually become mercenary with that line, and then I'd have gotten what I deserved.

"I'm still postponing marriage until I've accomplished more. But now I'm invited

S.O.S.



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"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate's—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."



SORRY, JACK...I'M CUTTING IN. BUT LISTEN, FELLOW, WAIT FOR ME AFTER THIS DANCE, WILL YOU? I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING



I KNOW JUDY GAVE YOU THE HIGH SIGN, WALT!

BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHY, JACK! ON THE LEVEL, PAL--- YOU'VE JUST GOTTA SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!



TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS



LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S

WELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE---IF IT ISN'T THAT DAILY DOUBLE, JACK AND JUDY, AGAIN!



NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!



LARGE SIZE 20¢

GIANT SIZE 35¢

OVER TWICE AS MUCH

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



Mr. Fairbanks' talented son, Doug, Jr., is glad to be back after his European holiday.

to drive to the beach for roller coasters and hot dogs. I can get gardenias instead of orchids and complications.

"I was missing the friendship of the kind of people who are important to every woman, no matter where she is. I'd always had girl friends before I began that act. In high school I was president of our dramatic club, captain of our basketball team. But in Hollywood, doing my 'stuff,' I had no women friends anymore. Because, I learned, one woman can tell if another woman's a phony!

"My artificial personality could even have ruined my career. Darryl Zanuck told me to get rid of that English elegance. It's your performance that counts now. You can even come straight from Iowa and be proud of it! So, from my own experience, I'd advise any girl to shun the obsolete line as if it were poison. I myself wouldn't be caught dead with one!

"But," sighed Margaret, "do you know, it's a job to turn a pose off, too? Honestly! I've had more trouble getting rid of my broad A's than I had getting them. And I was so into the mood of being cautiously cool that I've had to work like a fiend to warm into a natural American again. I doubt if I'm yet satisfactorily melted!"

Well, she's melting, if I'm any judge of femininity! And I think I am. So her big experiment helped, and hasn't handicapped her—because she was smart enough to know when to quit.



**Because Joan makes up for Romance,
avoids Shiny Nose — wears
Powder that Dramatizes her Skin**

WHAT a nuisance... that horrid oiliness that gleams on your nose! Preys on your mind! Did you know that a germ-condition often makes it worse? Blessings on Woodbury Powder, which contains a special ingredient that discourages oily-nose germs. And its protectiveness lasts, because Woodbury Powder stays on.

No "powdered look", either. Woodbury's 7 shades *dramatize* your own coloring *Champagne*, the very newest, is sponsored by Mme. Suzy, fashion-famous Paris milliner. *Windsor Rose* flatters pink-toned skins. Know your man's eyes must always find you vivid. Wear Woodbury Facial Powder—only \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. And wear Woodbury Rouge and Lipstick.



Woodbury Facial Powder

YOURS... SMART NEW MAKE-UP KIT

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9102 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
(In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.)

Please send me new Woodbury Make-up Kit, containing attractive metal compacts of Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick; tube of Woodbury Cold Cream. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

CHAMPAGNE ☐ WINDSOR ROSE ☐
(For golden skin) (For pink skin)

Name _____

Address _____

SISTER ANN TELLS ON TY

(Continued from page 33)

he had to learn about acting himself.

"He was never able to take attention for granted. He was always wondering if he had earned it. He was still wondering that when I came back to the States for a visit, just after he had made 'Lloyds of London.' If you remember, he was billed in that as 'Tyrone Power, Jr.' He didn't realize just how famous he had become in his own right. He didn't believe me when I tried to tell him.

"I went back to Hawaii and didn't see him again for nearly two years. I knew what Hollywood, and sensational success, sometimes do to people. And there didn't seem any doubt about it: Tyrone was sensationally successful. I ached to see how he was taking it. When I came back to the States this time, I half expected to find many changes in him. I found just one. He had grown more mature. He had more poise, more sureness. He had himself more under control.

"But the thing that I noticed most, after living in the Islands, where everyone is very relaxed and easy-going, was his energy. I realized, more than I ever had before, what a human dynamo he is. I could sense immediately this tremendous surge and force. This restless urge to accomplish something more than he has accomplished. This driving lack of satisfaction with himself.

"He's still wary of anyone, either male or female, who tries to flatter him. It's almost a fetish with him. It's the reason why he's slow to make friends, despite the

fact that he's a good mixer. He doesn't trust flatterers. Tyrone can't fool me by being polite to them. I know what he's really thinking. And he can't fool me, either, by pretending to be easy-going."

Behind that warm smile of Tyrone's, according to Ann, is grim determination.

HE will never trust flatterers, never be easy-going. He's too determined not to let anything sidetrack him from his acting ambitions. That determination goes 'way, 'way back. When we were little, Mother played six summers in The Mission Play at San Gabriel. Her dressing-room was our play-room. And, even then, acting was on Tyrone's mind. Not only was he always getting me to play-act, he was always hounding the producer of The Mission Play to give him a little part. The producer kept telling him he'd have to wait until he was grown up. 'Well, when will I be grown up?' Tyrone would want to know. When he was seven, he wore the producer down. He got a small rôle in the play. I can still remember sitting in my nurse's lap, watching him.

"Until we were well along in school, we had home instruction in dramatics from Mother—elocution, deep breathing, and all the rest. Both of us were conscious very young of our dramatic heritage. But Tyrone was more conscious of it than I was. My inclinations ran to music and books. I was a bookworm, a dreamer. Tyrone was more restless, more of a doer.

"When he was fourteen or fifteen, he

started cataloguing all the movies he saw. He had his own system of rating them. He'd note down performances he liked, and why. He was very observant of little tricks. When an actor got a certain effect, Tyrone would analyze how he had got it. He read all the fan magazines and made notes, too, on what he thought were good interviews. So that when he was a screen actor, himself, he'd know what to talk about. It was 'when'—not 'if'—with Tyrone.

"All the time he was growing up, he went in for all the dramatic work in sight. He prepared for college, but he never intended to go. And, when the time came, he talked Father out of making him go, and into letting him study acting with a stock company, instead.

"He was in Hollywood, playing a small part in a picture with Father, when Father died. That was a great blow to him. But it was only the first of a series of blows. First, he lost the small part. Then he couldn't get anything but 'extra' work. In spite of all the slaps, he stuck it out for a year and a half. And when he finally left, to try Broadway, it was only to learn enough more about acting to come back to the movies in leads.

"Don't let anyone tell you he isn't determined."

Even to the point of being stubborn—? Ann smiled. "I used to think so. I remember one time, when I was in the third or fourth grade, going to school with him one morning. We were back east

**THIS IS FOR
ALWAYS,
DARLING!**

**NAN HOPES SO, TOO! THAT'S WHY SHE GUARDS
AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!**

I'VE SEEN TOO MANY WIVES LOSE ROMANCE BY LETTING THEIR SKIN GET DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING. I WANT TO KEEP MY COMPLEXION SMOOTH AND ALLURING! THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE SOAP!

BUT WHY IS
PALMOLIVE SO
DIFFERENT?

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG. THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!

AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSSES SO GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY. LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

WELL, IF YOU OWE YOUR LOVELY COMPLEXION TO PALMOLIVE, THAT'S RECOMMENDATION ENOUGH FOR ME! I'M GOING TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF AND MAKE PALMOLIVE MY BEAUTY SOAP, TOO!

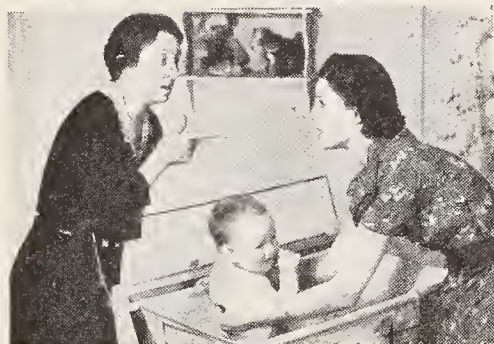
IT'S MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!
THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS
SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN
SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

PALMOLIVE

"She made me BOIL... with her know-it-all air!"



*How Helen raised her baby
by up-to-date methods while living
with an old-fashioned aunt!*



AUNT: Now Helen, if I were you—

HELEN: But Aunty, we've been over that a million times already. I know exactly how to handle the baby...even if he is my first.



AUNT: Tush! You're mollycoddling the child, and you know it. Why in *our* time children grew up without all this fiddle-faddle.



HELEN: Times have changed, Aunt. Our doctor says that today children should get *special* care... *special* food, *special* clothes. Yes, even a *special* laxative!

AUNT: What! A special laxative for babies?



HELEN: Of course! Doesn't it stand to reason? After all, Bobby's only 7 months. His tiny system is still delicate. Wouldn't it be risky to give him anything but a mild, gentle laxative, one made especially for a baby's needs?



HELEN: That's why the doctor said to give him Fletcher's Castoria. He said it's the modern laxative made *ONLY* for children. It's on the *SAFE* side... has no harsh "adult" drugs. It works mostly in the lower bowel and won't disturb his tummy.



AUNT: Well, he certainly takes it willingly enough. I'll say that much.

HELEN: He ought to. The doctor says Fletcher's Castoria has a *grand* taste... Isn't it wonderful to know we're giving Bobby a laxative that's so dependable?

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — **SAFE** — laxative made especially and **ONLY** for children

then, and there was snow. He was pulling me on a sled. I thought he ought to be the complete young gallant and carry all our books, too. He refused. I said that if he didn't, I'd drop them in the snow. He dared me to. I took the dare. He wouldn't go back and pick them up. Neither would I. We lost them. We both were stubborn, I guess.

"He has always been good-natured, but he has never let anyone—even his sister—impose on his good nature. No one will ever use Tyrone for a doormat. He's too independent. Sometimes independence is a synonym for selfishness. But I've never known Tyrone to insist on his own rights and then infringe on someone else's.

"If he made a mistake, he wouldn't shift the blame onto somebody else. I remember, one time at school, a bunch of us were throwing snowballs at passing cars. Tyrone threw one that broke a taxicab's window. He didn't run. He stepped up and took the blame and paid for the window out of his allowance week by week.

"Not that he had any urge to play the heroic martyr. Any time that he could get out of a scrape without hurting someone else, he would. He just had compunctions about letting anyone else pay for his mistakes. Whenever he was scolded, it always distressed me. But it never distressed him. He was always able to take it on the chin."

In Ann's eyes, Tyrone is "almost a dual personality."

"Most of us can't be very practical and very idealistic at the same time. But Tyrone is as much one as he is the other. An amazing combination of Mother and Father. His practicality comes from Mother, and his idealism from Father.

"He was realistic, admitting to himself during his struggling days that the name 'Tyrone Power, Jr.' probably was a handicap. But so idealistic that he never thought of changing his name.

ANOTHER thing about Tyrone: He has never wasted time breaking his heart over things that he couldn't have, that were beyond his ability to get. He developed that philosophy very early. I think football had something to do with it. He went through a phase where he was crazy to be on a football team. He tried hard, but his build was against him. He was a string-bean sort of boy. That was a hard fact to accept. But he did accept it, finally.

"That may seem a small thing now. It was a big thing then. Big enough, I think, to have an influence on his whole life. It taught him that ambition, without the right qualifications, wasn't enough. You had to be fitted for something to make good at it.

"That's his attitude today. About rôles he wants some day to play. About marriage. About everything. He doesn't say much about it, but he's an ardent fatalist. Secretly convinced that he won't get those coveted rôles, or find the right girl, or achieve anything else, until he's qualified."

When Tyrone does find the right girl, Ann asserted, she won't have to put up with his acting at home.

"That's something he has never done. And she won't have to put up with temperament, either. Or 'temper,' as Tyrone calls it. It takes him a long time to work up a temper. It always did. He realized very early that loss of temper is a foolish thing. I have a dim recollection of his having a tantrum once, when we were both small, and Mother's telling him that she would have to take him out of The Mission Play if he didn't have any better control of himself than that. Perhaps, that's the answer. I know that all the time we were growing up, if Tyrone found himself in a situation that tried his temper, he'd extri-

TROUBLED BY CONSTIPATION?

Get relief this simple,
pleasant way!



1. TAKE ONE
or two tablets of
Ex-Lax before retir-
ing. It tastes like de-
licious chocolate. No
spoons, no bottles!
No fuss, no bother!
Ex-Lax is easy to use
and pleasant to take!

2. YOU SLEEP
through the night
... *undisturbed!* No
stomach upsets. No
nausea or cramps.
No occasion to get
up! Ex-Lax is a gen-
tle laxative. It acts
overnight — *without*
over-action.



3. THE NEXT
morning you have a
thorough bowel
movement. Ex-Lax
works easily, with-
out strain or discom-
fort. You feel fine
after taking it, ready
and fit for a full
day's work!

Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the
family—the youngsters as well as the grown-
ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.
Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

30¢ BUYS CLASS or CLUB PIN!
SMART, up-to-the-minute designs. Pins in 2
colors with any 3 or 4 letters and year. Hand-
some Sterling silver rings. Oldest, largest makers;
famous for quality 44 years. Write for catalog.
BASTIAN BROS. Dept. 52, Rochester, N.Y.



Do you know why Dole pineapple fields in
Hawaii are so big? Well, it's because so many
people like big glasses of Dole Pineapple
Juice so much that it takes fields and fields
of Dole-grown Pineapples to make enough.

cate himself from it. He still does that.
He'll walk out on you before he'll quarrel.

"We used to have some lovely squabbles,
but I can't remember one single bitter
quarrel. Tyrone had an uncanny gift for
changing the subject at the crucial moment.
Or suddenly laughing at what we were
arguing about. He has always had this
sense of humor, this ability to laugh with
everyone. It's one of his greatest assets.
It has helped him over many a rough spot.
It has kept him from taking unimportant
things too seriously."

One thing the right girl will have to be
prepared to accept is the fact that, for an
actor, Tyrone has one strange trait. He
keeps his emotions, his inner thoughts, to
himself. He doesn't talk about them. He
lets his actions do the talking.

"I've known him to hide his thoughts to
the point of fibbing about them. But I
could always tell when he was fibbing.
There was always an odd little quirk to
his mouth."

One reason why Ann thinks Tyrone is
a good actor is that, as an actor, he can
express emotions so vividly.

IF one thing was true of Tyrone when we
were growing up, it was this: His loves
and affections had roots that went very
deep, but he never was one to make a great
demonstration of them. I remember one
time he broke my favorite doll. He said,
at the time, that he was sorry. But I had
no idea just how sorry—in fact, I won-
dered if he was sorry at all—until Christ-
mas came along. His gift to me that year,
bought with his own money, was a doll to
replace the one he had broken.

"That was very typical of him. He is
such an enthusiastic person, has so much
vitality and force, that all his emotions
seem to be in plain sight, where anyone
can see them. But that's an optical illu-
sion. Actually, Tyrone's deepest feelings
are far below the surface, hidden. The
practical side of him demands a time test
of his emotions. Because the idealist in
him makes him very impressionable, and
the world takes advantage of impression-
able people.

"I suppose I'm partly responsible for
that—putting things over on him as a
youngster. It got so that he wasn't im-
pressed at all by sudden displays of affec-
tion. And I couldn't go 'grand' and impress
him, either, after a while. Neither can
anyone else, today.

"He gives the impression of being im-
pulsive. That's an optical illusion, too.
When Tyrone does something, he usually
has it thought out long in advance. He
must believe in something before he'll do
it. He must see it clearly, in all its ramifi-
cations. He analyses a lot, and very
quickly, too.

"I've always envied Tyrone his mind.
It isn't a vacillating mind at all. It's quick
and clear. And photographic. He could
always look at a lesson once, and know it.
I'd have to study it a while. That used
to annoy me no end. It used to annoy
him, too. He'd accuse me of being 'lazy.'

"He has never had any patience with
laziness, either mental or physical. He
never will have. He'll never marry a girl
who is beautiful but mentally lazy. Or a
girl who is clever but languid.

"He's thoughtful, and he doesn't talk
much about what he's thinking, but that
doesn't mean that he's moody. He isn't,
never has been. He's too energetic to
make a good brooder. He'd rather *do* some-
thing about a thing than brood about it.

"I've had people ask me why Tyrone
took that trip to South America. 'He's
the type, you'd think, who would rush off
to Europe and hit all the high spots,' they
say. 'What impulse led him down toward
Brazil?' It wasn't an impulse. He'd thought
about it for years.

"Color is very important to Tyrone. He
likes it around him. There must be fresh
flowers in the house all the time." Ann
gestured about the large living-room, call-
ing attention to the bowls of vari-colored
flowers. "He likes warm colors particu-
larly. The tropics have always appealed
to him, and that's why. Father painted a
great deal, and talked a great deal about
the tropics, the cloud effects, the blue skies,
the riot of colors, 'the untouched display of
Nature.' Those are things that Tyrone
wants to see. This seems to be news to
most people."

SO it may be. But, if you can believe
the gossip columns, Tyrone's interest in
girls isn't news. When did that start?

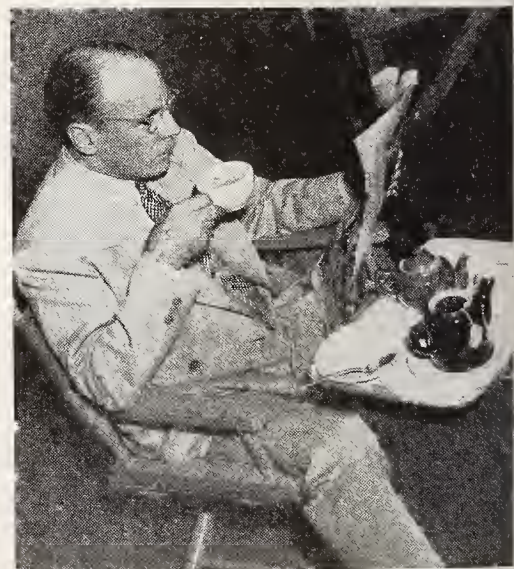
"Well, one of my earliest memories of it
goes back to when Tyrone was about five
and I was about four. Our nurse took us
to visit some friends in Bristol, Pennsylv-
ania. The first thing Tyrone did, after
we arrived, was to discover a cute little
girl next door. He forgot, temporarily,
that I existed. I was only a sister. Here
was a different kind of attraction. He
was so smitten that the nurse took a pic-
ture of the two of them together—Tyrone
smiling at the little girl. Mother still has
it around somewhere. Mute evidence of
Tyrone's first interest in the opposite sex
and their first interest in him.

"He was popular in school, and was
always going to dances and movies and
having dates with a variety of girls, most
of them blonde. I don't ever remember his
going off the deep end about any particu-
lar one. Or, maybe, that was something
else he kept to himself. Anyway, he never
gave any outward signs of puppy-love.

"He wasn't fickle in his attentions. He
wouldn't drop one girl cold for a new one.
He seemed to have a knack for rotating
his attentions between old and new. He
just didn't seem to lose his heart. I think
he broke hearts, though. But that didn't
go to his head. He kept a very even bal-
ance. He didn't seem to have any play-
boy urges. His only urges, so far as girls
were concerned, seemed to be a search for
companionship.

"I think that's still the way it is with
Tyrone. People are asking him to give
more and more interviews about marriage,
as if he should be thinking about marrying
pretty soon. When Tyrone finds the right
girl, he'll marry; not before. I don't have
any idea of what she will be like. But I
do know that I'll be very happy to have
her as a sister-in-law.

"I told him that once. He smiled, as
much as to say, 'Maybe I'll fool you.' But
he won't fool me. I know him too well."



Roland Young, one of our best
tea-takers, rests on the "Yes,
My Darling Daughter" set.

O—BEE JOYFUL!

(Continued from page 27)

the fact that Merle couldn't go to her, by the fact that she didn't live long enough to enjoy all the things Merle loved to lavish on her. For the most part, her daughter keeps her sorrow to herself. On those rare occasions when she speaks of it, her eyes take on the bewildered look of a lost child's. But hers is a nature that rejects morbidity. As her healthy body craves sunlight and open air, so her healthy mind turns instinctively to the warmth of kindly human relationships and the release of laughter.

She loathes Hollywood chi-chi. She has none of that false graciousness that smacks of Lady Vere de Vere condescending to the peasantry. She is unimpressed by her dignity as a movie star. She was rehearsing a scene with Walter Brennan for "The Cowboy and The Lady," a picture so long in the making, incidentally, that Merle amended the title to "The Tired Cowboy and The Very Old Lady."

"I don't smell, do I?" she inquired anxiously. "We had snails and garlic at Claudette Colbert's last night, and she said the flavor lingers." Next moment her voice, polite English accent and all, rang out indignantly. "What do you think you're doing, Walter?" He had turned his head slightly, so as to give her full advantage of the camera. "Will you put your face back or shall I sock you one?" the lady demanded.

Gary Cooper's stand-in is shyer, if possible, than Gary himself. Girls terrify him. He writhes visibly when he has to go into a clinch with the feminine stand-in. One

day he electrified the set by marching over to Merle, and thrusting a picture of herself under her nose. "Write something hot," he muttered. "No good wishes stuff."

Merle giggled and wrote, "Something Hot from Merle to Slim."

When luncheon was called, someone yelled, "Obee's private car." The assistant director pedaled up on his bike, Merle settled herself on the handlebars and was wheeled off, the sun in her eyes.

SHE takes her fun as kids do, on the giant roller-coaster at Venice, Hollywood's Coney Island, swooping and shrieking in terrified glee. She eats, by her own admission, like a horse and loves to dance, but not at the Trocadero. Her idea of a well-spent evening is to dine at a chop suey place, then go to the Palomar, where the jitterbugs hang out, where they pay a dollar for the privilege of dancing themselves into a state of exhaustion, where a movie star is just another Big Apple-er, ignored unless she steps on their feet.

Her studio held its annual picnic recently. The stars were asked to attend. Some of them dropped by for half an hour. Merle arrived at eleven and stayed till three, not as her good deed for the day, but because she couldn't tear herself away. She ate hot dogs and hamburgers and spilled soda pop down the front of her dress. She howled when they put Sam Goldwyn into the jail house for coming late—the jail house being an ancient contraption on wheels that you have to buy your way out of.

A baseball game was in progress. "What the dickens is baseball?" They tried to explain it, she tried to understand it, and finally wailed, "I'm just an English ignoramus," and gave it up. Strong hands seized her, dumped her into the jail house, and wheeled her, squealing, round the park. "Fifty cents to get out."

"Ride me round again," she offered, "and I'll give you a buck."

She had sent her two maids to the picnic, and left them there when she went home to prepare for a dinner party at Norma Shearer's that evening. She couldn't find the shampoo, she couldn't find the towels, she couldn't find the makings for a cup of tea. She soothed her feelings by carrying on a dialogue with herself. "Blast it, why did I let them stay?" "Blast it, why shouldn't you let them stay and whip up enough gumption to find out where things are kept in your own house?" She left a pathetic little note propped up on her dressing table, asking them please to tidy up her room. She found a note from them on her return, thanking her for the lovely day they'd had.

Hilda is the cook; Frances, the maid. She brought them with her from England, "because I like them and they like me and it's nice to have friendly people around." Since they're strangers in a strange land, she feels a special responsibility for them. She sends them out with the chauffeur to see the sights. She is often at Norma Shearer's for dinner, and when Norma plans to show a picture in the evening, she asks for permission to have Hilda and

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THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY
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Lively people are gay, interesting partners in every kind of activity. Their energy lends them charm and personality. The energy of the body comes chiefly from Dextrose, which is the primary "fuel" sugar of the body.

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CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OTTO SCHNERING, President



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Keep your water-closet bowls glistening and clean as new with Sani-Flush. Easy to use—no unpleasant scouring. Cannot hurt the plumbing connections. Shake a little into the bowl twice a week.

Sani-Flush
Cleans Water-Closet Bowls

• This advertisement appeared when Sani-Flush was new. Sani-Flush is still the easiest and best known way to clean toilets after 27 years. (Also cleans out auto radiators.) *Directions on can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 10c and 25c sizes. . . . The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

NO DULL, DRAB HAIR after using this amazing 4 PURPOSE RINSE

In one, simple, quick operation, Lovalon the 4 purpose rinse, does all these 4 important things to your hair. 1. Gives lustrous highlights. 2. Rinses away shampoo film. 3. Tints the hair as it rinses. 4. Helps keep hair nearly in place. Lovalon does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try it. You will be amazed at the results.



5 rinses 25¢ at drug and department stores.
2 rinse size of 10¢ stores.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

LOVALON

the 4 purpose vegetable Hair Rinse

Frances come over. They seek her expert advice as to dancing places, and come home to tell her, "Oh, miss, when we get back to England, they'll think we're mad if we dance like that."

As between California and London, her heart is torn. Her friends in both places are legion. A sun-worshiper and fresh-air fiend, she revels in the outdoor beauties of the south. She lives at the beach in a house rented from Norma Talmadge, and the beach is her happy hunting ground. On working days she gets up at six to swim. On non-working days, she swims and lies in the sun and goes up and down the beach to visit her neighbors, the Goetzes, the Zanucks, Norma Shearer. She walks in the sand by preference. When her shoes get full of it, she takes them off. When it sifts through her stockings, she takes them off. When it gets between her toes, she wriggles them and feels simply elegant.

But London is her home. It's the place her people came from, it's the place where her beloved house is. She was frantic because she had to leave while the house was in process of renovation. She sends long cables describing to the last fraction of a detail how she wants her curtains hung. She sighs, "Those lucky contractors. They can walk up my beautiful staircase, and I can't." To no picture has she looked forward with greater eagerness than to "Wuthering Heights," the next on her schedule. Yet, even "Wuthering Heights" has taken on something of the guise of a dragon, looming inexorably between herself and her house.

LONDON is also the home of Alexander Korda. What Korda means to Merle can only be guessed at. Their friendship blossomed during the period of her last stay in London, during the period when so many things happened to her, when after her illness she made "The Divorce of Lady X" and "Over the Moon" for him. That, at least, is the supposition.

Hollywood, the world's best smeller-outer of romance existent and non-existent, suspected nothing till the slender Hungarian, with his sensitive face and great personal charm, arrived a couple of months ago, ostensibly on business only. He and Merle were constantly together, taking candid joy in each other's company. The air bristled with questions, which remain unanswered. The principals smile and keep their mouths shut, the curious continue to burst with curiosity, but the only conclusion safely to be drawn is that Korda and Miss Oberon are excellent friends, and that she's looking forward to making "Lady Hamilton" with him when she goes back to England.

Her extravagances are jewels and fur coats. She loathes imitations and will wear only genuine stones, contending, reasonably enough, that they're not really an extravagance at all, but a canny investment. She offers no such alibi in vindication of her passion for fur coats. "I love them," she admits, "for themselves."

Otherwise, her interest in clothes is that of any woman. She doesn't go in for fripperies and, in Hollywood, at any rate, follows the fashion of informality. "Dress up and be glamorous, Merle," begged a publicity woman who was bringing an important newspaper representative to call on her. Merle appeared in a dirndl, looking all of twelve. The newspaper man, needless to say, was enchanted. When she does dress up at night in something slinky, she is not immediately recognizable to her friends. "Is it you or your aunt?" they'll inquire sarcastically.

She's a cinch for puppies and babies. She pines to adopt every stray she meets up with, and compromises by feeding them



We'd risk breaking a few of our own bones if we could look as cute as Mary Carlisle does on skis.

crackers and milk, and sending them off by private car to The Tailwaggers. She owns two noble Dalmatians. Unable to take them to England because of the quarantine laws, she was forced to leave them behind in kennels. En route to Hollywood, she drove her traveling companion crazy. "Do you think they'll know me? If they don't know me, I'm going to turn around and go right back home."

Not only did they know her. By some sixth sense they'd got wind of her coming, broken loose from the kennels, torn madly down the Santa Monica beach and leaped her own gate in time to welcome her home.

One of her favorite babies is Katharine Thalberg. "Likewise the other way round," as the grip put it. They call on each other, they tell each other stories, they admire each other's clothes.

Katharine's mother came in one day to find them both crosslegged on the floor, identical blue ribbons, supplied by Merle, holding their curls in place. Katharine was handing Merle colored beads from a bowl in her lap. Merle was stringing them and listening to a complicated tale of how Dopey had caught cold and couldn't find his handkerchief.

"Which of you two is the baby?" Norma asked.

Merle looked at Katharine, Katharine looked at Merle, and they both giggled.

Hollywood star **ANDREA LEEDS** in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Last Frontier." You can buy the dress in **SIMPLICITY** pattern 2978—at any Simplicity dealer.



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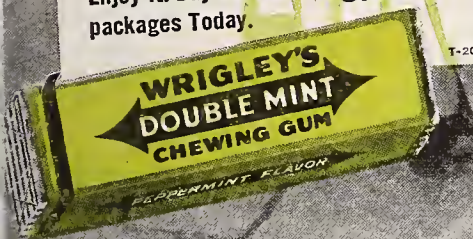
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DRESSING YOUR PART

(Continued from page 49)

very carefully the wardrobe selected for her supporting players. Many a time a star has gone into a temperamental fury and ordered all the rest of the cast to be dressed in light colors, because she has decided to look slim and snaky in black.

A very interesting and instructive situation develops whenever a picture is being made in which the star plays a poor working girl who triumphs over a lot of idle rich vultures. She must look more attractive, more ingratiating than they do, even though she is wearing cheap clothes.

That is fairly easy. Our heroine is put in a simple dark dress or suit, beautifully fitted, with a little white schoolgirl collar or a crisp lingerie blouse, and the idle rich are fairly smothered in lavish fabrics, drapery, intricate shirring. Their clothes may be very beautiful and within the realm of good taste, but, by contrast, she will be as refreshing as a hamburger after a round of parties that offer nothing more substantial than caviar and champagne. There is a lot to be said for girlish innocence in clothes, but I don't need to tell you. Just imagine how ridiculous even the hauntingly-lovely Hedy Lamarr would look if she broke into a broad grin and tried to hop into a rumble seat.

IF your clothes are going to help you be the star of your crowd, you are going to have to do some home work, as well as some careful shopping. Your clothes must first be suitable, then becoming, then smart, then different from what the girls around you are wearing. If that all sounds very difficult, just keep it in the back of your mind while you go to see some pictures. And suddenly you will discover that the clothes girls wear in pictures illustrate those very points.

When the scenario of a picture is finished it is sent to the wardrobe department, and, before the chief designer discusses her costumes with a star, he figures out what sort of girl she is playing, in what locale, what action is called for, and then what styles are best for her.

That is what you must do for yourself. But I am going to ask you to skip lightly right past the question, "What sort of girl am I?" and take up, "What do I want to be?" Maybe, struggle as you will against it, you are a blunt sort of person with a strong will, and you want to be willowy and poised and softly-appealing. Clothes can help you. First, choose fabrics that are soft and smooth, then choose lines that are curved rather than straight—a round neck rather than a V; a shirred bodice in preference to the shirtmaker type; a gathered or pleated skirt with graceful fullness rather than a plain gored one. Maybe you are a quiet, droll, inconspicuous sort, and you long to be more definite. Simple tailored lines, sharp color contrasts will give you a big lift.

Now—what is your setting? Do you fall out of bed, hurl your clothes on and dash off to early classes—either as pupil or teacher? Do you work in an office, travelling in buses or street cars? Do you go to market, have lunch with the youngsters home from school and then go to a bridge club? Whatever activities fill the major part of your day should dictate the choice of an outfit that will be the mainstay of your wardrobe.

If you are off to school, a casual sports outfit is a good choice. The lines of the costume Madeleine Carroll is wearing in the picture on page 49 will do wonders for the tall girl. The pleated skirt, the

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● According to old superstition, the sparkle in a diamond was said to be "the fire of love"—hence the diamond was thought to keep love undimmed.

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New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO

almost wrist-length jacket, require height to carry them gracefully. The extreme simplicity of this outfit matches the serenity and directness of her temperament. Madeleine is an anti-gadget girl. And, because she is essentially a soft and luxurious sort of person, the fabric is a soft flannel.

Madeleine Carroll wears this costume in "Café Society." Simple and unadorned as it is, you will find that it helps her to stand out in the scenes where she wears it.

For the girl who is brisk and active and energetic, take a look at the herring-bone tweed three-piece suit that Rosella Towne wears in "Adventures of Jane Arden." Closely-fitted, slim as a reed, here is a suit that is wonderfully practical as well as smart. A girl could travel in it by air, by train, by subway—and arrive at her destination immaculately well-groomed. Vivid-colored accessories should be worn with such a suit, if you are inclined to be neutral in coloring, but Rosella is such a vivid personality herself that she can wear black accessories without looking in the least dull or grim.

You will notice that the jacket is quite short and snug, while Madeleine Carroll's is boxy and longer. Which is the fashion? Both.

THE time is long since past when Paris dictated that jackets should be a certain style or length, and skirts pleated or plain, and women took it to heart. Hollywood has made it possible for women to wear whatever is most becoming to them and yet feel in the height of fashion. The two fashion centers borrow from each other, and it takes time. Paris coutourieres have their showings four times a year, as ever before, at which they introduce radical changes in fashion. Hollywood designers dress stars, not in the mode that was launched in Paris last week, but in whatever is most becoming, so that when the picture is shown six months or even a year later, players will look beautiful and chic, but not dated.

Sometimes months after a picture is made, a Paris designer will see it and copy a sleeve or a hat or the drapery of an evening gown. Sometimes a Hollywood designer will read in a cable from Paris that huge jewelled trimming is being used, and decide it is a refreshing change for glamor girls to have jewels on their dresses instead of their wrists.

This division of authority is all to the good for you and me. We don't feel out of date every time some new Paris whimsy comes along.

We can observe what the fashion creators in both places are up to, and select what will pep us up most. In both places designers are clinging to exaggerated shoulders. They are not only built out, but up—the better to make hips look wonderfully slim. Hats perch forward and have something to give them height, an upturned brim or trimming that points to the sky. Clothes are more colorful, and instead of having all your accessories match, it is a new idea to have them in two colors. For instance, hat, handbag, and shoes may be blue, gloves and belt or scarf a purplish tone. Browns and yellows can be mixed equally well.

At Palm Springs and in the Southern states that are already sunny and warm, a fashion has been introduced that will probably sweep the country. You may want to be the first of your crowd to take it up—and the first to drop it as soon as it ceases to set you apart. This new mode is to match some of your accessories to your lipstick, some to your eye shadow, and some to your face powder. With white or black dresses, beige or gray suits, it is most effective. Match your stockings and your handkerchiefs to the shade of your face powder; get hat, gloves, and maybe

shoes to match your eye shadow; then carry a handbag that matches your lipstick.

One girl in Hollywood whose cleverness and smartness far exceeds her clothes budget could not afford a lot of new accessories, but she achieved the same colorful effect by using ribbons in the three colors as a belt on a white sports dress. And chiffon handkerchiefs knotted together as a girdle on a chiffon evening dress.

But before I put you up to any such tricks as that, let me ask if you have one absolute knockout siren dress in your wardrobe. Every girl ought to have one for the sake of her morale, and for the sake of that big moment that may be just ahead for her. And she should never—let me repeat it, never—add a gadget to a dress like that. A siren dress may have one lavish spot of trimming, like the heavily-jeweled bib on the dress Hedy Lamarr is wearing on page 49, but with such a dress there must be no hair ornaments, no bracelets to distract from its svelte simplicity.

And now that that fatal word svelte has crept in, let me ask if you plan your clothes from the skin out, or just put them on over whatever you are accustomed to wearing. If your clothes do not fit smoothly, without ever a budge or a ripple, you are not taking advantage of all the wardrobe helps that are right at hand. Available in shops all over the country at very moderate prices are the sort of underwear and girdles that cling to the streamlined figures of the stars. Maybe you love satin and lace, ruffles and monograms, embroidery and frills. You can have them in nightgowns and negligees. When it comes to underwear, the simpler the better.

"The simpler, the better" is a good slogan for you to adopt every time you go shopping, particularly if your budget is very limited. Classic pumps or sandals with medium heels are appropriate to wear with all outfits except evening dresses. Get those first, and then add all the giddy open-work toes for evening, wedge-heeled flats for sports clothes, and spike-heeled pumps to wear with afternoon dresses as you can afford them. Plan your wardrobe around certain basic colors, so that one set of accessories can do multiple duty. And don't forget to observe what your friends are up to in the way of dress innovations, so that you can do something quite different.

IF you just notice the general effect of what women are wearing, and don't remember details—as many women don't—here is a very pleasant way to train your fashion eye. Take a copy of MODERN SCREEN and turn to the candid camera shots of Hollywood parties. Who stands out in each picture, and why?

I have just been looking at an issue several months old, and I find that Joan Bennett and Barbara Stanwyck were consistent standouts at huge gatherings where practically all of Hollywood was on dress parade. All the other women present at the party where Joan took the sartorial honors were practically submerged in ruffles and lace, flowers and jewelry, bouffant skirts or puffed sleeves. Joan's dress had a very low-cut V bodice, fitted smooth as could be, and there wasn't a particle of trimming to distract from the sophisticated elegance of her dress. At the party where Barbara shone, the other women wore low-cut, sleeveless dresses, and looked very worldly. Barbara wore a frosty-white jacket over her dark dress and looked very much like a little girl at her first party.

Next month I will tell you about some exciting new Spring fashions—some new motion pictures that should be a required course for the girl who wants to dress effectively—and do you want me to tell you how certain stars go about planning their wardrobes? Which one would you like to hear about first?

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

(Continued from page 15)

or something that might have been happening in our very own home.

Alan Mowbray, I am sure that all your fans salute you for the superbly comic performance you gave in "There Goes My Heart." We want more pictures with you in them.—Blanche Grossman, New York City.

\$1.00 Prize Poem

Ann Sheridan

Ann—so gay and blithesome,
Bright and debonair,
Willowy and lithesome,
Radiantly fair.

Though your role be tragic,
Though your role be gay,
There is always magic,
In whatever part you play.

In the days of flapper girls,
I thought my visioned dream
Was just a glimpse of Clara Bow,
As brought upon the screen.

A scene with Lombard held some zest,
Grand was a part with Dunne;
But tops for me o'er all the rest,
Is Annie—ten to one.

Crawford, Colbert, Garbo too,
All held me in their day,
And certainly I can't omit
That buxom gal called Mae.

But now those lovely creatures,
Have lost for me their thrall
For you combine the features,
And glamor of them all.

—Mrs. Marylin Boiski, Milwaukee, Wis.

\$1.00 Prize Letter

"Men with Wings"

Give us more pictures like "Men With Wings." It will remain in my memory as one of the finest pictures ever made. This mighty air drama was a perfect blend of comedy, romance and action. When one's throat tensed, one's eyes went out of focus, then a bit of comedy intervened and eased the pain of sadness.

I believe people like to be touched by a good film. When the actors move one to the point where the eyes blur and the throat tightens, they are good. The story was true and plausible—the kind we need more of. All in all my hat is off to the director and the entire cast of "Men With Wings" for their sparkling contribution to America's list of truly great pictures!—Jack Rohrer, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

DEANNA DURBIN TALKS—

FOR GIRLS ONLY!

in

April MODERN SCREEN

*Ida Lupino and Warren William in a Columbia production based on the exploits of "THE LONE WOLF".



"Romance is sweeter
when **HANDS**
feel soft," says

Ida Lupino
(Lovely
Hollywood Star)

Hand Skin, ill-supplied with Moisture, suffers from "Winter Dryness"

"HOLLYWOOD HANDS", girls call them—the soft hands whose touch is delightful! Even busy girls can have them! Skin moisture-glands are less active in winter; water, wind and cold tend to dry out your hands. Then's when roughness and chapping threaten. But Jergens Lotion supplements the insufficient natural

moisture; helps do beautifying and softening work for your hand skin. Doctors have experience. To soften and smooth rough skin many physicians use 2 fine ingredients you have in Jergens Lotion. Regular use prevents chapping. Never sticky! Get Jergens today. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00.

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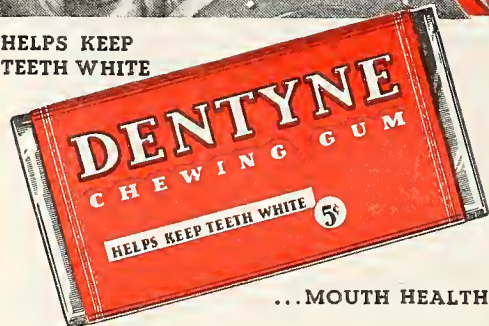
City _____ State _____

Warrior Queen wins with smile!

Roman soldiers feared her—but admired her beautiful smile. Her teeth were kept sound and sparkling by exercise on rough, chewy foods. We moderns eat soft foods that fail to give our teeth enough healthful exercise.



HELPS KEEP
TEETH WHITE



...MOUTH HEALTHY

YOUR TEETH NEED DENTYNE!

Dentyne, the "chewier" gum, gives your mouth and teeth the invigorating exercise they need. Stimulates healthy circulation of the blood in gums and teeth-roots—and increases the flow of cleansing saliva. Helps keep your teeth cleaner, healthier, more lustrous white.

FOR SHEER PLEASURE, TASTE THAT FLAVOR!

You'll find it a delight as well as a sensible health habit to chew Dentyne daily—its spicy flavor is so delicious, so *lastingly* good! The flat package (exclusive Dentyne feature) slides neatly into your pocket or purse—a treat always in reach.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

THAT GUY GABLE

(Continued from page 50)

mistake about what Clark said. I caught a glimpse of a hitherto only partially-revealed facet of Clark Gable.

For however much a man may disparage his own fame, he can seldom stand by with equanimity and see that fame challenged by another, younger man. So he really is, I thought, totally devoid of professional jealousy. Never before has he been face to face with any serious rivalry.

For Bob Taylor is Clark's greatest "menace." Unless statutes have changed, Shirley Temple is No. 1 Box Office star, Astaire and Rogers, as a team, come second. Clark comes third. Taylor, fourth. Which means that Gable ranks first among the men, Taylor second. A precarious position for both. Taylor is the first young man to rise from the ranks and challenge the supremacy of Gable.

CLARK, then, by all the tenets of trouping should fear Bob, resent him, endeavor to continue to top him and out-rival him. Yet Gable used his own interview time to talk about Taylor. He talked of the sportsmanship and regular-fellowness of Taylor.

He even worries about the boy's career. He doesn't know that he is getting the right kind of parts. Bob is, Clark declared, more than good looking. He's got a head on his shoulders and a brain in that head. "And he deserves a lot more credit," Clark said, "for not losing his head than I ever did. I had to work long and hard before I got the breaks. He didn't. He just got a break and there he was, up tops. He's kept his head level like the sound sport he is.

"I'd like to see Bob play the kind of parts I've had. What he needs is to get all mussed up, get grease on his face and in his hair. He should be allowed to scrape off the make-up and go to town as he is. I'd like to play in a picture with him. I've been to the front office and suggested that they star us together in some kind of a story where we could play brothers. It's a question, however, of finding a story."

"But they'll kill him," Clark was saying, "if they keep on stressing his looks, the romantic stuff to the exclusion of all else. Taylor isn't like that. He's got what it takes. Even without that pan, he'd be good. He can go on forever if they give him the stuff that endures."

"No professional jealousy at all," I remarked, as a statement of fact.

"Not a molecule," grinned Clark. "The more men there are on the lot, the better I like it. When I first came here, there were only Bob Montgomery and me to carry most of the male roles. Kept us hopping like overworked mosquitos. It was awful. Now there are five men to distribute parts among—Montgomery, Spencer Tracy, Bill Powell, Taylor and me. The more the work is divided up the more time I have to myself."

I made another statement of fact. "Not interested in fame," I said. "Not even now. No desire to hog the limelight."

Clark answered as I knew he would. Less interested in fame than ever, he said. The money's the thing. He never goes to previews or openings. He never reads his own reviews unless they pan him.

He said, "I don't have a good time tearing to night clubs and places. So why go in for it? I prefer dinner in my room, a good book, unless I can be with a few people I know and like, can have some fun playing backgammon, chatting, or singing

off key—I'm quite a master of the latter.

"The things that get under my skin," Clark continued, "are what are called the 'little things.' But they're the big things to me. They're the things I'll remember to tell my great-grandchildren when they say to me, 'Tell us, Grand-pop, what was it like to be a moom pitcher star in the olden days?'"

"I'll tell 'em about the fan mail. And about the letters I value now. And they are the letters from kids asking how I keep in physical condition. There is sense to those letters.

"There was the mother who named her son after me and wrote and told me why. I got a wallop right in the solar plexus out of that. That wasn't one of those transient things. That was for keeps. She named her son Clark Gable and she had to stay with it. She couldn't change his name to something else tomorrow. There was the tribute of the time element to that.

"There was the scene in one of my pictures which brought a divorced couple together. That was really something. That actually knitted something that was broken.

"There was the dear old lady, half blind, who knitted me a cap to wear while making up. She took her time and money to do that for me. She didn't want anything in return, not even an autograph. There was the chap who sent me the gold latch key so that I could distinguish it from other keys in the dark. There was thoughtfulness in that.

THEY don't ask anything in return, the folks who do this sort of thing. They put it on the premise that I happen to give them entertainment, lighten the load a bit. And these are the things I appreciate. These are the kind of things," Clark said, "that make up the business of living. You can't eat fan mail. You can't sleep in the box office or on an electric light sign. You live with comfortable things like latch keys and fellows who give you a hand when you're in a jam.

"I'm a putterer at heart, I guess. I like to monkey around with things. I spend more time fussing over my horse's feed than feeding myself. That horse gets a lot more care than I do. The other day my groom told me he ought to have a mixture of alfalfa and molasses. I spent two days going to every feed store and stable for miles around trying to find sacks of the stuff. I kept at it until I got 'em, too.

"I get a kick out of figuring out the proper size for a duck blind for two men. Every time I get a chance that's where I go—duck hunting this side of Oxnard.

"I like to tinker with my car. I spend more time taking it apart and putting it together again than I do riding in it. I'm a practical mechanic, too, if I do say so. Monkeying about with cars entertains and amuses me as no Troc'ing could do. Joe Mozetti, the mechanic, and I figure that we may build us a car of new style entirely. Car manufacturers better look out. There may be a new Gable V-48 on the market yet!

"The part of picture making I like best is the location trips. I like to mix with the boys on the crew and meet all kinds of out-of-the-run people and there's always a chance to fool around with machinery, cars on the bum or something."

The director called Clark to the set. And I was left marvelling at the "little things" which make so big a man.

INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 11)

after that. She has been in and out of movies since 1934. Florence has traveled all over Europe and America and numbers many distinguished personages among her friends. She is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred eight pounds, has blue eyes and light brown hair. Her last picture was "Sweethearts." Her next will be "Stand Up And Fight" with Robert Taylor. Address: M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Mrs. M. Ryffel, St. Louis, Mo. We were glad to again explain the way our barometer works. The figures that appear under each star's name represent the total number of votes that star has received during the last six months. Each month when the new figures are added, the figures for seven months ago must be subtracted to leave the correct six months' total. That is why the results appear to fluctuate crazily at times. Is that clear now? Thanks for your inquiry.

Gilbert Inafortu, Hilo, Hawaii. Wendy Barrie was born in Hong Kong, China of British parents on April 18, 1913. Her real name is Wendy Jenkins, and she has red gold hair and green eyes. Wendy is five feet four inches tall, weighs one hundred ten pounds. You may reach her in care of Columbia Pictures, Hollywood, Cal. Her last picture was "I Am The Law."

Alexander Jaffee, San Francisco, Cal. Lionel Stander is a New Yorker and proud of it. He was born in that city. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred sixty pounds, has brown eyes and hair. His last picture was "The Crowd Roars." His next will be "Ice Follies." Address him in care of M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Phyllis Larson, Onida, So. Dak. Florence George was born in Dayton, Ohio, the daughter of Florence and George Guthrie. Her mother was a singer, her father is a building contractor. Florence studied music at Wittenberg College, Springfield, Ohio and at the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago. She sang with the Chicago Civic Opera, and appeared on many radio programs before entering the movies. She has blue eyes, blonde hair, stands five feet four and a half inches tall, and weighs 115 pounds.

Marjorie Mewhan, Coventry, England. Henry Fonda was born at Grand Island, Nebraska, May 16, 1908. He is six feet one inch tall, weighs one hundred seventy pounds. He has black hair and blue eyes. Fonda is a graduate of the University of Minnesota and is married to Frances Brokaw, a society girl. His last two pictures were "The Mad Miss Manton" and "Jesse James." Address him at United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Morris, Scranton, Penna. Frankie Thomas played the first mayor of "Boys Town." Address him in care of M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal. Always enclose twenty-five cents when requesting any player's picture. Photographs must be obtained from the player or his studio. MODERN SCREEN has no facilities for distributing pictures. This is in answer to hundreds of similar inquiries.

Helen Biernat, Cheektowasop, N. Y. Robert Wilcox was born in Rochester, N. Y. May 19, 1910. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred sixty pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. He is a graduate of the University of Southern California, started his stage career in Buffalo, N. Y. and went from there to Hollywood. His next picture will be "Gambling Ship." He is with Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Beverly Peterson, Pennington, N. J. Billy Lee was born September 12, 1930 in Nelson, Ind. He has dark brown hair and eyes, weighs about forty pounds and is three feet five inches tall. His father is Pete Schlanser, a baseball player. Write Billy Lee in care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal. His last picture was "Say It In French."

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CAGEY CARY

(Continued from page 29)

rot, but I've done that, too. So long as the discussion remains general and some scribe and I just drizzle around on a hypothetical question, I'll play ball.

"But when something important is going on in my own life—a private, personal thing—I see no reason why I shouldn't get a little tough about it and fight to keep something to myself. Whatever I say will be held against me, that I know. The press will have no consideration for me, that I know, too. Maybe that's the way it should be, and maybe it isn't. If I get myself into a spot where the columnists can enjoy a juicy Roman holiday at my expense, maybe I'm better off than if no columnist cared whether I lived or died. But I happen to have a disinclination for getting into such a spot.

"Look at John Barrymore, now. If ever a man was a prince to reporters, he's it. Crazy, mad, if you like, but always colorful, always interesting. Why, he has crawled out of bed with stupendous hangovers to talk with reporters, has given as much time as they wanted, never pulled his statements. They always got swell copy out of Jack. But when he got in a spot, did any of them show him the slightest consideration? No."

HE hunched his six-foot-odd over to a low table and poured himself another cup of tea. Yes, a cup of tea. A vestigial remainder of his British raising, no doubt. "It has almost as much bucking-up effect as Scotch and soda," he said, "and doesn't rise up and bite you afterwards. How in the dickens did we ever get wound up in this depressing topic, anyway? I didn't mean to sit here and crab for the duration of the interview. Let's talk about something pleasant."

"All right, but you're not going to put me off my track completely," I said. "However, to change the subject temporarily, I did want to ask you if you remember C. J.?" I mentioned the name of a gent I know, who had known Cary Grant some years ago, when he was Archie Leech, and not the least bit famous. This man had told me how Archie and several other fellows lived in Bohemian bachelor-glory in a dump on Barrow Street in Greenwich Village. Bert Lytell had furnished the apartment. He was the only halfway prosperous one of the group.

There was Archie and an impoverished newspaper man and Don Dickerman, who later ran a Village night club. When one got a cheque, he bought a supply of canned goods, some alcohol to make bathtub gin, and paid the collective laundry bill so that everybody could have a clean shirt. They all lived handsomely until the cash was gone. Then somebody else would get a cheque, or an honest tradesman was fast-talked into extending credit. The Lord, it seemed, always provided.

"Old C. J.!" whooped Cary in answer to my query, and so spontaneously that I knew he really did remember and wasn't just being polite. "I should say I do. Where is he? What's he doing now?"

"Oh, he's all married and settled down and has two kids," I said.

"You don't mean it. He was hardly the marrying kind."

"Yeah, I've heard some tasty tales about those Barrow Street days, Mr. Grant. I've been told that the parade of belles who drifted in and out of those untidy rooms would have made the great Ziegfeld look like a poor picker."



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Cary grinned and for the first time looked matey and friendly and lost that on-the-defensive, formal look.

"You know," he said, "that apartment got to be taken for a sort of night club, I think. A bunch of kids would get in a taxi uptown and tell the driver, 'Oh, it's down on Barrow Street somewhere. We'll tell you when we get there. What's the name of the place?' That's what one would ask the other. We really thought of putting up a sign and having a small cover charge. Gosh, did we have fun! Nobody ever got any sleep. The phone rang all day and all night. I guess only extreme youth could have stood the pace we went. And C. J. married and settled down? Well, maybe he's to be envied."

EDGING cautiously back to my theme, I answered that this former acquaintance of Grant's dizzier days was, in a sense, to be envied, for I knew that he had caught the knack of playing a truth game with his wife and it had worked beautifully. They were known the country round as a gay and congenial pair. Did Mr. Grant think that a guy should and could, with success, be absolutely truthful with a gal?

"Oh, here we go again, boys!" he said, but with a smile. "Well, I'll tell you . . . I think people make too much fuss about being on the level and straight-from-the-shoulder and all that. I mean, as soon as love enters the picture, so many are apt to take themselves sternly by the ear and say, 'Now, this here is serious! This is love!' And they lean over backwards about confessing all past romantic experiences and expect the other party to do the same, instead of acting as one would with a good friend—being kind of casual and easy and not burdening the friend with heavy confidences to weigh down his loyalty and

liking and not seeking too deeply into the friend's confidence.

"I think that sincerity and loyalty—and love, too—prove themselves in time. And—since you ask me—I don't think that a man can be brutally frank with a woman. Not to most women, anyway. I don't hold with spinning up a tissue of lies to whisper into a shell-like ear, but I do feel that a little sugar-coating is not only nice, but necessary. Heck, I shouldn't want a girl to be too grimly frank with me. Why shouldn't I respect her feelings—her vanity, if you like?—to an equal degree? I shouldn't want a girl to be too loving with me. As I say, I like the light touch. To be swaddled in attention would make me feel like a mummy. To have the outward manifestations of love served up to me three times a day at meals would drive me nuts. I'd want to know that the basic business was there, all right, but I'd run a mile if it crowded me. And I shouldn't want to be expected to put on the balcony scene from 'Romeo' constantly myself, either."

Perhaps, for these reasons, Cary bides his time. For these reasons, plus the usual Hollywood hazards: (a) a first marriage, which began with a publicity-bedecked honeymoon and ended in a publicity-spattered divorce; (b) the battle any Hollywood marriage must put on with the gossip mongers which must make it difficult for even the most devoted couples to keep their perspective; (c) the women, who, in spite of the most exemplary behavior on Cary's part, would throw themselves at his head unless Phyllis kept him under lock and key; and (d) the men who, in spite of the most exemplary behavior on Phyllis' part, would be drawn by her golden beauty unless Cary put her in a safe and kept her there.

"I would want to be sure, the next time," he said. "And right now—well, we can't be sure for numerous personal considerations. We've each got a great deal of family business to settle. We've had grand times together, are still having grand times, and will probably continue to do so. She's a marvelous companion. When, as, and if we do take that step, it will be without any of the fuss or the fixings. This is okay with Phyl. I'm not of a nature to say—now, on April the Umph, at three o'clock in the afternoon, I will get myself married."

AND all the blither and bother and your friends getting drunk and crawling into the church on their hands and knees—ugh! No wonder so many marriages get off on the wrong foot. And now, madam, that's the last word I'm going to say about love, marriage, women, and divorce. It's not a bit of good, your trying any interviewer's tricks on me. I'm an old hand at this game."

Just to show that my heart is in the right place, I switched the subject abruptly and asked him if he'd had a nice time on the journey to England and during his stay in New York. He was stopping in Bert Taylor's apartment—the same Bert Taylor who is brother to the Countess di Frasso, party-thrasher extraordinary. Under the Taylor wing, Miss Brooks' dates with Mr. Grant had been chaperoned and much café society had been graced by the handsome pair. This, he said, he found quite boring. The shows, now—he had enjoyed some of them immensely. But he was really homesick for Hollywood.

"You have no sneaking urges to do a play on the stage, before real people?" I asked.

"No. I wasn't on the stage long enough, you know, for the virus to enter my blood."

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You would, Dot— if you were as dainty!

Here's what Jean does every day—

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LUX TAKES AWAY ODOR—KEEPS UNDIES NEW-LOOKING LONGER, TOO. BUY THE THRIFTY BIG BOX!

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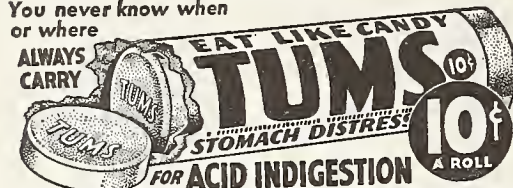
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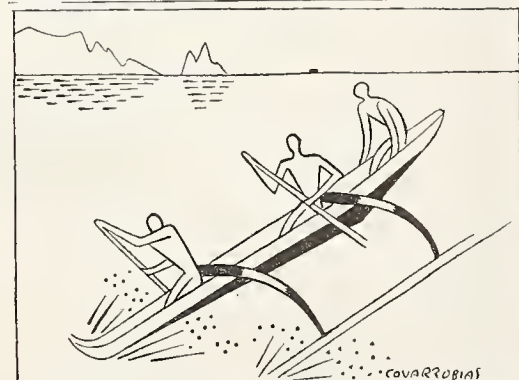
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My brief experience taught me how to walk around without bumping into things and how to smoke a cigarette in a play without looking as if it were the first puff I'd ever taken and—oh, mechanical things like that. But give me pictures, any day, in preference to the legitimate theatre.

"If I've sounded like an old sourpuss up to now, talking about the terrible time us actors have, you're about to see me do a lightning change to the role of Cary, the Pollyanna Boy in Cinemaland. I am crazy about working in pictures. I think pictures are getting better all the time. I think there are more good pictures than there are good plays, in proportion to the number of each produced. When I'm working in a good, meaty role, I get up in the morning simply busting out at the seams with eagerness to get to work. I don't care if they do shoot pictures piece-meal, and start at the end and then go to the beginning and then have a whack at the middle. This is what stage folks complain about. It doesn't bother me at all.

OF course, I'm sitting in a very pretty spot right now, as far as work is concerned. It's no wonder I'm all full of sweetness and light about the picture business. I'm not bound down with any iron contract. And I am allowed to have some say-so about the pictures I'll play in. Not all the say-so. I wouldn't want that, for I don't think any actor is capable of being the sole judge of what he can and cannot do. But no man on earth can shove me into a cut-rate opus, just because I happen to be handy and he has to fill out his production quota. And I can say, 'No, I don't want to do another screwy comedy right now and would you show me something else, please.' Yep—it's swell. I had to put up a fight. But I had waited for a long while and had been a good boy and taken whatever assignments were handed me and I began to wonder whither is Grant drifting?

"It isn't, mind you, that I entertained any delusions of grandeur about my artistic ability. I want to do a good job in each picture and all that—sure. But I *do* think of it as my job rather than my art. And the way things were going, I had a nice mental picture of Grant sitting out on the ash heap while passers-by murmured 'Oh, yes, he used to be in pictures.'

"I'm daffy about working in pictures and, having sense enough to know on which side my bread is buttered, I realized that if my most recent picture was poor, Mr. and Mrs. America would soon be saying, 'Oh, let's not go and see him. Charlie McCarthy is at the Bijou. Let's go there.' So I got sort of cagey and sort of tough and put over a good deal for Grant, Incorporated, which I hope will keep me playing around in pictures until I'm an old, old man and have to be brought onto the set in a wheel chair."

"Do you suppose that, by that time, nosey people like me will have ceased to ask you if there's any truth to this rumor about a romance between you and Susie What'sthis?" I asked.

"What say?" asked Mr. Grant, cupping a hand to his ear. "I'm a leetle mite hard of hearing. Oh, the title of my next picture, did you say? Well, of course, the title will undoubtedly be changed, but it's a romantic comedy about . . ."

"Oh, I can get all that stuff from the publicity department," said I, gathering up bag and gloves and starting to wriggle out of one of the Taylor antiques.

"There, that's gratitude," said Cary. "I try to hand you a real scoop, and you won't listen."

"That's all right about the scoop," I said. "Just don't go and make a liar out of me before the March issue."

"I'll do my level best," said Cary.

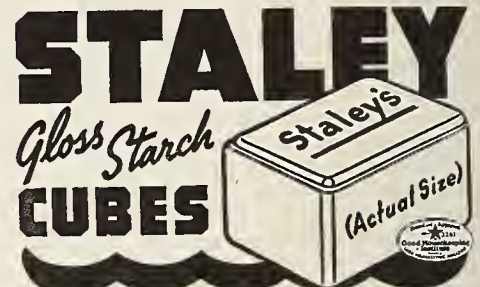
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THOSE MARRIED CAREER GIRLS!

(Continued from page 35)

and the house tidy? I wouldn't blame her for saying, 'Yeh, you try pounding a typewriter all day and then standing over an ironing board half the night and see how you like your own advice!'

NEVERTHELESS, she conceded, there were many things a working wife could do or avoid doing that have nothing to do with material possessions or the state of the family pocketbook. Things that involved only an expenditure of time, tact, and effort and didn't cost a red cent. Things that, in turn, proved as effective for a \$20 a week stenographer as for a \$2000 a week movie star. The secrets she had discovered for that sort of thing she was more than willing to share.

"Divorce court judges, sociologists and research scientists in human relations tell us the employed wife is proving an alarming threat to the stability of American marriage even if she has helped to put it on its financial feet and raise the general standard of living," Myrna said. "They are right to a certain extent. The whole idea of the woman carrying part of the financial load of a marriage is so new comparatively, that we've had no time to adjust ourselves. We've had no time to work out the fine points in the new relationship between man and wife.

"But I cannot help feeling it is the little things she does or forgets to do that are responsible for a large part of the trouble and misunderstanding that oftentimes arises between a man and his working wife. Things that rob him of that feeling of

inherent authority and command that has been his by right since the days of the caveman. Things that tend to make it obvious that he no longer is the lord and master of his household."

That feeling is important to a man. Let him keep it, Myrna counselled. And if the wife happens to be holding the more important job of the two, or by a lucky break, earning more money than he, work to make him keep it! That is her real job if she wants a happy home.

"The pity is, so many of these important little things really are too easy to do or to avoid, so we go stumbling blindly along, wrapped up in our own little world, giving hurt and offense where none is intended. Men are so much more sensitive than women credit—and so very unselfish about hiding their wounded feelings," Myrna explained.

When you come right down to it, it really is no trick at all to preserve a man's independence and sense of superiority, she went on. The cardinal rule to learn is: never belittle the importance of anything he says or does. Show him by word and action that you depend a great deal upon his sage guidance and help. Do him the courtesy of consulting him on all but the most trivial matters that affect you, your work, and your home and abide by his decisions when possible in all major matters. After all, smart women long ago learned the parlor feat of making their wishes appear to be men's. Sincerely interest yourself in the workings of his business and share his enthusiasms

for it and his new ideas. Encourage him to talk about it when you are together, and listen attentively when he does talk.

"And I mean listen!" Myrna said. "Don't give him one of those 'uh-huh' routines with half your mind while the other half is racing ahead with some little problem of your own, like the letters you must get out tomorrow or what was the matter with the day's sales, or how to play a certain scene that's coming up. That is worse than saying, 'I am too busy right now, tell me about it some other time.' In other words, use the Golden Rule.

AND above all, do not interrupt something he may be telling you with, "Darling, the funniest thing happened at the office (or the studio or the store) today. Just when I was getting ready to . . ." That makes a man want to say, "the heck with it," or take to the tall timber.

Money is a touchy subject when a wife is working and it takes a level head, hand, and tongue on her part to handle the situation with necessary tact and keep the sea of marriage calm. Unless you have a specifically different agreement, expect part of your earnings to be used for common expenses. That is only fair since perforce you are neglecting some of your natural duties as a housewife. Never discuss or compare your mutual earning capacities in front of friends.

Men may vow they have no objection to their wives working but deep down in their hearts, Myrna said, they are averse



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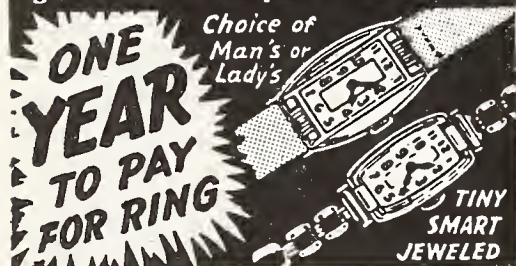
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to it and hate admitting their concession to a modern trend. Further, if you are equally capable of handling the family funds, let him attend to all money matters as the business head of your marriage firm. He has custom on his side, and that's a powerful ally.

"Avoid as the plague those five little words women can't seem to resist," Myrna suggested. "Those words are, 'Why not? It's my money!'" They have wrecked more marriages of working wives than all other factors put together!"

ON the face of it, it may seem unfair but a working wife cannot afford to let down in the evening at home, tired as she may be from a hard day's work, Myrna contended. A man expects the same bright company from her as from the little woman who does nothing but run his home and that's all there is to it. Let her hesitate to join him willingly in normal social activities, or seek relaxation in solitude, and she is apt to find her husband starting the "I'm going to the club" habit and, from there, possibly to the company of other women. In that event she has no one but herself to blame. And so her tip on this is: Be good company for him if it all but kills you. The happiness dividends are worth it. In one way, the penalty is not so unfair as it may appear, Myrna admitted.



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"I think statistics will prove that most wives are working today because they want to, not have to," she said. "Usually, it is because they are not satisfied to live within the earning capacity of their husbands. They want a finer house, more clothes, or a newer car. That being so, they must be prepared to pay the price of that ambition. They cannot expect a husband to be satisfied with a glorified housekeeper."

THE wife who must work is entitled to extra marital consideration, of course, Myrna amended, and in fairness to the husbands of such women, they usually receive it in full measure. That is another story.

Whenever possible, it is a smart move for the working wife to breakfast with her husband. It starts the day off right, makes the home life seem more normal. It is smarter still, Myrna said, if the wife can squeeze the time and make the effort to preside at the breakfast table clad in a fussy something eminently feminine and alluring.

"That little effort gives the husband the right kind of a mental picture to carry with him during the day," she said. "Incidentally, that thought holds good for clothes in general. It is so easy for a busy business wife to let her workaday wardrobe become her personal one. And so disastrous! The severely tailored outfit is fine for the office but it is a flop at home, particularly when the husband is seeing tailored women all around him all day at his own office. Soft silk and curves can and do work wonders around a hearth and a wise woman doesn't forget it."

If you are lucky enough to have a jewel of a husband who offers to help with

the housework now and then, don't ever criticize his methods when he pitches in to give you a hand! Emulate the three wise monkeys, Myrna advised, by hearing nothing, seeing nothing, and saying nothing when he tucks a little excess dust under that throw-rug in the far corner of the room, or washes the dishes, glassware, and frying pans higgeldy-piggeldy under the tap instead of in proper order in a pan of steaming suds. Carp or nag, and you're apt to lose the help—and the man! Then where are you?

Take the time and make the effort to do little things for his especial pleasure, Myrna advocated.

"For instance, I know a busy wife whose husband likes to stop on his way to the garage in the morning and pick a cornflower for his buttonhole," she said. "The wife has no time to do the gardening herself but she sees to it the gardener keeps a small bed of the flowers blooming by the garage door as long as they are in season. That bed is more important to her than the blossoming of the garden's rare roses which are her hobby. And when the flowers are out of season for outdoor gardens, she strives to keep a bowl of the hot-house variety on the breakfast table."

Or, for instance, I might add the way Myrna devotes many of her free afternoons to replenishing Arthur's supply of fine handkerchiefs or prowling through a certain little Italian store in the commercial district of the city, far from her home, in search of special foreign delicacies he enjoys like creamy goats' milk cheese and spicy salamis. Or the way she carefully plans all the menus for the household, whether she is working at the studio, or not, to insure the kind of a

meal her husband likes. Or the way she will stop on the way home to choose personally the boutonniere for his lapel when they are dressing formally.

"The smart working wife, no matter how busy, always can (1) find time to pamper her man, and (2) is willing to make the effort," Myrna stated. "To me, it is one of the basic essentials for a happy marriage."

From time immemorial, the right of dictating the way his leisure time on holidays, Sundays and vacations shall be spent has belonged to the husband, Myrna continued. Therefore, it is not smart to presume to encroach on that right just because you suddenly find they constitute your only leisure hours, too. If he wants to play golf with his buddies instead of you, let him do it. And cheerfully. Not with one of those grudging, "Oh well, all right if you want to, but I thought . . ." assents. That is worse than a downright scene about it and spoils what little fun he might have had.

AND finally, Myrna said, watch out that you, the working wife, do not permit your circle of business friends to dominate your joint social life. It is an easy habit to slip into but it does not work out so well. For some reason, probably something to do with an infringement on their personal rights, men resent that keenly and it becomes an annoying source of friction. Oh yes, and one thing more. Don't bring the boss home to dinner! Myrna was quite definite about that.

"Since bars and barbershops have fallen to feminine invasion, bringing the boss home to dinner is the only masculine prerogative a man has left. Let him keep it!" she chuckled.

4 Quick Steps WITH THE NEW LINIT Complexion Mask

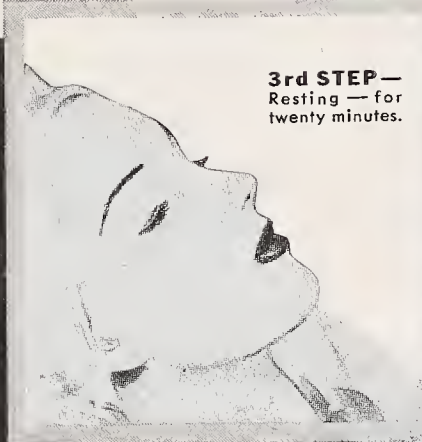
1st STEP—Mixing—takes 0 minute.



2nd STEP—Applying—takes a minute.



3rd STEP—Resting—for twenty minutes.



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Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Complexion Mask at home: 1—Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. 2—Apply it to the cleansed face and neck. 3—Relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. 4—Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

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VERY GOOD EDDIE

(Continued from page 16)

another of those things you see on a double feature bill. As a matter of fact, if they insist, I'll have to play it no matter what they do. But this play I'm in now, 'The Boys From Syracuse,' might run for two years, so—!"

Concerning Eddie Albert's current success, for it seems he's yet to appear in anything that's not the hit of the town—New York, we mean, it reminds us of a slight lamentation we overheard recently, while in California. Just after favorable reports began pouring into the studio concerning their new star, Mr. Albert, one of the Big Boys from the front was purported to shake his wise head and say:

"He's certainly good, but he'll be an awful problem to cast. Not much in the way of romantic parts that he'll fit." Well, just to make a fibber of the bigger and better variety out of said gent, Eddie no sooner opens in New York than first nighters found a new romantic interest in front of them. Little short of being the matinee idol this season, Eddie emerges the toast of the town. And, with the cream of the crop of leading thespians surrounding him, too. Imagine playing practically every scene with a Jimmy Savo! Well, that's just what Albert does, and shares all the honors to boot!

"You know," he began, with a smile spreading over his face, "I was never so thrilled as when I opened with 'The Boys From Syracuse.' Why, for days afterwards I went around grinning to myself like a kid at Christmas. I'd say, 'What the heck are you acting so silly about, Ed? You've opened on Broadway before!' Then I'd answer, 'But, I'm happy, old boy. I feel good, so why can't I grin my head off.' You've no idea how gratifying it is to be in a show with good, seasoned actors. It's darn stiff competition, but it's stimulating. It's hard work, but that's what I like. Why, when we close at night, I sit around with other actors and talk theatre and argue for hours. You know, that's how you learn. Hearing one person's idea of how a thing should be done often gives you a new slant."

Unsatisfied after many months of plugging on his part in the Broadway production of "The Boys From Syracuse," he still slaves away even though his notices were raves. A rough idea is his daily schedule. First of all he reads aloud for one hour. Then each time the clock goes around, singing and dancing lessons have their allotted time. All this in addition to giving six evening performances and two matinees a week.

Now you're probably thinking, as we, that he's a busy man, but you haven't heard all yet! Each week he reads two plays, one poor one and a classic. At the end of one year he'll have dusted off 104 scripts, thereby improving his judgment and acquiring a better feeling for interpreting the author's ideas.

Having seen Eddie successfully fill a romantic role we naturally wondered if this wouldn't be his future in films.

"Let them have their romantic parts," Albert emphatically stated. "There'll always be plenty of good-looking guys to do that sort of thing. Give me a good script and a part with meat in it, and I'll be completely satisfied. I'm not of the ham persuasion who has to get his profile down stage center, and, I'm not an admirer of those passe players who try to steal every scene, either. I'm interested in the story development and, if that's good, then Eddie's good!"



TIP
from a
WIFE



Do this to keep hands soft and smooth: "Every time I've had my hands in water, I use Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. It does more to keep my skin resilient, refreshed and soft than any other lotion. It keeps the nail cuticle from getting ragged and rough too." Use Frostilla yourself. Made with costlier ingredients, you can feel the difference. 35c, 50c, \$1.00 sizes in U. S. and Canada. Travel size in better 10c stores.



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IN PRIZE CONTESTS EACH YEAR
AND SOME OF IT CAN BE YOURS!

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

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HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED

(Continued from page 41)

the pages of a Noel Coward play, except that they're much more real and alive and vital than even Noel Coward could have created them.

Remember "Private Lives," the story of two people who fought like wildcats, but who couldn't be happy away from each other? That's Humphrey Bogart and Mayo Methot.

While I was talking to Humphrey, Mayo came into the Lakeside Country Club. A slim vital person with yellow hair and blue eyes, she gave the effect of sunlight dancing into a room—that's how alive she is. The blue bow which caught her hair on the left side seemed to dance, her eyes danced, and she sparkled like champagne.

"Humphrey and I have had perfectly grand arguments," she said. "People who don't know us well can't understand it—sometimes they'll find us scrapping away like mad, and they'll think all's over between us, and the next day we'll be sitting across the table from each other, as calm as we are right now."

"There are times when Bogey would like to kill me, and other times when I'd like to kill Bogey. One night, when his mother was present, we had a terrific discussion. We couldn't agree on anything. The next morning I called Bogey's mother and said, 'I shot Bogey this morning. The dismembered pieces of his body are in the bathroom. What does one do with a body?' She understood what I meant perfectly. From the other end of the telephone I could hear her laughing."

There must have been times, too, when even Humphrey's mother must have wondered what to do about her son, who was always in hot water. She understands him so well that she was never amazed at any woman's wish to kill him or, on the other hand, at the great adoration he arouses in women.

MANY years ago, before Humphrey married the auburn-haired darling of Broadway, Helen Menken, he met Mayo—and instantly they hated one another. It was a strange party at which they met—at that sophisticated club for New Yorkers—the Mayfair.

"The queerest party I ever went to in my life," Humphrey assured me. "The strange thing about the party was that nearly all the men and women present at it, no matter with whom they came, were carrying the torch for someone else."

"If everyone had turned around and faced someone else instead of the person with whom he came," Humphrey said, "everything would have been perfect. Then the people who loved one another would have been facing each other. And Mayo might have turned around and faced me, and all the long years in between, and all the mistakes we made might have been avoided."

But Mayo didn't turn around. Just catching a glimpse of Humphrey at that party was enough for her. Immediately, she was convinced that he was the most conceited, insufferable, arrogant person she had ever in her life met.

"Everyone dislikes me on sight," Humphrey explained. "There's something about my face which annoys most people—something about the cast of my head or the look in my eye which makes people think I'm conceited. At that, I guess I was a pretty arrogant person in those days. When people mentioned me, Mayo probably said, 'Why, that conceited, arrogant, stuck-up person.'"

"That's exactly what I said," said Mayo smiling, but with a faintly sad tinge to her smile, as though a lump were rising in her throat.

Humphrey also thought Mayo conceited. Certainly it was obvious that she would never want for masculine attention, that one. The men swarmed round her. No wonder she was so spoiled, he thought.

"We were like a couple of cats on a back fence," Humphrey explained. "I recognized in Mayo an equal opponent, one who gives no quarter and who asks none, and the hackles on the back of my neck went up in resentment."

Not long afterwards Humphrey married Helen Menken. It was the marriage of dynamite to dynamite. Both were very young. Humphrey at the time still retained his little boy quality of getting into difficulties, and many were the hot arguments between the two. The real cause of trouble between the two of them, however, was that both still had their careers to build and, caught up in the maelstrom of their careers, their marriage suffered.

"I don't like to talk about my previous

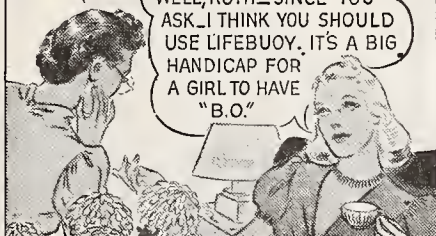
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SHE'D BE AN OLD MAID**



**...BUT SHE DISCOVERED
IN TIME WHY MEN
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marriages," Humphrey said, with a little wave of his hand. (His previous wives are Helen Menken and Mary Phillips, both very fine actresses.) "You see, they're both in the public eye, and they don't talk about me, so it wouldn't be fair for me to discuss them. Besides, they and their husbands are very good friends of mine.

"Long separations are mostly to blame for the failure of theatrical marriages. How can a marriage endure when for months at a time the wife is in New York and the husband in California, or vice versa? The only type of person who has the same problems as an actor is a traveling salesman. His marriage also is likely to suffer from too many temptations and too many separations—but even he doesn't have quite as many problems to face, for usually his wife is tied down at home by a lot of children, so only one member of the family—the man—does the traveling."

REALIZING the danger of long separations, Mayo Methot has decided that while she will continue to work in pictures, she will never accept any offers of jobs on the New York stage, no matter how tempting the offers may be.

"I do not believe in marriages that are too modern," Humphrey told me earnestly. "I did once, but time proved me wrong. Neither Mayo nor I plan ever to step out with anyone else. And if we go to a party and Mayo dances too many dances with someone else, these old bones will manage to get a little jealousy up, which is good. Why shouldn't I be jealous when I'm so crazy about Mayo? Do you remember the speech 'Rat' Butler makes in 'Gone With the Wind' when he tells Scarlett that he loved her once, but that he no longer loves her? 'I wish I could care what you do or where you go, but I can't,' he says. 'My



Whom does luscious Ann Sheridan remind you of? Jean Harlow, of course!

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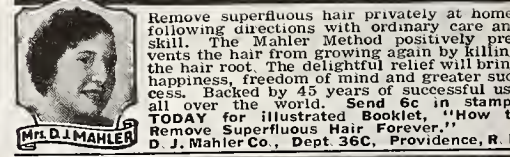
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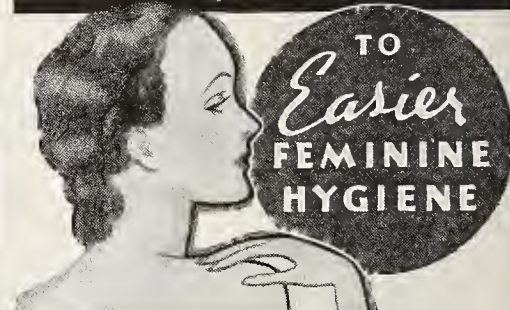


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dear, I don't give a damn.' When a man can no longer be angry or jealous, then a marriage has truly gone on the rocks. It is only the corpse of the marriage whose bones you hear rattling."

"When did you and Mayo decide that you really loved one another?" I asked.

Mayo and Humphrey looked at each other, and suddenly there was something in that room which sounded like the passing of enchanted wings. They were swung back in time and space, back to the time when they really began to know and love one another.

"I don't believe in fate exactly," Humphrey said, "and yet there is some system that must work to make a pattern of our lives. If a member of Mayo's party hadn't become ill at the Screen Actor's Ball, we might never have fallen in love."

Dressed in flaming red, Mayo had come to the party with a group of friends. Humphrey was with his own group. Then this certain person became ill, and her friends went home with her, thus giving Humphrey a chance to say to Mayo, "Why don't you stay anyway? I'll take you home later on."

And suddenly they were talking together, and Mayo was telling Humphrey how much she had hated him the first time she saw him, and he was telling her what a conceited, spoiled girl he had thought her. Neither of them meant to fall in love, but two people as vital and alive as Humphrey and Mayo cannot build a wall around their hearts to shut love out, no matter how much they may try, for life inevitably will break down such walls. Against all reason Humphrey and Mayo were attracted to each other.

"I remember the very moment we really fell in love," Mayo told me. "I know it happened to me at that moment, and Bogey

has told me since that it did to him, too."

Mayo was working in the garden back of her home, wearing a pair of yellow shorts, with a yellow bow, like a great big butterfly in her hair, and as she stood there, Humphrey came to call, and saw her standing on the other side of the fence. Do you remember the scene in "Four Daughters" where Jeffrey Lynn swings on one side of a fence and Priscilla Lane on the other, and while they swing, they fall in love? It was much the same way with Humphrey and Mayo. Suddenly they looked at each other—and each knew that this was love.

BUT after all, they weren't children in their teens falling in love for the first time. They were sophisticated adults, and no matter what their hearts told them, they knew how often love had deceived them in the past—and they were determined not to make any mistakes now. What if they were wrong after all, and this wasn't real love, but mere infatuation? Oh, they knew very well that this was real love, but just suppose. Didn't they owe it to themselves and to each other to be sure with the utmost certainty that two human beings can possibly attain? And so they decided to do the hardest thing in the world for two people in love—to separate and let time test their love. If it was real, they knew no separation could hurt or harm it. And if it wasn't real, better by far to let it die than to risk marriage once again, if it wasn't going to last.

At the end of four months they knew even more surely than they had known in the beginning, even more surely than they had known when Humphrey stood on one side of the fence and the fair-haired Mayo on the other, looking at each other as

though they would never be able to stop.

They were married at the home of Melville Baker, the writer, a very close friend of Humphrey's, and Mayo looked so radiant in a gold cloth mesh dress with a Juliet cap on her hair that once again Humphrey couldn't stop looking.

When Judge Lindsey—that very fine, humanitarian judge who cares little about the letter of the law but worships its spirit—married them, he went rapidly through the marriage ceremony, as though the actual words of the ceremony were not the main thing. When he had completed it, he paused and said, "And now, Mayo and Humphrey, what I've said means nothing. Whether or not your marriage is a success is up to you. No law of God or man can make a marriage successful, unless the two people who are married work at it."

"I thought that was a splendid thing to say," Humphrey told me. "So many people think that because a priest has said certain words over you, you don't have to work to make your marriage a success. I know that I'm the last man in the world who should be asked for or give an opinion on how to be happy though married or how to stay married, but I hope I've learned from the mistakes I've made in the past, and Mayo and I will both work to make this marriage a success."

Humphrey believes that ex-husbands some times make the best husbands, because the rough edges have been taken off. They have been trained not to do the things which annoy women. Humphrey himself has several excellent ideas as to the things which men should and should not do in their married life.

"I don't want to lay down rules for other people, as though I were some kind of

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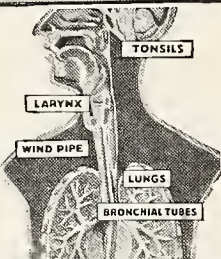
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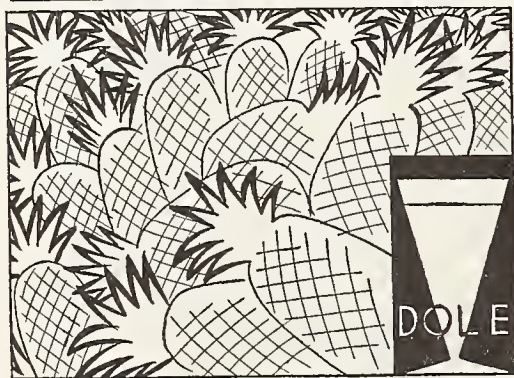
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authority," he said, "but here are some ideas which I've worked out just for my own good:

1. "Don't take the shirt sleeve attitude into marriage. Don't assume that just because you're married it's all right for you to take your collar off, leaving ugly lines on your neck where the stiff collar's just been, to drop your suspenders over your trousers and walk around the house that way. There is a certain stage of undress which is most unattractive, and which no woman ought ever to have to look at. Of course, the same thing holds true for women. If a woman must wear heavy corsets, she should wear something over them, and she shouldn't lounge around the house in housecoats or negligees that aren't immaculate. I've never seen Mayo at any hour of the day or night when she didn't look as attractive as she does right now.

2. "Don't be inconsiderate in little ways. I have seen men shave, leave whiskers around the edge of the hand basin, use three towels, get the brush all soapy and emerge from the bathroom with soap behind their ears—something those men would never do on a Pullman car. The very same man in a Pullman works out a regular ritual, cleaning the basin, washing off the top of it, and putting the towels away very carefully. Why should a man be more polite to other men than he is to his own wife?

3. "Argue with your wife, but argue only about impersonal matters. Frequently, Mayo and I argue about politics, she taking one side and I the other. We love these arguments, and find them very stimulating, for nothing is so dull as to have two people agree about everything. If one person says, "I think it's hot," and the other says, "Yes, it is hot," the conversation dies. But if the other person says, "You're wrong. I don't think it's hot," that opens up wonderful possibilities. But of course you have to remember that it's dangerous to let the conversation get personal. It's all right to say to your wife, "I think the policy of So and So over in Europe is terrible," and for her to say, "I think it's swell." But if the wife suddenly interrupts to say, "Who do you think you are to say whether or not the policy of So and So is any good?" then the argument gets personal, and that's really bad.

4. "Don't try to be too modern. When two people start living their own lives, they end by going separate ways. This modern business of living your own life is not my idea of marriage. In fact, I'm even in favor of the old-fashioned double bed. It's pretty tough for two people to fight like hell, get into a big double bed and still stay mad at each other.

5. "Be polite. Sulking is what kills marriages. I know a woman who recently separated from her husband, after a very unhappy married life. 'Before we married, my husband warned me that he was not the type of person to remain faithful to one woman,' she told me. 'I forgave him that and could have gone on forgiving him, if at least he had been polite and amusing at home, but he was such a sulky so-and-so I couldn't stand him.'

Mayo and Humphrey rose to go, and as they went out into the bright sunshine arm in arm, I remembered something that Helen Hayes had once said of Charlie MacArthur. "When we were first married," she said, "Charlie promised me that no matter what happened I should never be bored, and I never have been."

Humphrey Bogart is exactly the same sort of person. There may be times when Mayo may wish to kill Humphrey but she can be sure of one thing—she will never be bored. And there are very few women in the world who can truthfully say the same thing.

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WHAT HAS THE SOUTHERN GAL GOT?

(Continued from page 45)

will be different. And, by gosh, give that girl a few more years and let her grow up to sophisticated clothes, and she will be a stunning person. Don't you know that in many other parts of our fair land, that girl's height would be regarded by herself and her family as an unsurmountable handicap? Certainly, six feet is too tall for a girl. I shouldn't want to be that tall myself, nor would I want my daughter to grow to such a height. But since this kid's problem did happen to be too great height, wasn't it smart to make a virtue of it, rather than a blight?

And then, the hostess' manner in speaking of the mama of the halfpint: "Beautiful in an evening gown," as if she were a young girl and not a woman in middle forties. And the teeth-straightening example. If Ann's possibilities were going to be realized to the fullest, that expensive bit of orthodontia simply had to be attended to. Of course, I don't mean to imply that you never see bands on young teeth except in the Sunny South, but I do think there is elsewhere a tendency to regard this costly job, which undoubtedly does so much for a girl's looks, as something that would be "nice if we could afford it."

Well then, aside from this training in the belief that women are meant to be lovely, what else has the southern gal which others haven't? I've already said it—she's a darn sight smarter about men. She seems to be born with the secret of attracting men. How can others swipe

a leaf from her book and learn a coupla things which will bring greater happiness, romance, or just plain good fun, into their lives? That's a hard question and I shall have to answer it in a roundabout way.

I would suggest, for the first point, that you plan your attack where men are concerned. Say you meet a new man and like his looks a lot, and he seems to be attracted to you and asks for a date. On your first meeting with him, look, listen and observe, and say little. Don't keep your trap shut all evening, naturally, but let him do most of the talking. That's a very simple piece of advice and an old one and you probably don't need me to tell you about it:

HOWEVER, while you're doing this, do not, as so many girls do, keep wondering, "Oh, I wonder if he really likes me. I wonder how I look. I wonder if my nose is shiny." Instead, glean every possible lead you can about his likes and dislikes, the things he's interested in. Is he the type that will like you clinging and sweet, or pal-ly and companionable, or does he strike you as a volatile sort of chap who'll like you one way one date, another way the next. Then, for the next meeting, plan to be the sort of gal you think he'll like. Once you have dressed the part and made up your face—and your mind—for the role you're going to play, try to forget yourself completely and spend the evening finding out more about the guy.

Another rule: learn to size up a man.

So many young girls are so eager for approval and fun and romance and dates—which is perfectly natural—that they're not particular enough about the men they go with. You wouldn't become friendly with another girl, would you, who wasn't honest and considerate, or who was conceited and untrustworthy? Yet many young things do get involved, and often fall in love, with a man who isn't good enough for them to step on.

Here's another point in planning your attack. In the south, more than elsewhere I think, the home is still a place to entertain. This is nice, and a great help in furthering pleasant and perhaps more exciting relationships between young people. In big northern cities, everybody goes out to have fun and this is okay part of the time, but, in the first place, it costs more—and many a likely young man is scared away because he simply cannot afford to take a gal out. And in the second place, there can be such warmth and jollity about, say, asking a guy to dinner at home which will engender in him an honest liking for you as a person, which liking is just as important in furthering any sort of permanent relationship as the good old biological urge.

Yeah—I know the handicaps you're probably up against when it comes to entertaining at home. Cramped quarters, disapproving family, a kid brother or kid sister who will embarrass you to tears. Nevertheless, see if you can't do something about it. Work on your family. Make

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better friends of your folks. Maybe you have antagonized them by consistently disregarding their advice. Maybe you regard your home as only a place to sleep and grab a bite of breakfast. As I have implied, in the South, the family does a heck of a lot to further a girl's chances for popularity and romance. And in return, the southern girl is apt to be a pretty devoted daughter. Her mama and papa are her friends as well as her parents. She takes them into her confidence, respects their advice, and goes on an occasional little spree with her mother.

Gawsh, this is supposed to be a beauty article, isn't it? And time is short. So—here's for a few new (I hope) specific beauty suggestions.

We hear a great deal about trying to look younger, but we seldom hear anything about trying to look older. Yet, for young girls of too-kiddish an appearance, this is not silly, but serious. It is a handicap to look twelve when you're seventeen, though later on, docking five years from the calendar may be a desirable goal. How to add maturity and a leetle sophistication to yourself without infuriating mama by crying for slinky gowns, green eyeshadow and exotic perfume? Your hair, dears, will probably solve the problem.

IF YOUR face is small and childlike, do not let your hair hang flowing and careless like. It pinches your face and does nothing for you. Have it shorter, or lift it up, or both. Soften your features with high side curls, which will also add width to your face if it is thin. An upward feeling in front and longer back hair, softly curled in the neck, is youthfully sophisticated and not too set and elaborate for your age. See if I'm not right. Change your hairdo to a slightly more formal style and go right on wearing young, simple clothes and young, simple make-up.

I am just before shutting up like a clam on this up-and-down hair business and going back to my old preachments about suiting your type and being individual and all that. An operator in a large beauty salon told me recently that up hair was a flop because Hollywood would have no truck with it. Generally speaking, she was right about the Hollywood part.

The four girls on pages 44 and 45 have remained constant to their individual coiffures—which suit them, so why try to improve on things? Dorothy Lamour has kept her hair long because it is beautiful. She dresses it in an ultra-simple, almost old-fashioned style, because it suits her. Swell. Gail Patrick's striking brunette beauty—particularly her lustrous, laughing eyes—would be rendered too theatrical and a little cheap if her coiffure weren't simple and sleek around the face.

Margaret Tallichet, the pretty Texas newcomer, has a magnificent head, and allows no tonsorial affectation to detract from it. Margaret Sullivan, the only one of our southern quartette who is not a bona fide beauty, has a charmingly irregular face. Offscreen, she is none too fussy about how her hair looks, but the constant play of expression across her features focuses everyone's attention to her face, not on her hair.

In general, I'd lay down three simple rules: if your hair is beautiful in itself, stick to the way that shows it off to the best advantage, like Dorothy Lamour. If your face is lovely in itself, or interestingly modelled, with breadth of forehead and cheekbone and a firm jaw line, wear your hair simply, even carelessly, as most of Hollywood does, just so's you brush it a lot and keep it healthy. If neither your hair nor your face is out-

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standing, shop around until you find the coiffure that does the most for you and let it be up, down, or half-and-half, as you need.

I have here some specific suggestions about the home manicure. Are you troubled with hard skin at the sides of your nails? Put some warm oil on your finger tips and let it stay on a few minutes. Then take a pumice stone, soap it liberally, and very gently rub the rough spots. Go easy, don't keep at it too long, but do it every day for a few days, and those nasty calloused spots will disappear. If your nails are thin and brittle or inclined to bend backwards like paper, do not (1) use a file on them—use an emery board instead; (2) never buff them. If your nails are thick and hard, buffing will refine them. Always buff in one direction.

Do you have trouble getting polish on? Maybe your nails are a little damp, or perhaps there is some hand lotion on them. Polish won't go on, if so. Dry them thoroughly. Put polish on with a quick, firm stroke. If you make a mistake, clean it up with an orange stick wound in cotton dipped in polish remover.

Do you have trouble with the cream rouge question even though you've decided that cream rouge is undoubtedly better for your skin? The main kick about it has always been that it is harder to get on. It is. That is, it always has been. But I have recently run across a cream rouge that is a blender-inner *par excellence*. Inexpensive, too. There's a generous trial size—which is Auntie Marshall's remembrance of the month—and a larger size, which will last practically forever. This rouge goes on beautifully even without a foundation cream, if you're in too much of a hurry to bother with foundations. There's a coupon below, and if you would like to try this new cream rouge, I shall be only too happy to rush to the post office with a sample for you. Just fill in the coupon, neatly and sweetly, as directed.

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CIGARETTES
FINEST TURKISH AND DOMESTIC TOBACCOS

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*Nothing else
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Chesterfields give me
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A HAPPY COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

HAS CARY GRANT GONE HIGH HAT?

MODERN SCREEN

AUGUST

10

CENTS

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THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE



PRISCILLA
LANE

Up..up..to Love's Heaven

Be seductive, yet refined, and he will hold you in his heart forever

Oh! moment of delight . . . you and he in the moonlight with the tempting perfume of flowers to make you glamorous. Then he will sweep you up . . . up . . . on the wings of love to find your heaven in his arms.

To be divinely desirable, use Lander's Blended Flower Talc. The lure of its true flower fragrance is eternal as love itself.

Try the Gardenia and Sweet Pea Blend . . . it's a glorious combination! The voluptuous perfume of gardenias dares . . . teases . . . thrills—while the romantic perfume of sweet peas awakens an enticing ecstasy.

Every morning, shower your body with this lovely talc. All day you're inspired—for you know that, under your clothes, you are flower-sweet, satiny curves from head to toe. This puts a new come-hither look in your eye and a mystery in your smile. You just can't help winning love!

And Lander's Talc guards your refinement, too . . . for there's an utter innocence about the perfume of flowers. A man's yearning, burning love for you becomes a pure and sacred flame. He dreams of you as his wife to adore forever. Get Lander's Talc today. Large can at your 10¢ store.

LANDER'S

Easy Way to Avoid Undies Odor

No more fear of undies odor! Just shower your body every morning with Lander's Talc. It helps keep your undies dry, fresh, sweet. And it actually reduces the amount you perspire because it cools and comforts the skin.



TALCS

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FAMOUS
FLOWER
BLENDS **10¢ EACH**

LILACS & ROSES ☺ ☺ ☺
LAVENDER & PINE ☺ ☺
GARDENIA & SWEET PEA ☺
ORCHID & ORANGE BLOSSOM

CARNATION & LILY OF THE VALLEY

Sold Only at All 10c Stores

Romance is always "Just around the corner" for Jane!



No need for a girl to spoil her own chances when MUM so surely guards charm!

A GAY PARTY—a pretty new dress—and so becoming! For months Jane had dreamed that this would be *her* evening, *her* night to win romance! But when it came, it was the *other* girls who got the masculine attention. Romance seemed everywhere—why couldn't it come to Jane?

Romance *can't* come to the girl who is guilty of underarm odor. This fault, above all faults, is one that men can't stand. Yet today there are actually thousands of "Janes" who court disaster... girls who neglect to use Mum!

It's a mistake to think a bath alone will protect you from underarm odor! Realize that a bath removes only *past* perspiration, that Mum *prevents* odor... then you'll play safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls who know that underarms need *special*

care—not occasionally, but *every day!* You'll like this pleasant cream!

MUM IS QUICK! It takes 30 seconds—practically no time at all—for Mum!

MUM IS SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply it *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum today at any druggist's. Remember, *any* girl can lose romance if she's guilty of odor! Make sure of *your* charm! Play safe—guard your popularity with Mum!

AVOID THIS EMBARRASSMENT! *Thousands of women make a habit of Mum for sanitary napkin use. Mum is gentle, safe...frees you from worry of offending.*

MORE MOVIE STARS, MORE NURSES, MORE WOMEN, USE MUM



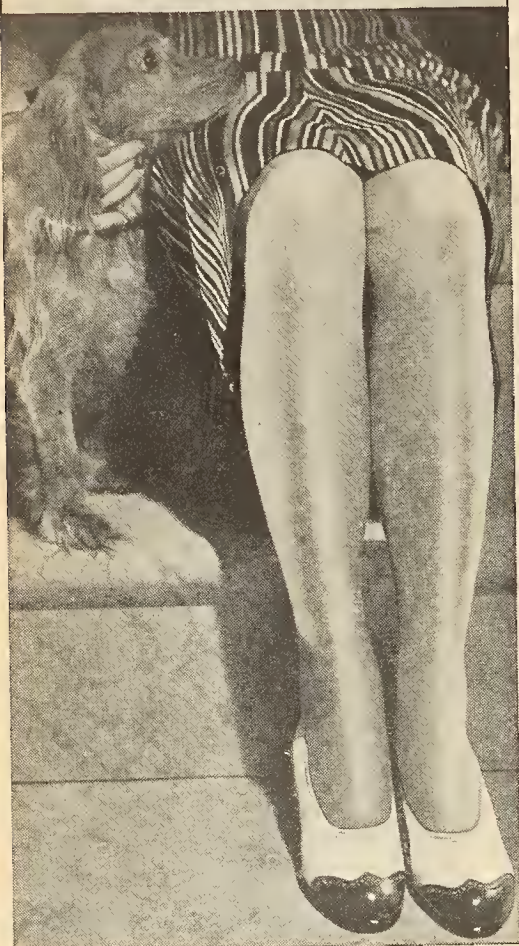
MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

JUN 30 1939

MODERN SCREEN

You
can't hide
your legs!



UNSIGHTLY HAIR WASHES OFF QUICKLY *with New Cream*

Up go skirts this season, up near the knee...fashion says "17 inches from the ground." That means the spotlight is on your legs...so keep them glamorous. Do as millions of women do...remove ugly hair with quick and easy NEET.

You just spread NEET (like a cold cream) on unwanted hair. Then you rinse it off with water...and the hair disappears "like magic." Gentle NEET removes hair from the forearms, too—leaves your skin soft and baby-smooth.

Avoid Bristly Razor Stubble

When you use NEET, there are no pointed, wire-like stubs of hair that feel unpleasant and may cause stocking runs...and no risk of cuts or razor-roughened skin. Play suits, beach wear and summer dresses demand *smooth, hair-free arms and legs*. Get NEET! At drug and department stores. Generous trial size at all ten-cent stores.



NEET Just Rinse Off
Unsightly Hair



MODERN SCREEN

Regina Cannon.....Editor
Lois Svensrud.....Hollywood Editor
Abril Lamarque.....Art Editor

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Lady Esther asks
**"Where's the girl who wants to be
 LUCKY in LOVE?"**



If you do—why let the wrong shade of powder hold you back? Find the one shade of my powder that is Lucky For You!

ARE YOU a "powder-guesser"?—a girl who merely *thinks* the powder she is using is *really right*—the lucky powder for her? Can you be sure the shade you use

today doesn't actually age you—or dim the freshness of your skin? It's so very difficult to *know*. For powder shades are always deceiving, and unless you compare them *right on your own skin* you may never find the one shade that makes you a *lovelier* and a *luckier* you.

I know that this is hard to believe. Yet I have seen hundreds of girls innocently



sacrifice their own good looks. Innocently, they were using a powder shade that made their skin look coarse...made them look older...that spoiled their beauty when eyes looked *close*.

Don't risk it—please! Find among my ten thrilling new shades of powder the one shade that can bring you luck—the one shade that will flatter you *most*.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you, compare, compare, COMPARE! Send for all ten of my samples, which I'm glad to send you *free*. Try *all* ten of my shades. Don't skip even one! For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one really *right* shade for your skin!

The minute you find it, your eyes will know! Other women will tell you that you look fresher and younger... and men will say to themselves, "She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner you will be free of powder worries until midnight!

So write me today for the ten shades of my powder...free. Find your lucky shade—and let it flatter your beauty *always*—help you win more luck in life and love.



"I'm glad that I found my lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder. It brought me luck in love."

(You can paste this on a (45) penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
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FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

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LADY ESTHER POWDER

BY HUGH
ROBERTS

Not temperamental himself, Mischa Auer would give those who are

A RUSSIAN RAZZBERRY



Mischa Auer has had everything to be blue about, yet nothing can dispel his natural gaiety.

LET'S GET morbid and send for the Russians!" This little quip is bandied about among those who would be low in spirit. For, it's a popular belief that Russians are truly melancholy babies. However, not in the case of Mischa Auer! This slap-happy Russian is just about the antithesis of all you've heard about these foreign folk being blue.

To begin with, Mischa has everything in the world to be morbid about, yet there's not a single thing that can dispel his natural gaiety. No, not even the prospect of again facing mealless days nor sleepless nights! And that, my friends, is an order so big that few could stand up under it.

However, the one thing that puzzles Mischa is just why it took literally making a monkey of himself to become recognized by the movie Powers That Be. In fact, he even explained, "Why I began imitating monkeys years ago! Twelve, or maybe more. Anyway, it began when I was on tour with Bertha Kalisch. I used to swing from the upper berths on trains; that is, when we were fortunate enough to have a berth. Ah, those were the not-so-good old days! Would you believe it, seven of us used to crowd into a taxi (if we rode) to save money? And nobody minded. It was all a lot of fun!"

And, just to prove the point, a friend of Mischa's who was present on said tour reminded, "Oh, there were many who grumbled at our plight, Mischa. It was you who made a joke of it. As a matter of fact, the manner in which you met life, and the challenge you hurled at misfortune never ceased to amaze me. You alone could do that and be honest in your actions. It was different for us."

"Oh, it was gay," Mischa modestly chided his friend. And, turning to us, he explained, "You know, at nineteen nothing phases you. Youth knows no fear. Like the old adage, 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' Well, anyway, that's where I began my monkey imitation act and for years I did it at the slightest provocation."

But, what Mischa hadn't planned on was

the subordination of ability to making monkey faces. However, that's just what happened in his case. For, if you remember, "My Man Godfrey" opened a new career for this ace comedian.

Much in the manner of all lucky breaks, this one was accidental. It seems they were having difficulties with the picture, since the censors didn't relish any idea of a gigolo character. However, it was finally decided if they kidded the portrayal, it might be all right.

Then Fate stepped in, for after a chance meeting, Mrs. Gregory La Cava (the director's wife) suggested Mischa Auer be given the part.

AS LUCK would have it, Mrs. La C. was part of the audience when Mischa was called upon to make a monkey of himself! Our hero went into his role so wholeheartedly that before he had more than leapt from piano to portiere she decided to tell her husband about him. And that is the wherefore of how Mischa Auer happened to get into "My Man Godfrey," the picture that opened a new future for him.

"But, if you want to hear a really interesting story," said Mischa, "just listen to this! Not so long ago, I was a preferred extra, in Walter Hampden's Broadway company of 'Cyrano de Bergerac.'"

"Now what would the difference between an ordinary and a preferred extra be?" we interrupted.

"Oh, 'a preferred' is one who manages to get right down front," our host tossed off quickly. "Or, the fellow who stands next to someone with lines. Anyway, to get on, there was a scene where the hero rode on the stage on horseback and tossed food to the soldiers. Now, this gentry were grouped on either side of the stage. The general idea was that the troops were starving. So each night they threw large roasted chicken and cake to each side. Well, one of those chickens and one of those cakes was real. The others were props!"

"According to the script, we extras were supposed to fight for possession of the

food," Mischa continued, chuckling, as he reminisced. "And, maybe you don't think that fighting was on the level? Say, I had been center on the high school basketball team and if you know that game, you know why I always got the real bird. One night Auer was on the left and the next on the right! Wherever the real McCoy was tossed, there you found an ex-basketball player. Why, it got to be so bad the other fellows used to beg me for just a wing or the neck! You see how I cut down the overhead on my meals!"

With an eye on his appreciative audience, Mischa launched forth on more of his colorful experiences in the theatre. Numbered among them was an amusing tale of the time he was Eva Le Gallienne's stage manager. It seems the star was putting on one of her more arty performances in a production called "The Master Builder." This play deals with the problem of a man who has a great fear of high places. In the course of events the heroine gets him to complete a particularly high building and then to climb the edifice, the idea being to cure him of his fear of height.

But, as Mischa was saying, "After a three-act build-up, the guy finally goes out and climbs the building. Miss Le Gallienne is standing on-stage watching him and, when he reaches the top, she exclaims, 'My Master Builder!' Suddenly, he is taken ill with dizziness and falls. There's a long pause and she exclaims again, 'My Master Builder' putting her all into it—and the curtain is rung down."

"One certain night I was standing with my hand on the curtain rope when someone spoke and I turned to answer. Just then I heard her cue, 'My Master Builder.' Is it the first, or the second reading, I wondered, then waited a few seconds and got panicked. Thinking it must be the second and that I was spoiling the ending, I rang down the curtain. Well, it was the first! Miss Le Gallienne came toward me with an expression that made me apprehensive. So I quickly sent the curtain up and she (Continued on page 11)

FREE HIM!



"Is he my wooer, my loved one? Or is he the tyrant who bleeds my people? Is he ardent lover—or cold-blooded killer? Let me look upon his face! Let me touch him!"

EDWARD SMALL

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THE MAN in the IRON MASK

A James Whale Production starring

LOUIS HAYWARD and JOAN BENNETT

with Warren William, Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Hale

Directed by James Whale • Screenplay by George Bruce

Released thru United Artists

MOVIE REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES BY LOIS SVENSRUD



★★★ Invitation to Happiness

"Invitation to Happiness" packs enough human interest to appeal to any audience. It is a story of a prize-fighter (Fred MacMurray) and a lady (Irene Dunne) who fall in love, marry on the spur of the moment and then face the obstacles to happiness which are inevitable results of their different backgrounds. How the two manage to iron out their differences and finally reach a happy understanding makes a story which is engrossing from beginning to end. The situations are extremely plausible as well as highly diverting.

Fred MacMurray surprises with an extraordinarily capable performance. Irene Dunne is satisfactory throughout and in the later sequences does complete justice to some of the most sympathetic and heart-warming moments ever screened. Billy Cook, a youngster with undeniable talent, is responsible for no small part of the picture's success. He brings his parents together again, after divorce proceedings are under way, by his loveliness and generosity in trying to understand both sides of a problem which has baffled many adults. William Collier, Sr., and Charlie Ruggles contribute excellent characterizations, too. You'll find this picture strong on story, acting and directing. Directed by Wesley Ruggles.—Paramount.



★★★ Only Angels Have Wings

With the colorful background of a South American seaport, this picture packs adventure, action and romance. The dialogue and plot are good, the acting is in capable hands, and the directing job so commendable that the picture is convincing throughout.

Cary Grant, in charge of the aviation station at Barranca, is a tough guy whom men respect and women adore. A neat role for this able actor, he makes a good thing of it. Thomas Mitchell, his buddy, gives a sterling performance and Sig Rumann, Allyn Joslyn and Victor Killian are capable in smaller roles. Outstanding in the cast is Richard Barthelmess, who gets off to a bad start with an unsympathetic role and yet makes it the highlight of the picture. Jean Arthur has a grand role as the girl who drops into port long enough to melt the cynical heart of Cary Grant. There's something about the Arthur personality that manages to get her man and her audience every time. Rita Hayworth is attractive and satisfactory in a small role. Directed by Howard Hawks.—Columbia.



★★★ Rose of Washington Square

Shining light of this picture is Al Jolson, who makes a comeback that will satisfy his former fans and garner him a crop of new ones. Alice Faye and Tyrone Power give good accounts of themselves, while there are commendable performances by William Frawley, Joyce Compton, Hobart Cavanaugh and E. E. Clive.

Though lacking the punch of "Alexander's Ragtime Band," this film has much to recommend it. Songs and dances are effective in every instance, the story varies enough from the usual formula to hold interest, while direction and production are of a high standard. Jolson doesn't have much opportunity to display his histrionic abilities, but he makes every moment count. Especially when he gets the chance to sing! "Mammy" had the preview audience cheering. Alice Faye has several numbers to sing, with "My Man" the outstanding one. Her role is strongly reminiscent of the real life story of Fanny Brice. Tyrone Power manages creditably an unsympathetic role. Directed by Gregory Ratoff.—20th Century-Fox.

More Reviews on page 15

Twice IN A LIFETIME

A Motion Picture Like This...

Once, on a rare occasion, you've sat in a theatre—that magically ceased to exist! Under the spell of the picture unfolding, that world on the screen became *your* world. And there you lived, and loved, and laughed, and cried with those whose feelings became *your* feelings, whose story became your very own.

Such a picture, we believe, was "Four Daughters." . . . Now, certainly, just such a picture is this!

Here, once again, the same celebrated players. Here, again, a story, though different, sure to be cherished as long as your heart has room for love!

"DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS"



We couldn't better the "Four Daughters" cast—so we've reunited them for a still better picture!

JOHN GARFIELD

CLAUDE RAINS • JEFFREY LYNN

FAY Bainter • DONALD CRISP

MAY ROBSON • FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

and *THE "FOUR DAUGHTERS"*

PRISCILLA LANE

ROSEMARY LANE

LOLA LANE

GALE PAGE

Directed by **MICHAEL CURTIZ**

**PREVIEWED BY
WALTER WINCHELL:**

"*Daughters Courageous*"
is superior to
'Four Daughters'!"

Original Screen Play by
Julius J. and Phillip G. Epstein
Suggested by a Play by
Dorothy Bennett and Irving White
Music by Mox Steiner
A First National Picture

Presented by
WARNER BROS.

MOVIE REVIEWS

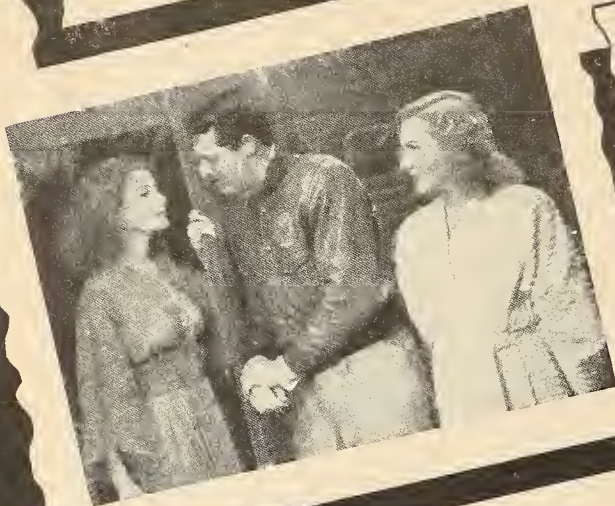
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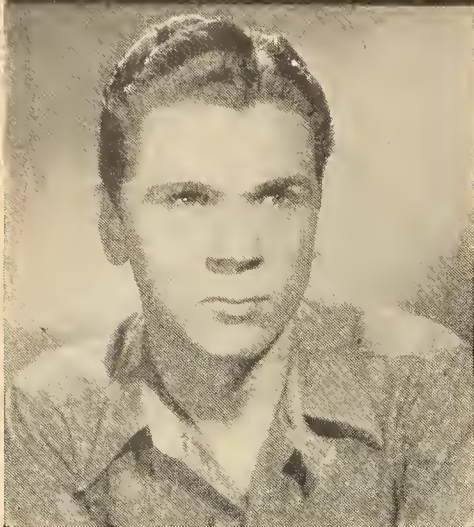
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WEATHER TO *Picnic*



Jackie Cooper is an inveterate picnicker.



Courtesy Sanka

A chocolate layer cake like this will make any lunch a success. And it's so easy to make!

PICNIC DAYS are here! Woods and fields, mountain streams and breeze-swept beaches—or just the old maple tree in the back yard—beckon to one and all. No denying, that on long, warm afternoons, foods eaten somewhere other than in the usual, familiar surroundings of the home, take on added attraction. Picnics are popular with every member of the family, but there is always one certain person who must take care of the actual planning. It's up to her, then, to keep on hand at all times, during the picnic season, the foods and fixings which make an outing possible on short notice. She should also have a collection of recipes and suggestions which will make picnic preparations painless and picnic refreshments delicious.

A person well able to give some pertinent advice on this subject is Mabel Cooper Bigelow, Jackie Cooper's proud and understanding mother. For Jackie is an inveterate picnicker. Originally of the "knapsack over the shoulder and off we go" variety, he has recently graduated to slightly more elaborate forms of *al fresco* fare now that he has a flivver of his own into which he crowds his young friends for a day afield. "Which changes the outward appearance of our picnics but not the fundamentals," declared Mrs. Bigelow.

And what are these fundamentals? First, how you carry the food; second, how you pack, serve and eat it; third and certainly most important of all in the eyes of young and old alike, what you have to eat!

For the last we have given you, on page 64, carefully tested recipes for the sort of foods that Jackie—and all other kids from six to sixty—like to take on picnics. Of course this includes that favorite of all cakes, Chocolate Layer, which is pictured above. The nice part about this recipe is that it tells you how to turn out this cake in practically no time at all! For it's made with such time-saving staples as sweetened condensed milk, self-rising flour and marshmallows, together with chocolate and eggs

BY MARJORIE DEEN

—ingredients which you always have on hand. The result is as light a cake as anyone could wish to have.

Also included among our recipes is a meat loaf, because meat in this form, besides being inexpensive, is fine for made-at-home sandwiches or to take along, as is, to be sliced on the spot. Deviled eggs add piquancy to the salad without which no picnic would be complete in Jackie's estimation. The lettuce for the salad should first be soaked in ice water, then wrapped in a towel, then in parchment paper and finally placed in one of those vegetable bags with a zipper top. Salad greens treated in this way will stay cold and crisp for hours! Finally, for an unusual, cooling yet filling beverage try the recipe for Iced Coffolate, a combination of chocolate and decaffeinated coffee which retains the flavor and best features of both!

THE MEANS for carrying this food depends largely upon your own method of transportation. If you are going on a hike, for example, it is especially important for you to be able to travel light. So tote your supplies in something that can be slung over the shoulder and that doesn't weigh much in itself. Ever think of using a straw fishing basket for this purpose? They are light, commodious and attractive in appearance. When you are footing it to your chosen picnic spot, be sure not to carry along anything that cannot be thrown away before you start for home. You'll be weary enough on the return trip as it is. So, if you take along canned or bottled goods, be sure to get the smaller sizes so that you do not have to face the inconvenience of packing, and bringing back left-overs.

For trips by car, a real picnic hamper is considered tops—you know the kind,

with a special place for everything! But, according to Mrs. Bigelow, a marketing basket with a handle will do just as well for your run-of-the-mill picnicker who will gladly forego any trimmings in favor of good food and plenty of it!

A grand new scheme they've tried out recently in Hollywood, with complete success, is to carry along boxes of frozen foods on a day's automobile excursion! Of course these quick-frozen boxed specialties thaw out during the trip but that's the idea, for they are just ready to be eaten at the time when you would like nothing better in the world than something really cold and fresh tasting. Imagine having chilled ripe peaches out in the woods, miles away from home, together with that Chocolate Cake of Jackie's! These peaches are packed already sliced and sweetened. Other frozen fruits are equally refreshing.

Frozen chopped meat, too, is a good idea for those who like freshly cooked hamburgers that are both safe and tasty. Take along a slice or two of bacon, an onion and some hamburger rolls, which have been split and buttered at home, and you'll have a real treat! Of course you'll also need a sturdy frying pan—and don't forget the salt!

Here is Jackie's mother's final and, I think, prize suggestion! Always have in your picnic basket a complete collection of picnic necessities, such as paper plates, napkins, table cloth, cups for both hot and cold beverages, both wax and parchment paper, waterproof food bags, beverage sippers, serving spoons and paper or inexpensive metal tableware. Also include a bottle opener, corkscrew, salt and pepper shakers and a sharp knife or two. And be sure to replenish this supply the day after a picnic! For then you will always be so well prepared that when someone says "Let's picnic!" you'll be ready and willing with "Let's go!"

Picnic recipes on page 64

Hints to make that short-notice picnic a pleasure instead of a chore

A RUSSIAN RAZZBERRY

(Continued from page 6)

had to smile and take a bow. Each time she'd start toward me, I gave a healthy yank to the curtain and she'd take another bow. Fourteen in all I think, with the last solely for a lone, sleepy gent who was the last to leave. Then luck was with me, for by this time Miss Le Gallienne's friends had come backstage to collect her, so I was spared a scolding.

"That night I sent her a wire and then made it my business to talk with some cash customers and find out how badly it looked from across the footlights. Why, can you believe it, they didn't even know the difference out front. She was eventually gracious about it and the only thing she ever said was, 'Mischa, you forced me to leave my characterization indefinite and, in the theatre, that is a sin.'"

However, today about the only thing that Mischa is sure of being a sin are the jitter-bugs who dance in the aisles and try to break up the entertainers on-stage. Making a personal appearance at one of the local movie houses in New York, he confessed that their actions were just about too much for him to comprehend—which places him right in the class with most intelligent New Yorkers.

"You know, I've experienced a thing or two with audiences in my time," Mischa exclaimed, his eyes the size of saucers at the thought of the previous show, "but never have I seen such things as go on at the Paramount Theatre during the morning show. Two hours later, when I returned for the second show they were still there and yelling, 'You're using the same stuff. Get something new for a change!' They're really tough. Of course I threw away my script and now I wise-crack back at them. When they find they can't break you up, they'll let you alone. Honestly you wouldn't believe it! These birds actually dance up and down the aisles and once they light, they're the toughest audience to please I've ever encountered in all my experience. Keeps you on your toes though, and I get a great kick out of that any day!"

Yep, Mischa gets a big kick out of everything in life and has ever since he was taken to see "Hansel and Gretel," as a mere babe. For, it was then that one whiff (thanks to the family box being so near the stage) of the dust, grease-paint and powder made him decide it was one day to be the stage for him. His two brothers are army officers, but Mischa admits the only attraction their uniforms ever held for him was to play soldier—with dialogue by Mischa.

Today, however, I'm sure if it were suggested that he embark on any career other than his beloved histrionics, this Gay Russian in all probability would make a monkey of you! In fact, I can well imagine his putting his fingers to his mouth, rotating them quickly and giving forth his version of an old-fashioned razzberry!

STAR ADDRESS LIST

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope today for a new list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

TOM or TESS —who's to blame?



HIS PEEVE: "My appearance can make me or break me in my job—and I'm sick and tired of going around in shirts that are full of tattle-tale gray."



HER PEEVE: "I work like blazes. Why blame me if my washes simply *won't* look white?" . . . And the truth of it is, she *does* try hard. It's her weak-kneed soap that dawdles in the tub and leaves dirt sticking in the clothes. What she needs is a livelier, peppier soap. Fels-Naptha—the soap that gets out *all* the dirt.



HAPPY SOLUTION: If tattle-tale gray is your husband's peeve, too—take this wise little tip. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's and give its richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha* a chance at your wash. You'll get the snowiest clothes you ever pinned on a line. Every shirt, every towel, every romper just sparkling clean and sweet! You'll get compliments from *him*, and never another complaint!

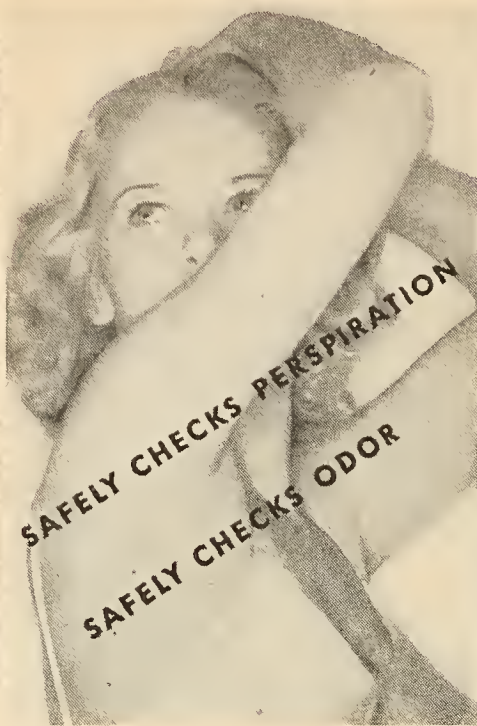
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Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.



BETWEEN



NONSPI CREAM

Does Both!

Because of an entirely new ingredient never before used in a deodorant!

Whether you prefer cream deodorants for steady use, or for those occasions when a liquid is inconvenient, you will welcome Nonspi Cream for its outstanding advantages:

1. Checks both perspiration and odor—from 1 to 3 days.
2. Feels and looks like velvety vanishing cream. Goes on easily—dries almost instantly. Not greasy.
3. May be used directly after shaving.
4. Has a reaction approximating that of the normal skin—so cannot injure either skin or clothing.
5. Works on new principle—"adsorbs" odors.

Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. Also in liquid form.



One gal wonders why a star's real life has to be as public an affair as his screen romances.

\$5.00 Prize Letter Star Marriages

All of this discussion about marriage ruining the careers of leading men seems a little foolish to me. Yes, and some folks even say marriage damages a leading lady's success. What right have we, the movie-going public, to dictate concerning the private life of our favorites? Does the small price we pay to enter a theatre to see these people give us that privilege?

When we buy a ticket to go into a theatre, we have only the right to expect entertainment—that is all we pay for. Must a person successful on the screen, or in any other walk of life, pay such a high price for that success as to sacrifice his private life?

Regardless of what may be said, I still maintain that a wholesome marriage, founded on the basis of true love and devotion, results in nothing more serious than a greater popularity than ever for the star involved. Take, for example, Jeanette MacDonald, who is more popular and beloved and is enjoying a greater success than ever, since her marriage to Gene Raymond. In fact, she was chosen Film-land's Queen for 1939.

What the greater number of film fans is really interested in is fine entertainment. —Ruth May Knell, Bellerose, N. Y.

\$2.00 Prize Letter Fixin' to Complain

I notice there's been a heap o' talk lately about these here double feature programs. Some's fer 'em, some's agin', but the way I figger it, when a feller's dead set on gittin more'n his money's worth, he's apt to buy hisself some purty shoddy material. Movies is a lot like women, too, meanin' no disrespect. They're a blame sight more entertainin' if you sort o' take 'em in broken doses.

Besides, I never did set much store on

these here endurance contests. If I last through a session o' them double features, I sort o' stagger out, an' it takes me a purty good spell to git my bearin's an' head in the right direction. An' more'n likely I come out madder'n a hornet because I've had to set through a whole bushel o' stuff I didn't want to see to git to the picture I come to see. It's jest plumb wearin' on a feller's patience.

I do most o' my travelin' at the movies, so I'm kind o' partial to a variety program—one good feature, news reel, travelogue and one o' them cartoons. Fact is, I like to leave the theatre wishin' fer more of the same, 'stid o' heavin' a sigh of relief an' staggerin' home fer a rest cure. —W. M. Jackson, Columbia, Tenn.

\$2.00 Prize Letter It Kills Him

For six months I haven't seen a single movie, so I decide to catch up. Tuesday I go to see Billy Halop and a half-dozen guys die in "You Can't Get Away With Murder." Wednesday I see Bette Davis (such a nice girl, too) die in "Dark Victory." Thursday I see Sam Jaffe die in "Gunga Din." Friday I see Annabella die in "Suez." Saturday I see John Carradine and Donald Meek die in "Stagecoach." Sunday I see lovely Merle Oberon die in "Wuthering Heights."

Well, Monday rolls around. I call up my neighborhood theatre and inquire what's playing. A calm voice informs me, "Never Say Die." I stay home and listen to the radio. And what do I hear? Edward G. Robinson dying in the Lux Radio Theatre's "Bullets or Ballots." How do you like it?—Clayton Dein, Laurelton, N. Y.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Foreign Lure

"Hail to our new discovery!" they shout. "She is wonderful, magnificent, provocative, different!"

How many times have we seen these

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, \$5; two second prizes of \$2 each; six prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

YOU 'N' ME

Frank and lively letters from eager fans! Have we heard from you lately?

different darlings, crossing their delectable legs for the rotogravures, posing with millionaires, dogs and bubbles.

And the wonder of it is that, at the first glance, they are different. These knowing French infants, these disillusioned Viennese, these gaunt Scandinavians, all of them have that continental quality that adds spice to our film fare.

We can believe in the American "good sport," the American "poster girl," the American "sweetheart," but the American "femme fatale"—no! So the moguls import our sirens.

I said "at first glance they are different." What happens to them? First, they are turned over to the Hollywood make-up man who takes out the pattern titled "Exotic" and goes to work. The result is a smoothly attractive, but standardized face and hair-do. Through this mask she emotes. The studio dietitian thins her down to standard, thinning also the blood that adds to her vitality. She appears in her first picture—a hit! She appears in her second picture—a dud! The council confers. She must have a different type of role. Lo and behold, she is cast as an American college girl.

Exit our siren. Exit all the way back to France or Austria or Sweden. The foreign dolls should insist on a clause in their contracts stipulating that they may

retain their faces, their figures and their original type of roles. Maybe, then, we'd find ourselves a Bernhardt some day.—Violet Moore, Montezuma, Ga.

\$1.00 Prize Letter We Want Shorts!

What has become of the movie shorts we used to enjoy in the sweet long ago? Sprightly little anecdotes of animal life, a bit of laboratory lore, a Walt Disney, a bird's-eye view of our country, a musical potpourri, a terpsichorean discovery, or any one of hundreds of tasty little offerings. Has Hollywood forgotten how to make them, or does it refuse to give us mind-hungry fans what we want?

Together with dozens of friends I mourn the loss of these dearly-remembered tidbits which used to intersperse the heavier fare of full-length features. These were the cocktails, the soups, the salads and desserts of our cinema menu. Nowadays we are fed two or three meat courses only, in the double or triple features. No wonder we are restless and dissatisfied without our well-balanced diet.

To prove that we do like shorts, the one theatre in our neighborhood which shows them is packed all the time, in spite of the fact that it does not show first-run pic-



Foreign lure is fine in its place, says a Georgia fan, but not cast as an American college girl.

tures! That shows how starved we are for short features. So, please vary your bill of fare, Hollywood, or we may not even care for your meat courses after a while.—George Swanson, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued on page 85)

FOR TODAY'S CHARMING SENTIMENTAL VOGUE...

Pond's 4 flattering SUMMER SHADES

Fashion's command this summer—"Look fragile . . . pretty-pretty . . . feminine!" You'll be wearing quaint, tiny-waisted frocks, sentimental bonnets. Your make-up, too, follows this romantic trend. So Pond's brings you these four exquisite summer powder shades:

For thrilling EVENINGS:

Rose Dawn and Rose Brunette in soft blush tones. To bring out your pink-and-white appeal. Wear with soft pastels, and for unforgettable evenings.

ROSE DAWN—brings a delicate glow to fair skin.

ROSE BRUNETTE—a richer tone (for blondes and brunettes).

Under SUMMER SUN

A brazenly brown skin won't help you make the most of the "pretty" mode—so keep your tan light and feminine, too! And flatter it with Pond's Sunlight Shades. Not dark old-fashioned "sun-tan" shades—they're soft, becoming with the new "subtle-tan."

SUNLIGHT (LIGHT)—for the creamy tan of a blonde skin.

SUNLIGHT (DARK)—for deeper tan.

SUMMER SHADES

Rose Dawn Sunlight (Light)
Rose Brunette Sunlight (Dark)

Try them today. 10¢, 20¢, 55¢. Or send for free samples of all four Summer Shades. Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PH, Clinton, Conn.

OUR PUZZLE PAGE

How ONE star was made



"Central casting office calling. Miss La Due to report to Mr. Duane tomorrow at seven."



"I just can't go — at this time of the month! I'd be humiliated to death!"



"Straighten up, Joan — haven't you heard of Holly-Pax? Holly-Pax gives protection internally, invisibly. Many of the stars use it."



"You played that scene marvelously, Miss La Due. I'm sure you'll steal the picture!"

FROM Hollywood, world center of fashion and feminine smartness, comes the truly modern mode of sanitary protection — the invisible, internal protection of Holly-Pax.

Developed for screen stars who must be always active, Holly-Pax enables normal women to go through every day of the month with her secret her own. Used internally, Holly-Pax banishes pads, pins, belts. Holly-Pax doesn't betray itself — even in a swim suit! Its comfort is amazing. No chafing, no binding, no secret fear. Due to its method of absorption, no odor can form. What peace of mind this advantage alone will bring you!

Available at drug, department and ten cent stores — package of four, 10 cents; package of ten, 20 cents.

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

20c for
package
of ten



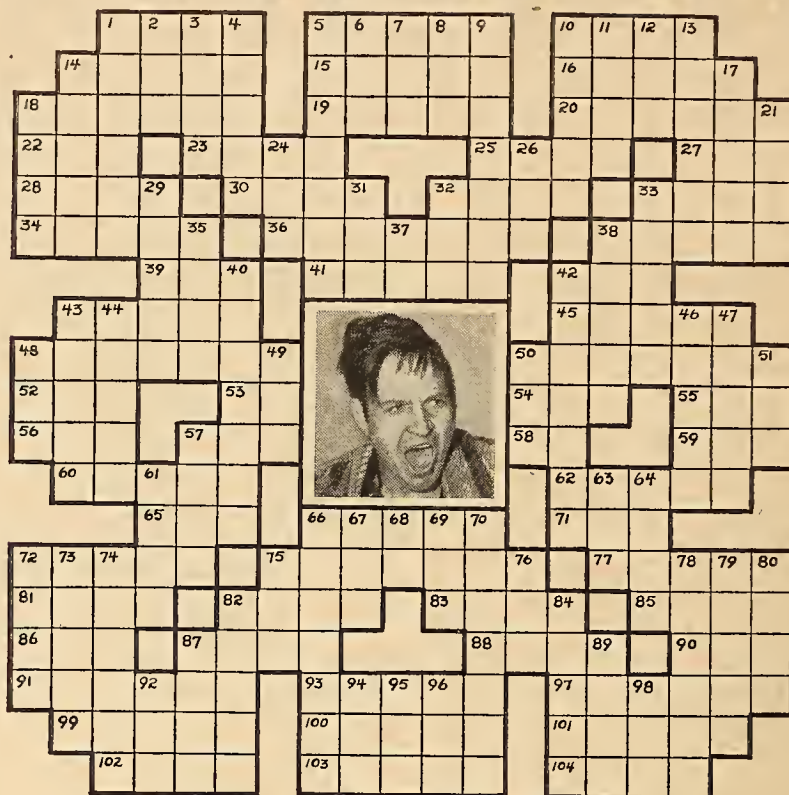
HOLLY-PAX Palms Station, Hollywood, California MM89

For the enclosed 10c please send me a trial package of four Holly-Pax.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Puzzle Solution on Page 73

ACROSS

- 1 & 5. First and last name of our star
10. He first starred in "Tumbling Tumble ----s"
14. Dashing star of "Dodge City"
15. Reptile
16. Fans did this over 1 across
18. Star of "Torchy Runs for Mayor"
19. Wallace Beery's daughter
20. A screen Jewell
22. Beverage
23. 1 across wrote "You're the Only ----"
25. Girl in "Yes, My Darling Daughter"
27. Chinese pagoda
28. Part of a camera
30. Silkworm
32. Singer in "East Side of Heaven"
33. Male lead in "Winner Take All"
34. Merle Oberon starred in "Beloved ----"
36. Flee secretly
38. Wife of "King of the Turf"
39. Part of the head
41. Piecing out
42. He plays a "Man of Conquest"
43. Deanna sings this with ease
45. Warehouse
48. Mechanic in "Tail Spin"
50. Conflicted
52. Mineral
53. The D --- ne Quints
54. "---- for the Lamps of China"
55. Chic Johnson's partner in comedy
56. Dynamic Irish actor
57. Actor in "Beau Geste"
58. Our hero was in "Git Along Little D --- ies"
59. Our star is tops of the "Big ----" of Western stars
60. One of the "Three Smart Girls (who) Grow Up"
62. "Love, ----, and Oh, Baby"

65. Consume
66. Our star's famous horse
71. 1 across played "---- Man from Music Mountain"
72. Sherlock Holmes in "The Hound of the Baskervilles"
75. Heathcliffe in "Wuthering Heights"
77. Jo Ann ----s
81. Edges
82. "The Beloved ----" was Bonita Granville
83. Prohibitionists
85. Volume
86. Yale
87. Plots of land
88. A bed of ore
90. Erik Rho ---
91. Glamorous Mexican star
93. Tyrone Power's mother
97. Male lead in "Fast and Loose"
99. Distributed
100. South African antelope
101. Girl's name
102. Affirmative votes
103. Our star was in "The Old Barn ----"
104. Motion picture stages

18. One of the "Four Daughters"
21. English songstress
24. S --- Haden
26. Conjunction
29. Blot
31. Inquire
32. --- ita Granville
33. State where 1 across was born
35. Warren Hymer's alma mater
37. 101: Roman numeral
38. Essential
40. Dependent
42. "Idiot's ----"
43. Character actress: ---- Padden
44. Island in the Mediterranean
46. Picture
47. Lamprey fisher
48. Dandy
49. Heroine in "Lucky Night"
50. Dove's cry
51. Lair
57. Genuine
61. Wreaths
63. Exclamations of delight
64. Trim
66. Grasped
67. Strike
68. Avoirdupois: abbr.
69. Center
70. Fill
72. Educated
73. Became ill
74. Our star's comic partner in every film
75. Worthless leaving
76. Cereal plant
78. 1 across does this on screen and radio
79. Polishing ingredient
80. Recline
82. Cowboy's foot gear
84. Father
87. Silent star: ---- Lee
89. City in Alaska
92. A Scottish Arctic explorer
94. Southern state: abbr.
95. Light brown
96. Including: abbr.
98. Tiny screen role

DOWN

1. Male lead in "The Hound of the Baskervilles"
2. Sea eagle
3. Bows
4. Fill with happiness
5. Set down
6. Southern comedienne
7. Sailor
8. What studio produced "The Story of Irene and Vernon Castle?"
9. Shouting
10. Twist
11. Comfort
12. Madge ----s
13. One who is under obligation to another
14. Fem. lead in "The Lady's from Kentucky"
17. Opposite 1 across in "Prairie Moon"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

★★★ It's a Wonderful World

Claudette Colbert and Jimmy Stewart cavort through this picture in strictly slap-happy style, and the result is first-class fun. Both players "let go" and have a fine time of it.

The story isn't anything unusual, but sufficiently interesting to keep the audience wondering what in the world might happen next. Stewart is a private detective engaged in keeping a play-boy millionaire out of too much trouble. When his ward gets involved in a murder, things look bad enough for the detective. Then he meets up with Claudette Colbert, who is a spouting poetess on the loose, and troubles really begin. She appoints herself—much to Stewart's disgust—his assistant in tracking down the actual murderers and naturally, turns out to be of such wonderful assistance that he can't help falling in love with her.

Dialogue is a trifle on the wacky side and people go around socking each other, but what else could you expect with a supporting cast which includes Nat Pendleton, Guy Kibbee, Edgar Kennedy and Ernest Truex. Sidney Blackmer, Frances Drake and Andy Clyde contribute interesting portrayals also. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II.—*M-G-M*.

★★★ The Gracie Allen Murder Case

The Gracie Allen fans will cheer loud and lustily for this one. For Gracie's at

her goofiest, and that's enough to keep the old faithfuls happy and gather new fans into the clan. If you can imagine the hysteria resulting from Gracie's getting mixed up in solving murders, you have the key to the picture and a slight idea of the gaggy goings-on. Whenever the plot gets so complicated that you're sure no solution can ever be reached, then is when the irrepressibly dumb Gracie comes into the picture and manages somehow to make an even worse mess of things.

The story is merely an excuse for the leading lady's inimitable antics. Warren William comes in for a thankless role as "Fido" Vance, who wracks his brain to sleuth out solutions of the crimes only to be outwitted at every turn by the brainless butterfly played by la Allen. There's a nice romance included in the script, between Ellen Drew and Kent Taylor—both of whom handle their roles with assurance and add some mighty good looks to the scenery. The role of the dim-wit detective for the formula laughs is in the capable hands of William Demarest, while H. B. Warner and Jed Prouty come in for minor roles and give creditable accounts of themselves. Directed by Alfred E. Green.—*Paramount*.

★★★ Boy Friend

If any of you Jane Withers fans had hopes that your peppy little tomboy would grow up without glamor girl romances, you're in for a surprise when you see her first "teen-age" picture which is appropriately titled "Boy Friend."

She plots all sorts of puppy love entanglements. The object of her intentions is seventeen-year-old George Ernest who succumbs to her charms to the extent of giving her a kiss on the cheek and a snap shot. Arriving home from military school, he has an easy time of winning her heart as Jane, like all women, can't resist a handsome uniform. There's an interesting story revolving around the activities of a school for rookie cops, and Jane and her boy friend help the rookies solve a murder mystery. She does one song and dance specialty in a grown-up costume that should win even more fans for this box office girlie.

Arleen Whelan and Richard Bond carry the grown-up romantic interest, and both players are better than usual. Minor Watson, who can always be counted on to deliver a good performance, is excellent as the captain in charge of training rookies Warren Hymer, Robert Kellard, William H. Conselman, Jr., and Bond. Directed by James Tinling.—*20th Century-Fox*.

★★★★ Goodbye Mr. Chips

"Goodbye Mr. Chips" is undoubtedly one of the finest pictures ever screened. All the charm of James Hilton's popular story has been retained, even enhanced, in this film.

In the role of Mr. Chips, Robert Donat gives a performance that surpasses all his previous efforts and sets a new record for screen artistry. Though clever make-up (Continued on page 80)



"I had only myself to blame"

THERE, making love to another woman, was the man I had been seeing steadily for two years . . . the man I had hoped to marry. It was the heart-breaking climax to weeks of growing indifference, which I could not understand and which put us further apart each day. This was the end. At thirty, I had lost the one man for whom I cared. Looking back now, I know that I had only myself to blame. I attributed his indifference to every cause but the right one* . . . a condition that every woman should ever be on guard against."

Suspect Yourself

There is nothing that kills a romance or

nips a friendship so quickly as a case of *halitosis (unpleasant breath).

The insidious thing about this offensive condition is that you yourself seldom suspect its presence. Others do, however, but never mention it. The subject is too delicate.

So Easy—So Pleasant

Why risk offending, when there is such an effective, pleasant, and easy precaution against halitosis?

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of breath odors and then overcomes the odors them-

selves. Immediately after its use as a mouth rinse or gargle, the breath, indeed the entire mouth, becomes fresher, sweeter.

Be Agreeable to Others

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times before social engagements. It is your best safeguard against offending others needlessly. Keep a bottle handy at home and office; tuck one in your handbag when you travel. It's the one thing you can't afford to be without.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

INFORMATION DESK

Send today for your chart of leading movie stars



LUXOR
"Feather-Cling"
 sits lightly—stays on smoothly!

Don't let a heavily overpowdered face spoil the soft charm of your appearance this summer. Make sure you use Luxor "Feather-cling"—the face powder with a light touch. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly, won't cake or streak. Choice of shades? All five of the season's smartest! Each 55¢. Rose Rachel is very popular.

Also try the New
LUXOR
 Foundation Lotion

This new Luxor lotion gives you the smooth, satiny foundation for a flattering "natural effect" make-up. 55¢. Luxor Ltd., Chicago, Ill.

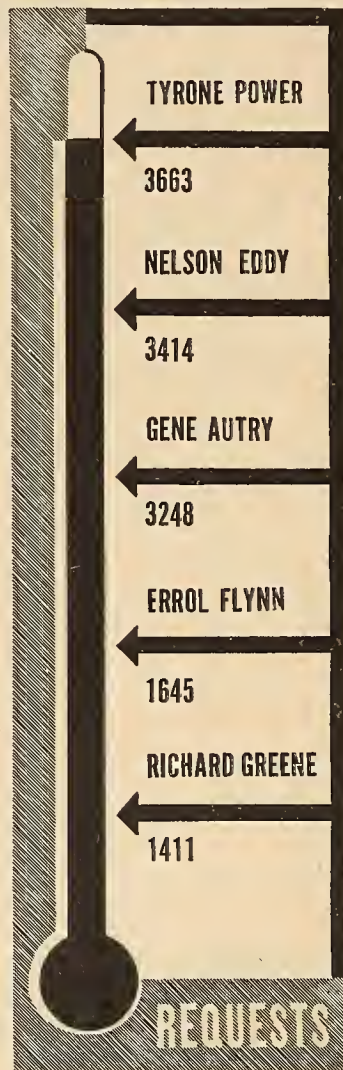


ROBERT DONAT: The story of Robert's rise to fame is one of the most amazing in the history of the theatre. Donat, the son of a shipper, was born in Withington, Manchester, England, on March 18th, 1905. He was born with the theatre instinct and began to show his ability at a very tender age. When he was a boy, he would go all about London and the suburbs giving recitations before church societies, clubs and other such organizations in Manchester and all through the north of England. It was his insistent presence at a Birmingham theatre in the summer of 1921 that won his first engagement as Lucius in "Julius Caesar." His next eight years proved to be quite a hardship for him. They were spent in stock and repertory theatres and with companies touring the English provinces. "Knave and Queen" was his first London success which was followed by many more. In addition to his innumerable stage appearances, he also played in three British motion pictures. He had just completed a seven months' engagement in the principal role of the London hit, "The Sleeping Clergyman," when he received a cable from Edward Small, the producer, asking him to take the lead in "The Count of Monte Cristo." Small had remembered his excellent performance as Thomas Culpepper in "The Life of Henry VIII" and knew he was the ideal actor to play Edmond Dantes. Needless to say, his performance in "Monte Cristo" was an immediate success. Donat's subsequent screen appearances included "The Ghost Goes West," "The Thirty-Nine Steps," "Knight Without Armor" and "The Citadel." He is currently appearing in "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and, it is said, his performance in this is one of the greatest in motion picture history. Robert is six feet in height, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds, has brown eyes and auburn hair. His favorite recreations are fencing and horseback riding. You can write him in care of M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal., or at M-G-M's British Studios, Denham, England.



GREER GARSON: If you have seen "Goodbye Mr. Chips," you, like all the rest of us, have wondered about this delightful new personality. Born in County Down in the north of Ireland, she displayed her dramatic talent at an early age. It was when she was four, to be exact, that she brought down the town hall with a little recitation which she insisted upon repeating a second time. As she grew older she continued giving recitations and taking part in amateur plays. Before long she knew that she could never be happy except in the theatre. Unfortunately her family—parsons, doctors, and church elders from way back—were not in sympathy with her ambition. They decided that she should teach school. Unwillingly she attended London University and the French University at Grenoble, but felt very strongly that she was wasting her time. Her unhappiness became so intense that when she almost succumbed to a

severe siege of influenza because, as the doctor put it, "she seemed to have lost her will to live," her mother, realizing what the theatre really meant to Greer, gave her consent for an acting career. Greer talked herself into a role in "Street Scene" and then toured England in G. B. Shaw's "Too True to be Good." When she returned to London, she had one disappointment after another—and not a single role. Finally a part dropped right into her lap. Sitting in a club one day, she was seen by a producer and signed for the leading role in "Golden Arrow." Though the play was a flop, Greer was mistaken for an American girl and toasted all over town as a new American actress. She became the most sought after player in London. Many hits followed until, during a performance of "Old Music," Louis B. Mayer saw her and signed her to a long-term contract with M-G-M. Her first assignment was opposite Robert Donat in "Goodbye Mr. Chips" which was filmed in England. Having proved herself not only lovely to look at but a bona fide actress as well, titian-haired Greer is now at the M-G-M Studios in California awaiting her next assignment. You'll be hearing a lot of Miss Garson.



A MAGNIFICENT CHART IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING!

Our latest revised chart, listing Hollywood's tap-natch movie stars with a thumb-nail description of each, is off the presses. Would you like to know all about your favorite stars, as to birthplaces, birthdates, physical attributes, marriages, etc? Well,

it's all yours for the asking in a most concise, informative and, what's more, attractive, compact, booklet form. If you would like to receive your copy, fill in and send us the coupon on page 17, along with five cents in stamps or cash for some.



RONALD REAGAN: Twenty-seven years old, six feet tall and Irish, Ronald Reagan has always seemed to have a three-way yen—for sports, for writing about them and for the drama. He was born in Tampico, Illinois, and still calls

that state his home. All through high school and at Eureka College he won varsity letters in swimming, track, basketball and football, and thought for a time that he would like to be an athletic coach. He paid his tuition during these years by being a lifeguard at Rock River Beach in Dixon, Illinois. His record, which he kept by notching a log, showed that he saved seventy-seven lives. It was thinking about the ethics of an incident in a college game when by telling the truth he lost the game for Eureka that started him writing about sports. Later he was a sports columnist on a Des Moines, Iowa, newspaper. Next he became a radio commentator of sports events. It was while doing this work that he acquired the handle "Dutch." Perhaps you wonder when he had the time to satisfy his yen for acting. Both in high school and in college he had taken part in many school plays, his favorite role being the part of Captain Stanhope in "Journey's End." He also joined the troupe of Johnson Players, a stock company, for one season. Oddly enough, however, it was his sports announcing which was directly responsible for bringing him to the movies. While he was covering the Chicago Cubs' spring training camp at Catalina Island, he was introduced to the Warner Bros. casting director by a friend. After a screen test, he was signed for "Love Is On the Air." Since his great hit in "Brother Rat," he has been one of the busiest young men in Hollywood. His latest appearances were in "Code of the Secret Service" and "Dark Victory" and his next will be in "Hell's Kitchen" and "The Angels Wash Their Faces." You can address him at Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Mrs. T. Jones, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Don Ameche played a taxi driver in "Midnight," an inventor in "The Story of Alexander Graham Bell" and D'Artagnan in the burlesque version of "The Three Musketeers." You can write Don in care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Stefanie Barger, Indiana Harbor, Ind. The following movie stars are married to men who are not in pictures: Irene Dunne to Dr. Francis Griffin, dentist; Claudette Colbert to Dr. Joel Pressman, physician; Madeleine Carroll to Captain Philip Astley, of the British Army. Photographs of the aforementioned stars may be obtained by writing to Paramount Studios, and enclosing twenty-five cents for each.

Sue Ross, Wichita, Tex. Al Jolson, who made "Mammy" a household word some years back, was born Asa Yoelson in St. Petersburg, Russia, on May 26th, 1886. A career as a cantor in a synagogue was chosen for him, but Al ran away to come back another day as an entertainer. His career really started in 1906, when, acting upon the advice of an old Negro, he turned blackface comedian and singer. In 1928 he married Ruby Keeler and they later adopted a boy, Al Jolson, Jr., from The Cradle in Evanston, Ill. His first motion picture was "The Jazz Singer" which started the talkies. His most recent picture is "Rose of Washington Square" with Alice Faye and Tyrone Power. Jolson is five feet five inches tall, weighs one hundred forty-five pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Address him at 20th Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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If you would like our chart listing the heights, ages, birthplaces and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

Lois Callan, Batavia, N. Y. Claire Trevor attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York more for the lark than because she had acting ambitions. However, before she'd graduated, she'd become so intrigued with the theatre that she went right into a stock company, played for several seasons and loved every minute of it. Movie shorts in New York followed, then the New York stage, more shows on the road and finally Hollywood, where she began work in 1933, and has been busy ever since. Claire Trevor is her real name (though she is Mrs. Clark Andrews now, her husband being an executive of the Columbia Broadcasting System). She was born one March 8th, in New York City and attended school in nearby Larchmont. She is five feet three inches tall, has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Her last picture was "Stagecoach." Address her at United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Irma Parker, Little Rock, Ark. Ricardo Cortez' real name is Jack Krantz. He was born in Vienna, September 19, 1899. He is six feet one inch tall, weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds, has black hair and brown eyes.

Frank Leow, Demerara, British Guinea. Errol Flynn was born in the north of Ireland on June 20, 1909. He was educated in Paris and London. His father was a professor of biology at Queen's University in Belfast, Ireland, and later at Cambridge in England. He has led an adventurous life, pearl-fishing in Tahiti, gold prospecting in New Guinea, and running a coast-wise freight schooner. He has traveled all over the world. His first movie part was in the English picture, "Mutiny on the Bounty." This led to several roles on the English stage both in London and the provinces. Then came British movies, followed by a bid from Hollywood. He met Lili Damita, French actress, on the boat coming over, and later married her. His first American picture was "Captain Blood," his last, "Dodge City." "The Lady and the Knight" will be his next. Flynn is very athletic and keeps in constant training. He once boxed in the Olympic Games, back in 1928. He has ambitious tendencies, too, and has written several books, plays, short stories and even verse. He is an avid editorial reader, and often writes "letters to the editor." Also an excellent cook. Errol sometimes treats his friends to delicious home-cooked meals. Flynn doesn't like alarm clocks, spiders or weddings (except his own), but he does like thunder storms, and the sound of wind. His favorite diversion is sailing his yacht, Sirocco. He is six feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred eighty pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Address him at Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

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with

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EDNA MAY

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MARY HEALY

LYLE TALBOT

ALAN DINEHART

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Associate Producer Gene Markey

Screen Play by Harry Tugend

Based on a story by George Bradshaw

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

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dance craze...

"Back To Back"



Sonja skating
her sensational
tango with a
partner for the
first time on the
screen!

Nancy KELLY





DON AMECHE



ANN SHERIDAN



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GAIL PATRICK

NEW YORK Daily News, Danton Walker's column: "Cary Grant has applied for first citizenship papers, under his right name, Archibald Alexander Leach. Incidentally, Cary has switched his affections from Phyllis Brooks to Electra Waggoner, New York society gal."

Behind that item is the story of a man who was determined not to let Hollywood change him—a simple, outdoor-loving sort of guy who thought society was a lot of hokey, who came to Hollywood, succeeded beyond his wildest dreams, and was trapped by the very forces he hated.

The Cary Grant who drove out to Hollywood in a ramshackle jalopy which was almost falling apart is not the man whom Hollywood knows today. That young man laughed at social pretensions, had cockeyed ideas about clothes, and was intensely interested in doing a fine job of acting—his chosen career.

People who let success go to their heads horrified him. There was, for instance, the author he'd known in the days when he was a struggling young musical comedy actor on Broadway. They lunched together in cheap restaurants and talked of the days when they'd be famous.

"If the play I'm writing is a success," the author promised, "I'll write in a fat role for you in my next one."

Overnight, the struggling writer became a success, but he didn't write in a fat role for Cary Grant nor a thin one. In fact, he no longer paid the slightest attention to Cary, but began to hobnob with richer, more successful people.

"What a so-and-so he turned out to be," thought Grant bitterly. "All his success went right to his head." So he swore that if he were ever on top, it would never go to his head. Today Cary Grant is successful, and he and this very same author pal around in the same social set, and are the best of friends once more.

Which might mean many things. It might mean that Cary is a forgiving sort of fellow, not one to hold a grudge. Or it might mean that Cary's scale of values has changed, and that he has accepted the Hollywood credo that a success should mix only with other successes. I believe the latter is true. Yet when you know the whole story, you won't entirely blame Cary Grant for letting Hollywood change him.

When he was Archibald Leach, he had the sanest sense of values you ever came across. And I doubt if all the wealth in Hollywood could have changed him if a woman hadn't broken his heart, leaving behind her the devastation of ideals destroyed and values twisted beyond repair.

Up to the time he married Virginia

HAS CARY GRANT GONE HIGH HAT?

BY DALE EDWARDS

Cherrill, Cary had been able to resist every temptation life offered him. Born the son of a middle class merchant in Bristol, England, he turned his back on security to run away with an acrobatic troupe. He'd overcome Temptation Number 1, which was to accept a soft spot in his father's business.

Temptation Number 2 arrived when Cary was injured during a performance as a stilt-walker at the Hippodrome. Feeling sorry for him, the manager offered him his return passage to England. Cary knew that the sensible thing for him to do was to go back. Instead, he almost starved in New York, before he succeeded in finding work.

Temptation Number 3 was to spend his money in easy living, as many of his friends on the stage did.

WHEN CARY was discovered by Paramount, Hollywood was known as the town of the Seven Gables. At the time, Clark Gable had just made a terrific hit, and every studio was madly searching for another Gable. Because Cary had ebony black hair and dark eyes, his studio hoped he might be another Gable, and cast him as a javelin-thrower in a hot picture called "This Is The Night."

Cary was so excited about the role and so intensely interested in his work that his speech became clipped and nervous—which gave it a certain excitement, and yet kept him from being anything more than adequate. That quality of nonchalance you hear in his voice today just wasn't there. He never gave the feeling of relaxation while before the camera.

Realizing this, Cary worked for hours reading scripts, rehearsing lines. He called in his friends to listen and criticize, and he accepted their criticisms not only with good grace, but with genuine gratitude. Gradually, he began to eliminate the nervous quality in his voice.

At this time, Cary Grant was still a simple sort of person—frugal in

his daily life but generous with his friends. He lived at a beach house with Randolph Scott, where they entertained very few people. When asked why they didn't marry, both Randy and Cary explained that they couldn't afford it.

"Here we are," Cary would say, leaning back in a chair, "living as we want to as bachelors with a nice home at a comparatively small cost. If we got married, we would have to put up a front. Women—particularly Hollywood women—expect it."


The sort of life they were leading seemed ideal. They spent their leisure time swimming and playing tennis. There was a gym at Cary's studio, and because he was thin, he spent a good deal of time there, trying to build himself up.

Cary's first taste of social life came when he met a dark, very tall young woman from Pasadena, Janet McCloud, a model and society girl. For a time Cary seemed interested in her—but that interest blew over very quickly, for in those days Cary was falling in and out of love every few months. The fact that Janet was a society girl didn't cut any ice with Cary. He was just as susceptible to one beautiful, charming girl as to another. That interest in blondes which he has now hadn't started at that time, either.


Cary's only vanity lay in his idea of being a well-dressed young man—and it was a peculiar sort of vanity. Somehow, he had gotten it into his head that he was the type of person who ought to dress with studied indifference, that the casual, nonchalant note was the thing. Usually his tie wasn't centered. If he wore

(Continued on page 74)

**He's become
social as a sort of
revenge, so Cary may
revert at any time**



In 1934 Cary and Virginia Cherrill dined often, for they were married then.



Today, Cary and Phyllis Brooks. Some say he goes with her because she reminds him of Virginia. They're certainly look-alikes.

If Cary ever steps off the social merry-go-round, he may find that the things he's lately sought are not what he's really wanted.

SHE COULDN'T AFFORD

But those days are over, for now Claudette Colbert gets what she wants



Norman Foster and Claudette in "The Barker," the stage play which brought her fame.



Jimmy Stewart and Claudette are together in "It's a Wonderful World."

LIKE CLAUDETTE Colbert's best picture . . . it happened one night . . . a rough twelve years ago.

Mark Hellinger, then a long-legged columnist bordering upon the skinny, accidentally met me and, out of the corner of his mouth, muttered something about having a pair of tickets for an opening to which nobody wanted to go. "So will you?"

Such an invitation was anything but flattering. But I went.

"I don't think it will be much good," said Mark.

Neither did I.

We were wrong. Not only was it much good, it was a riot.

There was an actor in it called Walter Huston. You know what happened to him. There was a new likable chap named Norman Foster. There was also a girl. She didn't wear any smart costumes, this girl. She wore a tailored suit costing twenty-seven dollars. A tailored suit with a very short skirt and you noticed her legs in the sheerest of stockings. Then you noticed her acting. The girl's name was Claudette Colbert. The play, incidentally, was "The Barker."

During intermission, the first night big-wigs stood around the lobby.

There was a kind of scared young man there also. He didn't know much about the theatre and the first nighters didn't know anything about him. But there he was—Claudette Colbert's brother—and he was going to find out whether his sister was in a hit—or bust.

So he simply walked straight up to one of the critics. He picked a good one, Walter Winchell.

"What do you think of the play?" he asked.

Mr. Winchell's answer was no answer to give anybody's brother. Mr. Winchell is alleged to have said, "How can I think of the play when all anyone can think about is that girl's legs!"

And the moral of the story, and it has one, is this. . . .

Claudette Colbert tells me she paid for those stockings herself. And she had to buy a new pair every night. And she didn't have any too much money either. You see, this was her first hit. Before, there had been long stretches of no work, many rehearsals, short runs and salaries that were promises.

"Yet I *had* to have the stockings," said Claudette. "They were too sheer to be good for more than one

wearing. They cost plenty. Still, they were worth it, for I wore them in order to call attention to my legs.

"You know what competition is on the stage or, for that matter, in any field. The beginner has to stand out. If I couldn't act, it would have been a different story. They might have noticed my legs, yes, but that would have been that. I knew I had the ability to back up the attention I received. It was just that in order to attract it *first*, I had to take advantage of every point.

"This business of standing out from the rest, of not being lost among the herd, that's something." She sighed, adding, "I don't mean now, when I can afford my permanents. I mean at the start.

"Listen." She leaned forward eagerly. "There was a time I couldn't afford a boy friend. Honest. I had exactly five dollars as spending money for three whole months.

"Now, how many boys will invite a girl out, a girl who can't possibly keep up? Don't misunderstand, I think that after a boy grows to know a girl and her real values, what she wears doesn't matter so much. But you've got to catch his eye first—like the stockings in the play. That's one

A DATE

—when she wants it

reason why it costs to be a girl, only," and she laughed that ever ready laugh of hers, "don't you dare call this piece 'The Woman Pays.'"

"I do think few men realize what it actually does cost, in plain dollars and cents, for a girl to go out with them. Young boys are always grumbling about *their* expenses, how they have to squander their allowance on the girl friend, dinner, a movie, perhaps a soda later, maybe a taxi or gas for the car. I'll bet it never dawns on them what it costs the girl—a new dress, a hair set, stockings, a hat to go with the dress.

"The 'go with' part is always the worst. Years ago, a best beau presented me with a bright red leather pocketbook. I owned absolutely nothing that went with it. So I had to pawn a ring in order to hie myself out and buy a complete outfit, or he would have been insulted upon seeing me *not* carry his gift.

"And when a girl likes a boy she goes out of her way to please him. I know a girl who fell in love with a man who wanted her to learn to rhumba. She spent twenty-five dollars on a series of lessons and," here came the Colbert laugh again, "before she had taken them all, she had lost the man. She only had the remainder of the lessons—and the bill.

GIRLS ALWAYS feel they have to dress to attract men. I marvel when I pass an office building and see the young women come swarming from the place, each one looking spotless, smart, dressed to kill, her skirt the correct length, her hat the latest thing, her coat the right coat. This is especially true of American girls.

"They can say what they want about the French, but actually it is only the very wealthy French woman, the one with unlimited funds at her command, who is capable of outdoing others. She makes a career of clothes. The little midinette you are always hearing about could take a few pointers from the American girl.

"I look at her—our truly unbeatable American girl. And I'm glad to have this chance to express my admiration. I (Continued on page 86)

BY NANETTE
KUTNER

Claudette Colbert has a strength and a poise and a will of her own—and you feel it every minute.





Cesar with Warner Baxter in "The Return of the Cisco Kid," and right, with Ann Sheridan, whom he says he won't marry.

Romantic ROMERO

BY ELISABETH BADGER

ONE OF Hollywood's most contradictory personalities is tall, dark, sinister-looking Cesar Romero. If you belong to the misguided group who take Cesar at his face value and think of him as a cross between a gangster and a parlor snake, prepare to readjust your opinions—for Cesar has the most misunderstood face in town.

Though he has never given a bad performance, Cesar hasn't been allowed to get very far in the movies, chiefly because his physiognomy isn't the dimpled, curvaceous type that is the mark of the glamor boy, and manna at the box-office. The planes of his face, the implications of his mysterious eyes and sometimes cruel mouth, have more significance and less sunshine than is seemly in a public idol, especially a movie hero.

But in private life, Cesar is one of the most sympathetic, amiable and universally well-liked men in pictures. You can't find a girl or man of his acquaintance who doesn't say, "What a sweet guy!"

In the field of romance, likewise, he's far from what he seems. Confirmed column-readers get the impression that Cesar is a philanderer, an accomplished side-stepper of matrimony. Actually, he has more good, sound old-fashioned ideals about women and marriage than most of the dimpled delegation.

"Everyone has the idea that I go with a different girl every night," he said reproachfully, whereas very few of those items in the columns are true. One girl at a time is enough for me."

Red-headed Ann Sheridan was the girl at the time. But Cesar didn't specify how much time is allotted to each girl, so I can't guarantee that the romance still thrives—what with Ann being elected Oomph Girl, and Cesar having to wear a beard for weeks and weeks for his role in "The Return of the Cisco Kid." However, Ann's case will serve to exemplify Cesar's point of view about women.

"Why do we have to marry?" he demanded, when I asked about their intentions. "Isn't it possible to be at-

tracted to each other, fond of each other's company, without being expected to end up in matrimony? I'm very fond of Ann, I love her company, and we have loads of laughs. But I don't intend to marry her, and I know she wouldn't want to marry me.

"I'm the last person in the world that Ann should marry. A girl like that, with a career that interests her more than anything else, should marry someone who can help her. A producer or a director. Certainly not an actor.

"Besides," he continued, distributing his six-feet-two more comfortably on the divan, "I have a lot of ideals about what I want marriage to be. I'll be very cautious about whom I marry because when I do, I expect it to last forever. No divorce for me! And I can tell you one thing—my wife will be a non-professional. It isn't possible to have two careers in one marriage—not in mine, anyway."

CESAR DISMISSED the idea that an actor's leading women are a threat to marriage. Even though stars do with great regularity discard their mates in favor of the most recent leading lady, the surprising Mr. Romero has no fear of such pitfalls. He thinks it would be a poor husband who couldn't withstand that temptation.

"What would worry me would be clash of temperament, ambition and working hours. That's why I'll never marry an actress. An actor's wife has to efface herself, in a sense, and adapt herself to his way of life, and care more for his success than her own."

I pointed out that if marriage is his ultimate object, he's wasting a lot of valuable time these evenings, for Cesar seldom goes out with anyone but actresses.

He nodded assent. "But I don't know anyone else," he said simply. "I have been very much in love—once, in the East, before I came to Hollywood. She was a woman ten years older than I and she had two children, but I was completely in love with her. I never wanted to be apart from her. That, to me, is the real test of love.



**Few men have been exposed to more
high-powered blandishments than
Cesar Romero—and survived**

"I'm afraid that has spoiled me for everything else. I'm sure if it hadn't been for that experience, I would have thought many times since that I was in love. But because I know what it is really like, I've never been able to deceive myself. I've always known it wasn't the real thing. That thought has probably cheated me out of a lot of fun.

"I've been infatuated, of course—crazy about various girls for the moment. But really being in love, to me, is being unhappy unless that person is with you every minute—the feeling that you want her with you, *must* have her with you, all the time. I've never felt that way about any other woman."

Few men have been exposed to more high-powered blandishments. Cesar has been in Hollywood since the first "Thin Man" picture, which is quite a span of years. In that time his career has gone through various phases, but he has never had a real break professionally. He's become well-known principally through his extra-studio activities which included going to the most prominent parties, dancing with stars who could appreciate his professional smoothness, and beaung all the glamor girls to places well within range of the candid camera's eye.

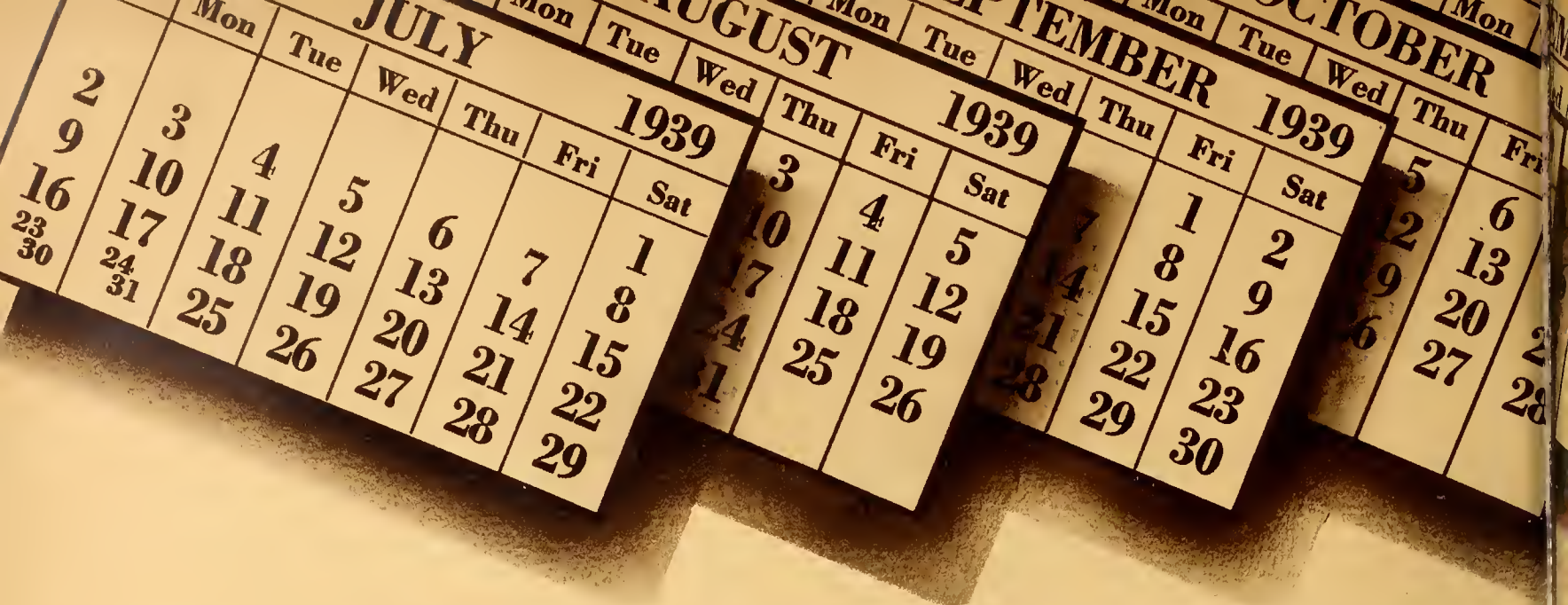
It was rather a strange set-up—young man with a relatively small salary and a minimum of fame, finding himself always in the thick of the most successful and celebrated. But that role was a familiar one to Cesar. His adult life had always been that way.

ELDEST SON of a well-to-do Cuban family, he lived in comparative luxury for fourteen years in New York City, where he was born. Just as he reached an age when money begins to have some meaning, his father's business crashed with the collapse of the sugar market. The Romeros took refuge on the New Jersey shore where they had always spent their summers, and devoted themselves to painful economy. When he wasn't in school, Cesar worked in various lowly capacities at a big New Jersey department store.

But the social standing of the Romeros did not stop with their income, so Cesar found himself in the anomalous position of delivering packages at a lady's door in the afternoon, and brushing shoulders with her at a fashionable dance in the evening.

He had quite a career in the department store—progressing from wrapper to stock boy to truck driver. One summer, he endured the rigors of a soldier's life at the Plattsburg Military Training Camp because his father saw an advertisement in the paper: "Send your boy to Plattsburg and swap him for a man." Cesar went under protest, and doesn't think the swap quite came off. His family moved back to New York so he could have his last three years of schooling at the Collegiate School there.

"That period of my life seemed very glamorous and exciting," he recalled. "The Collegiate boys used to take the Spence School girls out every afternoon that we could afford it. I had just enough money to walk to the girl's house, take her in a taxi to the Ambassador tea dance, and get her back to her house in a taxi—and then walk home. It was not considered cricket (*Continued on page 84*)



"IF I HAD SIX MONTHS

Bette Davis, who's played the role of a doomed girl, tells what she herself

BY GLADYS HALL

YOU'VE PUT Judy Traherne and her catastrophe, her "Dark Victory" and how she achieved it, on everybody's tongue, in everybody's heart and mind," I told Bette. "That girl loved, met her death sentence and died and in so doing not only broke our hearts, quickened our spirits with a new awareness of human nature and its rather divine potentialities, but also made us ask ourselves, 'If a doctor told *me* I had only a few months to live, what would I do?'

"You, Bette, you especially must have asked yourself that question during the weeks that you, as Judy, were 'dying.' If a doctor should read you your death sentence, Bette, what would *you* do?"

There fell a silence on the Green Room where Bette and I were lunching.

Then Bette said, with characteristic vehemence and tensivity and honesty, "I would resent it horribly! I would resent dying. I'd hate to! I'd scream, 'Why should this happen to *me*?' I'd be torn between not believing it at all and, even more furiously, believing it. I think that after I'd sat for three days and got it through my bean, I'd do just what Judy Traherne did! I think that any one of us would do, what Judy did, at first—unless the person was very extraordinary, far more spiritual, far more highly evolved than I am. I'd do just what Judy did—only I wouldn't be so good about it.

"That's why I think the picture so worth-while," said Bette. "The story is so fine and beautiful, because it's so true, because the human motivation seems to me to be so sound. The people all behaved as, I believe, people would behave under similar circumstances.

"Yes, I'm sure that I would, at first, do what Judy did. I'd go crazy, wild, mad. I'd try hard to deaden my agony with insane sedatives. I'd try to forget by any means I could lay my frantic hands to—drinking, love affairs, noisy nightmares, anything to dull the edges of the essential nightmare, push it out of sight, lose it in the confusion of my befuddled mind.

"I'm very like Judy, you know," Bette then told me. Bette in slacks, a bandana around her head, tennis shoes, feet tucked under her as she sat at the table. Bette, to

whom the accolade of being the greatest actress in Hollywood, makes not the slightest difference in her friendliness, her lack of all the little totems and tabus of the consciously self-important.

"I'm very like Judy. Never have I gone as haywire as Judy did, even when," said Bette, a slight twist to her smile, "I may have felt a touch like it. I've never had the time, you know, nor that much money. I've got the one thing Judy didn't have—work. But up here," Bette tapped her forehead, "we are alike, Judy and I. I didn't only put on her make-up, I was inside her skin.

"I know one thing. I know that if I were doomed to die, as Judy was doomed, I would wish, above all things, that I might have what Judy had . . . such a love as Judy had, such a man as Dr. Steele, such understanding, so much strength, so much tenderness. It was his love that made it possible for Judy to meet death as she did meet it. It was because she so terribly wanted him to be proud of her that she triumphed over her love of life.

IT WAS this eager wanting to win the spurs of his admiration that gave her the courage, at last, to come through and go on. It was her love for him that made her want to behave so that, after she was gone, he would not have to remember any terrible scenes with her, scenes which would scar his memory for the rest of his days. I can understand that, perfectly. You'd know, you see, how terribly it was making other people feel. Caring for them, you couldn't want that. Then, too, there would be a wonderful satisfaction in knowing that people were saying, 'My God, you've got guts!' Judy wanted Steele to be proud of her. She wanted that even more than she craved the self-indulgence of screaming out her pain and fear. The ego in us," smiled Bette, "probably survives till the last cell is extinct.

"Yep, if, in real life, I had to meet Judy's death sentence, I would wish for such a love in my life, and if there were such a love in my life, I would do exactly as Judy did. I would marry the man and live in the few months left me as, I hope, I'd have wisdom enough to realize I could not hope to live though all the years remained.



TO LIVE"

would do under similar circumstances

I hope I'd have the wisdom to know that it isn't Time that matters—it's what we do with Time.

"You know perfectly well that every girl in love likes to fancy herself as Elaine, the Lily Maid, drifting to her death while Launcelot weeps. And, subconsciously, that same fancy sustained Judy and would sustain me. We all like to be dramatic in front of the man we love. What can be more dramatic than to be dying before his very eyes, the 'sadness of farewell' touching, with unearthly beauty, every earthly caress?"

"But apart from being in love—assuming that I, personally, might not have a Dr. Steele in the months remaining to me—what would I do?"

"Well, I think," said Bette, consideringly, "I think that after my first wild orgy of desperate despair was spent, I might decide to work like mad. Yes, I bet you money that's just what I'd do!"

"I think it would be the instinct of self-preservation working in me, too. I think I'd realize that I'd feel more normal if I continued on here, at the studio, doing the routine things. I think it would be strangely comforting to have fittings and photographic sittings, to read scripts and see rushes and confer with the director. I'm sure that I'd find myself thinking, quite comfortably, 'Why, of course I'm not going to die, how fantastic, what dime novel nonsense! One doesn't die when one goes on eating lunch in the good old Green Room, while being interviewed.'

"Of one thing, I'm sure. I wouldn't go away, for there is something about going away, even under the happiest, vacation circumstances which is, to me, vaguely melancholy. I've gone to Carmel, watched the sun set over those stunning waters, felt my heart sink into them, with the setting sun. Indefinable, but there it is.

"I'm sure it would be a frightful temptation to me never to look at the sun rise, or set. I'm sure that I would try to avoid beautiful things happening to me for fear there would arise, unbidden but intolerable, the thought—this will never happen again. I am sure that anything beautiful in Nature would break my heart.

"Music," said Bette, savagely, (*Continued on page 78*)

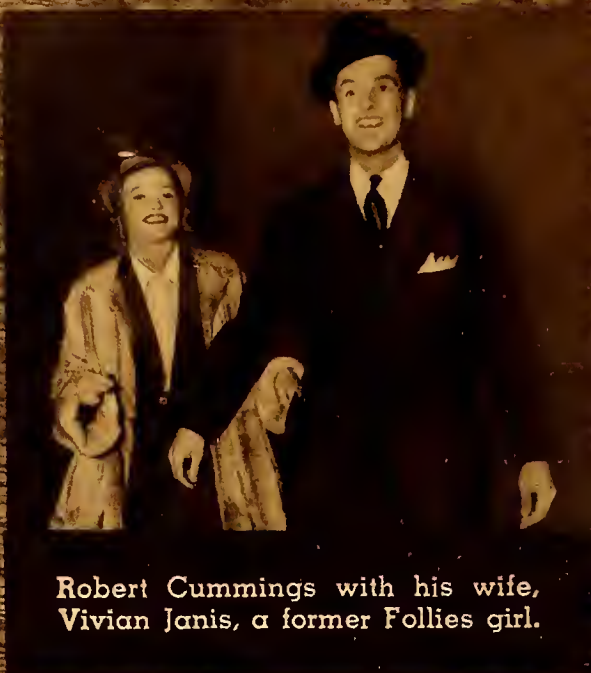


"I'd try to forget my death sentence with insane sedatives," confesses Bette Davis.



George Brent and Bette in "Dark Victory," which gave rise to the rumor of their romance.

THE *Play* DECEIVER



Robert Cummings with his wife, Vivian Janis, a former Follies girl.

WHEW! GOLLY! He's sensational!" Deanna Durbin exclaimed when she saw the screen test of her new leading man. She had no idea at the time of playing prophetess, but Robert Cummings, that slim, dark young actor with the boyish grin, the slightly off-center nose and the gray, laughing eyes, is indeed the surprise picture package of the season to everyone. To everyone, that is, except Robert Cummings himself.

The only thing that surprises him is that he didn't make his sensation sooner. He has been around Hollywood for three whole years. He made some nineteen pictures before "Three Smart Girls Grow Up." One sensation in twenty tries is a sorry batting average in Robert Cummings' league. For making sensations is Robert Cummings' particular specialty. He thinks he should have wowed Hollywood much sooner. Frankly, he's afraid he's slipping.

If that sounds a little like this Robert Cummings totes around a head as cocky as a prize rooster's, it's unfortunate. Personally, Robert is as modest, pleasant, shy and retiring a young man as you'd want to know. He's happily domesticated, he's a handy man around the house, he gets along swell with his mother-in-law. In fact, the only thing he's a little puffed up about is his ability to pilot his plane, *Spinach II*, through the skies and bring it down on three points through a low ceiling. But that's in his private life.

Professionally, Robert Cummings is a dealer in delusion, a hawker of hoax. His bible has always been bluff and he's not a bit ashamed to admit it. The way he figures, everything's fair in love, war and a dramatic career.

In the beginning, he was just plain Charles Clarence Cummings, the doc-

tor's boy, in Joplin, Missouri, driving his dad around on cases and thinking that some day he might be a physician, too.

His ambitions switched successively to boxing, swimming and flying, succumbing to the headline glamor of Jack Dempsey, Johnny Weissmuller and Lindbergh, as their respective vogues waxed and waned. He won some trophies in the swimming department and soloed his plane four hours after he first climbed into it. But about all these mixed triumphs did was to make him a quick change artist and prepare him for The Great Impersonations.

THE FIRST was Blade Stanhope Conway and happened thus: The acting bug had bored beneath Bob's skin at Carnegie Tech, whence he had gone to pursue an engineering career. A course in architecture set him building sets for the school show. Then the leading man broke his leg and they jerked Bob away from his T-square to pinch-hit as "D'Artagnan" in "The Three Musketeers." From then on, he couldn't see tangents and secants for sour apples. He transferred to the Academy of Dramatic Arts for a year and then, convinced the acting world was his oyster, he decided to pry it open without further delay. But he found the oyster obliged only when addressed in an English accent.

"Journey's End" had started the British conquest of Broadway, and Leslie Howard, Noel Coward, Raymond Massey and Basil Rathbone were doing honors for the redcoats.

"Yes," said the agents and producers' secretaries to Bob, "we're casting *English* actors. Are you English?" A Joplin accent, which is modified Bob Burns, got him nowhere very fast.

A year of this with no dice at all woke Bob up one morning with twenty-five cents in his pants' pocket and the bad news that his dad was sick and there'd be no more checks from home. He took a long ride on the subway to try and think things out. He started hoofing the long way back and passed a window with a lovely ship's model and the sign, "See England This Summer!" A great idea smote Bob. If he needed a British accent to crack a Broadway show, he'd go over and get one!

A paid up insurance policy staked him and a steerage passage got Bob across. He picked up a motorcycle for a few dollars and roamed all over England, jotting down in his little red book just how Englishmen talked, slept and ate. Before long he had an accent that would knock your monocle out.

It was in the quiet little Spa of Harrowgate that Blade Stanhope Conway was born and Charles Clarence Cummings vanished from the ken of man. His Majesty's Theatre, an ancient hulk, had just gone for a strictly up-to-date chromium plated marquee with lovely glass letters. Chugging past, Bob spied the janitor alone sweeping off

Bob Cummings once discovered that a good gag works—and he has never forgotten it

BY KIRTLLEY BASKETTE



Mr. C. surprised Hollywood, but what surprised Mr. C. was that he didn't wow them long ago. Creating sensations is his specialty!



Deanna Durbin and Bob in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up."

the walk beside stacks of the elegant letters. He slammed on the brakes as he recognized the chance of a lifetime.

"A pound!" exclaimed the janitor. "For a pound I'd put you and the Prince of Wales both up in lights. What's your name?"

Bob thought fast. Something British. He remembered a line from "Death Takes a Holiday,"—something about "a blade of a fellow." "Blade—" he began. Then he rather fancied Captain Stanhope in "Journey's End." And he'd always liked Conway Tearle's first name.

"Blade Stanhope Conway Now Playing In Shaw's Immortal Candida," soon glowed over the portals of His Majesty's Theatre. A local photographer clicked the phenomenon, with Bob himself posed grandiloquently out in front. Eight prints left England for New York agents and producers the next day with a very snooty note breaking the great news that Blade Stanhope Conway, the famous London actor, would soon make a triumphal visit to America and might be persuaded to do a part in a Broadway play.

Bob Cummings sailed the day after, selling his motorcycle at Southampton at a two dollar profit. When he arrived in New York he found a stack of mail and telegrams up to his knees. They all begged for appointments. Bob picked a part in Charles Hopkins' production of Galsworthy's play, "The Roof." The English actors in the cast never even suspected. A good gag had worked and Bob never forgot that.

When you talk to Bob Cummings today he is so typically Middle Western American that it is hard to believe he actually fooled all of Broadway and its bona fide British colony for almost (Continued on page 88)

TROUBLED TROUPE

If you've ever been home-
sick, confused or blue,
you'll understand Merle
Oberon's problems perfectly

BY
ELISABETH FRENCH

Merle confesses, "The
instability of my life is
getting into my soul. I
no longer have any
peace of mind."

MERLE OBERON was in the wistful mood induced by leavetaking. "Wuthering Heights" having been duly previewed with Mrs. Roosevelt's personal blessing, and Irene having concocted for her a delicious wardrobe with which to astound the British public, Merle was about to return to London for the seven months required by her contract with Alexander Korda.

She sat in her drawing-room by the sea and sighed deeply at the prospect of leaving a town she really doesn't like very well. Looking out at the grey waves, she smiled wanly—that is, as wanly as is possible for such a radiantly pretty and buoyantly good-natured girl.

Sadly she spoke—as sadly as can be managed by one whose clipped diction gives a lively quality to her slightest word, and whose natural mirth is guaranteed to break through the most gloomy of moods.



"I feel wretched about leaving," she confessed. "I'm so sentimental that I'm always homesick when I go away from anywhere. Because I have a few roots here, a few friends I really care about, I'm unhappy about going. But when I get ready to come back, I'll feel just as homesick about leaving England."

With all this shuttling back and forth, I wondered whether she now thought of England or Hollywood as home. "That's the trouble," said Merle plaintively. "I don't know. That's what's the matter with me. This constant change, this instability of my life, is getting into my soul. I no longer have any peace of mind."

"I think I'd like to work only in Hollywood—picture-making is so superior here—and spend my vacations in England. But I can't because of my contract with Korda. I miss England dreadfully, the actual country, the smell of it and the gentle rains. But California has so much to offer, if I only knew how to take advantage of it."

"My life here is all wrong. Hollywood is the only place where I lose faith and begin to wonder what's wrong with human nature. I don't know any of the real Americans. I only know a small clique of picture people whom I see over and over again. And though they're charming and talented, life in that clique is very abnormal. In Hollywood, friendships are taken with a grain of salt. People think too much about what or who is good for their careers. And yet they're so completely dependent on each other, the rest of the world is so utterly forgotten, that false importance is attached to every relationship, to the little slights, and all the trivial complications of life."

"And, of course, Hollywood is notorious for its lack of men. Even the most devastating glamor girls have a hard time finding beaux. I don't know of any other place in the world where there's so much"—she sought a word for the dreadful situation—"woman-stuff. Do you know what I mean? Where women are content to sit together for hours on end at parties, talking among themselves about their dresses and such things, while the men talk shop. That sort of thing isn't good for a woman. It isn't normal."

"I think the solution of life in Hollywood is to have a family. Don't you think it's wonderful the way Margaret Sullavan does it? That's what I shall do. I shall get me a family," she said, gazing pensively at the restless sea, "and live on a hilltop in the sun. Then I can have all the

real, fundamental things of life right there around me. I can be independent of Hollywood for my happiness, and yet have my work and all the glitter and excitement that Hollywood has to offer."

"The trouble with that plan," I said practically, "is that you have to get married first."

"Yes," she agreed vaguely, and then came back from the hilltop with a rush. "When I get married," she announced briskly as if the plan had just taken definite form at that moment, "I shall have a child immediately. And then I think I shall adopt one or two more. I've been very lucky, very well-treated by the powers that be in this world, and I think a nice way to return some of it would be to adopt a motherless child. In that way you can give not only money, but your love and care."

MY HAIRDRESSER is married to a man who hasn't been able to find a job for many months. He stays home and takes care of things there while she goes to work. They've been married for years, but they're still completely in love—they're really like one. The girls in the shop make fun of her for going on supporting him, and advise her to leave him, but I begged her not to. I said, 'You have the most wonderful, the most desirable thing in the world. Don't be so foolish as to give it up. What does it matter who's earning the money, as long as you have your livelihood, your home and him?'

"That wonderful companionship, that understanding—money can't buy them! I know women whose husbands are extravagant providers, but who have no feeling for their wives, no understanding of them. And I know women who have all the money in the world but are so tragically alone! To be really happy you must have a husband who understands you."

When Merle first came here some years ago, nothing could have convinced her that one day she would dream of home atop a Hollywood hill, or feel a pang of nostalgia on leaving the place. She can never forget the horrors of her reception by the film colony—that disastrous night of her first Mayfair party, when none of the women spoke to her, and she sat in her corner and endured the agonies of a wall-flower and an alien. And later, when, just as she was about to escape from the ordeal, she tripped and fell flat on her face while crossing the dance floor, and one of her (Continued on page 84)



'Twas Alexander Korda who called Merle Oberon back to England. And not just for that picture contract, either!

Right, Merle as Cathay and David Niven as Edgar Linton, two of the twisted lives in "Wuthering Heights."





HIS LET-DOWN'S LET UP

**but only after Bruce took all the
hurdles on the Hollywood track**

BY MARY MAYES

Though Bruce Cabot's gritty tenacity may seem to contradict his rolling stone youth, it has made him a versatile actor.

A TALL, powerfully built fellow signed up with RKO somewhere back in 1931. He bore the romantic name of Jacques de Bujac—his own. His face was strong, not handsome. Nobody paid much attention to him, probably for this reason, and besides, his dramatic gifts and experience were negligible—three months with a little theatre “grope” in Chicago was all.

Jacques earned his studio keep chiefly as a kiss-tester. A kiss-tester is just what you think it is—a chap who tests clinch scenes with alluring and promising starlets and leading ladies. Not an unpleasant means of livelihood, but it doesn't get a man anywhere. However, one day, some genius met up with this taciturn, rather unhappy looking boy named Jacques as he was going obediently from one kiss test to another. And the genius went a-running to the Front Office, crying “Eureka!” That means “We've got something here.”

Over at Metro, a chap named Gable was going great guns. You all know that story, but the point is that, while M-G-M was rubbing its hands with joy, executives at other studios were kicking each other in the pants for previously turning Gable down and combing the country for guys who looked like him. RKO may have been particularly vehement in its trouser-booting, for hadn't they had the Gable right under their own roof a while ago, doing a little job called “The Painted Desert?” But no use crying over flubbed chances. “Get me another Gable!” yelled Mr.

Front Office. And then the genius stumbled over Jacques de Bujac.

Naturally, that fancy name must be changed. It sounded phony, as real things often do. Lessee now—what to call him? Clark Gable, Clark Gable—that name would keep going through executive minds. One syllable, two syllables. Ben, Bob, Bill, Bruce—ah! Good. Bruce Carter, Calvin, Cabot. Bruce Cabot—swell! And he was big, virile, not handsome, but kinda tough looking, and would the women go for him, oh boy, oh boy! Thus will Hollywood ever, I suppose, see one good thing and try to duplicate it, never learning the very simple fact that the public doesn't want imitation Gables and Taylors, not even when sets of dishes are given away.

WITH A new name and a bit more money coming in, Bruce Cabot felt a little less unhappy and proceeded to do exactly as he was told. So they said he was one of the Boston Cabots. What did it matter what they said, so long as he began to get somewhere and be somebody at last? He had a special reason for wanting success.

The publicity department may have stretched the truth a smidgeon about the Cabots, but they didn't have to entirely make up pretty stories about their new big bet's background. The parts about scrubbing the decks of a freighter in order to get to Europe and go vagabonding through the old countries, about punching cattle on a New Mexico ranch, about roustabouting in western oil fields, bossing

a cotton plantation, acting as sparring partner for a professional boxer, and as head bouncer for a Hollywood night club—these were all true enough. (And nice and Gable-ish, too.) Dragging in the Cabots was a bit thick, so the boys soon quit that and delved into the lowdown on the De Bujacs, who weren't to be sneezed at socially or financially either.

Colonel de Bujac, a Spanish-American War veteran settled, for his health, in Carlsbad, New Mexico. He left two brothers running banks in New York. And his wife's brother, Herman Harjes, subsequently went with the Morgan-Harjes bank in Paris. The army, high finance, social prominence and a mixed French and Dutch heritage—that's quite a background.

The Colonel had high hopes for his boy, Jacques. Since his wife had died when the boy was born, father and son were very close. The Colonel wanted Jacques to go to West Point and sent him, in preparation, to the New Mexico Military Academy. But his son didn't seem to care for it, so the Colonel put away his dreams of seeing Jacques a soldier like himself. He let him transfer to the University of the South in Tennessee and later sent him to France to Tours Université.

Jacques came home and did—nothing. That was when he got to roving. He went back to Europe, not in the nice first-class cabin the Colonel would willingly have paid for, but on a freighter, scrubbing the decks, (Continued on page 90)

SWEET SIXTEEN



Mickey Rooney isn't wild, nor a practical joker.



Jackie Cooper's very smart and loves music.



Johnny Downs is considerate and good company.



BY ROBERT McILWAINE

Judy Garland figures that now is the time for boy friends and lots of fun

"I'm not in a hurry to grow up," says Judy. "After all, you've only eighteen years to have fun, so why rush it?"

REMEMBER HOW it felt to be sweet sixteen? Judy Garland *knows*, for she's just turned it, and is the first to tell you what goes on. In fact, it was on the eve of this eventful birthday that Judy journeyed to New York where she broke Jack Dempsey's all-time record for attendance at the theatre where she appeared.

Now this in itself is somewhat of a major accomplishment, but not nearly so much, Judy feels, as the passing of those first fifteen years! When asked how it felt to be grown up, she grinned and said, "Oh, not much different. But gosh, everyone who knows me at all says I'm *not* grown up!"

Though appearances might dispute this opinion, Judy has arguments for each and every theory proffered. For instance, her high heels were the last word in smartness, but the kidding she takes to don them and show her face in public! As for her personal appearance these days, she's bordering dangerously near being glamorous. Her hair is a little lighter with just the right touch of gold to enhance those lovely eyes that feature dark curling lashes. Why the gal is even thinner and, what's more, with that engaging smile of hers, would make any guy's heart skip a beat or two just to pass her quickly on the street!

"Do I get razzed about these shoes!" Judy exclaimed, tossing a glance in their general direction. Then, looking up she laughed, "Why

it's getting so I can only wear them in my dressing-room and have any peace of mind. And just look at my hair! They had to change it for the color sequences in 'The Wizard of Oz.' Now my friends kid me about that, too. You know we worked on that picture for six months and, even though it was the most pleasant time I've ever spent, I lost twelve pounds. So what do you think? All the gang think I'm reducing! Gosh, maybe I should at that! But really, it's only that I've grown taller and my weight is going to the right places!

HONESTLY, I'M in no hurry to grow up," Judy continued, her large eyes serious and a plaintive note of sincerity in her voice. "The way I figure it, you've only got about eighteen years in which to have fun—so why rush it? Heck, when you're grown, there're too many things to worry about, so while you're still young you should be able to enjoy yourself. All my friends, the gang I run around with, have the best time ever. Of course some of 'em, the boys especially, think they're pretty old. Why they even smoke cigarettes!"

After discussing Hollywood's promising youth we discovered our little friend had very definite ideas on the subject. Certain things were to be accepted. For instance, several of her favorite pals even went so far as to smoke pipes! Of course, none are of the "veddy, veddy variety,"

as the handsome William Orr, who was the latest thorn in the side of one Andy Hardy! Judy can't believe any girl would prefer such a "fancy pants" as he portrayed to a real honest-to-goodness fellow. In fact, Judy has such sound reasoning and excellent ideas about companions that to date she can't decide just which boy she prefers. However, each has his points and plenty to offer, for Judy's far too intelligent to tolerate a dullard very long.

Concerning a few of the snapshots showing Judy steppin' out, she explained, "Oh I don't date very much. Mostly, we all go out together. Of course there's usually a fellow with a girl. Y'know we sorta pair up. Then we go dancing or just stay home and have fun.

"To give you an idea, I'll tell you what we do when Johnny Downs comes over." At the surprised look on our face, Judy hopped in and told us what a swell dancer and actor Mr. D. is. Having familiarized us with the gent, she continued, "Johnny will come over and bring a book along. We help Mother fix dinner and afterwards may spend the whole evening not saying a word, just sitting there reading. Then, when it's time for him to go home, we'll say good night and that's all there is to it. I think I like Johnny for this very reason. We don't have to put on at all to entertain each other. We can relax and not say a word and still have a simply grand time. He's very nice (Continued on page 87)

DARLING OF BINNIE'S HEART

Her name is Rosette, and she means much more to this glamorous actress than stardom, riches or spectacular success

Binnie Barnes and thirteen-year-old Rosette, whom you will enjoy meeting here.





Jack Benny and Binnie divide fun and billing in "Man About Town," their latest musical.



Binnie moves in an atmosphere of breezy, offhand good humor. Nothing impresses her.

BY IDA ZEITLIN

I HAD a date with Binnie Barnes at the Waldorf. She was leaving for Hollywood that night, and the date had been made only that morning. With most movie queens, you wouldn't even have attempted it. You'd have been told, and reasonably, that the lady was hogtied with engagements and asked why the blazes you hadn't waked up sooner?

In the fact that Binnie did make time, lies a clue to her temperament. She moves in an atmosphere of breezy, offhand good humor. She sets no stages. Nothing impresses her, not even herself. She treats the world and all its phenomena, including her own activities, with an air of lighthearted detachment. "Okay, come along, if you don't mind a madhouse. How are you on packing? That's fine, you can do my suitcase. The story? What story? Hang the story."

I was therefore taken aback to find her in a state bordering on distraction. She was at the telephone, her free hand nervously clutching and unclutching at her throat. She grimaced a greeting without interrupting her conversation. Alarm had dilated her brown eyes, and her words tumbled over each other in their urgency.

"Yes, but where is she now? At the hospital? Are you there with her? Well, put her right on. No, I won't keep her, I just want to hear her voice. Darling! Hello, darling. How do you feel? Oh, my lamb, but your voice sounds so weak. Just a little sick from the anaesthetic?

Are you sure that's all? Does your leg hurt? Well, I'm rushing right home to you, sweet, and meantime you're to do everything the doctor says, do you hear? Is he there? Let me talk to him. Yes, I'll be back in a jiffy, nagging the daylights out of you. Now put the doctor on, you mustn't talk any more. Yes, I adore you and you ought to be spanked. Goodbye, my darling.

"Hello, Irving. What has that child done to herself? No-o-o, I'm not jittery. Why should I be jittery, only three thousand miles away and Rosette in the hospital? Six stitches! I can't bear it. Did she scream? Of course not, you gave her an anaesthetic. I'm sorry if I sound like a dithering idiot, but you know. What do you mean, safety measure? Guard against infection? Are there signs of it? You're sure you're not keeping anything from me? I'd rather know than imagine. Well, I just thought you might be trying to spare me.

"I was planning to take the train tonight but I'll fly instead. Of course I hate to fly, but what's that got to do with it? The studio? Lord, I forgot. Well, I'll phone them and call you back. Will you stick around for ten or fifteen minutes? What's the number there? All right. I've got it. And, Irving, I'm a beast not to have thanked you sooner, but my mind's gone—what there is of it. Forgive me, you're an angel, I'll call you back, 'bye."

She hung up, rested her forehead against her palm for a moment, explained briefly, "It's Rosette, my niece, I've had her ever since she was a baby," and called a number.

I couldn't help noting, as she sat there, that she looked prettier than I've ever seen her. The Florida sun had tinted her skin to a clear bronze that deepened the brown of her eyes and warmed the gold of her hair. Her hair was differently arranged too—parted in the center, sweeping in faintly rippling wings behind her ears and fastened high at the nape in a soft, wide (Continued on page 72)

Jimmy Stewart isn't as helpless as he looks. No, sir!

Alice Faye has the airs of the movie queen of parody.



ARE MOVIE STARS NICE ?

IF YOUR work takes you among movie stars, you find yourself in the position of one with a specialized parlor accomplishment, like owning a trained eel or reciting "Ten Nights on the Bar Room Floor" with motions. It gives you a social advantage, no matter to what circles you may gravitate.

Theoretically, a passionate interest in the Hollywood scene is confined to school girls and the simpler-minded of all ages. Actually, this is not the case. We have never been more thoroughly bombarded than on a visit we paid to a university town where scholars came tumbling down from their ivory towers to do research on what Gary Cooper was like, whether Hedy Lamarr was as beautiful as she screened, whether I'd ever seen Garbo, and was Myrna Loy nice. Incidentally, Myrna is the professors' pet. A gusty sigh of satisfaction went up when I assured

them she is nice. They just wanted to make sure, that's all.

All fans are idealists. They want their favorites to be nice. It works the other way, too. They chuckle in triumph on being told that a screen personality they can't abide was once observed kicking a dog. Whatever oblique queries they may start with, it all boils down sooner or later to, "Do you like her? Is she nice?" with hearts hanging breathlessly on your reply.

An interviewer's scope is necessarily limited. He doesn't see his subjects whole. He meets them under special conditions which are often hard on both parties. He gets an impression, more or less definite, depending on his own perceptiveness and the force of the other's personality. As he has often been reminded, and meekly reminds the reader, he is no oracle nor court of final judgment. In recognition of the universal interest, however, I present

If you had fame, a fortune and glamor, would you be a good scout or sort of uppity? Well, celebrities are just like you—some real, some phony

B Y M A R T H A K E R R



Norma Shearer's taste and manners offend certain movie folk.



George Raft knows too well what it is to be patronized.

here a few sidelights on a few of the people I have often been questioned about.

I once talked to a man who counted among his friends a number of the movie great. "But if I ever needed help, it's George Raft I'd go to. Not that the others would necessarily refuse it. But George is the only guy I know who'd pull out his check book and ask, 'How much?' As long as you were his friend, he'd figure that was the only question he had any business to ask."

If you know Raft, you also know Mack Gray, his sidekick, called "The Killer" because he looks frail enough to be toppled over by a summer breeze. They form a modern Damon-and-Pythias combination. They'll start a scrap over anything or nothing, and neither can get along without the other. "If I couldn't come home at three in the morning," says Raft, "and punch him in the stomach, and yell, 'You sleeping again?' I'd be lost."

There are times when he feels it his duty to encourage The Killer to "better himself" by accepting one of the jobs frequently offered him. "So they'd quit calling you my stooge," he adds, rubbing it in.

"Who called me your stooge? Leave me at him."

"Okay, okay, you can kill him *next* Wednesday. Anyhow, you'd make more dough."

"Did I ask for more dough? What you trying to do, run my life for me again?"

Mack needed an operation, but was scared. So was George. Nevertheless, he talked his friend into it, made the hospital arrangements, drove The Killer down, and sat shaking with him in the receiving-room till the latter was signed up. He hung around outside his door till Mack was safely sheathed in his pajamas, then they stood facing each other under the nurse's eye.

"Well, so long, you screwy bum," muttered Raft, and stumbled down to his car, where a friend found him bawling. "The guy looked so damn skinny," he mumbled in apology.

Being a product of New York's gas house district and not always awake to the crime of the double negative, he knows what it is to be patronized by those who have had a year's more schooling than he. He has doubtless been pricked by these snubs, though not with any permanent injury to his self-respect. Condescension stiffens his pride, understanding humbles it. When they played together in "Souls at Sea," he conceived a warm admiration for Gary Cooper, which Gary returned. "Imagine," Raft marveled, "a mugg like me being friends with Coop!" Through his marriage, the silent Coop was inducted automatically into the heart of Hollywood's social elite. Which didn't prevent him from recognizing in the ex-pugilist and tango dancer a kindred spirit—simple, generous and real. The friendship does honor to them both. (Continued on page 70)

HE TAKES A CHANCE

Yes, being impulsive, curious and unafraid is Paul Muni's rule of life

IT WAS at his hilltop home overlooking the Pacific that I talked to Paul Muni. He was diving in and out of the swimming pool that fits below a commanding terrace. *

"You might not like that new springboard," Paul said calmly, "but to me it'd honestly be a tremendous thrill to make a perfect dive from it; it'd be an elemental satisfaction. I believe very strongly in such pleasure!" He stretched relaxingly.

"You are amazing," I interrupted. "You are supposed to be so arty, all temperamental moods and concise methods and solemn bashfulness. They declare you and Garbo are equally exclusive, and you certainly haven't been wild, nor conspicuously newly-rich. You haven't changed partners and I have yet to see you doing a rumba at the Troc."

He looked at me, plain exuberance in his brown eyes. "I could do a rumba, believe it or not. No Hollywood producer suspects it, but I can sing and dance. Not like Eddy or Astaire, but I did do musical comedies on the stage once upon a time.

"I am deadly serious about my work; yes. I do as much research on a role as I can; I prepare myself minutely. But I have system for my approach to and performance of a part because I have to have it. I'm not a 'quick study.' As for being moody, yes. Who wants to be a stone image? Stone's very dull!

"But bashful, besides?" he mused. "It's true I've no flash personality, in the Hollywood hero sense. I'm quite sure there is nothing in my mere presence that would cause young ladies to cut classes. But I don't deserve any complex build-up as exclusive or mysterious. I hate being gaped at as though I were a queer fish. I'm uneasy when I'm expected to 'dazzle.' But I only insist upon choosing my intimates and upon reasonable privacy.

MY CREDO is 'always take a chance!' I trust my hunches. And I always take the accompanying risks—if a leap in the dark strikes me as right. I owe whatever I have, whatever I am, to this always taking big chances. I've refused to be downed by people or situations when I've thought they were in error. I've never allowed others to tell me what I want; I need only listen to my own heart and I know. I early recognized that this is the ideal way to climb in this peculiar world. For rely on everyone else but yourself and you're sunk. You'll be dominated, the fierce competition will submerge you. You'll grow into a miserable man or woman. I, for one, refuse to be miserable!

"It's really a stimulating way, this being extravagant with one's imagination, this being sudden and curious and unafraid. If you make mistakes, so what? You can't win all the time. If you're hurt, well aren't we all—anyway? At least you're not upset by trivialities!

"I was eleven when I chose the work I would do. But no child of that age can be positive about what he's suited for, you may state dogmatically. Yet I was. I knew what I wanted for myself and the years have borne out my self-confidence. I had to defy my family, thoroughly, and I did. I put my foot down and obstinately became a professional actor—at eleven.

"I was the youngest of three brothers and all of us inherited a degree of musical talent. My father started each of us at violin lessons when we were four years old. He fancied he had three Kreislers. But I got no wallop

out of being that type of prodigy. I'd studied for seven years, had acquired an admirable tone, but one day all my indignation exploded in fine fettle. My brothers stood there breathless as I cried, 'I will *not* be a musician!' My father, in his anger, snatched my violin and broke it over his knee.

"'I'm going to be an actor!' I bellowed and rushed downtown to plead for a job with a theatrical troupe. I was hired for—character roles! My father was angrier than ever then; he forbade that future for me. But I insisted upon it and I've never regretted my stand.

"When I was fourteen, my father died and my family separated. We each had to earn our own livings. I was already an established actor of character roles, in the very minor league, so off I went first on a 'tour' of the southern states. It was a precarious adolescence. I never had enough to buy good clothes or (Continued on page 65)

Muni says, "I've never allowed others to tell me what I want. I need only listen to my own heart. I early recognized that this is the way to climb."

B Y B E N
M A D D O X





**BY GEORGE
BENJAMIN**

Penny Singleton plays Blondie so well because, at heart, she is Blondie. Of course, though, there are those freckles!

BLONDIE STEPPED from the booth and walked into the beauty parlor's elaborate reception room. A little girl was waiting on her Mummy, Blondie's little girl. But at the sight of this new hair-do, Dorothy Grace did a nip-up! "Go away, I want my Mummy," she wailed.

"But darling," Penny Singleton comforted her child, "I *am* your Mummy. They wanted Mummy to change the color of her hair. See, it is I, only my hair is lighter now." Picking her daughter up in her arms, Penny tried as best she could to explain the sudden change in the shade of her locks.

"For a moment there," she confided, "I began to think Blondie was to be a very penny wise, but pound foolish young lady. Though I got the job, if my own baby wouldn't accept me as Blondie, what less biased person would? Well," Penny continued, laughing as she reminisced, "those were certainly trying days. Between convincing my daughter that I was still the same devoted mother and proving to my studio bosses that I was a darn good Blondie, there wasn't a dull moment.

"I think inadvertently that D.G., my little girl, was the cause of my getting the part of Blondie. I had been tested with many others, and they began with another girl in the role. However, she was single and inexperienced and when it came to handling a child, she couldn't seem to manage. That was when I got a call

PENNY WISE

**but not a bit foolish, Blondie, born a
brunette, evolved a golden career**

and stepped right into the picture. Baby Dumpling, in the series, is just about the same age as D.G., so I felt perfectly at home as his mother.

"Of course," Penny continued, wrinkling the wide forehead just below those blonde curls, "it was definitely a problem to keep peace at home. You see, D.G. came on the set with me and was she jealous of Baby Dumpling! Why, when I had a still picture taken with him, there was nothing to do but have one taken with her, and then one with the three of us. And when I'd hold him in my arms for a scene, I had to come right off between shots and hold her, too. Why, I've heard of jealous husbands, but they can't hold a candle to a child. She's fine with Baby Dumpling when they're alone. They play together and have a grand time, but just let me cross the horizon and the fireworks begin. I had to stop allowing her on the set, because it slowed things up so.

LITTLE LARRY SIMMS is the cutest kid in the world—next to D.G., of course. When his mother took him in to see about the job, they told her they'd let her know more later. So as they started out of the producer's office, he looked up and said, 'Well, Mom, guess we don't get the job.' Why he's just like a grown person. If you try and talk to him the way you would an average child his age, he'd laugh right in your face! This may make him sound precocious as the dickens, but he's not at all. It's completely natural with him. There's not an affected bone in Larry's little body. Everyone at the studio adores him. In fact, we all like each other. Why, we're just one happy family. And the funny part is, this time it's on the level. I'm glad too, because with three pictures a year in the 'Blondie' series, it would be awful if we didn't get on!"

Though there's folks galore who are of the opinion that blondes are dumb, it doesn't apply to Penny. Consider, too, that Penny Singleton wasn't always blonde. Nor was she always known as Penny. Fact is, she came into the world a perfect brunette and was christened Dorothy McNulty. And, as such, made her first movie role a big success in "After The Thin Man." However, she realized that, though she was good in the role of a tough girl, it might nevertheless act as a boomerang and prove the very thing to retard her screen career.

But then, let's have our friend Blondie tell you just how it all happened. When we asked if she'd ever been on the stage, Penny laughed and explained, "Why, I practically lived there for years. You know, I was once an acrobatic dancer. I had a very fast routine which brought the house down with my finale. Forty cartwheels in forty seconds, all done in one spot! But I'd always wanted to be an actress. So every time I'd get an idea, the director would laugh me right out of his office saying, 'So you're a hooper who still wants to act? Stick to your dancing, kid. You don't know when you're lucky!'

"This rebuff would keep me quiet just so long; then I'd try again. Well, as luck would have it, one day a friend of mine asked me to see if I could get his sketch read. Since I was a little skeptical of budding young writers, I had a look at it first. Honestly, I was practically in hysterics just reading it. (Continued on page 81)

IF YOU TAN

If your skin has brown or yellow undertones (as it will if you're sun-tanned), wear rouge in the orange-red color range.



Lipstick should always closely match your rouge. Those who tan should use shades from light to dark orange reds.



To be correct, face powder must match your sun-tanned complexion. Summer shades are richer and darker.



Louise Campbell has the type of skin which tans easily and evenly.



BY CAROL

The Beauty Shop shows you the cor-

ALONG ABOUT this time of year from Hollywood to Hartford, from Walla Walla to Waco, girls fill our mail bags to bursting with questions which, laid end to end, all sing the same tune, "What shall we do about summer make-up?" "My coloring is dark, my skin is oily," says one. "Mine's medium with light eyes. How can I make up with a sun-tan?" asks another. "I'm blonde, thin-skinned and brown-eyed. What colors are new and exciting for me this summer?" queries a third. And so on and on.

Well, draw up your hammocks and porch-swings, girls, for we've rounded up answers for just about every one of you. Some are new and novel, others tried and true, but all are based on good sense and sound principles.

First of all, should you or shouldn't you sun-tan? (Oh yes, some of us really shouldn't.) Remember away back when all the girls in Hollywood laid themselves out on the beaches and toasted, broiled or baked their anatomies to

IF YOU DON'T TAN



If your skin has undertones of blues or whites, wear rouge in the violet-red range or else one of the cool, true reds.



Lipstick for you who don't tan should match the rouge suggested for skins with blue and white undertones.



Petal-pink and creamy powders look best on untanned skins, yet all summer make-up should have that warm look.



Marie Wilson has a thin, sensitive skin which should be protected.

CARTER

rect make-up for summer complexions

every shade of brown, from golden toast to coffee bean? Girls who had no business exposing themselves to Old Sol's merciless glare, suffered along with the rest because everybody was doing it, my dear. Well, a lot of those girls still carry the scars of over-enthusiasm and over-exposure—permanently coarse, toughened skins, freckles ranging from the size of pepper grains to ginger snaps, and other various and assorted mementos of those halcyon days they'd now like to forget.

But nowadays people everywhere know more about the mysterious workings together of sun and skin, pigments and ultra-violet rays, to say nothing of health and nerves and sleep and digestion, as they are affected by Old Man Sunshine. We've learned to take the good and leave the dangerous aspects of the sun's miraculous powers and we've profited immensely from our enlightenment.

You see, under the first layer of horny, scaly top skin known as epidermis, we all have (Continued on page 66)

BY FAITH SERVICE

When Florence Rice was a bachelor gal, she had very definite ideas. One was, "Don't marry an actor."

But when Robert Wilcox followed her to Honolulu, she forgot and married him. Just another resolution gone wrong!



HOLLYWOOD'S BACHELOR GIRLS

JIMMY STEWART should be boarded up," said the newly-wed Florence Rice a bit startlingly. "He should put up a sign reading 'Beware the Dog!'"

"I wanted to know," I interrupted this strange flight of fancy, "about the bachelor girls of Hollywood and their problems."

"And who should know better than I, having just escaped from their problems? Don't you see, the fact that Jimmy Stewart should be boarded up exposes the b.g. situation as nothing else could. It's entirely relevant," Florence insisted.

Miss R., or Mrs. Robert Wilcox, if you will, then proceeded to call my attention to the bare fact that Jimmy is just about the only eligible bachelor left in the choice circles of movie Hollywood. Result, there must be S.R.O. where Jimmy is concerned; his telephone wire scrofulous from over-use; his feet, if he does his duty by the ravening spinsters, quite "wore" out. He should be boarded up for his own protection, she declares.

No one I can think of is better qualified to make exposés than Florence. As a child she was labelled The Question-Mark Girl, by one of

Florence Rice, fresh out of their class, frankly tells you all their secrets

her father's friends. She asked questions about everything. She still does and doesn't stop until she gets the answers. I'll bet you, right now that Florence knows more about cameras, sound tracks, cutting-room technique, scripts, tests and rushes than most of the specialists.

So it was not surprising that Floncy (her folks pet-named her that while she was still in the cradle) fresh from her "The Kid From Texas" assignment and her Honolulu honeymoon, rallied to the colors of a question and attacked it zestfully and thoroughly.

Florence is the kind of a girl with an enormous appetite for life, all courses included, canapes to nuts. She is the kind of a girl who loves to eat, reads all the new books, plays a driving game of tennis, an acceptable game of bridge, a silly game of

golf, sees all the stage plays, loves dogs, has a sense of humor which is positively frightening and makes up her mind as though it were a link in a chain of lightning. Witness her snap decision about holy matrimony.

The combination of brains and beauty is aces up for Florence. As for the men, it's enough to say that the Rice beauty astounds you when you meet it face to face. Those horizon-blue eyes, that warm, naturally golden hair, that flair for wearing clothes!

Bachelor girls in Hollywood, according to Floncy, then, lead strange lives. Truly lone-wolf lives, if she ever saw 'em. "Why, even us girls," laughed Florence, "don't get together out here. It's the darndest thing. Right here in this dressing-room building on the studio lot about eight of us have our suites. We make up in them, change costumes in them, rest in them, usually lunch in them. Virginia Bruce and Hedy Lamarr are two of the girls in the building I'm crazy about and I never see them. You would suppose that we'd get together for lunch now and then or for tea and some 'girl-talk.' Being on the same lot, doing the same work, you'd think we'd (Continued on page 68)

HOW LEW GOT THAT WAY

IF IT hadn't been for Uncle Charlie, "Dribble-Puss" probably wouldn't be laying 'em in the aisles of ten thousand theatres every week.

Dribble-Puss, as everybody who sees the newsreels knows, is Lew Lehr, whose cockeyed comments on current events sound nuttier than a fruit cake. It's hard to imagine this cuckoo comic as a responsible business man. But he is. Four days a week, he edits short subjects for Fox. The other two, he takes the silliest hat he can find and goes to town with the Newsettes. On the seventh day, he hangs out with Belle and Glorienne and Slug, Chuck and Butch. But more about them later.

Lehr has wanted to be funny ever since he can remember, and it was really Uncle Charlie Ritter, his mother's brother, who gave him his chance. Uncle Charlie was a booker for entertainers in Philadelphia. Occasionally he gave young Lew the job of changing the signs on the stage of the auditorium where his acts were working. The wide-eyed youngster hung around in the wings, memorizing the comedy turns. Next day,

he'd teach them to the other kids in the neighborhood, and they'd put on shows in the Lehr cellar.

Those were the carefree days for Lew. He was the oldest of six children, and he was still in his teens when he became the sole support of the family. But while he was a kid, he had experiences which marked him for life, both mentally and physically. Publicity pictures of Lehr, out of costume, are retouched. They don't show his broken nose or battered teeth.

YOU KNOW how my teeth got that way?" he says, tapping them. "There was a sort of iron grille fire escape running up the side of Hart's Grammar School in Philadelphia. I was always getting sent home for climbing it. Well, one day I slipped!"

When he was fourteen, he was graduated, and the following year attended Northeast High School, where he was promptly placed on the football team. It was his ability in that game that later helped him into Bucknell College, which he quit after a few months to go into the leather business. His father, Charles H.

Lehr, was with R. H. Foederer & Co., for whom he invented vici kid, and the process of tanning which has made possible white shoes that don't turn tan in a couple of months. Naturally his father wanted Lew to follow in his footsteps.

But Lew didn't like the business world. He wanted action. When in school, he won considerable local fame by his boxing ability. He might have continued, but some opponent whacked him on the Adam's apple, nearly strangling him. "Boxing is fun, but breathing is nicer," Lew explains. But if you'd let him, he'd talk boxing to you all day. He'll add that he had an eight-inch chest expansion, and offer to show you an insurance policy to prove it.

After quitting the ring, he turned his attention exclusively to cartoon and comedy. For a year or so he worked at concerts and smokers until someone whispered to him that young Jim Harkins—yes, that's the same Uncle Jim you hear on the Fred Allen shows—was quitting J. C. Mack's "Mother Goose" act.

"I went (Continued on page 82)

Lehr, of the crazy comments on current events, owes it all to Uncle Charlie

The goofy gent's Lewr Lehr, who claims that "monkeys iss the kwaziest peep!"

BY ROBERT
EICHBERG

Lew drew this cartoon of himself especially for you Modern Screen readers.



**Our cameraman,
Jules Buck, goes
star gazing all
around Movietown**



Lynn Bari and hubby, Walter Kane, attend a premiere at Grauman's Theatre.



Randy Scott has some table-talk with Fred Astaire and his pretty wife.



David Niven hears Loretta Young's new joke—and, what's more—he likes it.



They plan to marry soon. Doris Carlson and Jeffrey Lynn at Cafe Lamaze.



Clark Andrews and Claire Trevor drink a toast. They've been married a year.



Jane Wyman and Gloria Dickson doing their homework at Grace Hayes' Lodge.



Irene Hervey, Allan Jones (they're Mr. and Mrs.) with Frances Robinson.



Marlene Dietrich, the lady of leisure, with Cedric Gibbons, the art director.



Raquel Torres and Lupe Velez in an off moment during a tête-à-tête lunch.



A moment to spare, so Mickey Rooney gives Joan Bennett a treat—or is it?



Mary Brian and Reginald Gardiner chaperoned by Irene Rich, right.



A get-together at the Cafe Lamaze—Jean Parker, Ida Lupino, Martha Raye.



Mary Pickford and Cesar Romero at a dinner party. Mr. R. looks pensive.



The Jack Bennys—she's Mary Livingstone—dine at Ruby Foo's.



Not the spirit of '76, but George Murphy telling Ann Sheridan a bit of news.



Mervyn LeRoy and Joan Bennett find themselves dinner partners.



Basil Rathbone with the newly-wed Douglas Fairbanks, Juniors.



Ronald Colman, Charles Boyer, Mrs. C. (Benita Hume) and Mrs. B. (Pat Paterson).



Open wide! And Fanny Brice gives Georgie Burns a great big bite.



Jon Hall, Humphrey Bogart, Mrs. B. and Jon's wife, Frances Langford.



Joan Blondell and Jimmy Cagney try to "figger it out" between courses.



Joe E. Brown and Gail Patrick oblige and smile for the birdie.



Eleanor Powell and boy friend, Billy Seymour, dancing at the Palomar.



The Arthur Hornblows—she's Myrna Loy, you know—attend the preview of "Lucky Night." Mrs. H. affects a nifty chapeau of navy blue and white silk with attached scarf to match.



Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray before viewing his latest, "Invitation To Happiness." Fred is happy these days because his wife is well once more and able to accompany him to parties.

Frances Langford likes Hubby Jon Hall and plenty of slave bracelets. Here's a pair who are as gay as they are handsome. No movie gathering seems complete without them.



Ronald Reagan has become one of Hollywood's most sought after young bachelors. Here he's with Jane Wyman. Nothing is more pert than she except, perhaps, her plumed hat.





The title of this devoted picture might well be "Cupid's Last Stand," for Bob Taylor joined the long matrimonial list when he married the attractive Barbara Stanwyck. It is safe to predict that their married life will be a happy one.

A couple of very good actors get together and talk over their art. Leslie Howard and Paul Muni at the Radio Theatre. You'll soon be seeing the former in "Gone With the Wind" and you're probably now enjoying the latter in "Juarez."



Happy 13th



Billy Mauch and Bonita Granville help Jane Withers celebrate her 13th.



Below, Marcia Mae Jones, Jackie Searl and June Carlson have fun, too.

Above, Jackie Searl, Cora Sue Collins, Bobby Breen with Jane Withers.

Jane, Bobs Watson, Freddie Bartholomew, Marcia Jones, Virginia Weidner.



Birthday



Above, Lionel Barrymore celebrates his 61st. Can you name all his pals?



Marjorie Weaver and Vic Orsatti watch Sonja Henie cut her birthday cake.

Below, Janet Chapman treats Miss Robson for it is her 75th birthday.



Priscilla and Rosemary Lane, with Janet Chapman greet May Robson.



GOOD NEWS

LOIS SVENSRUD



When Sonja Henie, ice queen,
dons roller skates—that's news!
So—here's a scoop.

HER PAINLESS WARDROBE

Bette Davis loves clothes but hates to shop. There's no denying that she is the best-dressed actress on the lot, and knowing that she would rather be shanghaied than spend an afternoon in a dress shop, sleuthing out her system looked like it might have interesting possibilities. She wears nothing but slack suits, sweaters and sports dresses during working hours. These are ordered from a salesman who comes to the lot every few months with samples of material from which Bette makes her selection. The dresses are all made exactly alike and the slack suits are all on one pattern, too. Since the company has her measurements, that's that. Those dazzling evening clothes in the Davis wardrobe are selected by the girl in charge of fashions on the studio lot. When selecting clothes for fashion sittings for other stars, she gets a few gowns that she thinks will appeal to Bette Davis. And they always do. So that's how to get a painless and perfect wardrobe—if you're a movie star.

MORE CLOTHES PROBLEMS

Best-dressed man in town is Freddie Bartholomew. That's according to no less an authority on the subject than William Powell, who made the statement after Freddie was the only one to show up in a dinner jacket at Lionel Barrymore's birthday party. But Judy Garland wished that Freddie wouldn't be quite so sartorially correct, for after he acquired the jacket it was inevitably worn whenever he took her to dinner. Judy felt a little silly in her angora sweaters and bobby socks, which are the favorite items in her wardrobe. But now everything's fine. Freddie and Judy have made a compromise which suits both. They dine at the town's most super de luxe hamburger stand, where the customers consider comfort first and foremost and everybody's happy.

"U. P." RAYMOND

Gene Raymond said he was practically dizzy from happiness at the prospect of seeing Jeanette MacDonald when he took that trip to Omaha, where she was giving one of her concerts. When he got off the train he began to suspect he was drunk with happiness. For an Indian chief grabbed his bags, a Union soldier was at the wheel of his taxi and a cowboy registered him at the hotel. When he saw Jeanette she reassured him that he was perfectly normal, but that Mr. DeMille had taken over the town for the "Union Pacific" premiere.

THE RETORT SNAPPY

The "Questions and Answers" session which Eddie Cantor holds after his broadcasts generally turns out to be better entertainment than the regular program. The other day a motherly looking woman called out from the balcony, "Mr. Cantor, what made you go into show business?" Eddie answered, "At a certain period in my life, Madame, I decided I wanted to eat more." The lady burst into tears and sobbed, "You poor boy." Another woman in the audience inquired if Eddie wasn't married at the time. "Oh, sure," said Cantor, "but you can't get ahead in this world on a bride's idea of biscuits." And Ida Cantor, sitting in the sponsors' booth, beamed more fondly than ever at her better-half.

NEWEST NEWS

The Mary Astor-Manuel del Campo heir is expected any day . . . Carole Lombard's secretary "Fieldsie" who married Walter Lang is outfitting a nursery for their first . . . The Fred MacMurrays are also making plans for an heir expected in the autumn . . . Phil Harris can't talk about anything else but his newly adopted son . . . Margaret Tallichet and William Wellman also have an early date with Mr. Stork.

GOING STRAIGHT

Fame and fortune will never turn the Garfield head. He's the most modest actor on any set and when pinned down for interviews, John invariably pulls snapshots of his wife and baby out of his pocket and gives a five-page story on them without an "I" entering into it. But the other day he told on himself. "I've gone Hollywood," Garfield admitted. "I've bought a tuxedo. My first and last tuxedo. I bought it for the wedding of one of my wife's friends. When that's over next week, the suit's going to the studio wardrobe department and I'm going straight."

REEL REALISM

For his role in "Elizabeth and Essex," Errol Flynn was supposed to wear a long beard. But he finally prevailed upon the studio to let him have a small pointed beard which he found more becoming. The day after this

matter was settled, Bette Davis appeared on the set looking rather strange. For her role as "Elizabeth" she was to have had her eyebrows painted out with make-up. But Bette took matters into her own hands—and pulled out every last sign of her eyebrows. "I'm more interested in being authentic than glamorous," she said.

SOME SAD STUFF

For a scene in "Lady of the Tropics" Hedy Lamarr had to weep. She had never turned on the tears for the benefit of the camera before, so the director offered suggestions. "Think of something sad," he told her. "For instance, think of how you would feel if you had never met Mr. Markey." They started



Someone in authority evidently just told Mickey Rooney that he's gonna get that raise.

the scene and, sure enough, the tears welled up in the Lamarr orbs. "It worked, didn't it?" asked the pleased director. "It made me sad all right to think I might never have met Gene," said Hedy, "but what brought on the tears was a good big pinch that I gave myself."

SOME SHORT SHOTS

Jeanette MacDonald's sister, Marie Blake, has more bids for picture work than her famous sister. She's Hollywood's best "telephone operator." . . . Fay Bainter will be a Warner star and is already an honorary Greek Goddess—title bestowed on her while recently in Greece . . . If Adrienne Ames doesn't stop visiting astrologers, nobody will know—or care—how to spell her name. She changed it back to Adrienne after the latest seance . . . It cost \$35 to get a pair of shoes ragged enough for Shirley Temple in "The Little Princess"—they had to be made specially . . . Arno, Errol Flynn's famous dog, is now a grandpa . . . The studio is still getting heart-broken letters from femme fans who didn't want Tyrone Power to wed . . . David Niven hasn't a romance ru-

GIVES YOU THE LATEST LOWDOWN ON THE HOLLYWOOD HIGH-UPS

mored about him these days. Spends all his time fishing off the Santa Monica pier . . . Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins gave a cocktail party to the cast of "The Old Maid" on the picture's completion . . . Maureen O'Sullivan's younger sister may be a moom pitcher actress, too . . . There are 500 Robert Taylors in these United States, according to latest statistics. . . Four of the famous Watson children are in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" . . . Johnny Weissmuller has his first hair-cut in six years. But has to grow a long bob again before starting his next picture.

E. FLYNN AND WIFE

The Errol Flynn's play hide-and-seek almost nightly around the popular clubs in town. They seem to have their arrivals and departures timed so that they avoid each other by a split second. Or perhaps Flynn is doing the avoiding, though he always comes alone to the night-spots and Lili Damita generally has at least two escorts in tow. She makes inquiries of the headwaiters to find out if Flynn has been in that evening. If so, she and her party pick up their wraps and start the rounds again.



Her studio bosses claim the luscious Hedy Lamarr does too much night-clubbing, 'tis said.

BREAK OR BUST?

At 20th Century-Fox studios, Myrna Loy is winning friends and influencing people like she's done for so long at Metro. Myrna's never limited her graciousness to the Who's Who's of Hollywood, either. Now she's taken Brenda Joyce, who makes her screen debut in "The Rains Came," under her wing and is giving her friendly advice and encouragement every day on the set. Brenda's the eighteen-year-old U. S. C. co-ed who got the break of the season when Zanuck handed her the role of "Fern" in the best-seller on which the picture is based. Brenda says it was a break all right, but without Myrna Loy's helping hand it would probably have been a bust.

HONEYMOON HOME

Grace Moore's former house is now home sweet home to the Tyrone Powers. But every nook and corner of the three-acre estate and eighteen-room house has been transformed. Tyrone and Annabella like the moderne motif in decorating, so the pink satin walls and accompanying fancy furnishings of La Moore were ripped out. However, the very unique showers have been left intact, due to the expense of replacing plumbing fixtures. Each shower is equipped with a series of buttons for releasing perfumed steam. Annabella doesn't think the idea is too awful, but according to Tyrone he'd rather be caught dead than caught punching one of those buttons.

THE HOUSE OF GABLE

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GOOD NEWS

LOIS SVENSRUD



When Sonja Henie, ice queen,
dons roller skates—that's news!
So—here's a scoop.

HER PAINLESS WARDROBE

Bette Davis loves clothes but hates to shop. There's no denying that she is the best-dressed actress on the lot, and knowing that she would rather be shanghaied than spend an afternoon in a dress shop, sleuthing out her system looked like it might have interesting possibilities. She wears nothing but slack suits, sweaters and sports dresses during working hours. These are ordered from a salesman who comes to the lot every few months with samples of material from which Bette makes her selection. The dresses are all made exactly alike and the slack suits are all on one pattern, too. Since the company has her measurements, that's that. Those dazzling evening clothes in the Davis wardrobe are selected by the girl in charge of fashions on the studio lot. When selecting clothes for fashion sittings for other stars, she gets a few gowns that she thinks will appeal to Bette Davis. And they always do. So that's how to get a painless and perfect wardrobe—if you're a movie star.

MORE CLOTHES PROBLEMS

Best-dressed man in town is Freddie Bartholomew. That's according to no less an authority on the subject than William Powell, who made the statement after Freddie was the only one to show up in a dinner jacket at Lionel Barrymore's birthday party. But Judy Garland wished that Freddie wouldn't be quite so sartorially correct, for after he acquired the jacket it was inevitably worn whenever he took her to dinner. Judy felt a little silly in her angora sweaters and bobby socks, which are the favorite items in her wardrobe. But now everything's fine. Freddie and Judy have made a compromise which suits both. They dine at the town's most super de luxe hamburger stand, where the customers consider comfort first and foremost and everybody's happy.

"U. P." RAYMOND

Gene Raymond said he was practically dizzy from happiness at the prospect of seeing Jeanette MacDonald when he took that trip to Omaha, where she was giving one of her concerts. When he got off the train he began to suspect he was drunk with happiness. For an Indian chief grabbed his bags, a Union soldier was at the wheel of his taxi and a cowboy registered him at the hotel. When he saw Jeanette she reassured him that he was perfectly normal, but that Mr. DeMille had taken over the town for the "Union Pacific" premiere.

THE RETORT SNAPPY

The "Questions and Answers" session which Eddie Cantor holds after his broadcasts generally turns out to be better entertainment than the regular program. The other day a motherly looking woman called out from the balcony, "Mr. Cantor, what made you go into show business?" Eddie answered, "At a certain period in my life, Madame, I decided I wanted to eat more." The lady burst into tears and sobbed, "You poor boy." Another woman in the audience inquired if Eddie wasn't married at the time. "Oh, sure," said Cantor, "but you can't get ahead in this world on a bride's idea of biscuits." And Ida Cantor, sitting in the sponsors' booth, beamed more fondly than ever at her better-half.

NEWEST NEWS

The Mary Astor-Manuel del Campo heir is expected any day . . . Carole Lombard's secretary "Fieldsie" who married Walter Lang is outfitting a nursery for their first . . . The Fred MacMurrays are also making plans for an heir expected in the autumn . . . Phil Harris can't talk about anything else but his newly adopted son . . . Margaret Tallichet and William Wellman also have an early date with Mr. Stork.

GOING STRAIGHT

Fame and fortune will never turn the Garfield head. He's the most modest actor on any set and when pinned down for interviews, John invariably pulls snapshots of his wife and baby out of his pocket and gives a five-page story on them without an "I" entering into it. But the other day he told on himself. "I've gone Hollywood," Garfield admitted. "I've bought a tuxedo. My first and last tuxedo. I bought it for the wedding of one of my wife's friends. When that's over next week, the suit's going to the studio wardrobe department and I'm going straight."

REEL REALISM

For his role in "Elizabeth and Essex," Errol Flynn was supposed to wear a long beard. But he finally prevailed upon the studio to let him have a small pointed beard which he found more becoming. The day after this

matter was settled, Bette Davis appeared on the set looking rather strange. For her role as "Elizabeth" she was to have had her eyebrows painted out with make-up. But Bette took matters into her own hands—and pulled out every last sign of her eyebrows. "I'm more interested in being authentic than glamorous," she said.

SOME SAD STUFF

For a scene in "Lady of the Tropics" Hedy Lamarr had to weep. She had never turned on the tears for the benefit of the camera before, so the director offered suggestions. "Think of something sad," he told her. "For instance, think of how you would feel if you had never met Mr. Markey." They started



Someone in authority evidently just told Mickey Rooney that he's gonna get that raise.

the scene and, sure enough, the tears welled up in the Lamarr orbs. "It worked, didn't it?" asked the pleased director. "It made me sad all right to think I might never have met Gene," said Hedy, "but what brought on the tears was a good big pinch that I gave myself."

SOME SHORT SHOTS

Jeanette MacDonald's sister, Marie Blake, has more bids for picture work than her famous sister. She's Hollywood's best "telephone operator." . . . Fay Bainter will be a Warner star and is already an honorary Greek Goddess—title bestowed on her while recently in Greece . . . If Adrienne Ames doesn't stop visiting astrologers, nobody will know—or care—how to spell her name. She changed it back to Adrienne after the latest seance . . . It cost \$35 to get a pair of shoes ragged enough for Shirley Temple in "The Little Princess"—they had to be made specially . . . Arno, Errol Flynn's famous dog, is now a grandpa . . . The studio is still getting heart-broken letters from femme fans who didn't want Tyrone Power to wed . . . David Niven hasn't a romance ru-

GIVES YOU THE LATEST LOWDOWN ON THE HOLLYWOOD HIGH-UPS

mored about him these days. Spends all his time fishing off the Santa Monica pier . . . Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins gave a cocktail party to the cast of "The Old Maid" on the picture's completion . . . Maureen O'Sullivan's younger sister may be a moom pitcher actress, too . . . There are 500 Robert Taylors in these United States, according to latest statistics. . . Four of the famous Watson children are in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" . . . Johnny Weissmuller has his first hair-cut in six years. But has to grow a long bob again before starting his next picture.

E. FLYNN AND WIFE

The Errol Flynn's play hide-and-seek almost nightly around the popular clubs in town. They seem to have their arrivals and departures timed so that they avoid each other by a split second. Or perhaps Flynn is doing the avoiding, though he always comes alone to the night-spots and Lili Damita generally has at least two escorts in tow. She makes inquiries of the headwaiters to find out if Flynn has been in that evening. If so, she and her party pick up their wraps and start the rounds again.



Her studio bosses claim the luscious Hedy Lamarr does too much night-clubbing, 'tis said.

BREAK OR BUST?

At 20th Century-Fox studios, Myrna Loy is winning friends and influencing people like she's done for so long at Metro. Myrna's never limited her graciousness to the Who's Who's of Hollywood, either. Now she's taken Brenda Joyce, who makes her screen debut in "The Rains Came," under her wing and is giving her friendly advice and encouragement every day on the set. Brenda's the eighteen-year-old U. S. C. co-ed who got the break of the season when Zanuck handed her the role of "Fern" in the best-seller on which the picture is based. Brenda says it was a break all right, but without Myrna Loy's helping hand it would probably have been a bust.

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ANN'S THE OOMPHIEST

At a Pickfair cocktail party, the photographers were lining up the guests for pictures. Buddy Rogers and Ann Sheridan were posed together for one, and afterwards Buddy took one cameraman aside and asked for the name of the girl with whom he had just posed. "That's Ann Sheridan," he was told, "you know—the oomph girl." "I haven't been around town for so long that I've lost track of the current crop," Buddy explained. "But say," he added, "isn't she the oomphiest you ever saw?"

LATEST ON HUBBY

Following their wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., left immediately for Catalina Islands, where the groom worked from dawn to midnight on a picture at location on the Islands. No sooner did they return to the mainland than he was launched into another picture. The new Mrs. Fairbanks was stopped on the boulevard one day by a re-



Speaking of dizzy dome decorations—how do you like Miriam Hopkins'?

porter and asked for some news on her famous husband. "I wish I could give you something," she said, "but all I know about my spouse is what I read in the papers."

AN UNFAIR DATER

Who is the beautiful star who makes her own dates with eligible and handsome men around town? Too polite to turn her down, the escorts take the lovely-looker to the best places, but sit in disgruntled silence throughout the evening.

CURRENT ROMANCES

Loretta Young and Jimmy Stewart have found each other . . . Rand Brooks is the new object of Arleen Whelan's affections since she decided not to marry Alex D'Arcy . . . Richard Carlson has replaced Cesar Romero in the eyes of Ann Sheridan . . . Dorothy Lamour is being seen constantly with Wynn Rocamora, the same escort she had before her divorce from Herbie Kay . . . Edgar Bergen who dates all the movie cuties is repeating dates with Helen Mack . . . Eleanor Powell says those romance rumors are so much nonsense and that the whole world will know it when she's really serious . . . It was Sonja Henie's idea to veto a mustache for Rudy Vallee in their new picture. She says it tickles.

ROMANTIC REBOUNDS

Reginald Gardiner has practically forgotten the broken heart Hedy Lamarr dealt him, and Mary Brian is still the reason . . . Tom Brown is trying to forget Natalie Draper by going with Anne Wigton, dialogue girl for Howard Hawks and former model. Natalie is dating her lawyer . . . Wally Beery is being seen around town with one good looking blonde after another.

MORE ABOUT G. W. T. W.

Selznick studios would prefer that the results of their recent nation-wide poll be kept on the Q.T. They investigated the country's reaction to the selection of Vivien Leigh as Scarlett and the result was somewhat of a blow. Though 30% approved to the 30% who didn't, 40% of the great American public didn't know anyone had been chosen for the role.

A GREAT COMPROMISE

There's a mad scramble between every scene on the "Gone With The Wind" set. For Vivien Leigh is an Anagram fiend and Olivia De Havilland is equally rabid on the subject of Chinese Checkers—and they like Clark Gable for a partner. Gable happens to like both girls and both games, but he's hit upon a practical solution for the predicament. It's three-handed bridge and now everyone is happy.

SMELLED SORTA FISHY

Jack Benny had been fishing for sea bass with Fred MacMurray, and as they were about to leave the dock, the skipper of their boat asked what to do with the catch. Fred told him to keep them, explaining that he was afraid they would be slightly odoriferous if taken all the way to Hollywood. Benny thought differently. He wanted some fish to show the little woman. He finally won out, and gave Fred a few "I told you so's" about the lack of fish odor in the car after they had arrived home. But next morning, Jack wasn't so sure about being smart. His car wreaked like a sea-food grotto. He took the car to a wash rack. It did no good. He took it back. Still the smell persisted. Finally he took the car to a garage and told the mechanic to take the car apart if necessary, but somehow, ANYhow, get rid of that odor. Later, the mechanic called, "Your car will be okay now, but I wouldn't try keeping a dead fish under the cowl ventilator again," he said.

OLIVIA'S ADMIRERS

Olivia De Havilland has a brand new beau—unfortunately. For the beau sits in his parked car opposite Olivia's home every morning and waits to see her leave for the studio. This has gone on for two weeks, but since the admirer is just a high school lad, Olivia's too kind-hearted to report the event to the police. "Besides, I'm used to it," she says. "Every so often some high school boy finds out where I live, and hangs around just to watch me come and go. They never bother me."

BOB'S WEDDING DAY

Robert Taylor blew up in his lines time after time when he and Hedy Lamarr were taking the wedding vows in "Lady of the Tropics." The scene was being made on a



Now that everyone else has gone natural, Martha Raye's a platinum blonde.

Saturday morning and finally the director said, "I'd hate to see you folks work Saturday afternoon, but we've got to get this scene in the bag today." Taylor ordered up a pot of coffee at those words, swallowed three cups in rapid succession, and then went into the scene to do a perfect take. "Guess I scared you when I mentioned working this afternoon, eh, Bob?" asked the director. "You sure did," agreed Taylor. And he rushed home to keep his afternoon date with Barbara Stanwyck—to drive to San Diego and get married.

COME NOW, PAT!

Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund are still pretty coy around the lot and denying that they spend all their free time together. Other Monday Oren wandered over to Pat. They greeted each other casually and Oren said, "Sorry I wasn't able to see you this weekend. But I had to spend the last two days working here at the studio." The gag might have worked except for the fact that both blonde Oren and Priscilla were sun-blistered to exactly the same shade of fiery red.

BUDGET BALANCING

Irene Dunne had the most expensive rehearsal in history—and paid the charges herself. She was at Palm Springs when notified of her selection as star on a CBS broadcast. The star didn't want to miss being on the air-show, but neither did she want to give up soaking in sunshine. So the first long-distance telephone rehearsal took place, with Cary Grant and the Screen Guild Show's director hanging on the Hollywood end of the wire. It all seemed like a splendid idea to Irene—until the phone bill was presented to her. On her return to Hollywood for the final rehearsal of "Alone In Paris" she mentioned to Cary Grant the amount of the bill and he was equally stunned. So they got their heads together, determined to balance Irene's budget. The result is a radio story idea which the two are going to sell as a motion picture script. It's titled "Romance by Remote Control"—so watch for it.

GRETA'S GREETERS

Only one who knew that Greta Garbo had arrived on the lot the first morning of shooting for "Ninotchka" was Beth Riley,

a hair-dresser. Beth was in the make-up department at the studio when she received a telephone call from the Garbo herself, asking her to come over to her dressing-room and "keep it on the Q.T." "Where are you going?" asked the girls in unison, when Beth started to quietly slip out. "Oh, no place, no place at all," was the evasive answer. Which was all the answer needed to arouse suspicions. In no time the word had spread like wild-fire around the lot that Garbo had already arrived for work. When the actress came out of her dressing-room, she was trailed to the set by a crowd of gaping studio workers—among them some big-shot Metro officials who had never had the opportunity to give the Great One the once-over.

HER COSTLIEST COSTUME

Though Vivien Leigh has many elaborate costumes for "Gone With the Wind," her costliest is the ugliest dress she wears in the picture. Fourteen copies of this dress had to be made, for it is the one which she wears when fleeing Atlanta—and then wears until it literally falls to pieces. Each copy of the dress had to show more wear and tear, and the last and most ragged copy made the biggest dent in the Selznick budget. For the girls in the wardrobe department worked two days to "age" it.



Errol Flynn, a little the worse for wear, phones his wife on his return from Dodge City.

Various types of knives, steel combs, brushes, sandpaper and wood rasps were used to abrade the cloth and chemical agents had to be applied with great care for that faded effect.

HE'S FIRST RATE

At the opening of Los Angeles' famous Cocoanut Grove, Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul were very much in evidence and evidently very much in love. While admiring Deanna's pink chiffon evening gown, she told us it was really only her second-best. Her other one was at the cleaner's, she confided. "But," she added, "there's nothing second-best about my boy friend."

DOES SHE MAKE SENSE?

Most eccentric actress to appear on the "Silver Theater" radio program to date is Joan Crawford. In the first place, she gets

such bad attacks of mike fright that she likes to have the director, or some understanding assistant, hold her hand during the performance. Then she refuses to work from a spot on the stage where she can see the maestro leading the orchestra. The star is afraid that her fatal fascination for watching orchestra directors will cause her to lose her place in the radio script. And last, but not least, she can't stand to wear shoes during rehearsals and runs around in her stocking feet. Shoes make her nervous, she says—all the hundred pairs she owns—when she has to emote. Unless Miss Crawford learns to take things easier for herself, she'll make that proposed Broadway play tough on everyone concerned.

BETTE'S REAL HEART

There's one large and lovely picture decorating the grand piano in George Brent's living room. It's of Bette Davis—and inscribed "To Our Lasting Friendship." Of course you can be married and still be friends—at least some people can—but to all indications there's no romance between George and Bette. For one thing, he's chartered passage for a three-month South Sea Island cruise on completion of his present picture. And for another thing, Bette and Harmon Nelson are daily correspondents, and she admits he's still leading man in her off-screen life.

JANE'S DILEMMA

Jane Withers was taking a postman's holiday and watching Nancy Kelly at work on a scene. After the take, when Nancy walked over to greet her, Jane heaved a sigh, "I wish I could be just like you when I grow up." "Why, Jane," exclaimed Nancy, "when you grow up you'll be a much finer actress than I." This didn't cheer Jane very much, "Oh, I'll always be okay as an actress," she said. "But I mean be like you, instead of just a bunch of bumps like me."

HIGH-PRICED FLATTERY

Marie Wilson looked pleased as Punch one day when she came into the commissary to join Nick Grinde for lunch. Seemed that she had been called into the studio that morning to pose for stills. A Great Dane was needed for the pictures, so a neighboring kennel had been called to rent a dog for the purpose. But when the kennel owner had learned that a dog was wanted for a Marie Wilson picture, he had hastened to assure the studio that it wouldn't cost them a cent. Posing one of his pooches with Marie Wilson was a distinct honor and privilege. "Wasn't that flattering, Nick?" beamed Marie. "And the man only charged me six dollars for bringing the dog over."

BASHFUL BOY BROWN

If there was a "Most Bashful Man in Hollywood" title, Joe E. Brown would get it. He was so shy that he wouldn't kiss Claudette Colbert during rehearsals for their recent Screen Guild Show. At the actual broadcast, Joe E. finally kissed the actress—but he lost his place in the script. And the timidity had nothing to do with the fact that Mrs. Joe E. Brown was sitting in the front row, either. She applauded more lustily than anyone else. "Not because he lost his place in the script," explained Mrs.

Joe E., "but because he actually kissed Miss Colbert. I bet him he'd never muster up the nerve."

FRED'S FOREIGN ACCENT

For a scene in "Are Husbands Necessary," Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray were to have tea together. Having been brought up on the drink, the scene was perfect for Madeleine. But Fred was horrified at the mere prospect of such sissy goings-on. He decided to fake it with a cup of hot water, but found out that as a drink it wasn't so hot. So he tried a cup of tea. One cup led to another all afternoon. "Whew!" Madeleine exclaimed, after the sixth, "You'll be asking for your tea with an English accent next." "Another cup," said Fred, "and I'll be asking for everything with an orange pekoe accent."

CUPID'S IN AGAIN

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Coogan—Betty and Jackie to the rest of us—have had to give up their second honeymoon plans. Their first was just two days at Palm Springs due to Betty's picture schedule and now that trip to Hawaii has been cancelled for the same reason. But according to the Coogans, it doesn't really matter, because life to them is just one long honeymoon, anyhow. Certainly everything seems to be going smoothly with this couple, and now that a numerologist has told Jackie to leave off that "ie" maybe things will work out as perfectly as she predicted.

BOYER'S GRATEFUL

It's no wonder that Charles Boyer is popular with the fans—feminine and otherwise. For he really takes their feelings into consideration, as evidenced after a recent broadcast. One of the agents warned him that it would be wiser to go out the back door because some two hundred fans had been waiting at the front entrance for two hours to see him. "Those are the people who gave me a chance," said Boyer, "and I'm not going to give them the—how you say it—the brush-off, now." And with that, he went out the front door—though it meant signing a collection of autograph books, pictures, handkerchiefs and one gentleman's white straw hat. It would be well if all stars were that gracious.



If you have a cigarette, Rosalind Russell's ready with the light. How about it?



The Cotton Growers Association sent Charlie McCarthy his new summer suit—and he's that coy about accepting the gift! L. to r., Edward Everett Horton, Alice Louise Hall, Charlie McCarthy, Dorothy Lamour, Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, Yvonne Duval and Humphrey Bogart.

**Plenty of gay
goings-on these
summer nights!**

Henry O'Neill, Wayne Morris, John Payne, Frank McHugh and Johnnie Davis are a gay group of married bachelors this particular summer evening.

DEAR "UNAPPROACHABLES":

This seems to be the open season for crabbing out loud, so with the splendid examples set for me, I'm going to do a little yelping myself. Don't think that I am the voice of some three hundred accredited writers that are listed in Mr. Will Hays' credential file. I'm not. My yelp is entirely independent. But I think my soul-cry is echoed in the bosoms of every Hollywood journalist. That is, if we have souls. Sometimes you "Unapproachables" must wonder about that, after reading some of our unsolicited blurbs about you.

You see, as film interviewers, we represent your public. We are the direct contact that a film star has with her patrons. And some of you make it very difficult for us to fulfill our duties when you deny us the right to talk with you. Again, you see, we are the liaison officers who help acquaint the cash customers with what you offer in the way of acting entertainment. The job of cementing the friendship between star and patron should be easy. We ask for, and usually get, unless it happens to be one of you "Unapproachables," an interview from a popular star.

The cash customer wants to know about you. In addition to patronizing your films (thereby helping to boost your salary into the four-figure column, weekly), the fan buys magazines and papers to read about her "glamor-friend's" private-life doings.

That we sometimes seem to pry into your private affairs must be chalked up to the innate curiosity of the human race. You can't change the curiosity of the fan about your private goings-on any more than you can change Cousin Etta's natural, normal curiosity about Cousin Jenny's new beau. Many of Hollywood's stars are aware of this circumstance. They give generously of themselves, disregard privacy in their lives, knowing well that in ten years the news value of their names will be nil. Why can't you "Unapproachables" do the same?

You are Greta Garbo, Kay Francis, Margaret Sullavan and Fred Astaire. I know that when anyone generalizes, exceptions are always noted. Fred Astaire gives himself to the press, but to small advantage. Often when the story is submitted for his approval (no mention must be made of his private life or his real name), his deleting blue pencil mangles it so that the writer tosses up the assignment in despair, and goes after an interview with that ex-newspaperman Nelson Eddy, who is fairly broad-minded about such things.

If we sift the "Unapproachables," maybe we'll find good reasons for their attitudes. Garbo's silence, I think, is attributable to ill health. The strain of interview-giving would prove too great for this slender Swedish girl who prefers to be alone. Also, on the Continent, reporters are not as prying as the American press. Many foreigners have told me this. After an early exposure to Yankee press tactics (ten years ago she talked freely with us), Garbo probably found she didn't like the routine.

ANOTHER EXPLANATION is that Garbo's "reign of silence" is studio-directed by the publicity department. Also her manager may have something to do with the Garbo edict. Whatever the reason behind the Swedish sphinx' silence, it has been a grand success. By lifting her little finger, she gets more publicity than a dozen talkative stars. Remember "Garbo Talks!" for her first talking film? "Garbo Smiles" was a slogan for another picture.

But I wonder if Garbo, herself, ever feels that she owes a duty to the men, women and children who patronize her films and have made her world fame and wealth possible. In her heart, she may feel fame has brought her only unhappiness. Intro-

AN OPEN LETTER

BY DOROTHY

SPENSLEY



Have you ever wondered why it's so difficult to get a story on Margaret Sullavan?



Fred Astaire's increasing sensitivity about publicity makes him hard to see.

Have stars like Garbo a right to their silences?

spection has always marked Garbo's personal life.

Fred Astaire seems to be another rare bird who can't stand public scrutiny. There are people like that. Fortunately, most of them select occupations that do not keep them in the limelight. It's too bad, if you are a genuine introvert, who shuns crowds and mass attention, that you choose the theatre to exploit your talents. It would be the world's loss if Fred Astaire's genius had been denied it, but it is certainly hard on Fred to have world attention riveted on him and his doings.

Astaire is one of those painstaking persons who must have everything just right. As it is with his dance routines, so it is with his press contacts. "It's not that he is afraid of being misquoted," his sister Adele (now Lady Charles Cavendish) told me. "Fred is afraid of having what he said sound like something he didn't mean when it comes out in print." The result is that writing an article on Fred Astaire is very painful business—for the writer. Some say his Park-Avenue wife is responsible for the ex-vaudeville hooper's increasing sensitivity about publicity. I don't know.

I do know that it worries his publicity department when an unauthorized Fred Astaire item, not very complimentary, slips into print. They know that as soon as Fred sees the paragraph, he will visit them, crest-fallen as a defeated dog, not saying a word about the offending notice, but radiating misery. Although the publicity department is not at all to blame, they feel like committing joint hara-kiri in an effort to dispel Fred's gloom. But Fred is a sensitive fellow. There's your answer.

KAY FRANCIS must be cut from the same cloth. She will see writers (you may have to wait months) and then refuses to talk on romance, her private life. She is so forthright and direct that you find yourself liking her, even if she promises to see you "next week" (she's fighting a raging headache which shortly sends her home with influenza). But "next week" never comes. The writer waits a month and a half, having waited several months for the first hurried ten minutes on the "Women in the Wind" set, and then tosses up the assignment.

In the case of Kay, she has absolutely no desire for publicity. Doesn't want it. Doesn't like it. In that circumstance, if it so revolts her, she should have remained as secretary to Mrs. Dwight Morrow. "Why can't you give ten years of your life to the public?" I asked her curiously when she flatly refused to discuss the likelihood of her marriage (it would have been her fifth union). "Certainly your profession is paying you dividends," I continued. "Why not set aside ten years for being interviewed, stared at, worshipped?"

"Money?" answered Kay, dodging my first question. "It's hard to put money away in this business, so that in your old age no one will be 'sorry' for you."

She's right. Film success entails big expenditures. Many have tried to live economically with it. Most have failed. They have to spend more than they want to. But, at best or worst, it's a luxurious life—while it lasts. You work hard, harder than as Mrs. Morrow's secretary, but with more physical comfort, greater prestige. My question to Kay, as it is to all the "Unapproachables," is "Why can't you, in return for your ease of living, give the cash customers a look-in at your life, your thoughts, your hopes?" It is small return for the material benefits you receive.

Francis may be bearing a soul-scar. Many say she is. At the time of her divorce from Actor Kenneth MacKenna, her most recent husband, the press rode her rough-shod. Later, they jumped onto her

(Continued on page 19)

Barbara Pepper's act is being
completely natural

BY JEAN
SOMERS

SHE DARES TO BE HERSELF



THE CLASS consciousness of Great Britain of its former king, has nothing on the caste system of ye Hollywood. Movietown etiquette rules are strange and devious, based on "rank" at the box office or in Uncle Sam's income tax reports. An ambitious young contract player gets her first lesson when her agent, who is also supposed to be her mentor and social guide, yells, "Who was that guy you were with last night? Is he important? Is he rich? Well, then, why should you be wasting your time? You should go to the Trocadero with something better so that Manny Cohen or Sammy Goldwyn will see you and wonder who you are!"

Some of the youngsters pay no attention. Eleanor Powell who like as not will plant a kiss on the beak of the studio gate-man when she rushes through the front entrance of a morning, or lunch with a fourth assistant cameraman at noon, is one. Olivia De Havilland who does exactly what she pleases about whom she sees and when, is another.

Then there's Barbara Pepper, who was one of New York's best known show girls before she signed for pictures, who was brought up in a Broadway atmosphere redolent with crooners, stars, directors, vaudevillians and agents.

La Pepper, blonde, cute, roly-poly who loves to set forth dripping fox furs and with a slick black evening gown hitched tightly over her hips, has long been the despair of her bosses, because she completely ignores the caste system.

Come five-thirty o'clock of an afternoon and Miss Pepper is probably holding forth in the Grotto, favorite eating joint of the studio hoi polloi, where a cup of coffee is a nickel and the best Old-fashioned on tap costs but a quarter.

Barbara was born in the Astor Hotel, in the heart of New York's theatrical section, late one spring evening. The Wrigley sign was winking like mad across the street, a bunch of Gus Edward cuties were rehearsing in a room above and some film star was in the act of signing the hotel register pushed across the counter by a suave Mr. Pepper, clerk, when word came Barbara was arriving.

She was brought up in this atmosphere. As a child, she watched D. W. Griffith

stroll leisurely through the lobby. "Kid" Sullivan of Boston gang repute used to bring her boxes of candy. She thought "Owney" Madden, chief of New York gangdom, one of the handsomest men she ever met—"he always wore tweeds, spoke quietly and respectfully," she says. Rudy Vallee was an early idol.

She watched her father cope with stars who had the swell-head and demanded suites and service de luxe. She watched him stake broken down troupers to the price of a meal, let them stay on and on in unpaid for rooms because of the job that was always around the corner.

When she was fifteen, Daddy and Mama Pepper packed her away to Fairfax Hall, Virginia. Having been thoroughly exposed for many years to the precarious manner of living, the idiosyncracies and the plain foolishness of show people, they decided that their golden-haired little darling should lead a different and more substantial life and know about people who moved in a different sphere.

BUT IT was too late. Environment had done its work. At home for her first weekend, Barbara sneaked her dancing slippers into her bag and instead of returning to Virginia went around the corner to where Lee Shubert was trying out chorus girls. Shubert didn't recognize the daughter of his old friend, Dave Pepper. He saw a cute kid who could dance and signed her.

Mama Pepper went to bed with a sick headache when she heard the news. Dave Pepper set his jaw grimly and went to see Lee Shubert, who was surprisingly on the side of Barbara.

"I tell you, Dave, I didn't know who she was. I'd never have hired her if I knew the way you felt about it. But I did and I think the kid's got somethin'. Why don't you let her alone? If you put her back in school, she'll break out again. We'll look after her."

The Peppers capitulated, but not until after a good deal of argument. On the tryout of the show out of town, Mama went along as chaperone.

When finally, after a Broadway run, the show went on tour, Harry Richman, one of its stars, and an old family friend, was enlisted and promised to look after Bar-

Barbara is as Broadway
as Times Square, and
no amount of
movie-making
will change
the lady.

bara.

In Detroit, tiring of constant surveillance, she slipped out one night and "dated" with a slick looking fellow who had been hanging around the stage door. He smelled vividly of eau de cologne and took her dancing to one of the smartest spots in town and tried to buy her champagne. Barbara did decline that. She was scared of Harry.

When she got home, Mr. Richman was waiting for her. He took the flat side of a hairbrush and, while her yells echoed through the hotel, applied it vigorously. Then he called long distance to New York and told the Peppers what he'd done.

There was no more dating. Furthermore, word went out from the "proper" sources to leave that Pepper kid alone. She was a nice kid—she was Dave Pepper's daughter, Dave of the Astor in New York.

All of this was Barbara's initiation, at the age of fifteen, into show business which, every trouper worth his salt knows, contains more phonies, more real guys, more honest-to-gosh people of every brand and variety than you'd meet in a million years at Fairfax Hall.

She became one of the White Way's best known show girls. She worked in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1932 and in two of George White's "Scandals." While with White, she was teamed with Harry Richman, played straight to Bert Lahr and Eugene and Willie Howard. When Eddie Cantor went to the West Coast for "Roman Scandals" with Sam Goldwyn, he suggested Barbara be included in the list of "most beautiful show girls in the world" to be used in the picture. She landed in Hollywood thus as a Goldwyn girl, but she was not destined to keep on in this capacity.

King Vidor saw her, decided she could do much more than merely decorate a picture, cast her in the second lead of "Our Daily Bread." Since then, she has had many roles. (Continued on page 83)

In the Social Whirl



Before Her Guests Arrive—Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III, busy member of Philadelphia's young married set, steals a moment for an interview.



Yachting Enthusiast—Mrs. Drexel enjoys cruising in southern waters off Nassau. The family's palatial yacht is known around the world.



Belle of Masquerade—Mrs. Drexel's regal costume holds every eye. After hours of dancing, she still looks fresh and charming.

—IN THE

Both thrilled over the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care* they can give their skin today

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:

Do you have to spend a lot of time and money on your complexion, Blanche?

ANSWER:

"No, I can't! I haven't much of either. But thanks to Pond's two creams, it isn't necessary. I cream my skin with their cold cream night and morning and when I freshen up at lunch hour. After this cleansing, I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:

Mrs. Drexel, how do you ever find time to keep your skin so smooth and glowing?

ANSWER:

"It takes no time at all. To get my skin really clean and fresh, I just cream it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Now that it contains Vitamin A, I have an added reason for using it! Then to smooth little roughnesses away, I pat on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—one application does it."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:

Don't sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:

"Not when I protect it with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just one application smooths little roughnesses right away."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:

Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your cold cream?

ANSWER:

"Because it's the 'skin-vitamin'—skin without enough Vitamin A gets rough and dry. So I'm glad I can give my skin an extra supply of this important 'skin-vitamin' with each Pond's creaming."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:

What steps do you take to keep your make-up glamorous all evening?

ANSWER:

"Before I go out on a date, I get my skin good and clean with Pond's Cold Cream. That makes it soft, too. Then I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream so my skin takes make-up evenly—holds powder longer."

*Statements about the "skin - vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.



BUSINESS WORLD



Landed Gov't Job—Blanche Brewer of Clarksdale, Miss., keeps hooks. Starred in recent beauty "survey" among capital employees.



Sunday Afternoon Canoe Trip—Blanche flashes a winning smile at her admiring escort as he talks to her across the paddle.



After the Movies—Blanche says a lingering "good night" on the front steps. She and her sister share small apartment in Washington.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CVH Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

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After a year, Jeanette MacDonald's film test was unearthed and her career started. Ralph Bellamy was fired from his first job. That's why he's a successful actor.



BY
MARY
PARKES

STARS WHO FAILED FIRST

FAR FROM it be us, as Gracie Allen might say, to get up on the soap box and do a little first-class ranting, but, if such were to be our inclination, we'd choose for the subject matter that ole dabbil, Failure. Simply because he has sort of endeared himself to the hearts of several Hollywood stars who, had they not met him, perhaps would not be the outstanding successes they are today, or indeed might not even be movie celebrities at all.

If these players had gotten what they wanted, easily and at first try, or what their parents had wanted for them, there would be doctors, lawyers and perhaps even an Indian Chief or two gleaned from the picture ranks. But Failure stepped in and snatched the early-desired prize away and in return, later on, handed out an even bigger and better one.

There was the case of James Cagney, for instance. Jimmy, it seems, didn't want to be an actor. In fact, he had no theatrical aspirations at all. He planned to be a doctor and, with this end in view, started out to study about pills and potions.

But study though he did, examination time always showed Mrs. Cagney's red-haired child on the wrong side of the promotion list. It wasn't that Jimmy didn't apply himself—and he was not a problem child either—but somehow failure greeted his sincerest efforts. Everything looked pretty hopeless.

Along about this time, the story goes, Cagney's dad thought enough was enough and told his son to get out and get a job—any kind of a job. It was then that Cagney learned it was just about as hard to get "any kind of a job" as it was to rate an M.D.'s practicing diploma. Heartily disgusted, Cagney finally landed himself something in a chorus. He didn't tell the boys about it. He knew they'd do plenty of razzing. It was that business however, of doing a one-two-three kick, that finally landed Cagney into the movies and the big money and the attendant fame. Little did the gentleman realize while he was flunking medical exams, that one day he would be getting thousands of dollars a picture. First failure did all that for James Cagney.

Not so long ago, the now celebrated Jeanette MacDonald was playing the ingenue lead in an operetta on Broadway. So colorful was her personality and so lovely her voice that Paramount offered her a screen test. Jeanette was momentarily in seventh heaven. Her big chance had come. Movies, you see, had always been her ultimate ambition. The test was made and surpassed the expectations of both the studio and the prima donna. When all looked rosy and the beautiful MacDonald was just about to purchase a Hollywood wardrobe, J. J. Shubert stepped in. He realized the loss she would be to his Broadway production and politely but firmly put his foot down. He would not release her from her contract. There was nothing she could do about it.

Richard Dix, whom she was to play opposite in the picture, talked to Mr. Shubert. The latter remained adamant and Jeanette MacDonald became bluer than a torch song. But all to no avail. She had failed to get what she wanted.

**If they'd originally succeeded
they wouldn't be famous now**

But, her story, too, has a happy ending. Paramount filed the test and over a year later, when the great Ernst Lubitsch was looking about for a lovely lady to play the queen in "Love Parade," he ran off all the studio-stored film. Jeanette's test was unearthed and that was the beginning of

her auspicious screen career.

Ralph Bellamy was fired from the first job he ever landed. As a matter of fact, he had little to do with landing it in the first place. It seems that it was Mr. Bellamy, *Senior's* idea to put his handsome son in his advertising agency. Ralph's job was custodian of the files, not work calculated to court brain fag, you'll admit, but still it was a start. But Ralph didn't want a start, not in the advertising business at any rate. No amount of complaints however served to swerve his father from the business career he had in mind for him.

Then came the day when Pop brought in a prospective client—a very important prospective client. Ralph's father asked him to show the prospect a certain file containing examples of the work which had been done for another large organization.

Ralph, it seemed, knew as little of the contents of the file as a mule does about music and finally admitted his ignorance and invited the prospective client to "help himself." Need we add that father lost the account and Sonny lost his job.

IT WAS the only job I was ever fired from," Ralph says. "But the experience stood me in good stead. I was literally shoved out on my own, forced to make a living as best I could and the only thing I wanted to do was to act. So I joined a repertory company and never stopped trying to act from that time on.

"Had my father permitted me to go casually, disinterestedly along in his business, I realize I should never have reached first base in anything worth while."

And so, failure in a ready-made job forced Ralph Bellamy to find a job he liked and could learn to do.

Tom Brown's early ambitions were in the general direction of a college career. Tom, you see, had been a child actor and so the one thing he *didn't* want to be when he grew up was anything connected with the theatre. He had had his fill of it at sixteen.

Tom had managed a meager bank account and this was to start him on his educational way. It would probably pay for two years schooling. And then what? What would he have when he finished? Something on which to get a job, something in his head which would start him on a career? Well, he had that already—a career. He thought it out.

"I've been grateful ever since that I failed to have enough money to secure my future, for if I had had, I wouldn't be climbing toward the top of the most remunerative profession there is today. I had to look after my mother. If I had taken my early theatrical earnings and indulged myself with them, what would she have done while I was learning Latin? Yes, I think it has all worked out for the best, although it was hard at the time. (Continued on page 79)

My "fair" friend told me . . .



"Say—*isn't this* a gorgeous day for sight-seeing!" the woman from Arizona called from her trailer window . . . "Not for me!" I grumbled. "I just ran over to tell you that I can't tramp around any Fair Grounds with you today. My last day, too—and so many things yet to

see!" . . . She asked a sympathetic question, and before I knew it I was telling her my troubles and ranting about the woes of womankind. "My dear," she smiled, "you come right in here. I've got just what you need!"

So in I went—and thank heaven I did. Otherwise, I might never have learned about Modess. And to my way of thinking, that's one of the most important things I learned during my visit to the Fair.



My, but she was a grand person! She said she used to suffer from chafing at "certain times" herself . . . until she discovered Modess. "You see," she said, "there are two types of napkins—*fluff-type* and *layer-type*. Modess is *fluff-type*." Then she cut a Modess pad in two so that I could see the fluffy, downy-soft filler.

"And Modess is safer, too . . . as well as softer," she said. Then guess what she did! She got a glass of water, took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad . . . and dropped water on it! Yes, actually. And not one drop went through! "My goodness," I said, "I never knew *that* before—and it's certainly something worth knowing."

Well—she just insisted on giving me some Modess. And that was what saved my last day at the Fair. We walked miles . . . how I *did* appreciate the comfort and safety of Modess!

Next day, before we left, I went to the store to buy my trailer-friend a new package of Modess . . . and was I surprised and pleased! I found that this soft, "fluff-type" napkin cost no more than those layer-type pads I'd been in the habit of buying!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)

STAR RECIPES

COOPER CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs

¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups sifted self-rising flour

Allow the butter to stand in mixing bowl until very soft. Add the sugar, but do not stir nor beat. Add the unbeaten eggs, still without stirring. Add the milk and vanilla, then the sifted self-rising flour. Stir until blended, then start beating and beat continuously and vigorously for 3 minutes, by the clock. Turn batter into 2 greased 8" layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 20-25 minutes, or until cake shrinks from sides of pan and a cake tester inserted in center of layers comes out clean. Cool slightly, turn out onto wire cake rack and when thoroughly cool frost the top, sides and between the layers with the following Chocolate Marshmallow Frosting.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1½ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk

8 marshmallows, cut in quarters
vanilla, or essence of peppermint

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add the milk, cook and stir over boiling water for 5 minutes or until mixture thickens. Add the quartered marshmallows, turn off the heat under the boiler and continue stirring until marshmallows are blended but not fully melted. Remove from heat and add either ½ teaspoon vanilla or a few drops of oil of peppermint. Cool and spread on cake.

SPECIAL MEAT LOAF

1 pound ground smoked ham
1 pound ground lean pork
4 slices stale bread
½ cup milk
2 eggs, beaten
½ green pepper, chopped

½ cup chopped celery
1 small onion, minced fine
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
¼ cup chili sauce

Have meat put through grinder twice. Break the bread into small pieces, soak 10 minutes in the milk, then add the meat and beaten eggs and blend together thoroughly. Mix in the green pepper, celery and onion. Combine the seasonings with the chili sauce and add to first mixture. When smoothly blended pack very firmly in greased loaf pan. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderately hot (400° F.) and continue baking 1 hour and 15 minutes longer.

DEVEILED EGGS

6 hard cooked eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
a few grains cayenne

1 teaspoon prepared mustard
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
2 tablespoons chili sauce

6 small pimiento-stuffed olives, chopped

Cut eggs in halves, crosswise or lengthwise.* Slip out the yolks, carefully, so as not to break the whites. (If eggs have been stirred occasionally, while cooking, the yolks will be well centered—which gives a much more attractive effect.) Mash the yolks well, with a fork. Add salt, paprika and cayenne. Mix together mustard, Worcestershire, mayonnaise and chili sauce, add to yolk mixture and blend together thoroughly. Add chopped olives. Fill egg whites with deviled egg mixture. Serve on lettuce leaves as a salad, or wrap in waxed paper to take on picnics.

**Eggs cut crosswise are easier to pack and carry, especially if the two halves are placed together again in the original egg shape, before wrapping. An egg carton, with the dividing cardboard sections left right in, provides the most convenient method for transportation.*

Left-over yolk mixture may be used as a sandwich spread, or as stuffing for celery. The addition of a little onion juice, or chopped chives is favored by many. A sprinkling of chopped parsley gives added "eye appeal."

ICED COFFOLATE

4 tablespoons ground decaffeinated coffee
2 squares unsweetened chocolate, cut in pieces
6 cloves
1 (4-inch) piece stick cinnamon

4 cups milk
2 teaspoons cornstarch
¾ cup sugar
a few grains salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

Add coffee, chocolate, cloves and cinnamon to the milk in top of a double boiler. Heat over boiling water until chocolate is melted. Strain immediately through fine sieve or cheese cloth. Combine cornstarch and sugar. Add hot liquid slowly, return to double boiler and cook 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from heat, add salt and vanilla. Chill. Serve ice cold. When served at home, top each serving with whipped cream. Makes 1 quart.

*Last evening
I dined with
a Dentist*



HELPS KEEP
TEETH WHITE...



My hostess seated me beside a famous dentist—he told me such interesting things.

He said, "This dinner's delicious! But it is bad for your lovely teeth—and we moderns need to give our teeth tougher exercise!"

"Teeth were made to chew! Soft modern foods don't demand enough chewing! I'm constantly recommending a real workout on a good, firm chewing gum. It's a real tonic to the whole chewing apparatus. Vitalizes gums and tissues—aids prophylaxis. Dentyne is the gum I'm thinking of—extra-firm, chewy—a fine aid to healthier, brighter teeth!"

First thing next morning I rushed out for a package of Dentyne! I love its spicy flavor—brings back memories of Saturday mornings and Aunt Sally's cake batter. And it does help my teeth! The flat package slips so conveniently into my purse, I carry it everywhere. Do try Dentyne yourself—buy a package today!

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

HE TAKES A CHANCE

(Continued from page 42)

to splurge with the girls. But I didn't want to run wild. I wanted to be alone a lot. I was happy when I could be learning the involved technique of the theatre. I was desperately anxious to know how to change my personality for different roles.

"I'd reach my dressing-room by six in the evening, carting several pounds of grapes and a loaf of rye bread as my dinner, and then I'd experiment with make-up. It wasn't the everyday, care-free, sheltered way of growing up. I had to support myself or starve and that was that. I was lonely and uncertain, but then aren't most boys, even in luxurious surroundings?

"Acting has never been a snap for me. It's been a painstaking, slow thing and there have been tight spots when I didn't know where the next job or dollar was coming from.

"Why, I'll never forget one summer in Chicago. I was sixteen. I was broke. There were no shows opening in June, so I devoured want ads until I stumbled upon an ad for gas lamp trimmers. I'd never noticed that the wicks had to be trimmed until then. I maneuvered a neighborhood far across town where I wouldn't be known, so my 'prestige' wasn't ruined. Yes, it was the gas company that kept me going then!

IT isn't in me to 'sell myself' as an actor, so I've taken a big chance in ignoring the theatrical rule that we must be flamboyant. I was better at concentrating on the details of my actual job, so I've done only that and let the others be eccentric. It hasn't held me back as I was told it would.

"They said I could never click on Broadway unless I'd display some dash. I stuck to my beards, doing characters until I was offered a Broadway debut as a young man. Opening night, when I walked onto a stage for the first time without whiskers, I'll swear I felt positively naked!"

He was X-raying himself so revealingly I couldn't resist asking how he'd taken his big chance romantically.

"I gambled on my own notion of love, too. I wasn't going to be in love until I wanted to, which was stubborn of me, according to friends. I didn't feel the pangs until I was twenty-three, when I met Bella. Before then I declined to rush someone who didn't mean a thing to me. I remember once when a romance was promoted for me. I had a blind date and as I left that town I promised to write every day. I went into the observation car as soon as we had pulled out of the station and attempted to write a torrid love letter. After a few sad pages I gave it up!

"But when I met Bella I was no longer the least hesitant. For I don't believe in waiting for love. Don't plan, don't wait if there isn't enough money. Go ahead! If you feel it's the real love of your lifetime, don't let anything or anybody cheat you of what's too important to lose. Marry in spite of all odds, and you'll rise above all the difficulties. Bella and I married between performances at different theatres. We couldn't get away for a honeymoon for months. But we've been wonderfully happy.

"Bella has obligingly geared herself to my spontaneous ways. I don't want to know what we'll have for dinner, or what we'll do afterwards. I detest feel-

Which Odor in Bath Soap is Lucky for You?



Before you use any soap to overcome body odor, smell the soap! Then instinctively, you will choose a soap with the fragrance men love!

SUCCESS in love turns on such unexpected things! Just when you feel victory is yours, your luck deserts you—something happens to transform your confidence into confusion.

Nine times out of ten you blame the you that is deep in you. Your whole personality goes vacant and hopeless.

But, such disillusionments should only be temporary. Too bad, most women take them deeply to heart, when the trouble can be so easily avoided. It's too big a price to pay for ignoring this secret of arming yourself with loveliness.

Yes, go by the "smell test" when you buy soap to overcome body odor. Trust no soap for body odor until you smell the soap itself for daintiness.

Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its

3 for 25¢ Wherever finer soaps are sold

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

The Fragrance Men Love

kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love! A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, penetrating lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume! Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too! Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, and leaves skin smooth and radiant.

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SURPRISE

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summer meals

—quick and easy to fix

● Tempt listless summer appetites but don't spend long hot hours in the kitchen cooking! Save work with Franco-American Spaghetti. Serve it as main or side dish. Combine with other foods. Give it to the youngsters for lunch. It's a wonderful energy-builder. And how everybody loves its tasty, tangy cheese-and-tomato sauce made with eleven different ingredients! Only 10c a can—order today!



Hash Deluxe

Use your regular hash recipe but add Franco-American Spaghetti to chopped meat instead of potatoes. The sauce gives a wonderful flavor.

Tuffy Dinner Plate

Make nests of hot Franco-American Spaghetti. Fill with cooked peas, top with strips of crisp bacon. Deliciously tasty and appetizing.

Sunday Night Supper

Bring on a platter of cold cuts and a big dish of piping hot Franco-American Spaghetti and watch it disappear. Another time, serve poached eggs in spaghetti nests. They'll make a big hit.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

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Send for **FREE Recipe Book**

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 628
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

ing obligated, tied down. We own this home, but it doesn't own us. We wanted a farm, because we'd never lived on one, when we first came to Hollywood. So we lived in the San Fernando Valley and grew walnuts. Then we decided we'd rather be by the sea here in Palos Verdes. Now the sunset over the Pacific thrills us.

"We have wanted to see other peoples, other lands, and so we have traveled like nomads. We never make advance reservations, unless it's unavoidable, and we don't allot our vacation. We think one day that we'll go somewhere, and the next day we leave. Bella is ever ready, and a man who figures fun is spoiled if it has to be arranged appreciates a wife who can pack overnight.

"For instance, our trip to Europe last winter was all impulse. We'd start from Copenhagen for London, and get off our train at Antwerp and slum in Paris where no one would dream of locating us. We both learned to ski in Switzerland one month, for that seemed a great idea at the time. When I received word from Hollywood I got eight copies of

the same letter. They'd mimeograph and shoot the letters to eight cities in Europe where we were most liable to be.

"I ask for and follow Bella's advice on every picture I act in, for I am positive she knows what is right for me as an actor. I have her sit on my sets, watch my every scene, and nod whether it's good enough. This was unheard-of in Hollywood, but now they've heard of it. The one picture I was most dissatisfied with was the one on which I waived having her help. She helped me immeasurably during the filming of "Juarez."

"I'd not have had any success here in Hollywood if it hadn't been for her. She not only senses whether I'm getting the utmost from a scene, but her business acumen is excellent. You need to negotiate to secure favorable business terms—so, if you're like myself and don't enjoy that kind of negotiating, get a partner who will help you out! When I've been so blue I've wanted to quit pictures, Bella's the one who wouldn't let me. Yet relying on her for my screen fortune is still following a hunch, you see."

IF YOU TAN

(Continued from page 45)

a true skin which contains the blood vessels, nerves, fat cells and color pigments which determine whether or not we can and should try to sun-tan—and how much. If the pigments in that layer of skin are even and uniformly distributed you will tan quickly and easily, evenly and safely. This applies to the great majority of dark-haired, dark-eyed people with their thicker, darker skins. Hedy Lamarr is an example of this type. So are Ann Rutherford, Dorothy Lamour, Gail Patrick and Louise Campbell.

THEN, there is the medium, brown-haired, light-eyed girl with skin also of medium color and thickness. She may or may not tan becomingly. And she may freckle too. So she must take her sun-bathing more warily, in smaller doses and with more precautions. Mary Brian, Lana Turner and Loretta Young belong in this group.

In another division are the blonde and red-headed girls who have light eyes, thin skins and very little pigmentation in that second layer of skin. These girls usually tan very little—sometimes not at all. They just burn and blister. They are the ones particularly who must guard their skins against permanent disfigurement from ill-advised over-exposure to sun. Marie Wilson, Alice Faye, Ginger Rogers, Anita Louise and Joan Blondell are this type.

Girls who are in this group needn't deny themselves the fun and benefits of outdoor play in the summer, though. They can wear just as attractive play clothes as their darker-skinned sisters—and just as few as the law allows. Only they should do most of their cavorting in the shade—that's all. They'll still reap the very important benefits of air and reflected sun-rays—they may even get a little tan from this reflected "skyshine."

You girls with undertones of browns and yellows in your skins, whether you are blondes, or brunettes, tan most quickly and easily—most safely and becomingly, too. It's the girls with skin undertones of blues and whites who have to watch out for burns, freckles, blotches and other ill effects from sun-tanning. Even with the most carefully laid out rules you must remember that every skin has its own individuality. Do a little intelligent experi-

menting on your own this summer. Watch your skin carefully for results, and you who don't seem to fit into any of the general classifications will discover ways of working out a very satisfactory sun program for yourselves.

No matter what your coloring is, when you go out at the beginning of the season, cover yourself generously with a good cream, oil or sun-tan lotion and expose yourself gradually, increasing, from about five minutes on each side the first day, to ten the second, fifteen the third—and so on indefinitely. You'll not only get a more even tan that way. You'll derive more good from the tan you get. The sun's ultra-violet rays, so good not only for your skin, but for nerves and digestion, for giving you extra energy to store up against next winter's ravages, even for sharpening and freshening your mental outlook—those ultra-violet rays can't get at you to work their summer magic if you burn and coarsen your skin at the very outset. You defeat the whole purpose of sun bathing that way. Give yourself a chance. After you get a coat of tan you can stay in the sun hour after hour. You'll be able to withstand much greater heat and cold, and you'll not only look but be healthier than your friends who avoid the sun. But in the beginning, go slow.

ALWAYS wear dark glasses in the sun's glare no matter what your coloring. They not only protect your eyes, but prevent those ugly squint wrinkles that are so unattractive in the thin, delicate skin around your eyes.

These wonderful creams and lotions and sun-tan oils they're making today not only help you to tan evenly. They also help prevent your skin from drying, burning and becoming coarse and unfeminine. Remember, though, that protective sun-tan lotions must be applied again after you've had a swim, and just on general principles they should be renewed every hour or two while you're exposed to the sun.

There are grand preparations made nowadays to help a tan and prevent a burn. But if you simply cannot tan comfortably or safely, and still want to look as if you had, you can even buy lotions that make you appear tan when you really aren't.

That's just another example of the versatility of our modern cosmeticians.

For the times when you do burn—and remember you can get just as severe a burn when the sun is under a cloud as when it streams directly down upon you—keep a good cooling cream or lotion ready to take out the sting and to keep your skin from drying up to an unsightly brown crisp. Talcum powder is comforting on a slight sunburn. While your skin is burned, keep out of water as much as possible. Use lots of pure oily creams and lotions and have your clothing as soft and loose as possible.

Now, for the proper make-up for your summer complexion, whether or not you tan. First of all, there are certain basic principles that you should know about. After the drying effects of summer sun, wind and water, you should use not only plenty of lubricating creams, but also a good foundation cream or powder-base. This will help keep your skin soft and smooth-looking, and also help your powder to stay on and do its job more effectively.

Your face powder should always match your skin-tones. If your skin contains undertones of browns and yellows, use powders with these basic colorings. If your skin looks muddy, gray or sallow, a powder one shade lighter, but in the same general color range, may make you look younger and fresher. However, generally speaking, your powder should exactly match your skin-tones or be just one shade darker. White or light powder on a dark skin looks ugly, artificial, and in these days of marvelously blended colors, is altogether inexcusable.

Naturally, if your skin is sun-tanned, your complexion will contain warm, rich shades of golds and bronzes, so your powder should follow the same tones. The petal pinks and creamy blonde tints are



The wit, Charlie McCarthy, and his sidekick, Edgar Bergen, give you a cheerful "Hi!"

not for you who wear a deep sun-tan. But for those whose tan is paler, there are lovely, soft, rosy, glowing powder shades. Just remember that powder should be used to improve your skin texture, remove shine and veil imperfections, not to change the color of your skin.

We've recently tried a very nice face powder that goes on smoothly and leaves nary a streak or patch to mar the smooth, satiny, finished effect. Being made of flat, uniform particles, it stays on unusually well, which is always an advantage in the summer time. The same house makes an indelible, waterproof and non-drying lip-

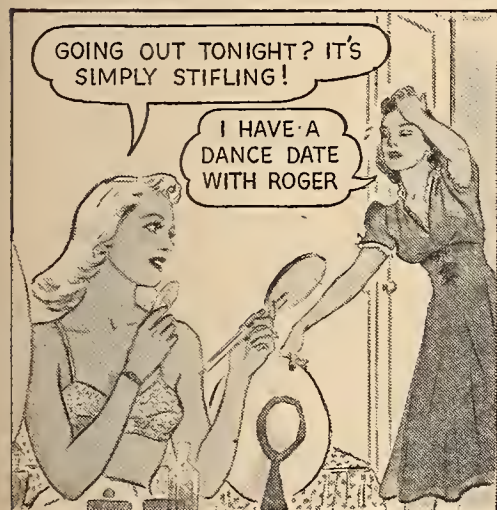
stick which is a boon at this time of year. It's such a treat to find one that will stay on through hot, sticky weather and while you're swimming or indulging in other strenuous sports. There are six shades to choose from and a rouge to match every shade. You will be glad to know about their face cream and skin oil, too.

When it comes to shades of rouge and lipstick, our summer color harmonies become more subtle and a bit more complicated. The shade of your rouge and lipstick can make or mar your appearance—as you've probably found out. A good rule here again is to match the tones of your natural complexion. If your own coloring contains red-orange, then red-orange is your shade for lipstick and rouge. If violet-red is in your coloring, then that should be the basic color of your rouge and lipstick. If you are pale and "cool colored," a true red will be becoming.

Most people have complexions in the "medium range." If this is your combination, avoid over-vivid make-up, and also pale, anaemic colors. The medium shades will do most for you. If you are pale, of course your rouge must be of medium intensity. High colors, violet reds and orange reds would be extremely unbecoming and bad taste for you. The rosy and creamy powders so popular this year are lovely for girls who have fair skins with similar colors in them. But if those tints don't match your skin, don't wear them. These days there are powders, rouge and lipstick for every complexion.

Rouge does two things: it shapes your face and also colors it. But this second purpose is much more important than the first, and the one we're concerned about here. Rouge should be applied in the brightest, most unflattering light you can find and should match the color that rises naturally in your cheeks when you are

HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS IN HOT WEATHER



Don't let hot weather steal your charm!

• Keep *lovable* with Lifebuoy! Used in your daily bath, it stops "B. O." Lifebuoy contains an exclusive ingredient not found in any other popular toilet soap.

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IN THE DAILY BATH
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ROSY, TEMPTING LIPS...

warm, soft and fragrant...are every man's ideal. But "painted lips"—never! Use Tangee Lipstick because it *isn't* paint... because it gives your lips "natural", alluring loveliness. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes to *your* most becoming shade—ranging from delicate rose to glamorous red...and its special cream base helps keep lips smoothly tempting.

FOR MATCHED MAKE-UP, use Tangee Rouge, compact or creme, to give your cheeks appealing "natural" color...and velvety Tangee Powder, for its exclusive rose-toned *underglow*.

REMEMBER, both Tangee Lipstick and Tangee Creme Rouge are *swim-proof*, smearproof.



BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let some smart salesperson switch you.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

- ☐ Peach (for all complexions) ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Tan

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flushed with excitement. No matter what kind you use, be sure to blend your rouge gradually into the tones of your skin, so that it is impossible to tell just where it ends. Never apply dry rouge to a moist skin and, if in doubt, underdo rather than overdo the color. In the movies, and for theatrical purposes, rouge may "sink" a feature, but in everyday life it attracts the eye. Remember that. So match your natural coloring and keep to the subtle side. It's much more feminine and appealing to have a delicate, rosy blush than a harsh, hectic flush that couldn't be natural unless your temperature were over a hundred and decidedly unhealthy.

Eyes are the most important feature in your face, yet they are often neglected when it comes to make-up. Not every one needs or should use eye-shadow. If your eyes are widely spaced, full, unusually slanting, if you wear glasses, and if you can apply the shadow so that it doesn't show, you may deepen and intensify the color of your eyes with an eye-shadow which matches them. If your eyes are dark-circled or shadowed, sunken, heavy-lidded, wrinkled or close together, don't wear eye-shadow, no matter how much you'd like to. It will make you look grotesque.

Eye-brows should not contrast too strongly with your natural coloring. That

makes them look artificial. But if you pencil them with thought as to matching the natural tones of your skin and hair they can become important accents to an expressive face.

Mascara for your lashes does much to deepen and add expression to small or light colored eyes. Follow the same color rule here as you use in applying brow pencil. Brush the excess mascara from your lashes and keep the color within the scale of your own natural possibilities. In the daytime don't put on colors that nature would have better sense than to grow there. With evening make-up you can take more liberties.

Make-up has no excuse in the world on any girl if it makes her look coarse or cheap or artificial. But, used with skill and restraint, it can do subtle and marvelous things to emphasize, enhance and almost remake the face of the girl who will take the time and make the effort to use it correctly.

Now, go out in the sun and enjoy yourselves. But be as smart as the girls in Hollywood and take it gradually in the beginning. You'll look better and feel better, too. Moderation may not always be as exciting for the moment, but in the long run, it's ten times as much fun, and you don't miss anything while you're paying up for it, either.

HOLLYWOOD'S BACHELOR GIRLS

(Continued from page 46)

have a lot in common, but we never get together. And I'll be blamed if I know why!

"We have none of the camaraderie girls in practically every other walk of life have. There's none of the 'he sez to me' and 'I sez to him' confidences. I knew that Hedy and Gene Markey were married just when the public knew it. The girls knew that I was married only when it appeared in the papers. But as I scarcely knew it myself until then, that's not a fair example.

JEAN ARTHUR is another girl I adore. We make all sorts of plans to get together and never have, not once. I live next door to Janet Gaynor and we've never met. I've been trying to telephone Una Merkel since last Christmas to thank her for something, and I haven't done it. I don't know why. But I'm going to find out," said Floncy, that "research" look shining in her eyes, "I'm darn well going to find out why girls don't even have girl friends in Hollywood. And as for the boys—"

She takes stock of the fact, does our Miss R., that girls in far-away-from-Hollywood places gaze with glamor-glazed eyes at Hollywood, a happy hunting ground, think they, where girls must have to dodge behind palm trees to escape Dan Cupid's quiver of arrows. The most glamorous men in the world are here—Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Errol Flynn, Charles Boyer. What more does a gal want?

But Floncy would remind you, what good do such as these do you? Feast for the eyes, famine for the heart, that's what you'd get from the likes of them. Married, all four of them. So it goes—scan the lists and weep. And so, as Florence intelligently points out, while the most glamorous men in the world are here and Hollywood is undoubtedly the most glamorous 'atmosphere' in the world—so what? If you're sitting in the Garden of the Moon and all the

gods are there and pass you by, being previously "spoke for," where does that leave you? Mooning by yourself, doesn't it?

"Let's get down to it," Florence said, "most girls don't want to marry actors anyway, even if they could. Not if they're right bright, they don't. But when you're in love you're not right bright, you know that very well, and that disposes of me! It's just like most actors not wanting to marry actresses. Wasn't it Brian Aherne (hold everything! Chalk up another bachelor on the board!) who said that he wouldn't say 'I do' to a contract, a make-up box and a permanent wave if he never said 'I do?' (My Mr. Wilcox started out in life with the same convictions, but poof to convictions, huh?). Girls feel ditto about actors. Too much grief in that arrangement, think we, while we are still thinking, too little stability, home life and peace of mind which are, presumably, the ends and aims of matrimony. Or am I being quaint?

THAT leaves us," said Floncy, "with directors and producers to fall in love with. Most of them are a bit too old for us 'kiddies.' And they're practically all married anyway. There's something very sporting about the b. g.'s of Hollywood, I've noticed. There's none of that 'how to take a husband away from his wife' look in their eyes, none that I've ever seen. Writers, now. I once had the notion that writers might be the solution. I gave this idea some serious consideration, then chucked it overboard. Maybe because I was raised with 'em and you never think of folks around the house as being exactly Gables.

But one thing I've been sure of from the start is that the b. g.'s only hope of a successful marriage in Hollywood is marriage with someone in the profession. After you've been out here for a time, after you get sort of house-broken to seeing the Taylors and the Gables

around, after you've rubbed elbows and sometimes noses with these men who are so attractive and so glamorous, other men do seem a little dull. Imagine being made love to by a Boyer, let's say, then where would that nice Joe Zilch and his technique get off at?

"Take me, as an example. During my days of bachelordom in Hollywood, I went around thinking that I should marry, if at all, a business man, solid, substantial. 'Try to be sensible, my girl,' I'd admonish myself, 'and butter your bread with butter, not with stardust.' I'd go back to New York on trips, go out with the men there, try so hard to be interested in statistics about the price of cotton and stock market quotations and find myself three thousand miles away, wondering how Clark Gable looks as Rhett Butler.

"I remember," laughed Florence, "how, when I had been in Hollywood a few months, a beau of mine came on from New York. I could hardly wait to see him. What a relief, I thought, not to have to talk shop! What a kick to be with a man not in the movies, a real man. The first day it was swell. We went to a couple of parties, all movie people. The next day we had all to ourselves and we didn't have one word to say to each other! He didn't know what I was talking about. I didn't want to know what he was talking about. I was bored to tears, large, wet tears!

"One of the problems of the bachelor girl in Hollywood, especially during her novitiate, is just what we've been saying—that the men out here are so 'ellishly attractive that she's apt to go off the deep end.' She runs a temperature of one hundred and six most of the time. It's too much for her and after a coupla Nelson Eddys and Tyrone

Powers get in her hair she's liable to say "Oh, boy, this is it!" Then she's liable to end up in one of those two-week things—two weeks between Yuma and Reno. And that's pretty sad.

"The bachelor girl in Hollywood has to be pretty canny, too. These men out here are no slouches when it comes to being charming. They're pretty gifted at it. That's the way they earn their bread and butter and a lot of cake. So when, or I should say if, they make love to you, you have to figure where the professional patter stops and the real thing begins. We're always on the defensive out here. The most sincere thing in the world may be said to us and we find ourselves saying 'Stop acting!' I guess that's why I married Robert. He didn't say much. He just followed me to Honolulu and his action spoke louder than any words.

SO here are the bachelor girls of Hollywood, neatly impaled on the horns of their multiple-horned dilemma, caught between the handsome devils and the deep blue seas. We don't want to marry the eligible business men, for reasons stated. We probably do want to marry actors but know that too many such roads lead to Reno. Besides, there's practically only Jimmy Stewart left now and, with the best intentions in the world, Jimmy can't marry all of us.

"So what did I do about it? Well, at first I didn't do much of anything. At the studio, I worked. At home, I played solitaire and romped girlishly with my dog. Then I began to go out, quite a bit. I had dates almost every night, dates with Tom Neale, Tom Rutherford, boys who are making swell starts in pictures. Then I had dates

with Robert Wilcox. He has a divine sense of humor, nearer to the humor of Ring Lardner than anyone I have ever known. We talked shop, these boys and I, and we had fun. We went to the movies or, more often, had dinner at my house and just stayed home.

"My one cry is the search for places with atmosphere. One of the things that drew Robert and me together is that he, too, likes to haunt Olivera Street, Chinatown, places far off the blazed-with-Neon-lights trail. Then, he is young, beginning, and ambitious, too. We can talk shop and build with the same blocks.

"Robert was in 'The Kid From Texas' with me, you know. I had a pretty good idea of what was happening to me, to both of us. But all of my little tabus reared their admonishing heads, warning me, reminding me 'Don't marry an actor, remember what you have said about the dangers of marrying an actor.'

"I had a few weeks off at the end of the picture. I planned to go to Florida, had my tickets, reservations, everything. At the last moment, I changed my mind and sailed for Honolulu. I don't know why. Bob followed me on the next boat. Away from Hollywood, away from everything, there he was and there I was and so we were married. For the first time in my life, I didn't ask any questions, I just answered 'em—at the altar.

"So 'cheerio' is what I say to the bachelor girls. And may you answer your problems at the only place they can be answered—the altar. For lo, Mickey Rooney is turned eighteen, Jackie Cooper is a big boy now, Freddie Bartholomew is growing up. Jimmy and Brian won't be the only eligibles for long. Things are looking up, girls!"

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THE NATURAL beauty and softness of your hair are *threatened* by summer weather — by the scorching sun; by hot, dry winds; by water when you go swimming, and by dirt, dust and grime soaking up excess perspiration. *They destroy hair beauty* — make it dry and dull — brittle and hard to manage.

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Ask your hairdresser for a professional Mar-O-Oil Shampoo now, or get a bottle at any drug, department or 10c store. Start today! You'll be thrilled at the new-found glory of your hair!

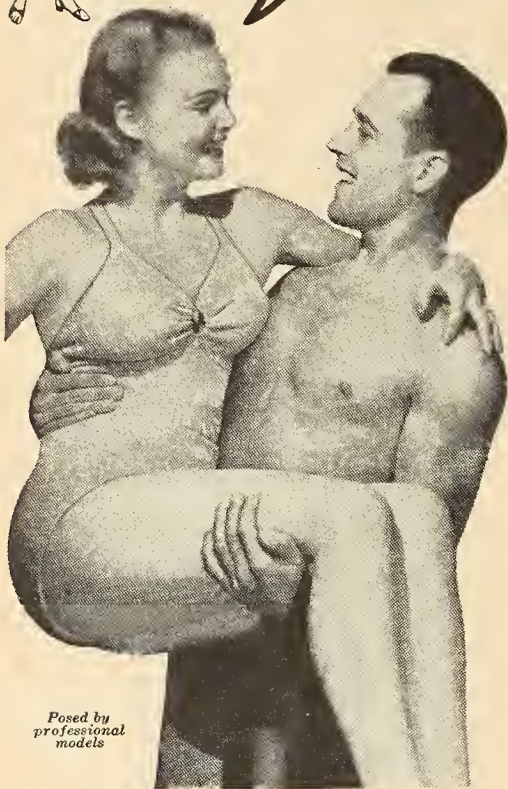
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OF SKINNY GIRLS
KNEW THIS SIMPLE
SECRET



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TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR. See your local paper for exact time and station.

ARE MOVIE STARS NICE?

(Continued from page 41)

I have often been told that Norma Shearer was high hat. I have never found her so. It's true that she has taste and manners, which offend certain folk in Hollywood as deeply as do Raft's lapses in grammar. It's true that she was married to Irving Thalberg, which made her an easy target for the shafts of malice. Lady Thalberg, the envious dubbed her, with sneering overtones, forgetting that Shearer was a screen name to be conjured with before it was joined to that of her husband. If her position has brought her privileges, it has also sharpened her sense of responsibility. I have never known her to assume any pose of queenliness. I have often known her to go out of her way to make life easier for somebody else.

MOST stars become highly articulate on the subject of publicity stories which displease them by so much as a misplaced comma. Otherwise, they lose the impulse to express themselves. "I wish that guy would come around some time," said Cary Grant, after reading an article he fancied. "I'd like to thank him."

Miss Shearer doesn't wait for the guy to come around. Because she doesn't take praise for granted and has imagination enough to remember that others like it too, she takes the trouble to sit down and write a warm thank you.

Through a studio misunderstanding, a writer came half an hour late to an appointment. Many a lesser figure would have wrapped herself in dignity and departed. Miss Shearer waited. "I'm due at home in ten minutes," she said when the writer arrived. "I'm expecting my sister-in-law. But won't you come along? I'm sure she won't mind if I give you the story first. Besides, the children will be around. Maybe," she smiled, "they'll provide you with local color."

She was giving her first interviews after "Marie Antoinette," the first since the death of her husband. Three writers were scheduled to see her. They had all been warned by the studio to keep off the subject of Mr. Thalberg. One heeded the warning, two didn't. It had apparently been issued by the authorities without consulting Miss Shearer, for she answered all questions. Then she learned why the third writer had refrained from mentioning her husband. "But that's not fair," she said. "Tell her to send me the story, will you, and I'll write into it myself what I told the others."

Bette Davis is the only other player I know whose sense of justice might have carried her to such lengths.

One who *does* put on the airs of the movie queen of parody is Alice Faye. In the phrase of the ten-twenty-thirties, she is more to be pitied, perhaps, than censured. You can't go Hollywood if you have a sense of perspective, a sense which Alice's background and experience have failed to supply. Dazzled by her place in the sun, she's blind to the fact that shadows lengthen and that dusk is bound to follow high noon. Or maybe she isn't. Maybe she's all too well aware of it, and is therefore resolved to make the most of present delights.

To Alice, one of the delights of eminence is looking down her abbreviated nose at the insects below; and being very, very bored at the prospect of contact with them. When such contact becomes unavoidable, one's only compensation is to create an effect. Having consented to attend a press

reception one mild spring day, she descended from her room on the floor above, hatless but magnificent in minks that suggested a polar expedition, yet seemed the only suitable attire for a star who had just achieved a spot among the first box-office ten. Besides, the best of hotels have been known to spring a draught.

Her progress can be marked by the three typical experiences of a single writer. When she first came to Hollywood, she was looking up, not down, and the distance between the two seemed even greater than it does now. She was glad to be interviewed. Indeed, she was astonished that anyone should take the trouble to interview her. She talked her head off. She breathed gratitude. "Please, will you always be my friend?" said Alice in melting tones. It was beautiful.

The stars in their courses changed, and a second interview was arranged—not without difficulty. Alice was abstracted. Her mind was undoubtedly on her work, and it was irksome to be obliged to drag it down to the level of the trivia represented by her visitor. She smiled wanly. She said "yes" and "no" and "I don't remember" and "I really must be going."

The third meeting was accidental. The writer happened to pass Miss Faye on the set. Thoughtlessly, but intending no harm, she permitted a greeting to slip from her tongue, and was withered by a look. Served her right too. One doesn't address royalty without first being addressed.

A Jimmy Stewart admirer once begged: "Tell me all about him. Only I warn you, if there's anything bad, I'll shut my ears. I've simply got to protect him, even against my being disappointed in him."

I assured her he didn't need protection, that the better you knew, the better you liked him.

WELL, that's a relief. But he looks so helpless. What *can* I protect him against? Cows? Or arithmetic? Or life? There must be something."

Jimmy isn't as helpless as he looks. The impression is created partly by the kind of roles he plays, partly by his physical makeup—eyes grave and wid spaced like a child's, long melancholy jaw, loose-jointed body, shoulders that hint at a stoop. "The poetic type, the dreamer," you decide, and your heart goes out to him as it does to all dreamers who remain safely remote from your own affairs.

Jimmy is, as a matter of fact, sensitive, thoughtful and an idealist, though he'd run a mile from the word. But he's saved from the misery of many idealists by two things. One is his comic sense. He's like Mischa Auer, in that his instinct is to flip every experience ludicrous side up. If there is no ludicrous side, he invents one to divert himself. He spent eight weeks in a hospital two years ago, seriously ill. He'd never been ill before, and he didn't like it. He preferred not to talk about it. But when he had to talk about it, you'd have thought that the whole business had been specially arranged by him for its entertainment values.

His other safeguard is a sound instinct about people. My young friend who yearned to protect him against cows and life doubtless included women in both categories. I don't think she need worry. With all his gentleness, he remains clear-eyed in a community where he sees marriages slaughtered around him every day.

"I want to marry," he said once, "but only the right girl. The theorists tell you this and that, and it's so much hokey. A friend of mine married a girl who by all the rules should have been right for him, and he's miserable. I think, when you meet her, something inside you goes click. Call it falling in love, if you like. But along with the excitement, there's got to be something peaceful, as if you'd come home."

Katharine Hepburn has started more controversial storms than any other movie star. She has been more thoroughly adored and disliked. The press are among her best dislikers, for she has handled them with consistent rudeness. From her place in the sun of a current Broadway success, she becomes sweetly reasonable over what a reporter on whom she smiled calls "some of the most atrocious publicity ever written by man or beast."

"I don't blame them," says Katie. "It's the custom. But I think it's wrong, and I never did cooperate. The publicity people must have loathed my guts. If it's done me in, it's done me in. I suffered the most idiotic interviews until I stopped them. They'd ask me the most personal questions, and I'd answer them idiotically, thinking they would understand. Was I married and who was my husband and had I any children? And I used to say, 'Sure, I've had four husbands and seven children—all colored.' And they would print it."

Let me first point out that most normal people don't regard a husband or children as personal mysteries. Katharine, married at the time, persisted for obscure reasons of her own, in denying her wedded state. We can't all have her wit or spirit of good, clean fun. We must have patience with the simple-minded who couldn't understand, poor morons, that when she claimed four colored husbands, she was

just being funny. Yet I doubt whether even their limited brains could have conceived anything more naive than some of Miss Hepburn's tricks to attract the attention of Hollywood before she became Katharine the Great—her habit, for example, of rolling on to the lot in a truck, whooping at the top of her lungs. She may have felt that any car was too small to hold her, and there is no law to prevent self-expression by whooping. But why not be tolerant enough to permit others' idiocies one can match and top?

She worked hard at estranging the press which, in Hollywood at any rate, is long-suffering because it can't afford not to be. One day she consented to see a writer in her dressing-room, where she was conferring with a wardrobe woman. The writer entered.

"Who are you?" the star demanded.

I'M so-and-so. The man just came out and said you were ready for me."

"Well, I'm not. Wait outside, please."

The writer went out, leaving the door open as she'd found it. A few minutes later, she heard the wardrobe woman ask: "Hadn't you better see the lady first, Miss Hepburn? This will take a long time."

"What lady?" thundered Miss Hepburn in her best bass tones, to make sure that no syllable would be lost outside.

"The one who was just in here."

"She can wait."

I cite this as a representative instance of unprovoked incivility. Lackwits though they may be, the Hollywood press has managed to maintain mutually friendly and helpful relationships with a large majority of the Hollywood stars. If to a man, they found it impossible with Katie, I submit that the conclusion is obvious. She has their best wishes, however. They hope

her play will run forever and keep her forever on Broadway.

To end on a pleasanter note, I should like to tell you a little about Paul Muni, who is also considered difficult in some quarters, but for different reasons. He is always courteous, but not always talkative. He suffers from shyness. To meet new people is an ordeal he shrinks from. If you win his confidence, however, you are richly rewarded, for his talk is the most stimulating I have heard in Hollywood.

Bella, his wife, is a bulwark against those clamorous details that he doesn't know how to cope with. People don't scare her. She has the social ease and gaiety which he lacks. They are rarely seen about the popular town haunts, but one night they made a dinner date at the Brown Derby with Bella's brother and his wife. Muni took one look at the crowded restaurant and turned, asking "Let's go home."

"Wait just a minute." One minute later they were being steered by the head waiter through a side door and the kitchen regions to a rear table, cut off from the rest of the room by a partition. Muni dropped into his chair. "You're wonderful," he grinned. "How can you stand me?"

They both dote on Simon, their Aire-dale, but Bella's love is the more realistic. As they stood at their door, speeding a parting guest, Simon darted into a bush, brought forth a bird and laid it at his master's feet. Muni's face went dead for a moment, with woe for the dead bird and his dog's hard heart. One swift, compassionate glance that embraced all three, then Bella spoke gently. "It must have been dead when he found it under the bush. Simon wouldn't kill it, Muni."

Whether or not he believed her, it was hard to say. But he smiled, and his hand dropped to the dog's uplifted head.

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DARLING OF BINNIE'S HEART

(Continued from page 39)

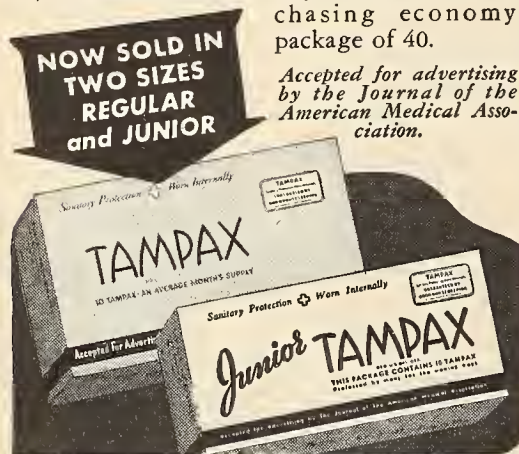
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swirl. She was wearing one of those little sports numbers, pin-striped dark blue with tailored pockets and white piping down the front. We buy them ourselves when they're reproduced from the original at \$6.95, and wonder why they don't look as well on us as they did on Binnie.

She was talking to some mogul in the studio's New York office. "No, there's no danger, or so the doctor says, but you know I won't have any peace till I see for myself. She was skating, the little devil, and fell and cut her leg, and they had to sew it up and put a little drain in because they're afraid of the skates being poisoned, you see. Who'd poison the skates? Now stop being technical. Well, I don't feel like laughing. I want to fly. Why not? Who was grounded? Oh, well, he's a man, they wouldn't ground a woman, they're much too chivalrous, those pilots. No, joking aside, Ray—" There was a long pause here while the other end of the phone talked earnestly.

YES, I see what you mean. Oh, I'm the most reasonable woman in the world, but nuts to reason when your heart's stopped, and you sit with a panicky pain in your stomach. Well, I tell you what I'll do. I'm going to call the doctor again and if he's terribly soothing and says she's absolutely all right, I'll take the train, though how I'm going to sit for all those hours! Yes, but she's only a kid—thirteen, bless her. Thanks, that's sweet of you, I'll let you know, g'bye."

I offered to leave, but she wouldn't hear of it. "No, you pop me the questions and I'll answer 'em. Give me something else to worry about. Just a minute." She gave the operator a Hollywood number.

I popped her one about her new contract under which she's to be co-starred with Warner Baxter in "He Married His Wife." "Well, there's nothing to that. They said, 'You've been free lancing for two years, we'll give you nice parts, why not come with us?' So I did. As for being starred, I don't want to be. The other way, I just went in and did as I was told, and the burden rested on everybody else's shoulders, and it was elegant for me. Now if the picture flops, it'll be my fault and before you know it, Binnie'll be out on her ear. But what can I do?" she shrugged. "Mr. Zanuck willed it so."

Her foot started tapping. "Excuse me just a minute." She picked up the phone. "Any answer on that Hollywood number? Mark it rush or something, will you? That's a good girl."

"These kids," she sighed. "The minute you turn your back! This is the first time I've been away without her. There was school, you see, that it wouldn't do to break in on, so look what happens. We've always done things together, ever since she could crawl—tennis, riding, skating and fishing. She reads all my scripts with me, she takes everyone else's part. Otherwise, she doesn't give a hoot about the movies, except she likes to go see them. She'll come home and say, 'Saw a woman named Binnie Barnes at the movies this afternoon, I liked her,' and I'll say, 'You must introduce us some time,' and she'll giggle. That's as far as we ever go into that."

"She has no desire, but none, to be an actress. No glamor in it for her. She knows you smear grease paint all over your face at the studio and look divine, then you come home and take the mess off and put your hair up in curlers and pass from the divine to the subhuman, have your massage, crawl into bed at nine and get up at six. Such an exciting life! No, she'd rather be a

typist at the moment—that's because she's trying to wangle a typewriter out of me. I suppose I'll have to buy her a dozen now." The phone rang.

"Hello. Yes. Put him on, please. Hello, Irving. How is she now? Asleep? Did you give her a hypo or something? No, they don't want me to fly, put up a neat little argument about Wayne Morris' being grounded the other day, and if we land in a clump of sagebrush, it'll take me that much longer to get home, what with picking the stuff out of your skirts and all."

"Yes, but I'll do it anyway, unless—Word of honor, my lad? By all you hold dear? And I'm not being flip either. All right, that's good enough for me. No, you needn't say another word, you know how I feel and I know you wouldn't fool me. All right, that's settled, I'll take the train and be in Monday morning."

"Now do something else for me, will you, Irving? Send her flowers, lots of flowers, so she'll feel terribly important, and some candy—not too much or she'll overeat, just a few chocolates and stuff, and have them fix the flowers up in a bunny or something, to make her laugh. You know the kind of thing. No, thirteen's not too old for a bunny, I like 'em myself—and a card with 'All my love and be a good girl for Binnie till Monday morning.' Will you do that for me? Thanks. Thanks for everything. I'll see you Monday. Good-bye."

She drew a deep breath. "Well, now I do feel better. He says she's fine and sleeping like a cherub. This must be ghastly for you, trying to get a story, do forgive me and I promise to keep my mind off Rosette for at least three minutes. What shall we talk about?"

I asked about her new house that I'd seen when it was still a welter of mortar and bricks.

OH, it's beautiful. At last I've got all the things I want all together—a tennis court, an old English garden with gravel paths and bird baths and a hedge around and an awning outside that we lunch under and a patio with a fish pond. I walk around and admire the fish. They talk to me, the silly things, but I'm just as bad, I talk right back. And we have a playroom outside with showers, so people can go straight there from the tennis courts and save trampling my house. No, I never let 'em inside until they're clean.

"Oh, and I've got the most heavenly speaker system, you can talk from anywhere to anywhere, no one ever has to go to a door. For instance, suppose you come to see me. You ring the bell, and instead of a click or a maid, you hear this voice that scares the daylight out of you. Well, finally you recover your senses, and you say very quietly, 'I want to see Miss Barnes about a sweeper,' and out in the patio Miss Barnes says, 'Not today, thank you,' and you trudge off. Terribly sad for you, but nice for me. And you needn't be too discouraged, because Jimmy Stewart lives next door, so maybe you can sell him a sweeper. I don't know Jimmy, but I know his dog, beautiful setter. He barks at me when I play tennis, and I throw him balls to shut him up."

"Then there's my four-poster. All my life I've never had a bed that was big enough. No, I don't toss. I don't even budge. I lie down, fall asleep and wake up all in the same spot like a well-behaved corpse. But I'm five feet seven and I feel even taller than I look. A normal bed gives me claustrophobia. Rosette's, for in-

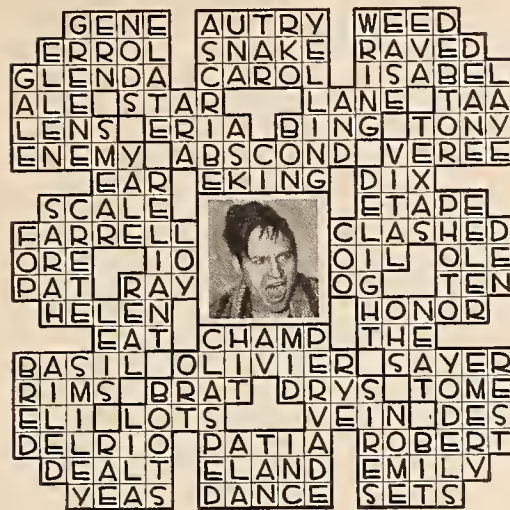
stance. Of course, she's got two, maybe that makes a difference, though I don't see how it could, she never sleeps in more than one at a time. The other's for when she has children staying with her. I wonder if they'll go to see her at the hospital. That gives me an idea. Do you mind?"

She picked up the phone. "Please get me Rudolph Maté in Hollywood." Carefully she spelled out the name and address. She replaced the instrument, took a pad from the desk and started scribbling. And to me: "Go ahead. Ask questions. I can talk while I write."

This was obviously just good will. She was lost to the world. A few moments of scribbling and she picked up the phone again. "I want to send a wire to Jean Negulesco." She spelled name and address. "Dear Jean, Rosette is at St. Vincent's Hospital. She hurt her leg, while skating. Will you please go to see her and cheer her up? I'll be in Monday. Thanks loads. Binnie."

"I wouldn't ask just anyone to go and see her," she explained. "But Jean and Rudolph are her special friends among my friends, and I know they'd want to go. Maté plays tennis with her, and Jean teaches her to paint. She loves to paint, she'll sit at that little easel of hers for hours. Which pleases me, of course, because pictures are a hobby of mine. She loves music, too. We go to concerts together. She's such a companionable soul, it's hard to realize sometimes that she's only thirteen. She has lots of little friends, but she'd rather be with me than anyone else. I'm the only one who really matters." A shadow crossed her face, "Ever hear of getting an infected leg from skates? Neither have I, but that doesn't mean it couldn't happen. Look here, I'm being a crashing bore. Where did we leave off?"

Solution to Puzzle on page 14



Since it was clear that all roads would lead to Rosette, I told her we'd left off there.

"Did we really?" she said absently. "I'd forgotten. She's been on my mind so, I feel as if I've talked about nothing else all afternoon. But of course I must have. Did I tell you she looks like me? Tall, brown eyes like mine, hair a little darker. People take her for my sister. She loves that."

"She's a quiet child, very sensitive, gets upset when you scold her. So I've got to go carefully on the little problems that come up—like school reports, bedtime and not enough studying and too many movies. Oh, I put my foot down, make no mistake about that. Rosette doesn't. Firmly, you know, but gently. Just a little chat and we understand each other."

"She's got a sense of humor, which

helps us get over the hurdles. We went to Sun Valley for Christmas, and she wanted to give a little party for one or two of her girl friends. I said, 'That's fine. And now that you're thirteen and on the road to being a young lady, I suggest you do the whole thing yourself. I'll stay out of it. You invite your friends, have a little table to yourselves in the dining-room, and order your own dinner. How's that?'"

"She thought it was wonderful. I saw them from the other end of the room, three babes in their curls and ribbons, trying to look grown up, kind of thing that melts my sentimental old heart."

When Rosette came upstairs, Binnie asked her what they'd had for dinner.

"Frogs' legs and red wine and a peach melba afterwards."

"You didn't!" gasped Binnie.

"Well, you told me to do what I thought proper, and that's what I thought was proper for a grown-up party."

"Don't ever do it again," groaned Binnie.

"Why not? You said I was on the road to a young lady—"

"Just about half an inch, my love. Not nearly enough for red wine and frogs' legs."

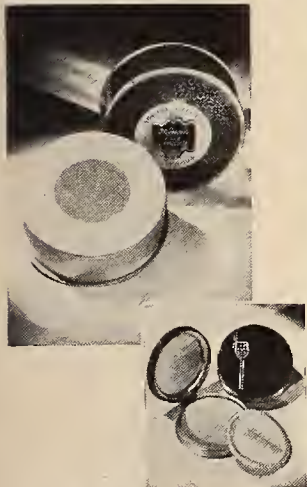
A small arm stole round her neck. "Thanks, Binnie."

"For what?"

"What you just said. I hate frogs' legs and red wine."

The phone rang. "Mr. Maté?" said Binnie. "Put him on, please, Rudolph! I'm so glad. Rosette's in the hos—you know? You've been there? You angel! How did she look? What did she say? Tell me everything, start at the beginning, from the minute you walked in. You brought her what? A bunny? Oh, Rudolph!"

I tip-toed out. I'm sure that by the time she got through talking to Rudolph, she'd forgotten that I'd ever been there.



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Creamy	<input type="checkbox"/> Green	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark
Medium	<input type="checkbox"/> Hazel	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark
Ruddy	<input type="checkbox"/> Brown	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark
Sallow	<input type="checkbox"/> Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark
Freckled	<input type="checkbox"/> Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark
Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark
Dark	<input type="checkbox"/> Black	<input type="checkbox"/> Light	<input type="checkbox"/> Dark
SKIN	<input type="checkbox"/> Dry	<input type="checkbox"/> Oily	<input type="checkbox"/> Normal
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HAS CARY GRANT GONE HIGH HAT?

(Continued from page 24)

tweeds, he never had them pressed. This wasn't carelessness. It was deliberate. He would take plenty of time dressing, but when he got through, the casual note was there. He had put it there.

But that was Cary's only affectation—and it was such a small one that his friends not only forgave him, but liked him, for it. He didn't flaunt expensive jewelry or live on an estate or ride around in a safari car. He hated everything that was cheap and flashy.

CARY had been living the life of a happy bachelor for quite some time when he met Virginia Cherrill at Marion Davies' beach home. Going to Marion Davies' parties had been one of Cary's few concessions to the Hollywood social scheme.

Virginia had been discovered by Charlie Chaplin, and had played the very poignant role of a poor, blind girl in "City Lights." At the time Cary met her, it still seemed possible that she might go on to success of her own. But that wasn't what interested Cary, for he was no worshipper of fame then. It was some inner quality that he saw in Virginia that fascinated him.

For she was one of those beautiful, charming, clever girls who can readily adapt themselves to a man's moods. A beautiful blonde, she was the sort of girl gentlemen prefer. For a time she had been a friend of William Rhineland Stewart, the socialite.

But when she met Cary, she was fancy free. She sensed that what Cary wanted was a good sport, a girl who would feel just as much at home at a beach picnic as at a night club, a girl who would enjoy neighborhood movies as much as more sophisticated entertainment.

Perhaps she was fascinated by Cary's dark, insolent, good looks. No doubt she fell in love with him. But those who know them best say that, though she cared for him, her love never matched his, her passion never flamed as high as his. Cary, who'd always objected when his girl friends tried to monopolize his company, now got a taste of his own medicine. He was jealous whenever another man was attentive to Virginia.

Finally he pinned her down to a promise to marry him. Then Virginia failed to show up at the ceremony! Cary almost went out of his mind. Had Virginia decided at the last moment that she wouldn't marry him, and left him waiting at the church rather than face the embarrassment of telling him of her decision?

Cary made a dozen frantic phone calls before he finally succeeded in reaching Virginia, who had apparently forgotten all about the fact that this was the date set for the ceremony. Though they were married shortly afterwards, Cary felt humiliated. From then on he never knew a moment's peace, for he never seemed certain that Virginia loved him as he loved her.

To add to their difficulties, Virginia's ideas about money differed from his. She felt that a tennis court and a swimming pool were not luxuries but necessities for people who worked as hard as she and Cary did. According to Cary's standards, Virginia's bills for clothes were simply enormous. An old phobia—the fear of being poor again—returned to haunt Cary. He wanted to be generous, but he did not want to be bankrupt. Besides, his wife's extravagance, or what seemed like extravagance to him, was a blow to his pride. If Virginia really loved him,

wouldn't she be willing to live more simply? He couldn't see her viewpoint.

There were quarrels because of money, and quarrels because of jealousy, for marriage hadn't made Cary feel more certain of Virginia. When men were attentive to her, he felt fear closing in on him. Everyone in Hollywood knew that they were quarreling. Even Randy Scott, Cary's best friend, admitted it.

"You see, it's like this," he would explain. "Cary and I are two entirely different types of people. If I were married to someone with whom I had arguments, I would hate it, for I want peace and quiet. But Cary thrives on arguments. Though he and Virginia have their tiffs, it doesn't mean a thing."

What Randy said was partly true. In spite of all those stormy battles, Cary loved Virginia more each day. He'd never known that love could be as intense, as maddening as this. He would beg forgiveness for things he'd said in a moment of anger. A few days later, in another moment of anger, he might say the same things again. Finally Virginia told him that she had had enough, and she left him. Daily, Cary called her on the phone and asked her to come back and each time she refused him flatly.

In March, 1935, Virginia divorced Cary, thus bringing to an end his last hope of reconciliation. I'll never forget an incident that happened shortly afterwards, which showed exactly how hurt Cary was. It occurred on the night of the premiere of one of his most successful pictures, a premiere which Cary had attended with another man and which Virginia had attended with another woman. In the lobby, Virginia, looking exquisite, stopped suddenly as she saw Cary, and then walked over to him, and greeted him in a friendly manner. He looked at her, and then something stark and hurt came into his eyes, and he deliberately turned away, snubbing the woman he had loved.

INDIFFERENCE? Perhaps that was what Cary wanted Virginia to think—that he was so indifferent he wouldn't speak. But what he actually betrayed was not indifference, but either a great hatred or a great love. Cary isn't usually deliberately rude to people, so again, his rudeness to Virginia was just a symbol of how hurt he really was.

Virginia didn't take the break-up of their marriage so seriously, and eventually she married George Villiers, the Earl of Jersey, and settled down to a life of ease. All of which made Cary sure of what he had suspected during his own stormy marriage. His marriage had failed, he thought, because he had not been able to give his wife the things a girl as beautiful as she expected.

When he had been married to Virginia, her standards had seemed false to him. He had felt that she cared too much for money and the things it could buy. But now he wondered—if he had been wealthier, if he had been a greater social success, would things have turned out as they had?

And slowly, subtly, Cary began to change. Perhaps subconsciously he wanted to prove to a woman who no longer cared that if she had only waited, he might have been able to give her everything.

He began to play the social game a little. He stepped out with the Countess de Maigret—a beautiful blonde—and other social buds. The Countess di Frasso introduced him to producers and directors

in her set, and he found that in Hollywood, social life has a terrific influence on careers. Through the Countess di Frasso, he met men like George Cukor, the very shrewd director, who discovered that there were possibilities in Cary Grant that other directors had not seen. Producers whom he met socially remembered him when they were casting important pictures. And so, with his new social success came greater success in pictures.

When he wasn't playing the social field, Cary took out beautiful blondes—all as alike as pins—and all looking almost like carbon copies of Virginia Cherrill. There was Bobbie Cooper, a San Francisco society girl; there was Mabel Draper; Betty Furness, and finally Phyllis Brooks.

If you compare pictures of Phyllis with those of Virginia Cherrill, you may discover why Cary became so fond of Phyllis.

"It's my belief," a friend of Cary's said, "that he's not whole-heartedly in love with Phyllis—but has been taking her out because she reminds him so very much of Virginia."

However, Cary's treatment of Phyllis has been different from his attitude toward Virginia. Virginia was an extremely strong-minded person, who knew how to manage him, and if she had wished to keep their marriage going, it might have been a success. But Cary treats Phyllis more like a child.

And today there are those who say that the Phyllis Brooks romance may be over. Phyllis has gone to England to make a picture, but even before she left, Cary was going places with Electra Waggoner, who is a successful sculptress and one of the country's wealthiest heiresses.

Now it's possible that Phyllis and Cary may fool all the people who say their romance is over. It's possible that while



Fay Wray makes a mighty attractive gardener. She is working for Monogram now.

she's away they may miss each other so much that when she returns, nothing but wedding bells will do. In which case Electra Waggoner may become just a memory in Grant's life.

But meanwhile, Cary has been drawn

into the social set he used to hate. The people he pals around with are millionaires like Jock Whitney, producers like David Selznick, directors like George Cukor. Most of them have far more money than he and are interested in a different sort of life than used to attract him.

Imitating men of this type, he has gone in for jewelry, trick watches and crystal studs. He is not as intense about his work as he used to be—which is probably a good thing, since some of his casualness gets into his performances, and gives them a spontaneity they might not have had.

Yes, Cary Grant is living a life that is alien to Archibald Leach. And because that is so, and underneath all his confusion, Cary knows it is so, he is not altogether a happy man. He is gay, he is good company, but underneath it all he is a bit bewildered. He has lost touch with some of his old friends, but worst of all, he has lost touch with Archibald Leach.

Perhaps if he marries Phyllis Brooks, he'll cut out some of the society flub-dub. Her enthusiasm about her work may help bring forward the interest he used to feel about his acting. If he marries some society girl instead, he may get more out of touch with Archibald Leach than ever. And that would be a great pity. For if Cary Grant can rediscover Archibald Leach and step off the social merry-go-round, he may get his sense of values back. Then he will realize that the things he has sought these last few years are not the things he really wanted. No doubt, today Cary Grant could offer any woman who wanted them, all the things that go with wealth and social success. But Cary Grant can offer Archibald Leach nothing—because Archibald Leach never wanted social success. He was merely seeking for happiness.

Which Movie Stars REALLY Have Beautiful Bodies?

Some of this beauty business is done with mirrors—angles—shadows—on the screen. Who are the stars with the most terrific figures—really? At last the make-believe is torn away and the truth is told about glamorous curves and sylph-like lines. August SCREEN GUIDE frankly shows them—authentically lists them! Who's left out?

August SCREEN GUIDE scoops again with "How Bob Taylor Makes Love to Hedy Lamar", "Ginger Rogers' Secret Trips", "Inside Story of Hollywood Night Clubs"—in full color. "Scandals That Upset Hollywood", "Why Movie Stars Are Not Perfect."

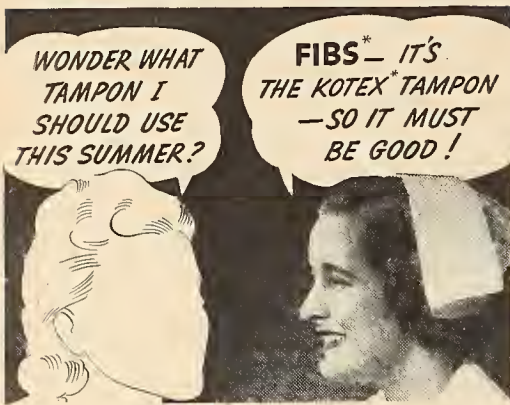
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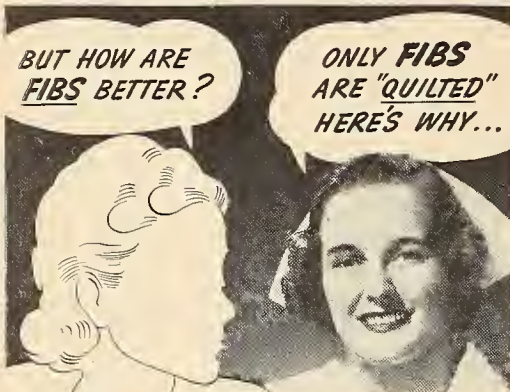
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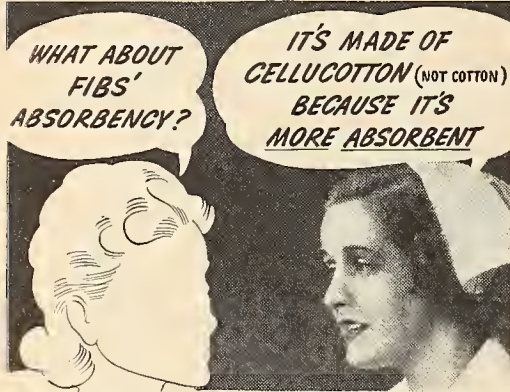
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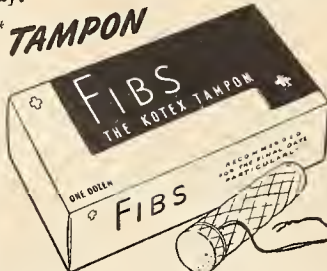


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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (M-G-M).....	3½★
Adventures of Jane Arden (Warners).....	2½★
Ambush (Paramount).....	2★
Arizona Wildcat (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Artists and Models Abroad (Paramount).....	2★
Back Door to Heaven (Paramount).....	2½★
Beachcomber, The (Mayflower Picture).....	3½★
Beauty For the Asking (RKO).....	2½★
Big Town Czar (Universal).....	2★
Blackwell's Island (Warners).....	3★
Blind Alley (Columbia).....	3★
Blondie Meets the Boss (Columbia).....	2½★
*Boy Friend (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Boys' Reformatory (Monogram).....	2★
Boy Slaves (RKO).....	3★
Boy Trouble (Paramount).....	2★
Bridal Suite (M-G-M).....	2★
Broadway Serenade (M-G-M).....	2½★
Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police (Paramount).....	2½★
Burn-'Em-Up O'Connor (M-G-M).....	2★
Cafe Society (Paramount).....	3½★
California Frontier (Columbia).....	2½★
Calling Dr. Kildare (M-G-M).....	3★
Captain Fury (United Artists).....	2½★
Charlie Chan in Honolulu (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Chasing Danger (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Christmas Carol, A (M-G-M).....	4★
Comet Over Broadway (Warners).....	2★
Confessions of a Nazi Spy (Warners).....	3★
Dark Victory (Warners).....	4★
Dawn Patrol (Warners).....	3★
Disbarred (Paramount).....	2½★
Dodge City (Warners).....	3★
Dramatic School (M-G-M).....	3★
Duke of West Point (United Artists).....	3★
East Side of Heaven (Universal).....	3★
Everybody's Baby (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Ex-Champ (Universal).....	2★
Family Next Door, The (Universal).....	2★
Fast and Loose (M-G-M).....	3★
Federal Man Hunt (Republic).....	2½★
Fisherman's Wharf (RKO).....	2★
Fixer Dugan (RKO).....	2★
Flirting With Fate (M-G-M).....	2½★
Flying Irishman, The (RKO).....	2½★
Forged Passport (Republic).....	2½★
Four Girls in White (M-G-M).....	2½★
Frontiersman (Paramount).....	2½★
Gambling Ship (Universal).....	2★
Girl Downstairs, The (M-G-M).....	2★
Going Places (Warners).....	2½★
Goodbye Mr. Chips (M-G-M).....	4★
Gorilla, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
*Gracie Allen Murder Case (Paramount).....	3★
Great Man Votes, The (RKO).....	3★
Gunga Din (RKO).....	3½★
Hardys Ride High, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Heart of the North (Warners).....	2½★
Homicide Bureau (Columbia).....	2★
Honolulu (M-G-M).....	2½★
Hotel Imperial (Paramount).....	2★
Hound of the Baskervilles (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Ice Follies of 1939 (M-G-M).....	2½★
Idiot's Delight (M-G-M).....	4★
I'm From Missouri (Paramount).....	3★
Inside Story (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
*Invitation to Happiness (Paramount).....	3★
It's a Wonderful World (M-G-M).....	3★
Jesse James (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Juarez (Warners).....	3★
Kentucky (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
The Kid From Kokomo (Warners).....	2★
*Kid From Texas, The (M-G-M).....	2★
King of Chinatown (Paramount).....	2½★
King of the Turf (United Artists).....	2★
King of the Underworld (Warners).....	2★
Lady and the Mob, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Lady's From Kentucky, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Lady Vanishes, The (Alfred Hitchcock).....	4★
Last Warning, The (Universal).....	2½★
Let Freedom Ring (M-G-M).....	3★
Let Us Live (Columbia).....	3★
Little Orphan Annie (Paramount).....	2★
Little Princess, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Lone Wolf Spy Hunt (Columbia).....	2½★
Long Shot, The (Grand National).....	2½★

Picture and Producer

General
Rating

Love Affair (RKO).....	3½★
Lucky Night (M-G-M).....	2½★
Made For Each Other (United Artists).....	3★
Man of Conquest (Republic).....	3★
Midnight (Paramount).....	3★
*Mikado, The (Universal).....	3★
Mr. Moto in Danger Island (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Mr. Moto's Last Warning (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
My Son Is a Criminal (Columbia).....	2½★
Mystery of Mr. Wong (Monogram).....	2½★
Mystery of the White Room (Universal).....	2★
Mystery Plane (Monogram).....	2★
Nancy Drew—Reporter (Warners).....	2½★
Never Say Die (Paramount).....	2★
Newsboy's Home (Universal).....	2★
Next Time I Marry (RKO).....	2½★
North of Shanghai (Columbia).....	2★
Off the Record (Warners).....	2½★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners).....	3★
One-Third of a Nation (Paramount).....	2½★
Only Angels Have Wings (Columbia).....	3★
On Trial (Warners).....	2½★
Pacific Liner (RKO).....	3★
*Panama Lady (RKO).....	1★
Paris Honeymoon (Paramount).....	2★
Persons in Hiding (Paramount).....	2½★
Pride of the Navy (Republic).....	2★
Prison Without Bars (United Artists).....	2½★
Pysmalion (Pascal).....	3½★
Return of the Cisco Kid, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Ride a Crooked Mile (Paramount).....	2★
Risky Business (Universal).....	2★
Road Demon (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Romance of the Redwoods (Columbia).....	2★
Rose of Washington Square (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Saint Strikes Back, The (RKO).....	2½★
Secrets of a Nurse (Universal).....	2½★
Secret Service of the Air (Warners).....	2½★
Sergeant Madden (M-G-M).....	2½★
Smashing the Spy Ring (Columbia).....	2½★
Smiling Along (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Society Lawyer (M-G-M).....	2½★
Some Like It Hot (Paramount).....	2★
Son of Frankenstein (Universal).....	2★
Sorority House (RKO).....	2★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	2½★
Stand Up and Fight (M-G-M).....	2½★
Star Reporter (Monogram).....	2★
St. Louis Blues (Paramount).....	2½★
Stagecoach (United Artists).....	4★
Story of Alexander Bell (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The (RKO).....	3½★
Strange Case of Dr. Meade, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Streets of New York (Monogram).....	2★
Sudden Money (Paramount).....	2★
Sweepstakes Winner (Warners).....	2★
Sweethearts (M-G-M).....	4★
Swing, Sister, Swing (Universal).....	2★
Tail Spin (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Thanks For Everything (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
There's That Woman Again (Columbia).....	2½★
They Made Her a Spy (RKO).....	2★
They Made Me a Criminal (Warners).....	3★
Three Musketeers, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....	3★
Topper Takes a Trip (Hal Roach).....	3★
Torchy Blane in Chinatown (Warners).....	2½★
Torch Runs for Mayor (Warners).....	2½★
Tough Kid (Monogram).....	2★
Trade Winds (Walter Wanger).....	3★
Twelve Crowded Hours (RKO).....	3★
Undercover Agent (Monogram).....	2★
Union Pacific (Paramount).....	3½★
Up the River (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
While New York Sleeps (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Wife, Husband and Friend (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Wings of the Navy (Warners).....	3★
Winner Take All (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Within the Law (M-G-M).....	2★
Woman Doctor (Republic).....	2½★
Women in the Wind (Warners).....	2★
Wuthering Heights (United Artists).....	4★
Yes, My Darling Daughter (Warners).....	2★
You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (Universal).....	3★
You Can't Get Away With Murder (Warners).....	2½★
Zaza (Paramount).....	3★
Zenobia (United Artists).....	2★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings of pictures released during the six months prior to our going to press. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

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"IF I HAD SIX MONTHS TO LIVE"

(Continued from page 31)

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"I couldn't take! Music would kill me. I swear that I would smash all the radios and victrolas. I'd hold my hands over my ears if I heard a violin playing, a voice raised in song. Even now, music makes me sad, almost morbid, does things to the minor chords of my heart.

"Yes, here again, Judy and I are alike. Judy was right. Judy did the casual things, even with Steele—brought him his lunch on a tray, planned the dinners, went to the station to meet people. She did these everyday things as a symbol to him that she was taking it all right. She did it a little, too, to ease the strangeness in her own spirit. Anyway, I, too, would do the everyday things, which would have no kin in my mind with the unfamiliar thing of death. And yet I know that, just as Judy must have broken down at times, unable to bear it, just as she must have awakened at night and cried out to Steele to hold her safe and warm against the icy Inevitable, so I would do, too. I'd have to talk about it, sometimes, to someone. I'd try to make as few such scenes as possible, of course.

"I was just about to say, too, that I wouldn't do any of the things I didn't want to do, if I knew I had only a few months left—like not seeing people I didn't want to see, like not writing letters, like not dressing up. You know," grinned Bette, "I could dress in dungarees without any make-up or anything for the rest of my life and love it. My greatest struggle in this business has been trying to look the way people expect a movie star to look. Yes, with my time here limited, I think that, again, the instinct of self-preservation would rear its little head—a sort of desire for a sort of immortality.

I CAN'T give my religion any name or label. Just being decent about things, I guess. I do think that if we are decent in this life, we have a kind of immortality right here. Mother could die tomorrow and never be dead so far as I am concerned. I think that when Judy planted the hyacinth bulbs, the day she died, it was her way of saying that she, too, would be here—afterwards. Anyway, that's as far as I've ever got along that deep line of thought, that I think we sort of stay here, if we've made ourselves worth the having around.

"I hope," said Bette, her hands clasping her knees, "that I'd have guts enough not to tell my mother. But I also believe

that I would tell her, that I should tell her. If I decided to tell her, I'd kid the heck out of her, though. I know I'd do that—because, of course, she'd go mad."

"Why would you tell her, then?"

Bette thought before she answered, then said, "Because she would be certain to say, afterwards, 'If only I had known, there is something I could have done, some other doctor I might have called, some other cure we might have tried.' And this would be true of anyone, I think. They would go forever lamenting, 'Oh, why didn't she tell me!' So, I would tell my mother in order to spare her this brand of regret.

"Then, too, when anyone dies people always think, 'My God, I could have been so much nicer to her!' I know something of how that feels and what a pretty little form of torture it can be. A couple of years ago Mother, very suddenly, had to have an operation. I sat up the whole night before that operation, torturing myself! I thought of all the little things I hadn't done for Ruthie and with her, all the little things I would do now, if God would only give me another chance. I swore that never again would I be fool enough to give myself the slightest trifle to regret. We all get careless with people, even people we're very fond of.

"Then, if I were about to die, I'd think about the things I'd want to remember. I'd want to remember my work, of course, the sense of satisfaction in knowing I'd made the grade in my profession. But mostly I'd want to remember the very personal things. I'd want to remember the night Ham and I drove up Hollywood Boulevard together, after Ham had had some bad years out here while mine had been good, and there, above the Cinegrill where his band was playing was his name blazoned in electrics! Yes, I'd want to remember the special thrill that was.

"I'd want to remember the one-arm lunches Mother and I used to have in New York. You know, the cafeterias where you park your eats on the arm of your chair—and very glad we were to have them, too. I'd like to remember the night I drove up Broadway, alone in a taxi and, for the first time, saw my name in electric lights and how I sat there and blubbered right out loud and the driver said, 'Anything wrong, Miss?' and I sniffled, 'Yes.' And he said, 'Tch, tch, too bad,' and I began to laugh.

"Yeah," said Bette. "I think I'd find a funny kind of acceptance."



John Garfield caught between bites during a summer afternoon siesta. You will see John next in "Daughters Courageous."

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ATLANTIC CITY

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AN OPEN LETTER

(Continued from page 59)

about "ejecting" a news photographer from one of her swank parties at the Vendome Cafe. She wanted privacy for her guests. She got denunciation.

Whatever it is, fame has left its mark on Francis. "Do you know that I can no longer allow my friends to take their cars when we go out for an evening's amusement?" she said to me, earnestly. "I take my own. If I didn't, their cars would be ruined. The paint job would be scratched, lights, broken, fenders jammed, by crowds of people who surge around for a movie star's autograph. I know that. It has happened to me." It's a sad state of affairs, all right, but she brought it upon herself, didn't she? All of you "Unapproachables" are actors because of your own efforts and inclinations, aren't you?

Margaret Sullavan thinks interviews are "silly." Well, maybe, but there's a big demand for them. So now her studio gloomily sends out articles, without her bothering about them, that start "There is no one in Hollywood harder to know than Margaret Sullavan . . ." They discourage attempts to reach her. "We can't even get to her on the 'phone," they add, plaintively.

The Norfolk girl, whose exceptional acting talent has aroused great fan interest, comes from the stage where the audience is smaller, more select, less curious about her private reactions. But Margaret consented to come to Hollywood, for a goodly sum, and that sum will make her financially independent in far shorter time than would the stage. Why doesn't she show her gratitude to the cash customers by letting them know something about herself? It seems logical that fans should be interested in their favorites.

Perhaps I am being too querulous with you "Unapproachables." Perhaps you feel no obligation to your patrons, the vast film audiences. Maybe you feel that if you give them two hours of emotional recreation when they see your films, that you do your share. Maybe you're right. I wonder how the fans feel? I know my reaction when an editor asks me to write a story on Kay Francis or Margaret Sullavan. I'd rather run over and interview Bette Davis. I can be sure of pleasant, courteous attention, and a tolerant acceptance of my prying questions.

THEY FAILED FIRST

(Continued from page 62)

"After all," Tom reminisced, "what do you really go to college for if not to prepare yourself for a job? Well, I've a pretty good job in Hollywood in which I'm just four years ahead of my college ambition."

So if everything seems to go dead wrong, cheer up. No, this is not Pollyanna speaking. It is the voices of five film players who would not be where they are today if success had met their first efforts. Failure is just as often a blessing in disguise as anything else. Remember, if Clark Gable had been good at log-rolling, he wouldn't be in the movies today and if Robert Montgomery hadn't been fired from a job in Wall Street, he might now be earning a small salary in work which he did not particularly like. For, just as necessity is the mother of invention, Failure can be the stepping stone to bigger opportunities. These stars proved it!

I WISH I COULD TELL MY DOCTOR



THE SECRET SUFFERING OF MILLIONS - MEN AS WELL AS WOMEN!

There is no affliction more common or distressing than simple Piles.

About 75% of the people, it is said, suffer from simple Piles. The trouble is embarrassing. It is wearing. It tells on your health, on your looks.

A TABOO SUBJECT

On account of the delicacy of the subject, many people hesitate to seek treatment. Yet, there is no ailment more in need of attention.

Any person who has any signs of simple Piles should do something about it at once.

One of the very best things you can do to relieve the distress of simple Piles is to use Pazo. Pazo almost instantly relieves the itching and pain. Its very touch is comforting.

TRIPLE ACTION

Pazo is effective because it does three things.

First, it soothes the sore and inflamed parts and relieves the pain and the itching.

Second, it lubricates the dried and hardened parts and keeps them soft and comfortable.

Third, it tends to reduce the swollen parts and helps check bleeding.

This triple action gives real results.

Pazo comes in tubes, with small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This little Pile Pipe makes it easy to apply the medicine high up and within the rectum.

(For those who prefer, Pazo also comes in suppository form.)

AT OUR EXPENSE!

All drug stores sell Pazo, but a liberal trial tube is yours for the asking. Just mail a postcard or the coupon below. Use Pazo according to directions. If you do not get the relief you seek from Pazo in a week's time, consult your doctor.

Write today for the free tube of Pazo.

GROVE LABORATORIES, INC.

Dept. 117-MO, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me free PAZO.

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This offer is good only in U. S.

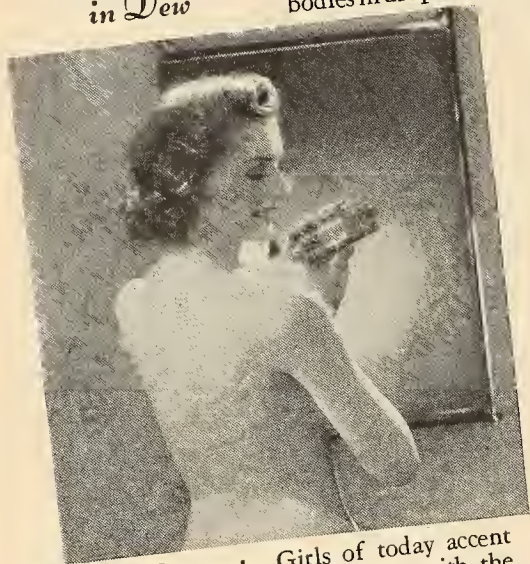
FREE!

Strange BEAUTY CUSTOMS



Greek Maidens
Bathed
in Dew

To make themselves more fascinating girls and women of ancient Greece rose before the sun and bathed their bodies in drops of dew.



Modern Maids
Use
DJER-KISS

Girls of today accent their charm with the magic, exciting fragrance of Djer-Kiss talc...for rare loveliness and allure.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin...you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc today!

The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

Imported talc scented with genuine Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.



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"Lucky Night" is so bogged down with confusing dialogue and unconvincing story material that even Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor cannot turn the picture into good entertainment. When in doubt what to do next all members of the cast look around for a drink, setting something of a record for elbow-bending in motion pictures.

The Loy and Taylor personalities are the only recommendations for the picture. They emerge with some new characteristics that should please their fans. Taylor proves himself a pleasing comedian, and Miss Loy is sweetly serious as the young bride who suddenly realizes she wants security instead of hectic excitement. The story title refers to the night they meet. Both are broke, looking for jobs and in low spirits. They manage to talk the park cop into staking them to a meal, and Myrna Loy hits a slot-machine jackpot at the restaurant. They drink too much and wake up the next morning bound by a marriage that neither can remember. From there on, it's the same story of young married love, only there are no absorbing problems to hold interest. Henry O'Neill, as Miss Loy's father, is very good, and Douglas Fowley is particularly entertaining as a night club owner. Directed by Norman Taurog.—*M-G-M.*

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Mellerdrummer, with not a single hair-raising trick left out, is here for you in this picture—if you can take it. The story takes place in Australia where the cruel land-owners (and are they cruel) use pitiful convicts from England (and are they pitiful) to slave on their land. Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen are two of the convicts forced to work for one of these ruthless gents, and they go through untold tortures before finally making their escape. Whereupon Aherne turns into a Robin Hood for the poor of the land, wreaking vengeance on the wicked wealthy in order to give money to the deserving downtrodden. It's all pretty stirring, and not a scene goes by without a good fight where right triumphs gloriously over might. There's a love story, too, between Aherne and June Lang. And though it seems to have been put in the script as an afterthought, the two provide a sentimentally satisfactory romance.

Aherne gives as good an account of himself as could be expected in such a role, but Buck Jones needn't lose any sleep over this actor stealing his thunder. Paul Lukas, John Garradine, Douglas Dumbrille, Virginia Field and Margaret Roach are others in the cast who are convincing. But Victor McLaglen can take all the laurels for making the picture as much of a success as it is. Directed by Hal Roach.—*United Artists.*

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Some won't like this at all, in spite of Bob Hope and Shirley Ross in there pitching. The story lacks umph—even with Gene Krupa to step up proceedings. The jitterbugs will be disappointed in the lack of footage allotted Krupa. So will the more sedate members of the audience, for when the swing-master is given an occasional chance the picture looks like it might hum along after all.

Bob Hope doesn't lack gags or Shirley Ross her customary gaiety, but the usually spontaneous antics of these two seem forced in this threadbare story. Hope runs concessions in Atlantic City and is the manager of Krupa's band and singer Ross. Principally he manages to steer his charges into a series of misfortunes, until they take matters into their own hands and strike out on their own. But of course, Cupid has entered into the picture by this time, so Shirley forgives and forgets before the final reel. There is good work by Una Merkel and satisfactory performances by most of the other members of the cast. You'll like "The Lady's In Love With You," as sung by Shirley Ross. Directed by George Archainbaud.—*Paramount.*

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May Robson walks away with acting honors in her role of the night-court habitué. When Wayne Morris, a country boy gone big-time prizefighter, is presented with this shoplifting old sot for a mother, the fun begins. Pat O'Brien, the fighter's manager, is the genius behind this idea as he thinks his gold mine will continue up the road to big money with a mother as inspiration. Joan Blondell, an ex-bubble dancer and fiancée of O'Brien, is excellent as the discouraging menace to all the fancy plans concocted by the manager.

Jane Wyman is the cute girl friend that detracts the Morris attention from both fighting and mother, Sidney Toler plays the role of her father and Stanley Fields barges in toward the end of the picture as the fighter's phony father. With a cast like that, hilarious entertainment is to be expected and that's exactly what the customer gets. Don't expect another "Kid Galahad," but do anticipate a diverting story, snappy dialogue, and repeated ridiculous situations with fast action. Directed by Lewis Seiler.—*Warner Bros.*

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PENNY WISE

(Continued from page 43)

It was a scream! So in I went to Shubert.

"The first thing he said was, 'So my dancer still wants to be a dramatic actress?' I fooled him. In my best, best manner I coolly informed him I only wished his attention for a few minutes. In return, I'd save his present musical. He laughed and said, 'Shoot the works, kid, I'm all ears!' But, on hearing me, he was laughing on the other side and, when I'd finished, he said I was to do it for the tryout. If it went over it was in the show for New York. That was all I needed. For hours on end I worked over that scene until I felt it in my very bones.

YOU see," Penny explained, "they really needed a 'fill-in' while they changed scenes backstage. They couldn't have a number because the curtain was drawn and there wasn't room. So, when Jack Benny and I came out to do our skit, it was in the nature of a life-saver for the show. It was one of those dumb blonde things where I talk like mad, making one grammatical error after another."

From this auspicious beginning, Penny—Dorothy McNulty, that is—launched her dramatic career. However, she says that when she got a call to read for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," she was terrific. So much so that her reading was stopped pronto and, before she knew what was going on, she found herself outside the office door. "Frankly," Penny said, "I was awful!" Undaunted, she continued to work and job upon job followed until that eventful stock engagement, when she was summoned by a movie scout. From then on the fun began, and not all fun for our heroine.

"I was playing up in Ivorton when I got a call to be in town at four that afternoon," Penny explained. "Well, I arrived and was ushered in to see the head of the talent department. We talked and talked. A little while later a secretary came in and said, 'Here are the tickets.' It seemed as though someone might travel, but I didn't know who. In a few minutes they told me to get ready to go to the coast. I thought that was delightful, but would appreciate it if they'd let me know when to be ready to leave. You can imagine my surprise when they said, 'You take the plane tonight, Miss McNulty.'

"You should have seen me when I arrived next morning," Penny continued. "Why, I hadn't even time to change my clothes. When I got off the plane my only possessions were a hat box and a bag with the few things I'd gathered up en route. I still had on a sweater, skirt, low heeled shoes and ankle socks. This was topped off by a knitted cap and my glasses. The first person I saw was Billy Grady and he said, 'McNulty, I see you haven't changed one bit! Listen, you're going in to meet Mr. Stromberg so please forget the specs.' In my confusion and excitement I suddenly found myself in front of the producer and had completely forgotten to remove the specs! He gave one look and said, 'I'm afraid you're not the type. I had an idea you were entirely different.'

"My heart sank, but I decided it was now or never. I sparred for time and begged for a test. What could they lose doing one more test after so many had been done? He finally saw reason and that afternoon I was tested. The next morning I began work on 'After The Thin Man!' Can you believe it, all in about twenty-four hours! I thought I was

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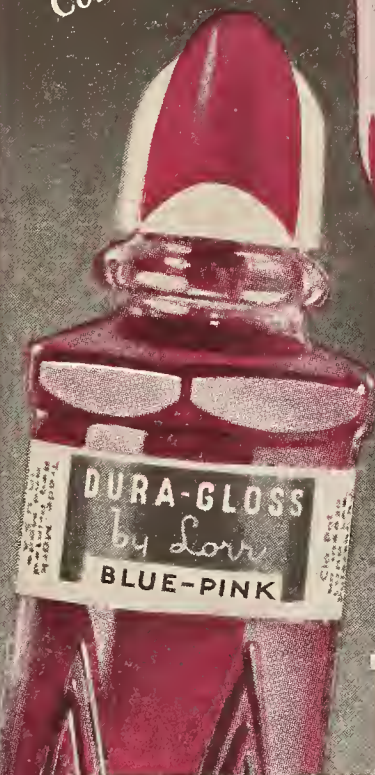
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Choose Your COLOR

by the

"FINGERNAIL"... the new way
to buy Nail PolishThis Patented Cap
Shows Actual
Color You'll Get

10c

How will the color look on **your own nails**? That's always been a problem—but no longer! Dura-Gloss shows you **how it will look on your own fingernails**, when polish is dry and lustrous. How? All you do is look at the patented "fingernail bottle cap"—it's coated with the actual polish that's in that bottle! Try Dura-Gloss—you'll never be satisfied with ordinary polishes. Don't be misled by the low price, 10c. Compare it with \$1 polishes! Dura-Gloss "goes on" smoothly, dries **fast** and wears amazingly well. Also a 25c Professional package.

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Strange BEAUTY CUSTOMS



Greek Maidens
Bathed
in Dew

To make themselves more fascinating girls and women of ancient Greece rose before the sun and bathed their bodies in drops of dew.



Modern Maids
Use
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Girls of today accent their charm with the magic, exciting fragrance of Djer-Kiss talc...for rare loveliness and allure.

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DURA-GLOSS
Lorr LABORATORIES
PATERSON, N. J.

SO HELP ME—NOT A SINGLE FLEA!



It was "Old Home Week" for fleas on my hide till the Master got wise. "Say," he says, "do you know fleas can cause serious troubles?" "You should tell me," I says under my breath.



Well, he brings on a new powder — Sergeant's Improved SKIP-FLEA. We have a powdering session. "That'll get 'em," he mutters. And he's right — this SKIP-FLEA really kills — and soothes old itches too!



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HOW LEW GOT THAT WAY

(Continued from page 47)

down to see Mack," Lehr says, "and finally convinced him I had lots of experience and he gave me the job."

The job was a comedy role. Lew became Simple Simon. He played it without dialect, for Mack, the star of the show, as Mother Goose herself, used the only dialect in the act.

One other performer in the show also merits special mention. This was Anne Leonhardt, who was Bo-Peep. Lew, then eighteen, couldn't take his eyes off her for four whole years. Then the war separated them, for he enlisted in the 74th Railroad Artillery in June, 1917.

NINE days after enlistment, they made me a Sergeant," Lew says, modestly adding, "I suppose it was because I was the only guy who wasn't scared to holler good and loud." A couple of weeks later, they wanted to make him a lieutenant of infantry, but he wouldn't change. At all events, after twenty-two strenuous months, Lew was discharged; four days later he and two of his buddies, with whom he had put on shows at the front, had a vaudeville booking that kept them busy in New York for six months.

Meanwhile he had met Anne again, and on October 9, 1920, they were married. A few months later a new act, "Lehr & Belle," was born.

They worked in vaudeville, radio and musical comedy, with occasional time out for flyers in the real estate business, until 1930, when Lew quit to write special material for such stars as Vivienne Segal, Bea Lillie, Bert Lahr and Georgie Price. Then came the break for which Uncle Charlie had unwittingly prepared him so many years before. He met Johnny Walker, who was looking for a man to write and handle comment for a series of old films, to be called "Looking Back."

Lew and Johnny teamed up. The result was those two great comedy series "Do You Remember" and "Great Hokum Mystery." Frank Kirby, the original Thomas Edison cameraman, had an option on 1100 reels of the great inventor's early dramas, and when Truman H. Talley, of Fox Movietone News, saw a musical show in which Don Barclay talked back to an old Chaplin film, Talley got an idea.

He went to George Lane and spoke to him about a series of shorts, using a similar idea. Lane said, "I've got it!" and showed Talley "The Great Train Robbery" and "Where Is My Wandering Boy?" which used that principle. Talley was enthusiastic. He wanted to meet the man who had made the sound. So they introduced him to Lew Lehr. Soon Kirby's films and Lehr's comedy were featured by Talley's Movietone News. Remember "Adventures of a Newsreel Cameraman" and the "Tintype" series? They were big successes.

In a little while Lew was doing serious business. He was editing short subjects, such as "Magic Carpets" and others for Movietone. Then Talley, a veteran newspaper man, got another bright idea. Newspapers had their comic sections. Why shouldn't newsreels do the same? Unable to think of an answer to that one, he started Newsettes—a minute of comedy out of the ten minutes a newsreel runs. Lehr got the assignment.

Lew played the first ones in straight voice. He had never used dialect throughout his long theatrical career. But one day along came a shot of a motormen's school in Berlin, with a luxuriantly mous-

tachioed fellow standing up at a trolley car control board nailed to a wall.

It struck Lew as being so ridiculous that he couldn't help putting on the nearest possible approach to a German comedy dialect to kid it. The dialect was a combination of what he subconsciously remembered of Mack's impersonations, some lingo he heard from a Pennsylvania Dutchman on whose farm he stayed one summer, and a few ideas of his own. He gave it a try and audiences liked it. So, with but a few exceptions, he's stuck to dialect ever since.

He has more than a dozen different dialects on tap. None too many when you realize he must make 104 pictures every year, and that he's been doing it for some seven years. But voices aren't as big a problem as costumes. He haunts the costumers' shops in a desperate effort to find something new. Now he's driven to combining old costumes and props. A straw hat with a fur coat. Spats and a cane with an old-fashioned bathing suit. Things like that are typical.

But even harder is preparing and doing the scripts. He has an analysis of each Newsette placed on his desk. The analysis shows just how much time is devoted to each bit of action. For example, it may say, "Man sees dog, three feet. Dog sees man, four feet. Dog bites man, three feet. Man jumps, one foot. Man bites dog, two feet."

With his script tailored to fit the action, he goes to a recording room and rehearses as the film is run off. When he has the rehearsal perfect, the rest is a cinch. All he has to do is keep one eye on the script, the other eye on the screen, read his lines, and work the button that signals the sound effects man. Yeah, there's nothing to it!

He got his nickname, Dribble-Puss, from a walrus. The walrus on the film was taking mouthfuls of water and spraying it over the bystanders, so Lew said, "Ach, hello dere, Dribble-Puss!" The name has followed Lehr ever since, though the walrus is forgotten.

His slogan—"Monkeys iss the kwaziest people!"—originated much in the same way—by accident. He just said it about some monkeys in a picture, and everybody liked it so well, he adopted it as a sort of trademark. Otherwise, he uses new material for every picture. "You can't keep on repeating the same jokes and gags," he says. "If you do, the audience learns them and pretty soon they can take your place. When they can do that—they don't need you any longer."

THAT his system is successful is proven by the size of his audience—10,000 theatres in the United States—theatres in every English-speaking country in the world, and a nationwide radio network, with Ben Bernie. On the air he sticks to one dialect, which has made a large number of the unenlightened think that's the only one he does. But in the films he uses Greek, Cockney, Chinese, rube or whatever strikes him as most appropriate. Oddly enough, he used the cockney for years before ever having been to England. When he finally got there, the Munich crisis came along and chased him back to the good old U. S. A. so fast he didn't even wait to make a scheduled television broadcast.

His average working day is twelve hours. On his spare time he likes to play golf, draw or paint. Though he began his career as a chalk-talk entertainer, drawing cartoons while he hung upside down

from a trapeze, he had never made a cartoon of himself until he was persuaded to turn out one especially for the readers of this magazine. He doesn't go for pets, he says, because he considers Butch and Chuck and Slug more as friends than as the canary birds, which they are. "I guess my real pets are right there," says Lew as he points to two framed photos on his desk. They're pictures of his wife whom he calls Belle, and his daughter, Glorienne, now a student at National Park College in Maryland. We can't tell you how old she is. Lew says she wouldn't like it. And whatever Belle or Glorienne want is Constitutional Law to Lew.

SHE DARES TO BE HERSELF

(Continued from page 60)

When she went to the studio, she said, "I'll do anything you want me to do, because I want experience. I want to learn about pictures and acting."

In black satin and fox furs, she played Marge, the moll, in "Wanted Jane Turner." In "The Big Game" she was a predatory dumb co-ed in a slinky evening dress which kept slipping off one shoulder. In "Coast Patrol" she was a girl of sixteen who kept trying to be sophisticated. "Winterset" saw her as a poor girl of the New York slums with an awful brown coat, run-over high-heeled shoes and an antelope hat, all of which she wore as if she were Mae West swishing up the red velvet carpet of Grand Central Station.

She was once Wheeler and Woolsey's leading woman. She's been in some pictures you've never heard of—in all, about twenty releases. She takes anything that comes along, never squawks, always gets her contract renewed and has a whale of a swell time just being Barbara Pepper.

When she made her first trip in four years to New York recently, she came to be the godmother to the newly born daughter of her dearest girl chum, who lives in the Bronx.

There's a story there, too. Barbara decked herself out in a backless satin crepe, pert hat with veils and a couple of fox furs and boarded the subway for the Bronx. When she started home, it was late at night and her décollete appearance attracted more attention than Barbara enjoyed from a bleary-eyed rowdy who sat across an empty car from her. She got off at the first station and was vainly trying to hail a taxi to take her back to the St. Moritz when a police car drove up. She climbed right in. The cops were so delighted they took her with them on a round of radio calls, all through the Bronx. All of them enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Barbara told them about Hollywood and Broadway. They told her about police work. After several hours of this, they drove her all the way in from the Bronx and deposited her at the door of her hotel to the great amazement of the doorman.

Back in Hollywood, she met the "gang" at the Grotto and regaled them with tales of her fine trip. They appreciated them. I doubt very much if she broke down and told all to her agent.

What steps they'll take to get Miss Pepper to conform and be a lofty success, if she ever hits stardom, is something again. It will undoubtedly be a tough job to get her to be anything but herself—Barbara Pepper from 42nd street and Broadway. If they do get her to conform, it is my wager that the Wrigley sign will, out of shock, stop winking.



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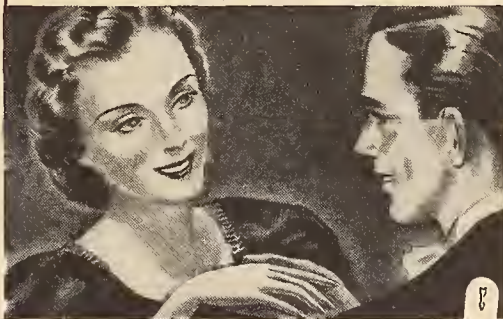


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ROMANTIC ROMERO

(Continued from page 29)



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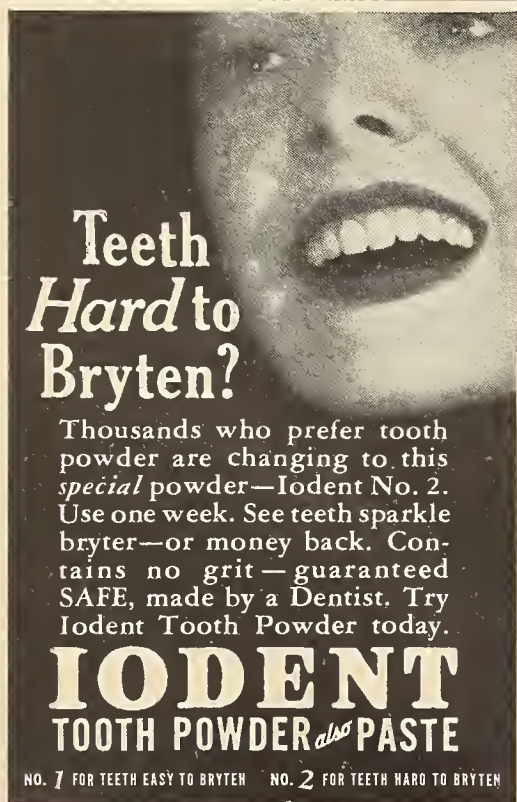
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for a girl to order anything more expensive than cinnamon toast and tea, and if she did, she was never invited again."

There must be honor among glamor girls in those matters, too, for though Cesar still takes out girls whose expensive whims are far beyond his income, figuratively speaking, they stick to the cinnamon toast and tea.

AFTER graduation, his father's friends got him a job as runner for a Wall Street bank. He lived alone in a little hall bedroom and continued his double life. At night he was the perfect dancing partner at innumerable debutante parties, while by day he tramped around Wall Street with a pouch full of valuables shackled to his wrist. This being handcuffed to a mail-bag, for practically nothing a week, was what got Cesar down. It was inevitable that a boy who could dance that well wasn't going to see much of a future in Wall Street. He was ripe material for a girl friend who itched to go on the stage and urged him to become her dancing partner.

They worked, they rehearsed, and at last they were engaged for a spot in a musical show. Cesar gave up his job, and sent word to his family that he had gone on the stage. They were staggered. So was the audience. The act lasted exactly one night. But Cesar now had his foot in the door of a theatrical career, and wouldn't remove it. He worked hard on new routines, changed partners several times, and finally, after a long heartbreaking siege of ups and downs, became a successful ballroom dancer. He was featured at all the smartest night spots, among them the famous old Montmartre—which is where producer Brock Pemberton saw him and gave him the lead in the road company of "Strictly Dishonorable."

That tour was Romero's start as a

legitimate actor. Shows on Broadway followed, and then M-G-M's screen test which brought him to Hollywood and a long series of villainous roles.

Cesar's swarthy coloring, and particularly the bony structure of his face, give it a sinister cast, but when you look closely you see that his eyes are kind; his mouth, gentle. On the day I talked to him he looked positively spiritual, because he was wearing a beard. It was grown for his role as a dirty but benevolent Mexican in "Cisco Kid," but seen without the serape and sombrero, it made him look as if he might perform miracles.

The tragedy is that no one will cast Cesar in the kind of role his sympathetic personality deserves. Even at Fox, where he is now under contract, more often than not he gets parts that don't do his popularity any good. But the protests are mine, not his. Cesar doesn't feel sorry for himself at all.

"I'm grateful to be earning enough to take care of my family," he said, "so my father has no more worries. They are all out here now—my mother and father, two sisters and a brother. They don't live with me. Oh, no!" He shook his head with a laugh. "I've lived alone too long to be able to live with my family again. But they have an apartment in the same building. I'm very happy to be able to take care of them and have them with me."

THE greatest disappointment I've had was not getting the part of Dr. Saffi in "The Rains Came." I wanted it terribly and I think I could do it well. But they won't give me a chance. Tyrone Power's going to do it. He isn't the right type for the part, but I'm not a great star and I'm not box-office.

That's the sort of thing that can happen to a man when his bony structure is against him.

TROUBLED TROUPER

(Continued from page 35)

"friends" whispered, "You can't leave now, Merle, they'll all think you're drunk!"

Merle sat up all night at her desk, writing and pouring out to a friend in England her bitter impressions of this dreadful town and its cruel people, and praying she would never be like them. But she's long ago forgiven them for that night. She knows it was only the velvet hand in the iron glove that Hollywood extends to all newcomers who are likely to be tough competition.

Now, with her equable disposition and ready laughter, Merle has become one of the town's favorite daughters, accepted alike by local royalty and studio help.

"I'm never temperamental," she said. "I don't give any trouble to anyone. I feel that all the people I work with have their jobs to do, and I have no right to make it difficult for them. Anyway, the day of temperamental stars is over. You only find a few who still behave badly."

"But nothing makes me madder than to have people say that acting in pictures is easy because you can keep on doing a scene until you get it right. That isn't so. On the stage you rehearse everything for weeks. Here we do it a few times at

the most. And the longer you do it, the more your inspiration vanishes, and the stiffer you get. A few actors improve with every take, but most of them freeze and get wooden."

"But the worst of all is the strain of having so many things to think of at once. In the death scene in "Wuthering Heights," for instance. In the first place I had to stay on just a certain spot, for the camera. Then I had to remember to keep my face well in view of the camera, and not let it be cut off by Laurence Olivier's shoulder. Also I had to think that off at just a certain point in the distance was the crag I was supposed to be looking at. And I had to remember my hands—to move them very weakly, because I was dying. All that in addition to remembering the dialogue, and trying to give a good performance. You can imagine how confusing it is!"

Life must be pretty confusing altogether for a girl in Merle's predicament. It's an awful strain on the emotions to be leaving home and going home at one and the same time, to be doomed to eternal nostalgia. But now she has married Alexander Korda and perhaps will find her hilltop in the sun.

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BETWEEN YOU'N'ME

(Continued from page 13)

\$1.00 Prize Letter Humphrey Bogart

"Dead End" was responsible for several memorable character studies, one, Humphrey Bogart's "Baby Face" Martin was so savagely, tragically realistic that it haunted me for days. I expected praise to be showered on Bogart by the critics and good roles to follow. However, here's what happened. Everyone agreed on the quality of his acting, and his studio continued casting him as the terrific bad man.

True, though, he had a different part in "Marked Woman," and how he played it! His performance of the courageous, young District Attorney was carried out with sympathy, warmth and ease which made it outstanding. Again, more recently in "Crime School" he performed marvels with a rather colorless part. Both these roles allowed us to glimpse the artistry, understanding and depth he can bring to his work.

In "Racket Busters" and "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse," Humphrey was back again to screen villainy. When will his producers realize his full abilities and give him real opportunities? Not necessarily "good" roles but varied, interesting ones.—Jan Howard, South Island, New Zealand.

\$1.00 Prize Poem Go West, Glamor Boy

The West is coming back—look here
It's Taylor doing a Paul Revere,
There's Nelson Eddy ridin' by
Shootin' six guns in the sky.
Look out behind! It's Flynn—our Errol
Polishing his double-barrel.
Who's that? It's young Ty Power, of course,
He's swapped his band in for a horse.
But what's that on yon marquee, my friend?
Ye Gods! It's "Shirley Temple Rides Again!"

—Robert Cahoon, Geneseo, N. Y.

\$1.00 Prize Letter Louis Hayward

A natural! At last, Hollywood has realized that in Louis Hayward they have a natural born actor!

Please, Hollywood, leave him as he is. Don't make a "glamor boy" out of him and, for goodness sake, don't put him in any of those silly, so-called "he-man" movies.

I like Louis Hayward as he is. He's so sincere and convincing in his acting. Let us keep him that way! He makes no pretense of being anything but what he is—an actor! He doesn't sing. He doesn't dance—but he can act!

It is so refreshing to find such a gallant, young man in Hollywood. I like him. I like the pictures he plays in. He's tops.—Mary Williams, Denver, Colo.

\$1.00 Prize Letter The Escape

In my estimation, the greatest achievement of the motion picture industry is the means by which people escape from the drudgeries of everyday existence. Life and death are forgotten when a movie is presented on the screen and the spectator finds peace and contentment in the crowded theatre.



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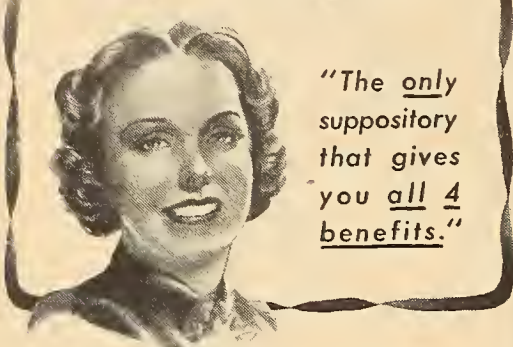
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He imagines himself as the screen hero. He forgets his surroundings and pictures himself as a gallant knight living several centuries ago. Instead of a poor laborer earning fifteen dollars a week, he becomes a millionaire with countless servants to wait upon him.

The old scrub-woman sees herself portrayed as a beautiful, young, society girl. Her chapped, rough hands become soft and white, and her shabby clothes change to furs and clinging gowns.

The little boot-black with his thin body

and patched clothes finds warmth and comfort. His eyes are bright with admiration as he sees Emile Zola or Louis Pasteur portrayed on the screen. Perhaps, this will give him courage and inspiration.

The picture is over. The laborer, the scrub-woman and the little boot-black leave the theatre. Reality has returned. The peddlers sell their wares and the stale odor of garbage fills the warm, summer air, but these three are happy. They escaped from life, if only for a brief moment!—B. Hochstadt, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SHE COULDN'T AFFORD A DATE

(Continued from page 27)

know how much pinching and scraping goes into that Sunday best. Believe me, I know." She smiled reminiscently.

"See these," she held out her hand for me to examine the fingernails.

They were nails that didn't look as if they belonged to a movie star. Here were no long, pointed claws. Here were just normal nails covering the tips of nice shaped fingers, used to working. They were neatly, evenly polished, these nails, and not too red.

"I manicure them myself," said Claudette Colbert.

"What, you!"

"Yes, me. You see, when I was broke, I had to do it. And I got so in the habit that now I can't bear to have anyone touch my fingers."

We were interrupted by a knock on the door. It was the maid carrying a tray crowded with tea things.

"Right here, please," directed Colbert, pointing to the low table in front of the sofa.

WITHOUT the slightest trace of formality, she was on her knees, pouring tea, carelessly shoving plates around, childishly stuffing a piece of sponge cake into her mouth and making an awful face after she had tasted it.

She was acting all over the place, and she was doing this to be kind, to show me she was regular and to make me feel at home.

This was her dressing-room at the studio, a room with a homey look, a room that didn't appear too new, a room giving the effect of sunshine although little sun entered, of gay drapes and upholstery and maple and a certain youthful daintiness, a room like the Claudette of pictures, Claudette of the heart-shaped face.

She's not like that. She has re-decorated her home for the third time. And her face is not so heart shaped. And her manner not so girlish. Instead, there is something surer about her, something sturdy. She knows what she wants. She gets what she wants. She has a strength and a poise and a will of her own. You feel it, every minute.

Her laugh is deep and hearty and always ready, a shade too ready. It is a spotlight, vacuum cleaner kind of laugh, picking up everything and seemingly glad to turn on herself.

"I know I'm difficult copy," she remarked.

I tried to analyze why she is difficult copy. She isn't like a blank wall star, the kind who never speaks unless you dig for the words. No, Claudette Colbert rattles on and on. She dominates and steers the works. I have only seen this conversational competence, this deliberate willingness-to-talk in one other person . . . Grace Moore.

Yet, nearly everything she said, when analyzed, was nothing, was the talk of a clever woman, chatter, chatter, in and out,

swiftly, smartly skirting danger signals.

So it got to be small talk. Talk about shoes.

"I always wear opera pumps. It makes a woman's foot look prettier. And I've suddenly acquired—growing of the feet! I've gone from Triple A to Double A and I see in the future just a plain ordinary—A!"

Talk about cigarettes. She smokes the nicotineless kind.

Talk about hair. Hers is lighter than you'd expect. She wears it short with the bang curly, and it's soft like Shirley Temple's.

Talk as mixed as a salad. Her house is being fumigated against termites. Her sinus is totally cured. A lunatic wrote threatening letters and how wonderful she thinks the G-men are. And, suddenly, excited talk about the picture, just completed.

"Ben Hecht wrote it. He's called it 'It's a Wonderful World.' When he was asked why, he said because most people are worried to death nowadays. When they discover a title like that shining at them, 'It's a Wonderful World,' they'll want to go right in and see it. Maybe he's right."

She is thrilled about this picture because she worked with Director Woody Van Dyke.

"His technique is unique. Imagine, we finished in fifteen days instead of the customary eight or nine weeks. Why, it usually takes me fifteen days to powder my nose." Claudette laughed.

"We went right through that picture, all one takes. That's his method. Then he previews it, sees what's wrong, and goes to it with re-takes. It's a marvelous, exhilarating method, perhaps, the method of the future."

She talked about the theatre, and she talked as someone talks who loves the theatre. She knew all the old plays. She has great faith in good dialogue.

LOOK at 'It Happened One Night.' That was all in the dialogue. Why, we did it again on the air, only the other evening, and it still sounded swell."

Another knock on the door, this time a young man to get her to choose a still from "Zaza."

"It's to be given to a perfume manufacturer because he makes my favorite kind."

When I left her she stood in the doorway in her print dress, green and garnet colored, a large pin looking like a garnet colored starfish at her throat, a garnet colored coat on the chair behind her, while outside, a patient chauffeur sitting at the wheel of a limousine.

There she stood, Claudette Colbert, with all the accessories, all the trimmings, far, far away from the girl with five dollars, the girl who couldn't afford a date. And not really far away at all, because she still remembers and understands and is very grateful. She hasn't forgotten how to put herself in your place, and so, you like her a lot.

SWEET SIXTEEN

(Continued from page 37)

and very thoughtful, too, which is reason I'm fond of him.

"Of course it's just the opposite Mickey Rooney," Judy said and he lighted up immediately, for all the young Mr. R. have a very definite opinion for him. "I think the thing about Mickey the most is that he's fun. When I go out with him I can't say a word. He keeps me laughing continuously. There's no one I know so much fun to go dancing with as he is around. And he's not a practical joker either. He's not at all like he seems on screen. He may joke, but they are not at the expense of other people. Y'know, he's not a practical joker either, just the nicest person I've ever met. I feel so sorry because he wasn't as happy as it should have been."

"I guess everyone in New York City thinks he's wild and crazy like the boys in the movies, and when he wasn't, they were very nice to him. He only stayed a few days, then went to Florida. Of course he had more fun there cause he loves swimming and sports. He's really just like any other boy and a lot smarter than most. Of course, they're people who will try to make you think he's changed by sudden popularity and success, but he's been working so long and hard that it's not new. I don't think he'd ever change no matter how famous he became. That's why I like him—he's always the same Mickey."

"Another friend of mine," Judy continued, "is Jackie Cooper. He's awfully smart and loves music. We listen to lots of recordings together and sometimes go dancing with the gang. He smokes the biggest pipe. It's the only thing I can't seem to understand his liking. But then, I guess it's just another thing about men we women can't figure out," and, philosophically shaking her head, Judy pondered the profoundness of this astute observation. "You'd think he was awfully serious from the parts he plays, wouldn't you? Well, he's not a bit. He likes fun as much as anyone and is the first to get into the spirit of things and the last to sign off. I guess the main reason we have such a good time is because we enjoy the same things."

Then, Judy laughed and exclaimed, "Gee, if I'm not careful you'll think I'm bragging about beaux. But it's your fault because you wanted to know why I like certain people. I don't really get to go out often enough to be a gadabout. But, since you asked, here's the rest of my story."

"The birthday picture you asked about, the one lighting the candles, was with Billy Halop. Mostly everyone thinks the 'Dead End' kids are tough, but they're not. Billy is just the opposite. Honestly, I don't see how he plays those characters so convincingly because he's not a bit that way. He's the most polite and thoughtful boy you can imagine. Why, if he takes you out he can't do enough to make you have a good time. He's pulling out your chair, or helping you up and down all the time. Billy has the most perfect manners of any boy I've met."

"Why, come to think of it, in real life Billy's just like the parts Jackie Moran plays on the screen. Jackie, of course, is the same on the screen and off. He's sweet, well-mannered and always a gentleman. He's one of the nicest boys on the coast and everyone's crazy about him. I judge anyone a lot by their friends. I guess I just like nice people and when someone has lots of nice friends then I'm sure to get along with them. It's really an insight into their

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"see what kind of people they are and like. That's why our carefully looks over a new member before we pass judgment. We may be friendly, but underneath we're a pretty lot. Why, we have to be, or we'd be dumb and completely taken in by them. We may be young, but not much—I hope. As I get back home we're going to be 'Babes In Arms,'" said Judy, the subject of gentlemen. "I did the show last year, but I've read and I'm just crazy about it. I think they will be wonderful in it, don't

"!! You'll both be perfect," we said quickly and honestly. For Mick, that any of us could watch 'do-what' till long past the curfew! Well, she's the tops in talkies,

hardly wait to get started," she said enthusiastically. And if you have seen her eyes light up at the thought of what was ahead, then you'd no longer be quite the same as Judy's many

friends. Though in appearance Judy seemed quite a young lady, for all of her sixteen years, her face was that of a kid's before Christmas. However, the way Judy explains it is, "I guess maybe I look grown up, but honestly I don't feel it. The way I figure is that the first fifteen years are the hardest. Well, now I'm over that, the best part is right ahead of me, and I certainly plan to make the most of it.

"It's a lot like in 'The Wizard of Oz.' When you're growing up you can hardly wait for the time to pass and things seem so dull and slow. Then one day you wake up and there you are just where you've always wanted to be, and it's wonderful. Well, it's like that in the picture. The cabin I live in is just plain and drab, y'know it's all in black and white. Then one day it's blown to the Land of Oz and when I open the door the lovely color of everything is like fairyland. You can't imagine what a contrast it is. That's about the way it feels to me now that I'm sixteen! Y'know, I always wondered just why they said, 'sweet sixteen.' Well, now I know, and gosh, but it's grand!"

THE GAY DECEIVER

(Continued from page 33)

three years. But he worked at it, too. He had what clothes he could afford made by an English tailor in New York. A friend he'd made in Scotland sent him Scotch clothiers' labels. Bob sewed them inside his ready-made bargain-basement domestic numbers. He knew how nosey actors can be around dressing-rooms and he wasn't taking any chances.

HE pretended to be affected by steam-heat and he always had a terrible time making change with this dreadful American money out in public. He called derby hats "bowlers," and schedules, "shed-ules," clerks, "clarks" and futile, "futyle." He even spent good hard-earned dollars to have his Ford car transformed into a right-hand drive. It was a swell act.

Blade Stanhope Conway finally died by his own hand. Other shows had followed "The Roof," of course, until Blade was a solid enough hit on Broadway. One day Bob was chatting with the press agent of the Ziegfeld Follies, where Blade was sparkling with Fanny Brice, Willie and Eugene Howard, and a girl named Vivian Janis. The p. a. opined that breaking into the headlines with Follies stories was like cracking Brazil nuts with a set of false teeth. "What I need," wailed the press agent, "is a real story that will stand up on its own legs and walk right onto the front page."

"I'll give you a story," said Blade. "Come up to my room." Then is when he confessed all and the New York sheets came out with "Joplin, Missouri Boy Dupes Broadway!" That was the official end of Blade Stanhope Conway.

Of course there was method in Bob's madness. Broadway had recovered from its British jag. Clean cut, hundred per cent Americans were all over the place. Impersonation number two was in order. He became Brice Hutchens.

Bob shook his family tree for the last part of that one. For the front handle he borrowed from Fanny Brice. They were in the same show and Bob thought this would flatter Fanny no end. He was mistaken. Fanny howled to high heaven.

Brice Hutchens did all right enough. He was leading man in Earl Carroll's Vanities and he acted on the air for the Collier's Hour, Fred Allen's program and

others. Then he broke out with Hollywooditis.

Bob had been to Hollywood once before, when a road company of one of his Broadway shows played Los Angeles. He took a test as Blade Stanhope Conway. They said he was all right, but they were loaded down with English actors.

He decided to attack Hollywood via the American way this time, picking a dull Broadway season to make the break. Bob loaded his wife—he had secretly married Vivian Janis of the Ziegfeld troupe—his mother, his mother-in-law and a red Irish setter into a station wagon and headed for the Promised Land. That was exactly what it turned out to be for Brice Hutchens, too—the Promised Land—promised but not delivered.

He was down to his last few ten-spots in Hollywood and with a family on his hands, when Bob's agent told him regretfully he'd just have to dump him overboard. Brice Hutchens, said the agent, was no gold mine. Ten per cent of nothing was exactly—nothing.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the agent, with a wave of compassion, "I'll work like hell this week and I'll promise to get you something—if it's only an extra job—so you can have a little stake to start back on."

"Thanks," said Bob.

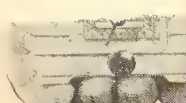
The agent made his round of the Hollywood bars that night. In one he found a friend weeping into his beer. "It is a sad state of affairs," sobbed this man, "that there are no real Texans in this town worth a plugged peso. I refer," he said, "to the terrible time King Vidor is having finding a real son of the Alamo to play in his picture 'So Red the Rose.' Do you by any chance know any Texans who talk the part? If so, will you please send them to this address?" requested the man, handing over the bar bill.

"Can I be from Texas?" shouted Bob Cummings the next morning. "Brother, being from places is my specialty."

"Well, I hope you make it," grumbled the agent. "Or I may get run out of town. What's your name this time?"

"I think," said Bob, "I'll use my own for a change, 'Charles Clarence Cummings.'"

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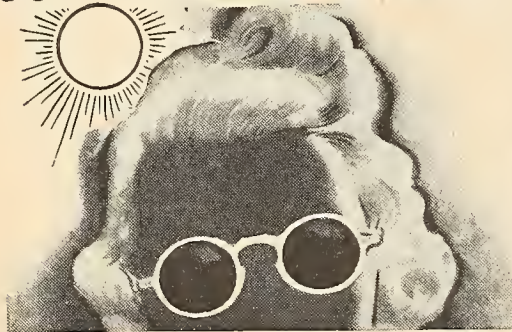
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The agent winced. "The 'Cummings' is okay," he said, "but that 'Charles Clarence' is right off the cob."

"All right," said Bob, "I'll make it Robert."

Bob's Hollywood hoax had the virtue of a semi-authentic name at least, but the rest of it was pretty raw. "Mistuh Vidah," drawled Bob, with that wide-open-spaces look in his grey eyes, "I hyeahd you wanted a Texan."

"I do," said King Vidor, "but I want a real one."

"Wa-al," said Bob, "ah was bohn an' raised on a cattle ranch neah San Angelo. And I could suah kick the tah out of that pahnt."

"Kick the tar," repeated Vidor. "That's Texas talk all right! I'm from Texas myself. You're the first real Texan that's been in this office!"

They signed him on the spot. Bob made a mild hit in "So Red the Rose," as Margaret Sullavan's gallant young admirer from the Lone Star State, and the result was a three-year contract with the same studio that would have none of Blade Stanhope Conway. Gradually he dropped away from the Texas drawl. The third deception vanished.

IT'S one of those absolutely insane commentaries on Hollywood that Robert Cummings could have made so many big pictures with good parts and still remain almost unknown in Hollywood. It happens, of course, all the time. Plenty of the screen greats of today have gone unnoticed for years and then suddenly have been "discovered."

Bob played in nineteen Paramount specials including "Souls at Sea," "Wells Fargo" and "Touchdown Army." All he got out of them was his salary and the gate when his contract was up. He was all packed to try his luck again on Broadway. In fact, Bob was in his agent's office telling him goodbye when the phone rang.

"I'm going out to Universal to see Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster," said the agent. "You might as well come along." Bob did. They tested him for a small part in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" and it took. Bob unpacked.

His part was pretty small at first. But, like Topsy, "it grewed." Bob had to do a little faking, to make it grow. He had to pretend to play a piano, for one thing, but when it comes to pretending, on his record Bob Cummings is a cinch. All in all, he practically walked off with the picture, got a nice fat new term contract and the romantic lead with Nan Grey in "The Under Pup." He's sitting pretty.

The same Vivian Janis who married Bob back in the Follies days is still his loving wife. She's smallish and blonde and calls Bob "Hutch" from Impersonation number two. Besides helping Bob navigate the *Spinach II* all over the country, Vivian manages to keep up her radio work.

Her mother, who is Bob's secretary, and an inquisitive, woolly monk named "Suzy-Q" round out the Cummings ménage. It's a very modest one, the back half of a done-over house in the unfashionable part of old Hollywood. Bob himself did the doing over, because he's crazy about carpentering, woodwork and things like that.

With the rosy outlook since "Three Smart Girls," the Cummingses are planning to build a house out in the San Fernando Valley. The new house will be Old English style with a heavy thatched roof. Bob's got a new car to go with it too. It has a right-hand drive.

The way Bob Cummings figures, that's the least he can do in loving memory of the bally old English accent and Blade Stanhope Conway. After all, phony or not, they gave him his start.

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HIS LET-DOWN'S LET UP

(Continued from page 36)

because he wanted to go his own way. The Colonel smiled and didn't interfere.

Jacques came home and married a Chicago society girl. That was during the group theatre phase. They were both too young and the marriage failed. The Colonel was disturbed. All very well for a young fellow to roam the world, to "find himself" as people said. But this divorce—a pity! The Colonel was afraid the break-up had left its mark on his boy.

Well, Jacques had a little money when the Great Boom started and he ran a small stake up to six figures. He thought his father would be pleased, but he wasn't. He said money so easily made wasn't honest. And of course, Jacques paid with the rest for getting rich too quickly. After that, he made up his mind that he was really going to show the Colonel, and he went to work in one of his uncle's banks. He tried, but he was unsuited to the job by temperament and training, and he had picked the worst possible time to make a start in the financial world. He began to hate the bank and finally bolted. But this time, he resolved that he would not go home until he had proved his mettle some way.

This explains why Jacques de Bujac was unhappy when the genius ran into him on the lot, and why Bruce Cabot's spirits lifted as he was groomed, built up and coached through a picture called "The Roadhouse Murder." This tidbit was quite well received by a preview audience, which often proves nothing.

The day after the preview, Bruce had promised himself the long-awaited treat of calling the Colonel long distance. He had not communicated with him for some time, beyond terse postcards saying, "Am well and getting along." "Oil-drilling." "Wheat harvesting." "Signed contract with RKO." Now he could say, "Dad, I'm a success. Not your kind of success, but still, I've done something."

He put in the call and waited, sitting right by the phone. When it rang, he lifted the receiver with a trembling hand. It was the studio. There was a wire for him. The Colonel was dead.

Of course, it is quite easy to understand why a certain hardening of the emotional arteries set in after that. Bruce Cabot went on, in a dispirited and routine fashion, making just those kind of pictures. The public did not take him to its heart. He wasn't a second Gable and he never will be. He has become, via an arduous route, a splendid, versatile "second man." He does villains with restraint; witness Jeff Surret in "Dodge City." Many's the movie heavy who would have overplayed and mugged that role beyond endurance. He can play strong, sympathetic second leads. He will, I think, eventually become an excellent and well-loved character actor.

To acquire this hard-won ability, he has taken all the hurdles on the Hollywood track, to steal a metaphor from his favorite sport. He saw he was getting nowhere at RKO and asked to be released from his contract. He has made quickies, the worst type of double bill stuff; he even played an Indian once.

In cynical fashion, he married and was divorced from Adrienne Ames. He would drift aimlessly for a while, and then take hold of himself sternly and

make heroic efforts to buck the Hollywood conviction that he didn't have what it takes. He affixed his signature to a brief contract with M-G-M. Nothing came of that, either.

Through it all, a recurring dogged determination to win out somewhere, to make money in this screwball game, to prove himself for the sake of the Colonel's memory—these motives have guided him. And, as he has grown older, he's become wiser and more secretive, and has succeeded in finding enjoyment in doing things and mingling with the people that birth, breeding and background render sympathetic to him.

Wiser? Yes. He free lances and he has himself a fine agent to guide him through the tricky mazes of Hollywood politics. Cary Grant, Melvyn Douglas,



Two promising young players step out together—William Lundigan and Jane Bryan.

Fredric March—to name a few—owe much of their rock-bound security and success to the combination of freelancing and good agency.

Secretive? My word! I thought of calling this story "The Cabot Speaks Only to God." A harder young man to talk to I have never met. Pleasant, courteous, meticulous about lighting a lady's cigarettes and asking a lady if she wants coffee, but he hesitates two minutes between each very short sentence and seems to think that "yes" and "no" are sufficient answers to questions. "Look here," Mr. Cabot, I said, "we're getting nowhere fast. One must have an angle, you know."

"Um. Well. Of course, there's the angle that nobody cares a great deal, isn't there?" he said.

He said it, himself, he did, in this flat, hesitant way of his so that it's

almost impossible to judge any mood or feeling behind the bare words. And I solemnly swear to you that in long years of coping with movie folk, I've never heard one, no matter how unimportant, make such a remark about himself. Even if it's true, not one would think it, let alone say it. It kind of got me. I felt certain that he wasn't fishing for some such remark as "Oh, Mr. Cabot, of course all the fans are aching to learn things about you!" So I asked him what he liked best of all to do.

It seems as how Mr. Cabot, whenever he can do so, takes a plane for Washington, D. C., unheralded and unsung in the public prints. Then he jaunts down to Warrenton, Virginia, and amuses himself, in a quiet way, with the horsey crowd, up to and including the Whitneys. Now, this high-powered racing crowd might take up a big star temporarily—our pal Gable, for instance, or Mr. Taylor—for lionizing purposes. But not a Bruce Cabot—not unless he were one of them. And he is one of them, you see, in a way.

In Hollywood, he keeps his muscles in good condition and forgets his troubles by playing golf and going to the races with the best Hollywood has to offer in the way of "society," the Douglas Fairbanks, Seniors, the Cedric Gibbonses, the Gary Coopers, the Fred Astaires. It's in the blood, he can't help it—the Colonel, the army, the bank, the Harjes.

He's an odd combination of things, this Cabot. He runs with the aristocratic hounds and he hunts with the Hollywood hares. There's the odd physical combination of rather heavy, almost coarse features, and his strangely friendly, wistful eyes. There are his fine gentleman's hands and manners and the green suit—but green—he was wearing when I talked with him. There's the rolling-stone, black-sheepish sort of existence he led in his youth, and this gritty tenacity of his, which has kept him in Hollywood, bucking a bad start and an unfortunate set-up.

"Just why have you stuck to it?" I asked.

"Don't know. My father, I guess." That's the way he talks, to give you a little idea.

"What do you want to get out of it?"

"Money. To give to the nice government." His eyes smiled their infrequent, attractive smile.

"What! No fame, no glory, no histrionic ambitions?"

"Well. Yes. In a way. Want variety. Won't be typed. All that sort of thing, you know. Don't mind villains, if they're good villains. But want to intersperse villains with sympathetic parts. Very little difference between the villain and the hero, is there? Villain becomes hero if someone insults his sister or ravishes his home or something of the sort. But we all say this kind of thing, I suppose. About being typed, you know. You see what I mean?"

Well, it was the longest speech he'd made—probably the longest he has ever made, and I thought perhaps I'd better not tempt Providence by asking him anything else. I said I saw what he meant. And I do. He means to stick to his job and do a good job, the hard way, the slow way, the building up from an awful let-down way. And I think he'll win out.



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Here's a thrilling new make-up idea brought to you by Irresistible—colors to match your lips to your every costume! ~ Four beautiful new Irresistible lipstick shades that will put you at the head of any fashion parade. Flash Red—Blue Pink—Fuchsia Plum and Orchid . . . each the very last word. ~ They add such chic—such flattery—such untold allure to your lips, that you really ought to try them. Buy all four and be prepared to match any costume in your wardrobe—just as the smartest women of Park Avenue and Paris do. ~ And remember—to complete your color make-up—there is the same shade of Irresistible rouge and face powder to match each shade of lipstick, all scented with exotic Irresistible Perfume. ~ Irresistible preparations are laboratory tested—certified pure. Only 10c each at all 5 and 10c stores.





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● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

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"Tobacco crops of the last few years have been the finest ever, and Luckies buy the choicer grades each year. I've smoked them since 1919," says Arthur Noell, independent buyer. Most independent tobacco experts smoke Luckies.

HAVE YOU TRIED A LUCKY LATELY? Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years. As independent tobacco experts like Arthur Noell point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. Try them for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined! **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**



Easy on Your Throat—
Because **"IT'S TOASTED"**

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

MODERN SCREEN

NUMBER

0

ENTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE



ASTA
and
MYRNA LOY

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH LOMBARD?



Irresistible

Irresistible brings you lipsticks in fashion's newest shades . . . BLUE PINK and FLASH RED . . . the colors being worn by debutantes. ~ For a perfect blend of beauty and smartness buy both these new shades of flattering Irresistible lipstick—and be prepared to match your lips to your every costume! ~ Blue Pink and Flash Red add such allure to your lips, that you really ought to try them. ~ But remember—to complete your color make-up—there is the same shade of Irresistible Rouge and Face Powder to match each shade of lipstick.

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Hooded robe in terry cloth with cord belt, multi-colored stripes on sleeves and hem.

Her striking beach coat arrested his glance
but what kept him looking was her smile!

Your smile is a treasure that's yours alone. Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!



Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage promotes firmer gums, brighter smiles!

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For how soon the spell of style is broken if her smile is dull and dingy. No one can be more pathetic than the girl who concentrates on lovely clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Learn a lesson from her, yourself, but turn it to good account! Remember, you can't neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, and hope to save your charm.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, don't ignore it—see your dentist at once! It may mean nothing serious.

Very often, he'll tell you that modern soft, creamy foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of the vigorous chewing workouts they need for health.

"More exercise" may be his advice and, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage." For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums... lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer, healthier gums—a winning smile!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Regina Cannon
EditorLois Svensrud
Hollywood EditorAbril Lamarque
Art Editor

MODERN SCREEN

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Fresh charm, new beauty — can come with a Lovelier Skin!

READ CHARMING MRS. CONNORS' BEAUTY ADVICE:

Camay helps my skin look its very best—and I can't ask more than that of any beauty care! If you want to help your skin look its loveliest, just be faithful to Camay!

Weehawken, N. J.
April 28, 1939-

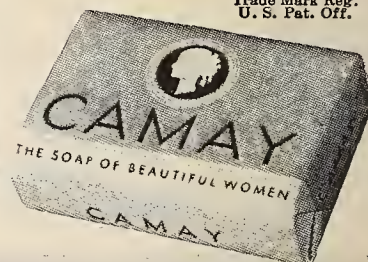
(Signed) MARGARET CONNORS
(Mrs. Vincent J. Connors)

WOULD you expect to help bring out the hidden beauty of *your* skin without giving it expert care—a *beauty* care? Of course not! Nothing is more important, according to charming Mrs. Connors, than thorough, but gentle cleansing—and *she* recommends Camay!

You'll like Camay, too! For Camay's searching beauty bubbles cleanse skin completely...yet their caressing *mildness* makes even sensitive skin grateful for such gentle

care! For your beauty bath, too, you'll find Camay a wonderful help in keeping skin on back and shoulders lovely—a refreshing aid to daintiness! Yet Camay costs so little! Get three cakes today! Watch *your* skin respond to its gentle care!

Trade Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Lady Esther says—
**"The wrong shade of powder can turn
 the RIGHT MAN away!"**



Why spoil your own charm? Find
 the shade of my powder that glori-
 fies your skin—the one shade that
 is Lucky For You!

YOU KNOW how critical the eyes of
 men can be. So why guess—why
 gamble when you choose your face pow-
 der? Actually some shades make you *look*
years older. Others flatter you. Until you

do the Lady Esther test, it is almost im-
 possible to know.

For powders and powder shades can be
 very deceiving, and unless you compare
 many right on your own skin and with
 the help of your own mirror, you may
 never know the shade that flatters you
 most—that *makes you most alluring*—that
 brings you the greatest of luck!

Right at this moment you may inno-



*Don't ruin your close-ups. Make the test I urge,
 and find the powder shade most flattering to you!*

cently be using a shade that's all wrong
 for you—a shade that clouds your beauty
 —a shade that suited you four months
 ago but which is *all wrong* for you now.

Don't risk it, please. It's a shame to
 take such chances. For there is, among
 my *ten thrilling new shades* of face powder,
 one that is *right* for you—one that will
 bring you luck.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you to
 try *all my shades* which I will send you
 free. Don't skip even one. For the shade
 you never thought you could wear may
 be the one that's really right for you.

And the minute you find it, your eyes
 will know—*your mirror will tell you*. Other
 women will tell you that you look young-
 er and fresher... and men will murmur
 to themselves—"She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you
 receive my ten shades—and make your
 "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two
 amazing qualities in this superfine pow-
 der. It's free from the slightest hint of
 coarseness. *And it clings four full hours!*
 If you use it after dinner, you will be free
 of powder worries until midnight.

So write me and find *your luckiest shade*.
 Let it flatter your beauty always—help
 you win more luck in life and love.



*There's a "4 leaf clover"
 in life for every girl
 who finds her lucky
 shade of Lady Esther
 Face Powder.*

(46)

(You can paste this on a
 penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
 711C West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID
 your 10 new shades of Face Powder,
 also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

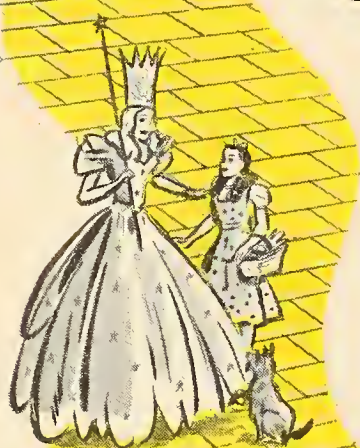
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

LADY ESTHER POWDER

MODERN SCREEN

Gaiety.. Glory..

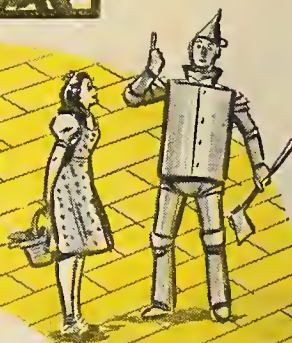
IT'S METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
TECHNICOLOR TRIUMPH!



Don magic red slippers
(presented by the be-
loved Good Witch),
whirl from the Every-
day with Dorothy and
Toto, the wonder dog
—first exciting stop...
Munchkinland!



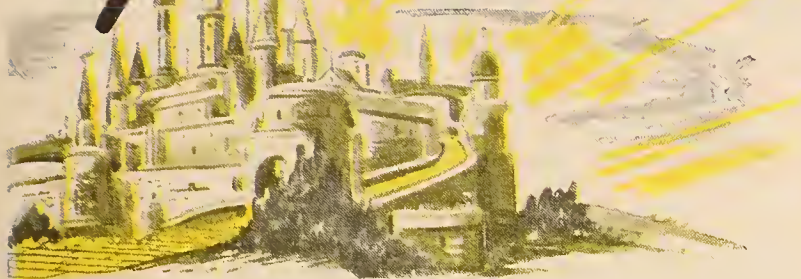
Join the harum-scarum Scarecrow
—in his hunt for a brain—dodge
self-picking apple trees that pelt
you with their fruit—



A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with JUDY GARLAND (as Dorothy),
FRANK MORGAN (as the Wizard), RAY BOLGER (as the Scarecrow),
BERT LAHR (as the Cowardly Lion), JACK HALEY (as the Tin Wood-
man), BILLIE BURKE (as the Good Witch), MARGARET HAMILTON
(as the Bad Witch), CHARLEY GRAPEWIN (as Uncle Henry) and the
Munchkins • Screenplay by Noel Langley, Florence Ryerson and Edgar
Allan Woolf • From the book by L. Frank Baum • A Victor Fleming
Production • Produced by Mervyn Le Roy • Directed by Victor Fleming

Meet the Tin Man—oil
his rusty joints—hear
him creak out his sad
tale—he's minus a heart
—and doesn't know
where to find one—

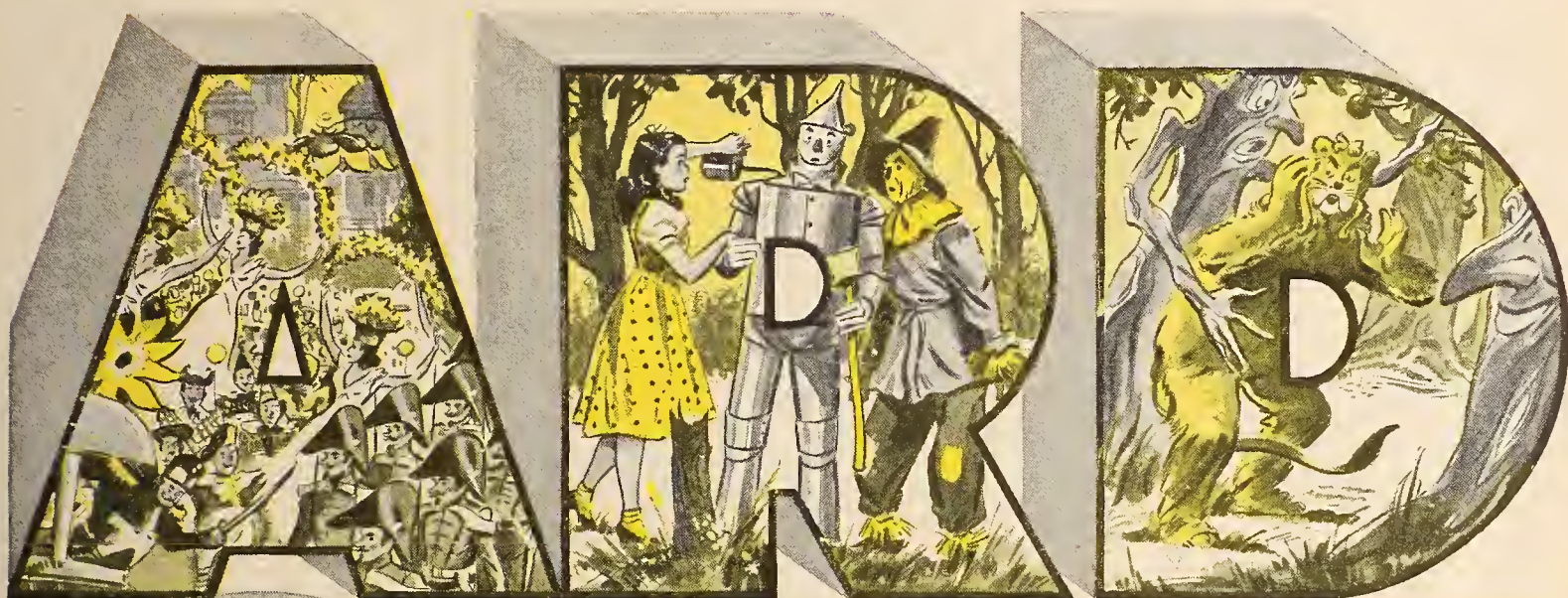
Glamour



Magic Music

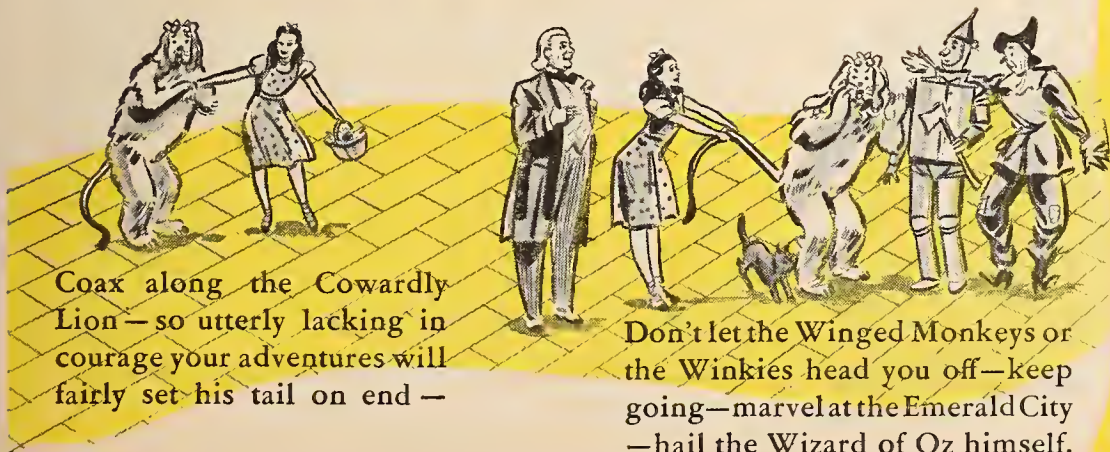
BY HAROLD ARLEN AND E. Y. HARBURG

"Over the Rainbow"
 "If I Only Had a Brain"
 "We're Off to See the Wizard"
 "The Merry Old Land of Oz"
 "Ding Dong"
 "If I Were King of the Forest"



DARING WHAT NEVER HAS BEEN DARED BEFORE!

M-G-M has brought to life the story book that has long defied filming! Spun adult motion picture fare out of pure fantasy! Made a lion out of a man—given wings to monkeys—trained trees to dance—made a tin man walk—a scarecrow live—created a jitterbug—photographed the inside of a tornado! Utilized the brain and brawn of 165 arts and crafts—built 65 separate sets—gathered together hundreds of midgets—built a city of 22,000 separate glass objects—built a haunted forest—made 40,000 poppies bloom where none were before—used 35 make-up experts, headed by the dean of plastic make-up—created 212,180 separate sound effects—introduced a symphony of 120 musicians, a chorus of 300! Employed a total of 9,200 actors—rehearsed for months—solved engineering and photographing problems never before encountered—took two years to bring you one hundred minutes of scintillating, fascinating screen entertainment!



Coax along the Cowardly Lion—so utterly lacking in courage your adventures will fairly set his tail on end—

Don't let the Winged Monkeys or the Winkies head you off—keep going—marvel at the Emerald City—hail the Wizard of Oz himself.

BY LOIS SVENSRUD

MOVIE REVIEWS

★★★ Young Mr. Lincoln



Sincerity of purpose and superb artistry mark this picture. Young Mr. Lincoln is admirably portrayed by Henry Fonda, who here falls heir to the best role of his career and does full justice to it. The story deals with only a few years in the life of Lincoln, dating from 1832. In depicting the early struggles of the young lawyer, the scripters have stressed the wise humor and sympathy which characterized the man.

Having decided that law was simply the difference between right and wrong, "Honest Abe" hangs up his shingle in Springfield and draws for his first important case one that would appall the most experienced lawyer. He is called upon to defend two brothers in a murder trial and the ensuing trial forms the basis for the story. Into that one situation are packed all the elements of human emotion. Alice Brady, as the mother of the two boys on trial, gives a performance that should be remembered when the Academy Awards are handed out.

Though Ann Rutledge (Pauline Moore) appears but briefly in the picture, the influence of her love is always apparent. Mary Todd (Marjorie Weaver) comes in for a relatively unimportant role in this period of Lincoln's life. Both girls give satisfactory accounts of themselves, while Donald Meek, as the cantankerous lawyer opposing Lincoln, provides many a chuckle. Directed by John Ford.—*20th Century-Fox.*

★★★ Man About Town

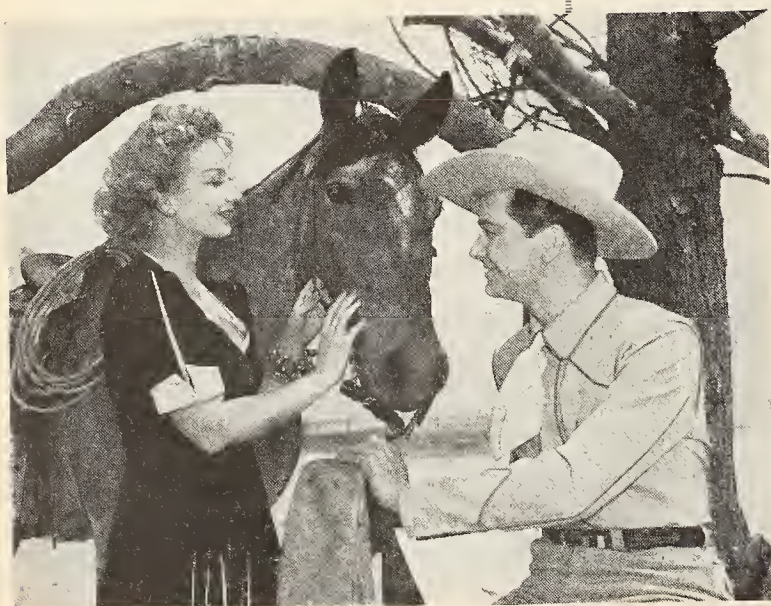


This is Jack Benny's best picture to date. You'll get your money's worth all right, for, besides Benny, there are girls, gags, guffaws—and Rochester. The latter gentleman comes close to stealing every scene he darkens, but this has not stopped Benny from giving him plenty of opportunity.

The story is laid in London this time, which fact provides a swell excuse for some hilarious fog scenes and a sequence at the country place of Lord and Lady Whosis, admirably portrayed by Edward Arnold and Binnie Barnes. Benny, the hero, is a nice young man, but he can't get any girls to go out with him. He's that nice. He doesn't stand a ghost of a show with the girl of his dreams, Dorothy Lamour, who favors gents with more spunk—in particular Phil Harris. It isn't until Benny unwittingly gets himself entangled with titled ladies, that doleful Dottie begins to appreciate the slow-poke hero. By that time poor Jack hasn't a moment to spare for her. He's too busy avoiding the titled husbands who have decided to give up shooting grouse and concentrate on comedians, instead.

There's Matty Malneck music and some beautiful numbers by the Merriel Abbott dancers. Betty Grable and Isabel Jeans add decidedly decorative touches. With the exception of Dorothy Lamour, top-notch characterizations are given by everyone. Directed by Mark Sandrich.—*Paramount.*

★★★ Maisie



A surprise is in store for you with this picture. Put out with no fan-fare whatsoever, it turns out to be highly entertaining with excellent performances by all the cast.

To Ann Sothern goes most of the credit. As "Maisie," she gives a grand performance that will leave movie patrons clamoring for more of this actress, whose breaks have been few and far between. She's a giddy, good-hearted show-girl here, who becomes stranded in a Wyoming cow-town. Flip and smart-alecky though she appears to be, there's nothing phony about this blonde. And Ann Sothern registers the quality of her honesty one hundred percent—even on hard-hearted Robert Young who's leery of anything in skirts. You'll like Robert Young in this role, which is decidedly different from his former care-free play-boy ones.

Ruth Hussey, a cold and calculating number who tries to outwit the heroine, gives an excellent account of herself. Ian Hunter, as her unhappy husband, is as satisfactorily competent as ever. Cliff Edwards draws a grand role as Young's sympathetic side-kick and has the opportunity to sing some of those famous ditties of the lone prairie. There's not so much as a cattle rustler in sight, but the background of the beautiful Wyoming country provides a romantic spirit in the best western tradition. Directed by Edwin Marin.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* (Continued on page 14)

Dirty Faces..Hungry Hearts

BUT WITH A SONG IN THEIR SOULS !



Kids who'll dig right down into your heart—so human, so natural, so downright lovable! And a glowing romance that will send you from the theatre with a lump in your throat!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN *presents*

Jascha **HEIFETZ**
in

**THEY SHALL HAVE
MUSIC!**

with

Joel McCREA · Andrea LEEDS
Gene REYNOLDS Walter BRENNAN

Directed by **ARCHIE MAYO**

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS





TREACHER TALKS

BY MARY BURGUM



When you ask Arthur Treacher why he hasn't married again, he says, "Nobody has asked me." Right, Arthur and Shirley Temple puttin' on a song and jig in "The Little Princess." Some pep!

Honest, witty and shrewd, there's not a grouch in his system

HE IS six feet three in his bedroom slippers, a height he attained at the age of nineteen, and he began his theatrical career as a chorus man, in London, shortly after the Armistice was signed. The explanation of that one is that Charles Cochrane wanted a male chorus for one of his shows—every man in it to be six feet two or then some. And if Cochrane's colossal chorus wasn't a lucky break for A. Treacher, he wouldn't know about lucky breaks.

Because, you see, the towering Mr. T.'s life up to that point had been devoid of that divine satisfaction which comes from doing something you really want to do. He didn't want to be a chorus man particularly, but he had always wanted to go on the stage. And what with having no experience, no contacts and nothing to offer but a splendid physique and naturally good diction, it was ripping of Cochrane to think up this notion at exactly the right time.

The Treacher boyhood was spent in an English public school. Perhaps you know that when our British cousins say "public" school they mean private school. A real public school is called a board school. Anyway, young Master Treacher went to Uppingham, where English small fry are prepared for Oxford or Cambridge. He was a so-so student—"infernally lazy," says he—and spent most of the term waiting for the "vacs." "Vacs" were spent at home with the mater, a little bit of a woman. The pater, a big man of six feet, had died when his son was seven. He had been a barrister, which is British for lawyer.

Mother and son moved from Brighton, where Arthur was born, to Hayward's Heath, where Mrs. Treacher still resides, except when she is visiting her son in Hollywood and dragging him to the Trocadero, Lamaze, the prize-fights and premieres. Hayward's Heath is named for a famous medieval highwayman who used to rob the rich to help the poor, just like Robin Hood. The Treacher home was called Muster Green because, in olden times, all the townsmen used to "muster" on that "green," see, and fight off medieval gangsters with the broad sword and anything that came handy. Treacher's new home in Hollywood is called Muster Green, too, and he's thinking of having cards printed to explain what it means.

Arthur Treacher's real name is Arthur Veary Treacher. The Veary is a family name which was stuck in the middle of all Treachers' names of either sex. He is an only child and he and his mother adore each other in a restrained,

British sort of way. Father wanted son to be a barrister, too. That was one of the things A. T. didn't want to do. But his dreams of the stage were unthinkable—oh, absolutely—so he just kept on wondering how he could possibly squeak through his exams at Uppingham and not be "sent down" first term at the University.

To save his suffering any embarrassment, the war broke out. Lying slightly about his age, which was easy to do considering his size, he joined up with the Queen's Westminster Rifles. He was commissioned in May, 1915, in the artillery, and he swears he spent the entire four years and four months of his service in two mudholes near Ypres.

"What no leaves in Paris?" I asked.

"I spent my leaves in England," he said.

He was gassed once, but emerged with no physical scars. Spiritual scars? Well, the usual ones, which men don't talk about very much, some disillusionment, weariness and bitterness. However, he emerged with one definite thought.

"After spending my youth preparing for a career I didn't want, and four and a half years serving my country, I do not think I could be considered a selfish bounder because I decided that, for a space of time at any rate, I would do something I wanted to do."

Cochrane's show was a hit and it led to other things. Most of them, you'll be surprised, were not comedy—blood-and-thunder dramas, horse races on the stage, Bengal Lancers rescuing lovely ladies from bloodthirsty natives in the nick of time, that sort of thing.

"It was before the cinema had moved in on London to any extent," says Treacher. "They actually put horse races on the stage, on one of those treadmill affairs, you know. Bang-up entertainment. Something like your old New York Hippodrome shows combined with the chariot race in 'Ben Hur.'"

From 1919 until 1926 he never played a single butler and then Jake and Lee Shubert said how about coming over and doing a turn at the Winter Garden. Broadway, the English actor's idea of heaven, treated Treacher pretty well until 1929, what with "The Cat and the Fiddle" and a Mary Nash and an Ethel Barrymore play. Then, of course, Fate happened 'round again.

"Oh, dear, yes, it was bad," he says in that droll way of his. "And was I in a dither of delight when I had a chance to audition for a radio job. Three hundred a week it was to pay, and I wanted that three hundred. How I wanted it! I had one suit and (Continued on page 12)



We believe you, Junior, but the boy friend doesn't, the landlady doesn't, the boss doesn't — and the boss' son doesn't. And this little difference of opinion develops into one of the

biggest comedy hits in years!... How Ginger wins her man by losing the argument rouses as much hilarity as a tankful of laughing gas. Try either one if you want some fun!

GINGER
ROGERS • DAVID
NIVEN

"Bachelor Mother"



CHARLES COBURN • FRANK ALBERTSON

E. E. CLIVE • • • PANDRO S. BERMAN PRODUCTION

Directed by Garson Kanin, Produced by B. G. DeSylva

Screen Play by Norman Krasna • • • Story by Felix Jackson

RKO RADIO PICTURE

Summer Days are
TAMPON DAYS

Here's Why
Women Choose

FIBS*

THE KOTEX* TAMPON



IT'S A KOTEX
PRODUCT—SO IT
MUST BE GOOD*

Internal Protection, particularly welcome in summer. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with *new exclusive features*, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.

**THE ONLY
TAMPON
THAT'S QUILTED**



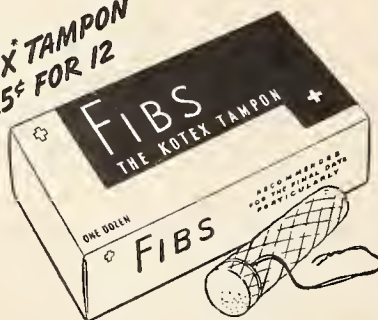
Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, *so no artificial method of insertion is necessary!*



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BECAUSE IT'S
MORE ABSORBENT**

This Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) is many times more absorbent than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25c for a *full dozen*. Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.

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ONLY 25¢ FOR 12**



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(*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

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I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the
Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

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Name

Address

City State

plenty of debts, and images of rare roast beef kept coming up before me, with sometimes a whole cauliflower on the side. I'd lived on tea and toast for so long I began to cry every time I passed a restaurant.

"Well, they were going to put on some serial thing or other that had been running in one of the magazines. It was a love story and I was trying out for the lead. I gave it everything I had. 'Darling, I adore you, I worship you,' I said, and I am quite certain Barrymore couldn't have done it better, at least as far as the vibrations went. But all the chaps in the studio just clutched their tums and nearly expired laughing. 'Oh, no, I say, old boy,' said the coach between spasms. 'This is serious, you know. I mean, you're in love with the girl, old thing.'

"So I tried again, putting in more umph, and the same thing happened again, and the coach said, 'Old fellow, when we want a good comedian, we'll send for you, haha, I adore you, I worship you, priceless.' That was the first time I knew I was priceless. I'd not played lovers on the stage—well, I mean, really, I couldn't, now could I? But I figured they'd not see my face and my voice wasn't supposed to be funny."

SINCE then, Mr. T. has been being funny and enjoying it pretty well, with a couple of minor reservations here and there. New York was hopeless in 1929, so he finally hooked up with Mitzi Hajos, that certified Czech among musical comedy troupers, and she toted him on a seventy-two weeks' tour of these United States.

"One can see a great deal of a country in seventy-two weeks," he says. "I'd get up fairly early, and I used to pop into buses and trolleys, and rubberneck around the various cities we visited. I'll wager I know them better than many of their residents. Made a number of friends in Chicago, which alarmed Mother a little at first, after all she'd heard. At that time, you know—Capone and all that sort of thing.

"And the size, height, speed and the bigness of everything—amazing! Forty miles of onions, hundreds of miles of wheat! All the poor families owning cars and radios and going to the movies every night and playing Bingo. You've no idea how stupendous all of it is to us, after our little patchwork farms and tidy little flower beds. And a poor English family saves up for a whole year to spend one day at Blackpool (British Coney Island) during the summer. Amazing!"

"Am I right in assuming that you like it pretty well?"

"Oh, absolutely," said he. He added that, if his mother could be talked into leaving Hayward's Heath and joining him at Muster Green, California, he'd become an American citizen. He has no other obligations. He was married once, shortly after the war, but it didn't work. There's no story there, just a youthful mistake, amiably abrogated.

It was in 1933 that Treacher was knocking about the West Coast with a casual little stock company, organized by E. E. Clive and George K. Arthur. They were broke, too. Treacher signed up with them on the basis that if anybody got a movie nibble, he should take it, just so's he didn't walk out in the middle of a performance. Later, the stock company was joined by an extraordinarily handsome leading man named Arlington Brugh, and if you don't know that he is today's Robert Taylor, where have you been? Almost everybody in the company got a movie bid of a sort and would do his cinema stint and

return to the stock company if he had to. Treacher did quite a few bits at twenty-five bucks a day. His first outstanding part, which took him out of the stock company for good and all, was in a Crawford-Montgomery bit of fluff called "No More Ladies."

Treacher and his screen wife, in the picture, arrived at one of those Crawford-Connecticut weekends and when A. T. was introduced to all the folks, it sounded as if he said "Ahdedodelie Ahmzhore." That's the best I can do with it—you really couldn't understand a word he said all the way through the picture. This was by design, and is no reflection on A. T.'s excellent speech. Audiences clasped their sides and rolled in their chairs every time he opened his mouth. He was marvelous, and just why he hasn't been permitted to give us more of this British double-talk since is one of those Hollywood mysteries.

"Oh, I say, yes," he said when I recalled the role. "If you're going to ask me what part I'd like to play most, I'm going to say that part in 'No More Ladies.' You know, you really say something when you do that sort of thing, only you run it all together and you say, 'Delighted. Oh what perfectly terrible people my god why do these things happen to me.' Or they say, 'Will you have a drink?' And you say, 'Ah, thanks. Terrible whiskey hope they don't put too much ice in it why do Americans like so much ice.' Simple, what? And always gets an appreciative laugh from the audience."

The "couple of minor reservations" we spoke about have to do with playing butlers and with being imitated. Not professionally imitated—that's okay. But he gets perfectly furious when people come up to him and say, "Oh, H'i s'y, h'old, chawp," and things like that.

"Why do they always pick on Englishmen?" he wants to know. "If there are a Frenchman, a German, a Dane and a Hungarian with me on one set, everybody always imitates me. And they do it all wrong—that's what's maddening."

ABOUT the butlers, I said, "If you're sick of playing butlers, why don't you do something about it? You're a scene-stealer and a picture-saver—you should be able to do a little dictating once in a while."

"I have done something about it, madame," he answered. "I am no longer under the aegis of Twentieth Century-Fox. I'm a free lance."

"And how're yuh doin'?"

"Well, at any rate, I've turned down two parts, which is something I've not been able to do before. Always been absolutely obedient. I haven't played a butler for fourteen months, now." He said this with the pride usually reserved for crowing over loss of weight.

Treacher and Darryl Zanuck are still speaking to each other. There was no studio row.

"It's just that I'm really too expensive for what one studio can do with me," he explained honestly. "I mean, it's pretty silly for me to howl about being 'typed,' isn't it, for I am a type and that settles it. But I do feel that I can diversify my work more than I have been able to, and that's all I ask of the movie business."

He says that any time Mr. Zanuck wants him to come back and play in a Shirley Temple picture, he'll pop right over, even if it's a butler again.

"People sometimes can't believe that a little girl could be so famous for so long and not be considerably spoiled," he says. "Shirley Temple isn't. She's a delightful child." (Continued on page 62)

CAGNEY



MEETS A

RAFT

OF TROUBLE!

For the first time—Jimmy and George crashing head-on—outblasting each other with a brand of dynamite no screen has offered before! Thrills beyond measure! Excitement beyond all precedent! . . . *It's the picture that tops 'Angels with Dirty Faces' and it's made by* WARNER BROS.

"EACH DAWN I DIE"

with

JANE BRYAN • GEORGE BANCROFT • MAXIE ROSENBLOOM

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY • Presented by WARNER BROS.

Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Warren Duff • From the Novel by Jerome Odlum • A First National Picture

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

★★★ Susannah of the Mounties

Shirley Temple in a rugged and picturesque Mounted Police barracks high in the Canadian Rockies is still Shirley Temple with all her dimples and curls, but she gives her fans some good dramatics and more than a little fancy horseback riding.

The Mounties, headed by Randolph Scott, find little Miss Temple the sole survivor of a wagon-train destroyed by Indians. They carry her back to the barracks, and she becomes a key figure in the inevitable clash between the Indians and the pioneer builders of the Canadian Pacific railroad. Martin Good Rider, the young Indian chief, is left at the barracks as a hostage guaranteeing peace from his tribe. Shirley is thus introduced to customs of the colorful Blackfeet Indians through a series of hilarious incidents, and even goes so far as to smoke the pipe of peace.

The picture is highlighted with dashing scenes of Indian raids and battles with the Mounties. Hokum is frequently evident, but Shirley, the Mounties and the Indians make up for the faults. Randolph Scott is such a handsome hero that it's small wonder that pretty Margaret Lockwood falls in love with him. The English actress does very well with her role. J. Farrell MacDonald, Maurice Moscovitch, Moroni Olsen and Victor Jory complete the capable cast. Directed by William A. Seiter.—20th Century-Fox.

★★★ Daughters Courageous

This is by no means a sequel to "Four Daughters." The same players are there, but they've developed entirely new personalities and plans for the future, and the picture turns out to be just a captivating little story of a father who returns to the wife and four daughters he deserted twenty years before.

Claude Rains does an about-face from the genial, musician father of "Four Daughters," and emerges as the whimsical tramp who again wants his wife, daughters and home. He comes back to find Fay Bainter, mother of the four girls (Priscilla, Rosemary, Lola Lane and Gale Page), about to marry Donald Crisp, who has enough money to insure future happiness for the entire family. Meantime, Priscilla has fallen in love with John Garfield who is an amazing prototype of her wandering father. The debatable social problem with both mother and daughter trying to decide between fleeting happiness and security is convincingly worked out.

John Garfield is not as startlingly vital as in the former picture, but his performance is persuasive. Claude Rains' portrayal of the restless father is excellent and Fay Bainter keys her role with sympathy and warmth. May Robson makes the most of a small role. Frank McHugh, Dick Foran, George Humbert and Berton Churchill complete the cast. Directed by Michael Curtiz.—Warners.

★★★ Jones Family in Hollywood

Here's your chance to make a trip to Hollywood in company with the Jones family. Dad Jed Prouty Jones is chosen to represent the American Legion at their convention in the cinema capital and invites Mother Prouty along. But when they step into their car for the trek west they find a trailer attached—with the kids and Gramaw all set to go.

From then on Pop Prouty takes an awful beating from everyone. While he dutifully puffs away at his tuba in the Legion parades, the folks are seeing the town from Hollywood Boulevard right through all the studios. Daughter June Carlson finds herself a glamor boy (William Tracy) with whom to fall in love and son Ken Howell discovers the girl of his dreams (June Gale) who is a cinema cutie. There's many a harrowing and hilarious incident befalling the members of the family before they are safely headed for home.

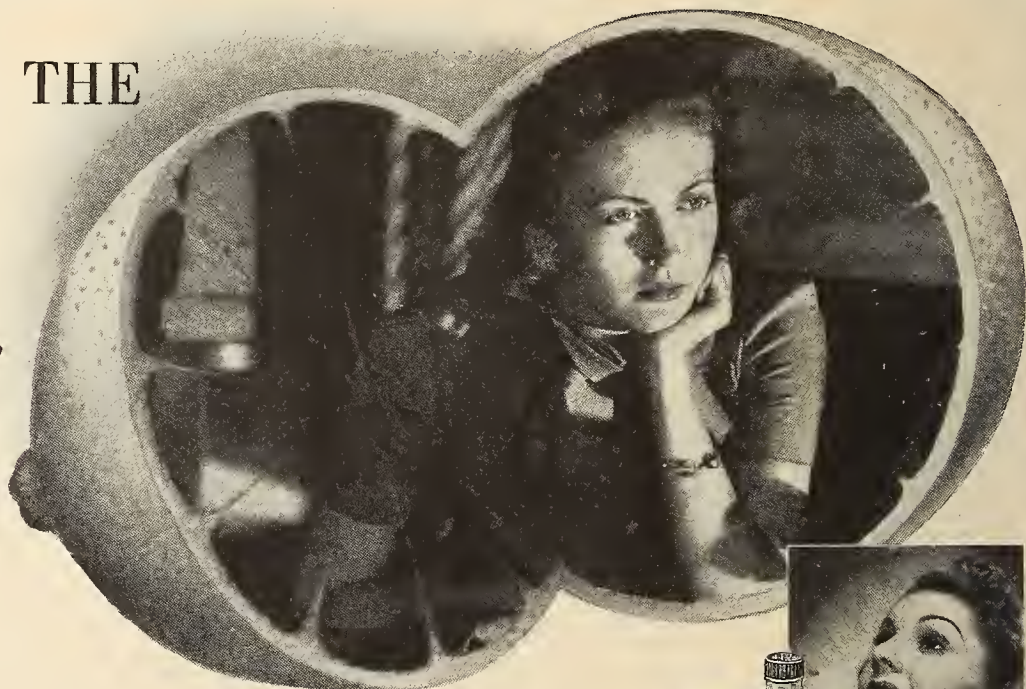
The script is better than ever, and the inside views of Hollywood studio life will be a further attraction. The cast are up to their usual satisfactory standards. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair.—20th Century-Fox.

★★★ Charlie Chan in Reno

Suave Mr. Chan here gets thrown into the midst of Reno-vated ladies and suspected murderers. It's the most serious

"I WAS A LEMON IN THE

Garden of Love..."



"For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

"While other girls, no more attractive than I, were invited everywhere, I sat home alone.

"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

"Why did they grow indifferent to me so quickly? What was my trouble?

"A chance remark showed me the humiliating truth. My own worst

enemy was my breath. The very thing I hated in others, I myself was guilty of.

"From the day I started using Listerine Antiseptic*. . . things took a decided turn for the better.

"I began to see people . . . go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest has asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint

for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."

* Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of mouth odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable. Use it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



situation that has been whipped up for the famous detective, but don't think for a moment that Charlie Chan is stumped. Before the final reel he has unsleuthed all the problems and even over-ridden the obstacles placed in his path by the well-meaning No. 2 son, Sen Yung. If you're a fan of the Charlie Channers, you'll find this glorified who-dun-it a real entertainment treat.

There's an unusually competent cast assembled this time. Pauline Moore does a good job of the unsavory role of suspected murderess. Phyllis Brooks and Kay Linaker give extraordinarily good accounts of themselves and Kane Richmond and Ricardo Cortez come in for good roles. Slim Summerville walks off with every scene in which he appears. He's the sheriff whose efforts to assist cause Mr. Chan more than one headache. Eddie Collins provides a good quota of laughs, too. But the laurels for acting ability go straight to Sidney Toler. If you have doubted his ability to fill the Chan slippers, see this picture. Directed by Norman Foster.—20th Century-Fox.

★★★ The Mikado

The Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, long a favorite of the stage, has been brought to the screen with great success. None of the charm of the gay comedy and lilting tunes has been lost and the result should please the most discerning Gilbert and Sullivan devotees. Kenny Baker, the only American in the cast, does very well with the role of Nanki-Poo. Youngest tenor ever to undertake the role, his voice has never been heard to better advantage, and he shows a fine appreciation of the role. John Barclay as the Mikado, Martyn Green as the Lord High Executioner, Sydney Granville as Pooh-Bah and Constance Willis as Katisha give excellent performances, while Yum-Yum is decoratively portrayed by Jean Colin. The chorus of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company is really superb.

Technicolor has never been used to such advantage as in this production. The scenes are breath-taking in their beauty, with magnificent palaces and riotously blossoming gardens for the backgrounds and lovely costuming. Directed by Victor Schertzinger.—Universal.

★★ Tarzan Finds a Son

With this new story of life in the jungle, the Tarzan stories reach the height of the series. Action shots are full of sheer beauty, color and suspense, and the plot is so plausible that old and young alike should approve.

Six-year-old John Sheffield proves himself an amazing miniature Johnny Weissmuller. He swings on grapevines, plays with ferocious animals and swims with the agility of the grown-up Tarzan. His infectious giggle is a rare delight. The story opens with this tiny athlete the sole survivor of a plane crash. Tarzan and Jane (Maureen O'Sullivan) carry the baby home and adopt him as their own. Five years later a party of searching Englishmen (Ian Hunter, Frieda Inescort, Henry Stephenson and Henry Wilcoxon) discover this blissful little home and try to break it up by taking the baby back to London with them. It takes a charging herd of elephants plus all his jungle friends to straighten things out for Tarzan.

Underwater swimming scenes are astonishingly realistic and gracefully performed by both Tarzan and his son. (Continued on page 93)

Can't anybody fall for a girl like me?



Yes, Ruth! When you learn that everyone needs MUM for popularity, charm!

WHEN men fall in love with Ruth—it's never love for keeps. She's pretty, she's smart—but it makes no difference. Men fall out of love so surely when a girl neglects to use Mum!

If Ruth only knew that just a *hint* of underarm odor is enough to ruin charm! But like many another girl she's unaware that she's offending—thinking that because she *bathes* each day she can be sure of daintiness.

Underarms must always have *special* care! A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come*.

Mum keeps underarms fresh *all day!*

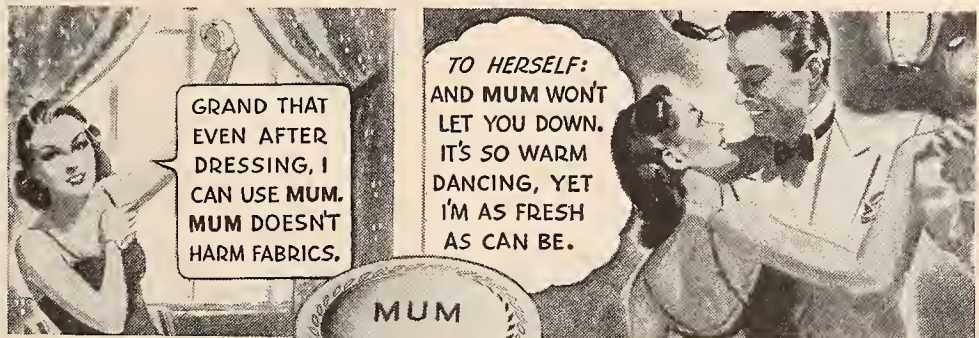
Begin with Mum today and see why more women use it than any other underarm deodorant.

USE ANY TIME! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. It's safe to use Mum *after* dressing. And even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing.

USE EVERY DAY! Mum is so quick! Yet Mum stops all underarm odor, without stopping perspiration.

MAKE CHARM SECURE! Don't take chances! Today—get Mum at any drug-gist's. Regular daily use makes you sure of charm, sure that you can't offend.

ONLY 30 SECONDS FOR MUM'S ALL-DAY PROTECTION



For Sanitary Napkins

Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



WOMEN all around you—some of them your best friends—are using Tampax regularly. Clubwomen, socialites, business women, housewives, actresses are enjoying the new freedom that goes with the use of Tampax. Over 150,000,000 have been sold in 63 countries. Don't let another month pass without discovering this modern, *civilized* sanitary protection for women!

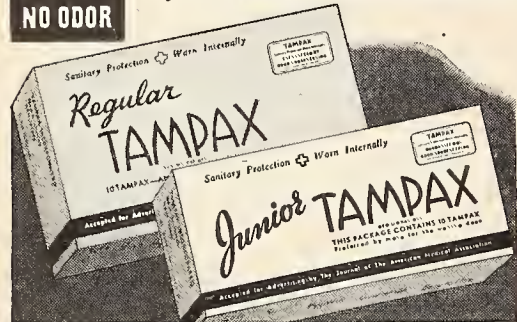
Wear sheer formals *any* day of the month; no belts or pads to "make a line," because Tampax is *worn internally*. Perfected by a doctor and made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax acts gently as an absorbent. It is very neat and efficient. The wearer is not conscious of its presence! Best of all, odor cannot form. And there is no disposal problem after use.

Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (four months' supply) will give you a money-saving up to 25%.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Tampax comes in patented individual container. Your hands never even touch the Tampax.

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New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

() REGULAR TAMPAX () JUNIOR TAMPAX

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Between



Show Stealers

(\$5.00 prize letter)

I'm becoming impatient with the expression "show stealer." Ordinarily it is applied to someone brought into a dull sequence of a picture, who, by some deft trick, speeds the tempo of the show and keeps the audience from walking out. As a rule he leaves the hard-working star struggling bravely to cover his chagrin, is boosted to stardom where he continues relying on his bag of tricks until a long-suffering public cries, "Help!"

Orchids to Geraldine Fitzgerald. She has no bag of tricks. Her work exudes artistry and intelligence of the highest order. In "Wuthering Heights" she had a role with which many actresses would have stolen the show. Though she played it flawlessly, subtly, lifting a play, which already topped the stratosphere, into the stars, her acting left no reflection upon the sincere work of Miss Oberon or Mr. Olivier.

In "Dark Victory" she gave Miss Davis rhythmic cooperation toward the greatest performance that lady has ever done, and left us all wondering if life couldn't be much different with such a friend as Geraldine portrayed.

All filmdom will do well to study Geraldine. Quietly and intelligently she casts aside the opportunity to grab off laurels for herself to work toward the perfection of the play.—Mrs. D. Benton, Rochester, Minn.



Glamor

(\$2.00 prize letter)

A few years ago, Hollywood added a new word to its vocabulary—"glamor." It is such an all-encompassing word that it is now used to describe nearly every star. It has become so trite that its original significance has been lost and its only connotation to Hollywood is sex appeal.

I think it might be well to remember the true meaning of the word "glamor" and to apply it only to those who truly possess this elusive quality. The dictionary definition is "a charm on the eyes, fascination, witchery." It is more subtle than sex appeal; it can be truly applied only to those stars who give such excellent and inspired performances that we are carried above and beyond ourselves into a magic realm of the imagination. A star need not be physically beautiful to be glamorous—the creation of a mood is much more important.

Obviously physical beauty does not constitute authentic glamor, for there are many so-called glamorous players who are merely insipidly beautiful and never advance beyond featured roles in inferior B productions because they lack ability.

Stop dubbing everyone "glamorous," Hollywood, and the word will once again assume significance. As it stands now, all it means to us is that a new personality is being given a trite build-up.—Shirley Campbell, Crescent City, Cal.



Young Mr. Lincoln

(\$2.00 prize poem)

Upon the screen he lived for us once more,
More human and more real than ere before.
And as we watched, we felt that quiet power
That made men chose him in their darkest hour
To guide them safely on their dangerous way,
To lead them through the darkness into day.

Here Lincoln ceased to be a man apart,
Became a neighbor with a kindly heart,
A trusted friend whom everybody knew.
And we who watched became his neighbors, too.

Thanks, Henry Fonda, for the best portrayal yet,
A Lincoln that we never shall forget.

—L. P. Roberts, Salt Lake City, Utah



Bobby Breen

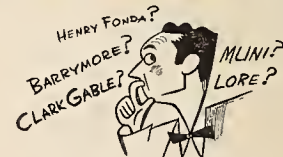
(\$1.00 prize letter)

What's all this about Bobby Breen? Slams to the right of him; slams to the left of him! It seems that Master Breen, through no fault of his own, is being made the target of movie columnists. Such publicity is ruining the future of a very promising singer.

Who says he is a "sissy?" Just because he has the fortune to possess a shy smile, and a refined sweet face is surely no reason why he will not eventually outgrow these "handicaps."

Has no one noticed the marked improvement in his voice? Surely a child with his talents cannot be overlooked just because he doesn't happen to possess a "Dead End" personality.

I say let's have more pictures starring Bobby Breen and his golden voice!—Pat Mahoney, St. Petersburg, Florida.



Who Was It?

(\$1.00 prize letter)

We who find it impossible to keep unscrambled in our minds the names of a

You 'n' Me

Lucky fans win cash prizes every month! Write us your frank opinions

dozen or more characters and the actors who portray them plead for programs which would give us some real information instead of merely an explosion of adjectives about next week's bill.

Only too often an outstanding performance is turned in by an actor who must forever remain anonymous to us, because we were unable to memorize the entire cast of characters, or, if the cast was flashed in at the end of the film, it was snatched away before we found the name we wanted.

To those few motion picture theatres where our kind of program is distributed, much thanks. To those who don't have them—why not? You might at least post a list in the lobby to enable us to find out whom to thank for a job well done.

—A. Wynne, South Orange, N. J.



Donald Meek

(\$1.00 prize letter)

To me, Donald Meek is one of the finest comedians on the screen. No matter how small and unimportant his part happens to be, he always makes me laugh long and heartily. Maybe the rea-

son I feel this way about him is that in him I see someone with my own shy, retiring, and easily flustered personality.

His part of the shy bookkeeper in "You Can't Take It With You" was, to me, the most perfect part he's ever had. I hope he gets some more good roles such as this one. There must be many more moviegoers who feel the same way as I do, so let us see more of a great comedian.—G. H. Williams, Morristown, Tenn.



A Texan Speaks

(\$1.00 prize letter)

You know, we down here in the Lone Star state are pretty proud of our colors and our tradition. In the recent Errol Flynn success, "Dodge City," we got a great deal of pleasure out of the scenes in the Gay Lady saloon and that swell crack about the Texas boys in the Civil War. We don't especially like to have the Texas boy and girl in your films always a hillbilly!

After all we are comparatively a new state, but we are intelligent, broad-minded people. And all of us don't chase

cows down the main thoroughfare. We like real, honest-to-goodness pictures, comedy mixed with drama, and in "Dodge City" we got just that. We found in Errol Flynn, the fighting Irishman, a real he-man and we almost feel like adopting him here in Texas, as one of us. We found Olivia de Havilland portraying a fine upstanding Texas girl, and we were proud of her.

From this letter you would think the whole picture was about Texas, but we appreciated our small part in it.—Hazel Linder, Houston, Texas. (Cont'd on p. 96)

WRITE A LETTER— WIN A PRIZE

This is an open forum, written by the fans and for them. Make your letter or poem brief. Remember, too, that your contributions must be original. Copying or adapting letters or poems from those already published constitutes plagiarism and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Following are the prizes awarded each month for the best letters: 1st prize, \$5; two second prizes of \$2 each; six prizes of \$1 each. Address: Between You 'n' Me, 149 Madison Ave., New York, New York.

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Rose Dawn and Rose Brunette—in lovely blush tones. Perfect for the lighter make-up. Ideal with romantic evening frocks.

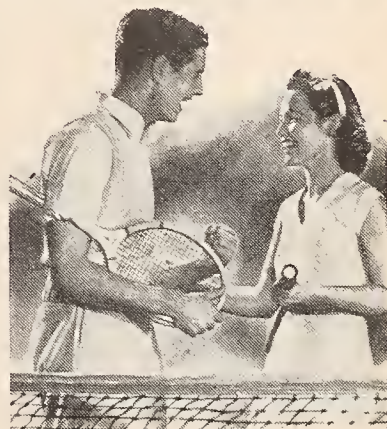
ROSE DAWN—brings a delicate glow to fair skin.

ROSE BRUNETTE—a richer tone (for blondes and brunettes).

• Fashion's newest plot—to make you as charmingly feminine as an old-fashioned corsage. Veiled bonnets, tiny waists, lighter make-up—all are in the conspiracy! And now Pond's enters the plot with four softly flattering powder shades:

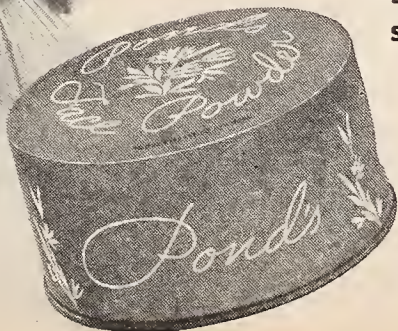
—for DAYTIME FUN
with your new
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Don't let a dark, brazen tan spoil your soft "prettiness"—keep your tan light and feminine, too! And flatter it with Pond's Sunlight Shades. Not the



heavy "sun-tan" shades, they're luminous, more becoming with the new "subtle-tan."

SUNLIGHT (LIGHT)—for the creamy tan of a blonde skin.
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Try them today. 10¢, 20¢, 55¢. Or send for free samples of all four Summer Shades. Pond's, Dept. 9 MS-PJ, Clinton, Conn.

"Africa holds a hundred nameless dangers! Fever... heat... cannibals... jungle...!"

"Darling, I beg you... make Stanley turn back... before it's too late!"

"Death shall not seal the secrets Livingstone knows! We go on until we find him!"

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" The famous words of Stanley... an unforgettable thrill!



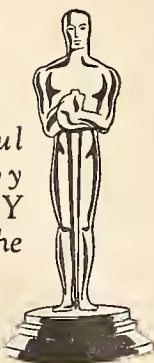
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STANLEY *and* LIVINGSTONE

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Another masterful performance by SPENCER TRACY... twice winner of the Academy Award!



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Walter Brennan • Charles Coburn • Sir Cedric Hardwicke • Henry Hull • Henry Travers

Directed by Henry King

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THE GREATEST ADVENTURE KNOWN TO MAN!



DOROTHY LAMOUR



JEFFREY LYNN



DEANNA DURBIN

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH

Is it true that her marriage to Clark Gable is responsible for Carole's re-

THERE ARE persons in Hollywood who are sore at Lombard. She doesn't care, however, because she probably doesn't know of her misfortune. If she did, she would doubtless do something about it, because Carole is too good a business woman to wilfully make anyone sore at her and too warm-hearted to deliberately give offense to anyone. It never pays to make enemies. Least of all in Hollywood where that little, old office boy you've heard about today may be a producer tomorrow. Lombard knows all this. Yet she is making folks mad. What's the matter with Lombard? That's what Hollywood is asking.

Carole has long been a particular pet of the boys and girls who write stories about the stars, because she was always cooperative, because she always gave swell, honest copy, told the truth and didn't blue-pencil every word she spoke that was more pithy than a nursery rhyme. Lately all is changed. There is, these days, an un-Lombardian evasiveness, a disregard of matters she once attended to richly and generously.

Perhaps, you may say, Lombard has been shy of people, of the Press,

because she has not wanted to discuss her recent marriage with Gable. But that is no good, for Carole has gone out socially, and has given interviews since the beginning of her romance with Gable.

In my effort to diagnose the case of Carole I've talked to her best friends. I've talked to Fieldsie, now Mrs. Walter Lang. And Fieldsie, as every Lombard fan knows, is Carole's most intimate friend. Carole and Fieldsie were Sennett girls together, sharing the same custard pie, driving to and from the studio in Fieldsie's car so that they could pool the expense of gasoline. Later, they shared a house together, and Fieldsie acted as Carole's business manager. And so, from Fieldsie and one or two other old pals, I garnered the material I needed to answer the question, "What is the matter with Lombard?" Out of it all, came these pertinent facts—and they are facts:

In the first place, Carole, so her friends believe, is being badly advised of late concerning her relations with Press and Public. They say that she is being counseled to be difficult, aloof, hard-to-get; advice which

neither fits nor becomes the good fellow who is Lombard. But if she hearkens to this counsel, one might say, isn't she of the same stripe herself? The truth of the matter is, she doesn't hear it. Not properly. Not so she makes sense of it.

Carole doesn't rightly pay heed to what is said to her. Not unless she is backed up against a wall and told about appointments in good trenchant words of one syllable. She doesn't heed because she hears so much all the time, so many demands—requests buzz around her until there is confusion in her head. Fieldsie told me that, after being away from Carole and the studio for some months, she went back one day and wondered how she had ever kept her reason in the mêlée which is Lombard's life.

She said, "It's a wonder people didn't hate both of us, Carole and me. You get so lost in that world of too much to do." Phones ringing incessantly. Agents calling. Conferences. Telegrams. Fittings. Noise. So that, when someone says to Carole, "Will you come to my baby shower next Tuesday?" or "Will you give me an interview next Friday?" her natural

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable snapped at Cafe Lamaze on one of their very rare night club appearances.

Carole goes dramatic again in "The Kind Men Marry," with Cary Grant. Few people realize how seriously she takes her work.




LOMBARD ?

cent unprecedented behavior?

and impulsive generosity of spirit says, "Yes, sure." Her necessarily limited number of hours and powers of attention fail to make note of the promises and they are lost in the mad shuffle of stardom's demands. And we find ourselves asking, "What's the matter with Lombard?"

Fieldsie told me that when she was with Carole constantly, she would cut through the mesh of people, tell Carole that she had made such and such appointments for today and that they must be kept. And when Carole would say, dazedly, "Tomorrow, I'll do them tomorrow," Fieldsie would say, firmly, "No, not tomorrow—today." And Carole, her attention thus riveted, would answer good naturedly, "Okay, let's go." Now Fieldsie is no longer with Carole. Now Carole's advisers do not pin her down to her promises, but feed her natural non-chalance by telling her to "forget 'em." This is one of the answers.

For another thing, Lombard is the busiest little woman in all Hollywood. She always has seven times more places to go and things to do than there are hours on the clock. It's simple (Continued on page 83)



When Carole goes hunting with Clark, she is no delicate doll leaning on Gable's broad shoulder. Not if he knows it!

BY

GLADYS HALL



Did you know that James Cagney was once a Broadway hooper? Right, Jane Bryan and Jimmy in "Each Dawn I Die."

After reading this story, you'll understand how Cagney is able to get right inside the innards of the characters he portrays on the screen.



BY

NANETTE KUTNER

I WAS AFRAID to meet him. For years now he has been my favorite actor. He is the only one who can draw me into a movie theatre, and there was a shameless evening when he drew me into two theatres and I saw one Cagney picture right on top of another. So I was scared to meet him. Stars can be disillusioning—and don't I know it. I didn't want Jimmy to be.

I could remember a lot, too. I could remember a play he was in, a play nobody ever remembers, before "Penny Arcade" which brought him to the screen. It was written by George Kelly, was called "Maggie, the Magnificent," ran only six weeks and, according to Broadway, was a flop. But I can remember James Cagney. He had a small part, that of a soda water jerker. He stood out like a house afire. So did the little girl who played his wife. Her name was Joan Blondell.

I could remember more—a dancing studio called Michael's. It was a place where you paid a dollar, then they let you practice there for the whole day. And a dance-crazed friend of mine told me about the young man. She said he worked in a special roped-off corner. Here he sold interviews for ten dollars per. To jack up trade, Michael had printed a pamphlet which was mailed around and pinned up against the wall. It said in no uncertain terms, "Buck Dancing Taught by the Competent Mr. Cagney." I never forgot that. Neither did my friend—she says he still owes her half a routine.



"THE COMPETENT MR. CAGNEY"

is the modest and unassuming way

Jimmy once billed himself

There were other things. Eddie Cantor's daughters who had, all five of them, a crush on him, and the night James Cagney dined there, Marilyn Cantor's saving the glass out of which he drank.

And The New York Critics who gave him their 1938 award for his performance in "Angels With Dirty Faces," but who didn't hand him the majority of votes on their first round, nor even on their second. It was only after he had won that they analyzed why it had taken such a long time. Then Frank Nugent of the New York Times wrote that it was because we have learned to accept Cagney's excellent performances as a matter of course, they are always so competent. This was the gist of Mr. Nugent's praise. I do know he used the word "competent," for that's what struck me and threw my thoughts back to Michael's pamphlet. More than ever I wanted to meet "the competent Mr. Cagney."

But I was still afraid. Suppose, like Fred Astaire, who once denied, in the face of newspaper and magazine records, that he had ever worked hard during his childhood, that Mr. Cagney should deny his dancing studio days.

Or suppose he was intelligent like some actors are intelligent, ostentatiously so, with a flow of English accented words and an array of uncut books. Or suppose his social conscience aped the one belonging to that star, who, recently, with his left hand and much publicity, placed his name on a petition in behalf of a labor cause while, using his right hand, he contracted to build a house employing only non-union labor. Suppose, in short, our Mr. Cagney was a phony!

Then I met him. He wore a grey suit and a plaid necktie. He was shorter than I thought he would be, his features finer and his hair more gold than red.

The big surprise is his voice. For his voice is very soft, his words well chosen. And while he speaks, he leans his mouth against the side of one hand, the way Sinclair Lewis does. This gesture keeps his face half hidden, makes it difficult to hear that low voice talking so quietly behind the hand. "I'm a mumbler," he said.

And when I asked what he did in the home he had up at Martha's Vineyard, he said, "I'm a putterer." Mumbler, putterer, he told me a little about the life there and of the local paper that they rushed to read every week "as if our lives depended upon it."

Now he is building in Beverly Hills. The house is off the road and difficult to see. "Six rooms," he says, "and not a room more." In the emphatic way he says this, there is a world of meaning. You know then that, liberal as he must be with relatives, dependents and general hangers-on, without whom a star doesn't seem complete, that this home—no matter what—will be solely his and his wife's. They've planned it that way.

You know also that he has been married long and permanently according to the world's, and not Hollywood's, standards. "We were in vaudeville together." He pronounces it like that.

In view of the lengthy marriage and the new house I asked a personal question. "How is it you never adopted any children?"

"We've talked about it often," he admitted. "We were only talking about it last night. But," and he shrugged his shoulders, "I haven't the nerve."

"You mean you're afraid about the way they'd turn out?"

"No, about the way I'll turn out. Suppose I failed them. What right have I to take a kid, how do I know what's going to happen to me? It wouldn't be fair to the kid. It's too great a responsibility." There came the good old Cagney shrug again.

I THINK, inside, he is still the rebel. But I think he has learned to take Hollywood in his stride. It's a living and a good one and that's that. And he must get a lot of laughs about it. For if there's one thing that James Cagney isn't, it's pretentious. He can't stand affectations of any kind.

There was the day some association, unasked, sent Mrs. Cagney a copy of her family tree and informed her she was a D. A. R. "I'm a D. A. R.," she told Cagney.

So he saluted her. He stood right up and saluted and whenever she walked into the room he saluted. For a time there at parties he'd take people aside and point at her as he loudly whispered in a mock awestruck voice, "S-sh, look, she's a D. A. R." He says Mrs. Cagney took it beautifully. He grins, "I guess she had to. I'm second generation I don't know what."

Then he said he liked the interview. "It's conversation, that's the way interviews should be." And he ordered sandwiches and beer.

We were in his dressing-room on the studio lot. I admired the dark woodwork, the general decorations. "Dick Powell must have had it done. This was his. I had the ice house. No kidding, a dressing-room like a skating rink in winter, hottest place around in the summer. So when Dick left, I just moved right in." He winked, the Cagney wink that goes with the shrug and the grin.

The waiter came, bringing the beer and the sandwiches. As he cleared the table he brushed off a pamphlet. Author John Steinbeck's name was on the cover. It was a pamphlet soliciting help for the jobless dust bowl outcasts, for the underpaid Imperial Valley workers.

With reverence Cagney talked about Steinbeck. "I met him. He's a quiet man, calm. He speaks softly yet his words have a kind of meter. And underneath the calm, the quiet and the words, you feel (Continued on page 70)



Ginger

GOES IT ALONE

Without benefit of Fred Astaire's agile support, la Rogers steps out

BY JAMES REID

Fred and Ginger were one of the most successful cinematic teams.

David Niven is Ginger's very able acting partner in "Bachelor Mother."

GINGER ROGERS and Fred Astaire are supposed to have parted. Definitely. Didn't you read in the papers about their touching goodbye scene?

After the last take on "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," one columnist revealed that there was a little party. And "much to the surprise of everyone who knew how little love was lost between Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire during their entire co-starring career, these two exchanged beautiful gifts." Pointedly, the columnist added an insider's comment: "There is talk that this will be their last picture together, which might be the reason for the sentiment."

Fred's contract was up. The implication was that, despite the success that he had found at the studio, he was going to another, where he would have a new partner. A few days later, the news broke that he and Eleanor Powell would co-star at M-G-M in the next "Broadway Melody." Then came a rumor that he would do a picture with Zorina for Goldwyn. And, on the heels of this, came a claim by the above-mentioned columnist that RKO was desperately seeking a dancing partner for Ginger, "who is left completely in the cold since Fred Astaire left."

Meanwhile, "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" was released and hailed as the best thing that Astaire and Rogers had ever done. But nobody intimated that one explanation for the picture's excellence was that, in it, Fred and Ginger hit a new high

in smooth team work. Nobody considered the possibility that they might want to do another together. Everybody assumed that they were through with each other for keeps.

Everybody, that is, except those who knew Ginger and Fred. They both wanted to find out what they could do separately, sure. But that didn't mean that they had vowed never to work together again. That just didn't make sense. They were too successful as a team. And those insinuations that Ginger had become "hard to get along with" didn't make sense, either—unless she had changed drastically overnight.

Something that did make sense was a check into all the rumors. And the most logical place to check was the set of "Bachelor Mother," Ginger's new picture, in which David Niven is her surprise co-star.

As I started in the door of Stage 3, I had to step aside for two men coming out. One of the two was a well-known dancer. His name is Fred Astaire.

I told Ginger of the encounter. Thrusting my tongue in my starboard cheek, I added, "Of course, there can be only one explanation for Fred's being on *your* set. The two of you found you couldn't stop feuding on a moment's notice. You had to sort of taper off."

Ginger grimaced comically. "Reporters are always so understanding," she said. More seriously, I asked her how Fred did happen to be on the set.

"I'm afraid that, contrary to rumors, he was just being sociable," she said. "He happened to be on the lot today,

so he came out to say 'Hello' to me."

But how did he happen to be on the lot, when his contract was up?

"Confidentially," she said with a smile, "he and RKO *may* be talking over the possibility of his doing a picture a year here."

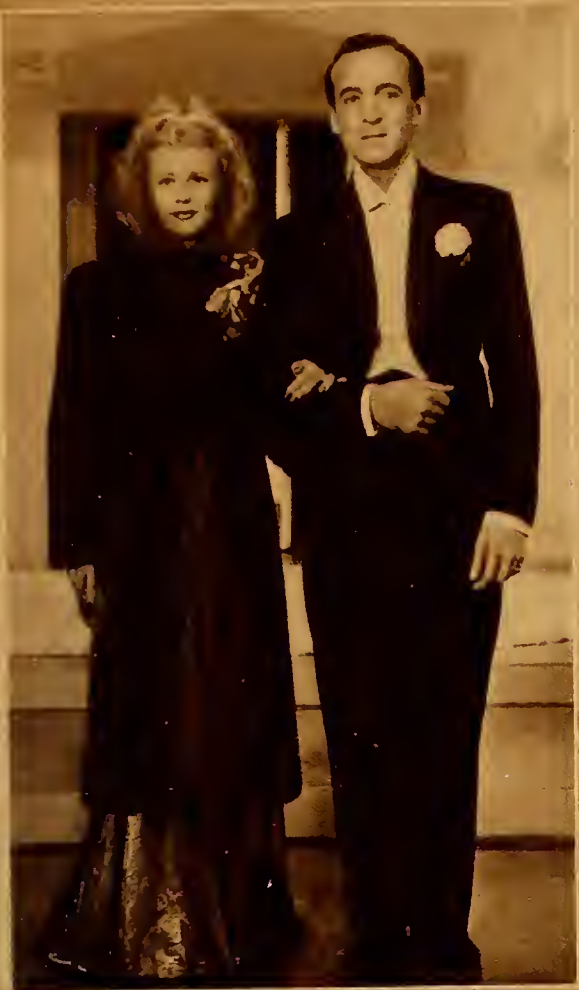
Then she and Fred haven't handed down any ultimatums to the effect that they never will agree to being starred together again?

"Nary an ultimatum." She shook her head. "The little matter of whether or not we make any more pictures together is completely out of our hands. It's in the lap of the gods."

BUT WHAT about that farewell party, and those goodbye gifts?

"We never had such a party. We never exchanged goodbye gifts. From start to finish, that story was dreamed up. Why? I don't know. Why should a simple desire to find out what we can do separately, before people get so tired of seeing us together that they won't want to see us in any form, be interpreted as proof of a bitter feud? There has never been a feud. And we haven't broken with each other now. You, yourself, just saw Fred here. That ought to prove something or other."

"People seem to have the suspicion that, from the beginning, Fred and I have resented sharing fame. On the contrary, we've been grateful to each other for having such fame to share. It was team work that brought us both movie stardom. And it was team work—mental, as well as dancing harmony—that helped us both hold onto stardom after we reached it."



"But do you know how long Fred and I have been partners? Since the release of 'Flying Down to Rio' in 1933. There's a saying that the career life of a star is five years, that his or her popularity wears out in that length of time. Fred and I have been seen as a team more than five years. Can you blame us for feeling we'd be tempting the Fates, if we continued being seen only as a team? Can you blame us for trying to lengthen our career lives by doing entirely different things with entirely different people? Bitterness doesn't enter into it. It's all a matter of plain common sense."

It isn't true that her studio is frantically looking for a new dancing partner for our Miss Rogers. David Niven, who is strictly non-professional, is an adequate partner for such dancing as the script of "Bachelor Mother" requires her to do. A turn or two around a crowded night club floor, and a jitterbug jam session. The picture isn't a musical. It is a light comedy in the mood of "Vivacious Lady," except that this time Ginger plays a working girl, not a show girl. Next she will do "Fifth Avenue Girl," which is a comedy-drama and calls for no spectacular dancing. What she will do after that, she doesn't know.

Talking with Ginger, you get the definite impression that she doesn't anticipate doing musicals without Fred. She told me, "I don't want to do solo dancing. I'm not a solo dancer. And I'd just as soon not do any dancing for a while. After all the years of hoofing—five as a star, and five before that—I'd like a rest. Don't get me wrong. I still love to dance. But I'm fed up with working at it."

What she wants to work at, from here on, is acting. (Continued on page 80)

So seldom does Ginger appear socially that now she's spoken of as Rogers, the Recluse.





LOVE AT FIRST SLIGHT!

BY
KATHARINE
FRINGS

To most gals, Wayne Morris is glamorous romance personified, but to a certain Bubbles Schinasi, he was—well, let her tell you all about it herself!

IN JANUARY eighth last, Wayne Morris up and married Bubbles Schinasi, nineteen-year-old tobacco heiress, and plenty of girls throughout the world chewed their fingernails and wondered why they could never have a break like that. Just imagine! Seeing a movie hero first on the screen, falling in love with him as you watched him, then actually meeting him and finally marrying him! That, they felt, was surely what had happened with Bubbles and Wayne, and how glorious! What a dream come true!

As a matter of fact the story is far more interesting than even the ro-

mantic dreamers imagined it to be. It has taken us a good many months to catch up with the couple and to get the story in its entirety, but now that we have it, we find that it has quite an unusual twist to it. Bubbles Schinasi married a movie star, yes, but not because he was a movie star. Rather, she fell in love with him in spite of it! You can't believe that? Well, listen. . . .

Bubbles was one of those elite young ladies who looked upon movie stars not with scorn, but, even worse, with indifference. A New Yorker through and through, she had lived all her life among people who knew only one entertainment love, the theatre. Seldom did her crowd go to the

movies and when they did, the picture had to be good—or else. Or else they walked out on it.

On a certain Saturday afternoon some ten or eleven months ago, this particular young lady, having nothing better to do, dropped in at a movie house and found herself viewing "The Valley of the Giants," starring one Wayne Morris. She had seen him once before in "Kid Galahad" and she had liked that picture well enough, but she found her interest lagging in this present one. City born and bred, and having little contact with the great outdoors, she lacked even a desire for such contact. Give her the roaring L's on Third Avenue any time. God's Great Country—bah!

She married Wayne Morris, not because he's a star, but in spite of it

She liked the city sidewalk far better! After half an hour or so, finding herself bored, she picked up her Hershey and left. Ho-hum! So what? Another quarter wasted.

How could she know that the star on whom she was walking out was destined, within a few months, to be her husband! Fiction? No, it's fact, and here is the way it happened:

Returning home that same afternoon she found a message on the telephone pad: "Mr. Wayne Morris called and asks for you to please call him back at the Strand Theatre."

"How come?" Bubbles asked of her mother, the society-famous Ruby Schinasi. "Isn't that the movie fellow? I think that's the name of the boy I just saw in a picture."

"Yes, he's a friend of Minna Wallis', in Hollywood. She wrote me that she was going to tell him to look you up when he came here for personal appearances. Well, why don't you call him back?"

"Why should I? What do I want with meeting a movie punk like that?"

"Now, Bubbles, don't be difficult. Besides, you never know to whom he may introduce you!"

It was the thing which all mothers say to all daughters, when daughter hangs back and says she's not inter-

ested. This mother was particularly worried because Bubbles had always been so indifferent about making friends and entering the social whirl. She talked of a career. Someday she was going to write the Great American Novel, and in the meantime she had found herself a job reading scripts for a New York play producer.

But, to keep peace in the family, Bubbles finally did return Wayne's call. She was much relieved to find that he was not there. Well, anyway, she had done the polite thing out of deference to Miss Wallis, who was a Hollywood agent and one of her mother's friends. From then on she could forget about it. Which she did.

That was during Wayne's first trip to New York. He stayed only a short time, was called back to Hollywood sooner than he expected, and so had no opportunity of calling Bubbles a second time. But a few months later he was again due in New York. About that time Miss Wallis also appeared on the New York scene, and Mrs. Schinasi was inspired to give a party in her honor. When she asked Minna whom she'd like to have with them—they'd probably go to the Persian Room and later to El Morocco—she remembered her first fruitless attempt to get Bubbles and Wayne together,

and suggested that this might be an even better opportunity. Wayne was to arrive in town Saturday. Miss Wallis suggested that they pick him up at his hotel Saturday evening, about nine-thirty.

It was strange how close they came to missing each other this second time. When Miss Wallis phoned Wayne shortly after he arrived, he tried to get out of it. "I'm tired, and besides my baggage hasn't come from the station and I only have the one suit I have on. And I've been traveling in that for days! I'm afraid—"

"That's no excuse. You can send the suit out to be pressed. There's time enough before nine-thirty. Now don't fail me."

BUT IT appears that there wasn't time enough, because when they knocked at his door that evening, Wayne, who was still waiting for his suit, presumed that it was the tailor and called out, "Come in." They found him standing in the middle of the room, in just his shirt and shorts.

You might expect that there was pandemonium. Bubbles, until this moment, had been dreading the evening. She still had no desire to meet a movie punk, and was hoping that his train might be delayed or something. As she entered the door she wore that pained expression which plainly said, "I'm only here because I was forced into it." Then suddenly she saw a six-foot-two hulk of undressed man in front of her, and immediately it flashed through her mind that of course he would scream and run for cover. That's what any movie star would do; they all thought so much of their vanity. How he would suffer, because he knew that he looked ridiculous!

But much to her surprise Wayne acted as though he were wearing white tie and tails. He may have blushed a little, but his manners denied any confusion. He came forward pleasantly, greeted them, asked them to sit down and make themselves comfortable, and then sedately excused himself. Nonchalant as anything!

It was unbelievable. He hadn't been at all coy. He had treated the awkward moment as a real gentleman would. He had erased their own momentary confusion, had made them feel at ease, by seeming so much at ease himself.

By the time they reached the Persian Room, Bubbles told herself that he wasn't half bad, but she also told herself that she'd be darned if she'd admit it. In recalling that first dance they had together, Bubbles says that the conversation they had went something like this:

"We dance rather well together, don't we?" suggested Wayne.

"Do we? I hadn't particularly noticed." Pause.

"I'll bet you have never seen me in pictures." (Continued on page 78)



And then they were married and Bubbles Schinasi, nineteen-year-old tobacco heiress, became a movie-hero's wife.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON A

Here's an intimate close-up of a dignified damsel who really does not

IRENE DUNNE is celebrating an event this month—a major event. It doesn't concern her career or her future or even herself. Far more important than all that, she feels. It does concern her little adopted daughter. It is to be the youngster's first party. And so, it is as significant to Irene as preparing for a new picture, which to Irene is pretty significant. Yes, little Mary Frances is her very first and foremost consideration.

Why, in the first place, did Irene Dunne adopt a child? Was there an aching void in her heart? Was she lonely? Were her ears strained to hear the patter of little feet? I'm afraid not. I wish it had been so. It would have made such deliciously heart-throbby copy. But no, you can't possibly induce Irene to be sentimental, misty-eyed or even a touch moony over the adoption of small, rosy blond Mary Frances. You can't even beguile her into being very serious about it. Whenever she talks, or has talked about the baby it has been matter-of-factly, happily, in the light vein, which is so sensible.

There was not, she asserts, an aching void in her heart. How could there be, come to think of it? She makes one picture after another and so there is no time for aching voids. Studios are champng the ground waiting to turn their lights on her. Her arms are, constantly, full of scripts, songs to learn, costumes, make-up boxes. She goes from musical comedy to comedy drama, to straight drama. She is a hard worker, not a casual, spontaneous one. Which means that she prepares for production carefully and conscientiously.

She is in process of furnishing her lovely, pale brick Georgian house in the Holmby Hills. It is a full-time job, building and furnishing a home. It is only one of Irene's jobs. No, no time for aching voids and arms conscious of loneliness. She gardens. She showed me, proudly, her rows of curtsying tulips, her beds of stock and snapdragons. She studies voice and practises faithfully. She plays tennis. She plays golf. She recently made a hole-in-one at Del Monte.

She swims. She sews. She dances. She plays the violin. She speaks French and German and some Italian. She plans her own menus. She is interested in astronomy. She reads everything worth reading. She "keeps up" on affairs national and international. And she doesn't "smatter" anything. Whatever Irene does, she does thoroughly. No, there couldn't be an aching void in her life.

SO, WHY did she adopt a baby? How come she felt the need of one?

I asked her one twilight recently, as we sat in the wood-panelled, book-lined, austere lovely library of her new home. Irene and the Doctor had been playing golf. Upstairs we could hear echoes of the march of tramping feet. A merry march. And we smiled to hear a masculine voice booming loudly, "Mary-had-a-little-lamb—it's fleece-was-white-as-snow—" Dr. Griffin was indulging in his bedtime romp with his little daughter.

"Do I," laughed Irene, "have to tell you why we adopted her, when you hear that?"

She didn't, really. But she did realize, Irene told me, that the years are

so long, that there may be so many years after the lights of the picture business dim for her, changeable as it is. She did realize that the day inevitably comes when a movie star is a movie star no longer, but only a "remembrance of things passed." There comes the day when phones cease ringing constantly, when there are no more conferences and new contracts to sign and interviews and photographic sittings and impatient producers. The Younger Generation knocks upon the door of a movie star, even as upon the door of Ibsen's heroine. She was aware, she said, that there is no more forlorn spectacle than that of a has-been star whose date pad shows spaces, whose life, long geared to a fast and furious tempo, drops into chill, still waters. Empty hands, empty heart, empty days—a sad existence.

Irene adopted her baby as insurance against the future. She adopted her "against a rainy day." Against the day when she, as all of us, must pass on her interests, her activities, her accumulated treasures of experience, the savour she has stored away. And her chief reason for being so very particular about the baby she adopted, her reason for checking the baby's background so carefully and thoroughly, was so she could be reasonably assured that the child's heredity would fit her for appreciation of the things Irene and the Doctor can give her. She wanted to be as sure as is ever possible that the tiny girl would grow up with the ability to care for music and art and literature, for travel, for the richness of life and living which Irene and the Doctor have



Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in "The Modern Cinderella."



Irene and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, right, en route to church.

STAR

want to be regal

worked all of their lives to make possible.

Irene even took a girl, when she originally wanted a boy, because she was able to find just the right little girl and could not seem to find just the right little boy. She and the Doctor fine-combed all of the "cradles" and institutions in the country searching for their baby. And, at last, their baby was found for them by a noted obstetrician, a good friend of Doctor Griffin's. And once she was found, Irene went daily to play with her, to make sure that this baby and none other would grow into her heart.

"Perhaps, too," Irene told me, "I took the baby because I was influenced, however subconsciously, by the soundness and substantiality which has come to Hollywood. I can remember the time when picture people lived in rented Beverly Hills mansions, with swimming pools. A baby was almost enough of a novelty to be on exhibition. Futures were never reckoned with. The prodigal Present was all. Now all that is changed. The picture people no longer live in rented houses. They build their own homes on their own land. Many of them are moving out to the San (Continued on page 70)

Nothing ever came easy to Irene Dunne. She labored for everything she has. And so, she has learned not to be careless or casual about anything.

BY CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT



Harry Lillis Crosby—Bing on the billboards — and Louise Campbell in "The Star Maker."



WHAT'S

THE FINGER of accusation is being pointed at Bing Crosby, for there are people in Hollywood who say he is becoming a snob.

Do I hear derisive laughter from his devoted fans, who regard him as one of the great Commoners, one of the most human of the Troubadours of the People?

Do you think that Bing could ever forsake the broad, free, mid-lane of the Proletariat for the high road of the socially exclusive "upper crust?" Or do you?

Bing has changed, his friends say.

Some declare that way down deep inside he has gone through a slow, positive and far-reaching transformation, that he is not the come-easy-go-easy, democratic spirit that he was a few years ago, when the most serious thing he seemed to have on his mind was the song in his heart.

Some conclude that maybe it's the racing game or the swank, "horsey" social set that he's been knocking around with the past couple of seasons that have effected the change. They think he has stepped out of his natural environment, that owning a string of horses, following the ponies with largesse, still belongs strictly in the class of hobby for the "millionaire blue blood registerite."

Occasionally, too, one hears criticism of Bing's extreme patronage, his back-slapping of some of the world's foremost concert and opera artists who appear on his radio program.

This has been interpreted as reflecting a tremendous awareness on his part of his stellar position—a complete self-confidence—a "take it or leave it" attitude which springs from supreme self-assurance. Another form of snobbery.

With the racing has come also, it is contended, a disposition on Bing's part to hobnobbing with the fashionable moneyed and "smart" sets of San Mateo and Burlingame (pronounced Blingham!), strongholds of the ultra elite San Francisco Bay region. Whereby, presumably, he has isolated himself from the old Lakeside Golf "gang" in North Hollywood, and others of his former cronies.

In short, the accusation is that Bing has gone pretty "grand." That he, of all persons, has assumed the mantle of aloofness, which so often is disastrously worn over any long period of time in Hollywood.

Any star who reaches the success attained by Crosby—success both as an inspirer of enormous audiences

Can you believe it, they say that Crooner Crosby has gone so



Four good reasons for Bing to be conceited—Dennis, Gary, Phillip and Baby Lindsay. What a handsome group!

ALL THIS ABOUT BING ?

BY ELZA SCHALLERT

and huge financial returns—is bound to be the target for reproaches. It is the common belief that success and fame should never change the individual. Rather it is the naive hope that this may never come about. And that no matter what evolution takes place in the individual's career, he himself must remain the same. Good, bad, or indifferent—but ever constant!

Of course, change must occur. The main question is—how much?

One would have to go back quite a way, in Bing's instance, to measure any transition. A lot of people naturally like to think of the Bing Crosby in the Rhythm Boys days, when he was just one of a trio who sang with Paul Whiteman's Band. That was about twelve years ago. And it was a few seasons later that Bing and the boys appeared in a film musical with the maestro, called "King of Jazz." Shortly after that they were engaged to sing at the renowned Cocoanut Grove, which was then and still is one of the most coveted goals for entertainers with a weather eye on a film contract, and now in addition, the lucrative field of radio broadcasting.

It is from that time that Bing is so well remembered, as a simple, un-

assuming young fellow whom everyone lauded for those very qualities—a chap trying to get along and who, everyone felt, had loads of talent.

He later justified their belief in him, for it is now a matter of history that Bing emerged from the Rhythm Boys trio and became a soloist. His individual style of singing, his crooning, his glissando, his decor of whistling while putting over a song, all constituted the first big hurdle in his race for fame and fortune. From then on, an astute business management became the senior partner in his career, which grew and expanded like the banyan tree—but that probably is an oft-told story. Still, his is one of the most fascinating sagas of success ever to come out of Hollywood, where bad management so often rules and ruins careers.

Today Bing's star is in its zenith. His work and his personal life spell fulfillment in every way. He has been a builder in the truest sense. Every block in the structure of his professional career, his domestic life, has been carefully and thoughtfully laid on a sound foundation. Its strength reflects his deep sense of integration. Home, family, career. Each is protected by the other.

The roots of his career reach out in every direction. Pictures, records, radio, song publishing enterprise, real estate, a talent agency, and lately, the race track and breeding farm. The

name of Crosby represents out and out, or part ownership, in numerous business undertakings, all of which prosper well. Much of the success of these may be explained by the fact that they are run by a single organization—a family unit—the Crosbys. Bing—Everett—Larry—Mr. Crosby, Sr., the father of the three smart boys—and recently another gifted Crosby who has joined the circle and is doing right well by himself, Bob, the young orchestra leader.

Yes, as Bing contemplates his own achievements he may well and rightfully feel a certain glow of satisfaction. There is first of all the personal happiness he derives from his domestic citadel—his wife and four young sons. Then there is the welding of the family forces into a veritable little kingdom. And last, but not least, speaking of purely practical things, there are the large revenues of today and the remunerations that may be anticipated tomorrow.

Indeed, Bing's star is in its zenith—and the Moving Finger writes on. What does it matter that some Hollywoodites accuse him of getting a little smug, snobbish or "high hat?" What does it all amount to? What difference does it make?

This, I might say, is the impression I received when I talked to Crosby recently. It was a most interesting and in some ways a unique encounter during many (Continued on page 98)

grand that even his closest pals can't get him on the telephone



Spence was in movies a year before he knew he was appearing in B pictures.



Spencer Tracy and Nancy Kelly are excellent in "Stanley and Livingstone."

TELLIN' ON TRACY

or—inside stuff on an

Academy winner

AMONG THE stars and directors and producers and electricians and hot dog stand proprietors in Hollywood when you mention Spencer Tracy's name the answer is inevitably, "Oh, he's a good friend of mine." BY JULIA SHAWELL
Clark Gable, Jimmy Cagney, Bill Powell, Myrna Loy, the wardrobe woman at M-G-M and all of the rest of them say it and a glow of warmth comes into their eyes. You can wonder about that unanimity of emotion among such a varied host of the cinema city's inhabitants—until you meet Spencer Tracy and then you realize why, if this shining star were to do anything foolish, all of the others would say, "Somebody ought to tell Tracy; he's wrong this time." Because Tracy hasn't been wrong very often when it came to honest feeling and following his heart or his mind.

Not so very long ago this husky, pleasant-faced redhead, slouched at the wheel of an open car, sped through the Metro gates in Culver City and over the miles to his eight-acre farm outside Hollywood—his wide-mouthed grin telling any passing motorists, "This is a grand world." He turned in at the gates of home and, as interested wives do the world over when their mates have embarked on a new difficult venture, Mrs. Tracy was waiting for him at the door. Her talented husband whose last few years of film stardom have been filled with one successful role after another had started that day on one of the most important assignments of his movie career. At Fox, they had commenced shooting "Stanley and Livingstone."

"How did it go, Spencer?"

"Say, it was wonderful," replied the enthusiastic Spencer. "Watching those 'youngsters' work."

Patently Mrs. Tracy smiled for she admits indulgently that with all his success her husband is still Hollywood's most ardent fan about what he likes. And she knew she'd have to wait until after Spencer had expounded the talents of Richard Greene and Nancy Kelly to hear what had happened to Mr. Tracy and his efforts that day.

Finally she managed to get him round to Spencer Tracy's part and Spencer said he guessed it would be all right. Not that Mr. Tracy's remark gave any indication of the value of his role to the picture. Until after "Boys Town" was finished he was sure he was a "bust"—Tracy

whose human, sensitive, dramatic characterization of the priest in that film brought lumps into countless throats and made him the favorite cinema actor of more people than he dreams. His attitude was in keeping with the fact that when he first went to Hollywood under contract, he worked a whole year before he learned that there were Class A and Class B pictures and that he was making Class B pictures which didn't show in the important theatres and that was the reason most of his New York friends knew only vaguely that he was drawing a regular movie salary.

That vitality in every line he speaks on the screen, the amazing energy he exudes even when he's merely sitting at a desk before the cameras is no trick he turns on and off for his public. It's as much a part of the real Spencer Tracy as his incorrigible red hair through which he is always running his hands. It's evident in everything he does. It is like a strength-transmitting current emanating from him even when he's slouched in an arm chair and talking about casual things. It permeates his infectious hearty laughter. And, most of all, he has the gift for spontaneous heart-full laughter.

NOT THAT Spencer Tracy's life has been so amusing. He's had his difficult years, his disappointments—times when it looked like the hard knocks were an avalanche. He's had his personal troubles and his professional setbacks, but neither life nor what it gave him could ever stop the force that made him take everything in his stride.

Not long ago he and Mrs. Tracy made their first trip to New York in several years. Eastern film officials met the pair at Grand Central. They were rushed to a swanky Fifth Avenue hotel, but they hadn't been registered an hour when Tracy was down the elevator and rushing over to see Broadway. This was the street that had once seemed like Paradise Lane to him when he thought about it in those little hick towns where for seasons he toured in road companies and where sometimes he was stranded. It is only a five-cent subway ride from Brooklyn, but years ago it had been a million miles away from his immediate possibilities of attainment.

Tracy hadn't gone ten steps when he was discovered. Little boys followed him and fur-draped ladies turned back to watch his brisk stride (Continued on page 95)



LUCK OF THE IRISH

Geraldine must have been born holding a shamrock

BY ROBERT MCILWAINE

BELIEVE IT or not, the luck of the Irish is as fabulous as a screen star's salary and as consistent as California's climate is reputed to be. Indeed, the shamrock might as well have four leaves so faithful in favor is it to those born on its native heath. Further, if you want first hand testimony to the good fortune Erin bestows on her sons and daughters, consult Geraldine Fitzgerald, a gifted young actress who has created a great cinematic furore in three American-made movies this season—"Dark Victory," "Wuthering Heights" and "A Child Is Born."

Geraldine Fitzgerald blames her success on luck—Irish luck. Yep, since the tender age of two Geraldine's life has been just one big "if" after another—and "if" has invariably been spelled l-u-c-k! In fact, if it hadn't been for the Civil War breaking out in Dublin, Geraldine admits she might have well been another happy housewife, completely oblivious to the world of arts.

Indeed, by way of pointing this up, she explained, "When I was a very small child and we were living in Dublin, the Civil War broke out. It was pretty awful, especially at night. You could even hear scurrying footsteps on our roof. It was always the same—first the pursuit, the snipers' gun and then a body crashing to the ground. It was more horrible than you can imagine, especially to a child. Consequently, my family moved to the country, where life wasn't so hectic. But even so, it made such an impression on me that I've never forgotten. To this very day I'm literally frightened out of my wits if I'm caught in a noisy crowd.

"However, once we were firmly entrenched in peaceful surroundings I began to have a renewed interest in life. The extreme contrast of it was so great that I decided at once to become an artist. I felt I simply had to paint the marvels of nature. My parents, however, as all good Irish people, decided that I was to go into a convent—and, into one I was planked! I didn't remain as long as is customary. You see, in Ireland girls don't generally go to colleges as they do here in America. They remain in a convent until eighteen and that usually completes their education. Not so with *me*! I made such a devil of a row that I was finally taken away at the age of fourteen. I was terribly unhappy there and felt my real progress was being retarded. While I was caged up inside the con-

vent, life on the outside was eagerly waiting to applaud my artistic efforts!"

Geraldine paused to light a cigarette as she reminisced, then raised her lovely eyes and continued, "I entered Dublin Art School and studied so hard that I was completely oblivious to all glances of despair cast in my direction by instructors. However, on finishing the course I found out the worst. They informed me it would be best to discontinue studying art. In fact, if I were smart I'd find myself a husband and forget all about it! I thought this over seriously, then recalled that most great artists were beset by disappointment and struggle. There was but one thing to do, grin and bear it. So, off to London I went. The countryside of Ireland really wasn't the place for a budding young genius of the brushes. At least I should have atmosphere in which to starve for my Art!

THE NEXT few years I worked hard," Geraldine added, with a tang of old Erin in her voice. "But even so, my friend's criticism invariably followed this pattern, 'Geraldine, ole girl, as an artist you're a lousy painter.' I wasn't discouraged though. I knew that the really great are never recognized by their contemporaries. In fact, if it hadn't been for an awful storm one night I'd probably never have changed my life. During the thunder, lightning and general confusion I became frightened and then violently ill. Suddenly I *knew* I'd never be more than 'just a mediocre painter.' On the heels of this realization the idea popped into my head that if I couldn't paint pictures in oil, why not try painting word pictures?"

"Immediately next morning I packed up and left London," Geraldine confessed. And looking into her large, sincere eyes, we knew that this Irish colleen might yet be smudging paint on a canvas "if" it hadn't been for that storm. As she continued, with the toss of her head and her brow knitted in thought, we became engrossed in this tale of the birth of a star. "I went directly home and consulted my Aunt, Sheilah Richards. She looked me over and decided I *might* just be able to act. But, *never* with my present vocal equipment. You see, unfortunately I had one of those high pitched, squeaky voices. All sounds issued directly from the bridge of my nose. Aunt Sheilah, as you probably know, is a pretty well-known actress in the Abbey Theatre and consequently knows the (Continued on page 85)



This "love scene" with George Ernest in "Boy Friend" caused Miss Jane no end of trouble. Right, two inches up, ten pounds off and presto—Jane Withers has as cute a little "figger" as you could wish to see.



THE CALL OF

Spring

NO GOOD!" said the cameraman resignedly. "Her face shows up as dark as her hair. She'll just have to stop blushing before I can shoot the scene!"

A tallish, brown-haired girl, long faced without her accustomed bangs, slapped vexed arms akimbo to her newly-curved hips, bit her brand new lipstick and stamped the floor.

"Darn it!" swore Jane Withers. "I can't help it. I'm just not used to love scenes with men!"

The "man" in question was George Ernest, aged sixteen, fresh from "Jones Family" childhood to adolescence in Jane's "Boy Friend." The "love scene" called for all the white passion of a shy peck on Jane's cheek by George as he left for military school. Still a whole working day rolled by before the usual One-take Withers got her romantic moment safely in the can.

As recently as a year ago such coy capers and maidenly modesty would have drawn disgusted jeers from Ginger Jane herself. At that point Jane would and could kiss a boy, poke him in the nose, slam him in the middle or boot him in the pants—all with equal poise, polish and nonchalance.

But in the last few months strange things have been happening. The Holy Terror has been growing up. And like everything she does, Jane Withers has been growing up with all her might. The results are a little terrifying, to say the least.

On the physical side, just the last ninety days have shot Jane up over two inches and forced her little stand-in to walk around on cork stilts. Ten pounds have melted from Jane's new five foot-two inch body in judiciously feminine places. Her mother's familiar plea on the Withers set of "Jane, pull your stomach in!" echoes no more. That region, formerly just one long bulge of healthy little girl, has shifted north and south with surprising results, including a waistline.

Of course time plays no favorites in Hollywood, any more than it does anywhere else. Among the Kiddie crop, Shirley Temple's chubby legs have firmed and stretched, and her personality now has more than dimples and a curly top. But she's still darling little Shirley. Freddie Bartholomew's angular face may have shot up above his spare bones like a weed, but he's still a little British gentleman. Mickey Rooney in his late teens is no more hard-cooked, nor Deanna Durbin much more delicious than a few years back.

The transformation of Hollywood's Public Brat Number One, however, is a phenomenon so startling, devastating that it deserves a place among the major upheavals of Hollywood history. Something like Mary Pickford's original bob or the day Garbo spoke.

The stark fact is this: Tomboy Jane has become a dainty little lady. Believe it or not. There was a time, and not far gone, either, that you smiled when you said that around Jane Withers.

When I first met the Atlanta whirlwind three or four years ago, she said she wanted a machine gun. She didn't mean maybe. To prove it, she whirled about my terrified frame coughing out imaginary bullets, *à la* Little Caesar. We had a chummy afternoon, I recall, discussing things to tickle a sweet child's fancy like Chinese hatchet murders, pirates, blood vows, slot machines, crooked gambling ships, and the better methods of putting the slug on a guy.

Since then, up until "it" started happening, Jane has kept up the good work. She was generally to be found teetering along the roof of her house or shinnying up a tree ahead of desperate, panting young neighborhood males around her age. Or to pass the time she rocketed dizzily around on a gasoline scooter or crashed through a fence in a miniature racing automobile at forty miles per hour. Her good influences ran towards organizing



Tomboy Jane is past history. Meet this dainty little miss in her first evening gown—and, as with most "firsts," thereby hangs quite a tale.

the All Kids Club, a juvenile sort of *Mafia*. Next to a private menagerie of goats, snakes, squirrels, turtles, chickens and cats, the thing dearest to her heart was a collection of murderous-looking knives.

Sad to report, all that is changed. The blossoming of life's springtime in Jane's bosom has loosed the gentle arts and tender graces. Just have a look . . .

Instead of knives she collects—perfume. Instead of scaling housetops, Jane—knits. Instead of plundering her startled cook's kitchen, Jane has—breakfast in bed. Instead of galloping about bareback and cowgirl clad, Jane decorously trots her pony, in jodhpurs and perched primly on an English saddle. Instead of a kid-gang secret emblem, her prize possession is a girl scout hostess badge, won by properly serving tea. Instead of the Dick Tracy series, Jane's literary interests run to romantic love tales. Instead of blood vows, now she writes poetry. A sample of it goes like this: (Continued on page 62)

When Jane's collection of murderous knives is replaced by a table of perfume bottles—well, something is certainly up

by

KIRTLEY BASKETTE

ANN SHERIDAN



JOAN BENNETT



Hair Care

BY CAROL CARTER

Take a lesson from the stars who know the value of luxuriant, shining, seductive tresses

YES, IT has been rightly said that one of the first things a casting director looks for is healthy, shining, abundant hair and, if a potential star doesn't have it, her chances for success are considerably reduced. That is as it should be, too, for hair serves not only as a frame for a girl's face, but also as an unfailing gauge by which the world judges her health, vitality, habits — whether lively or lazy—and her pride in personal appearance.

Harsh judgment? Not at all—for

strong, shining, healthy hair can be had. Continuous, regular fundamental care is two-thirds of the secret. Which leaves just about one-third (some say less than that) to heredity, environment and other such sober-sounding influences.

That being the case, what shall we do to have shining, seductive manes like the Lamarrs and Lamours, to say nothing of the Sheridans, Bennetts, Hayworths and a few hundred other cinema sirens? Listen, then, and we'll tell you. Cleanliness and



Rita Hayworth shows you the way to a perfect shampoo. First, wet hair.



Second, pour on a good liquid soap or shampoo according to directions.

stimulation are your answers. To any head, brushing, massage, shampoos and rinses are of primary importance—and that's what we're going to talk about today.

Just one point before we start: We're taking it for granted that you understand the important effect of general health on the quality and beauty of your hair. If your system is lacking in oils, nourishment or glandular secretions, or if definite disease or disorder is present, your hair will show it like a barometer—in loss of lustre, "life" and body. Sometimes, especially where fever has been present, even grayness, baldness or an excessively dry or oily condition will result. These are special symptoms, due to unusual circumstances, and they require specialized, concentrated care.

What we're going to talk about now applies particularly to folks in more or less normal physical condition. However, everything we're going to recommend will apply—with possible modifications—to you who have special hair problems. For you these measures may need to be amended with additional, more specific treatments prescribed by your physician. But otherwise, the care of hair is universally the same.

Out of tiny pockets, known as follicles, your scalp manufactures hundreds of thousands of minute, horny shafts which we call hair. These are made of the same substance as your nails and correspond to the cuticle of

your epidermis. Some authorities say that a blonde head of hair averages about 140,000 to a scalp, black hair about 108,000 and red hair usually about 90,000.

However accurate that may be, there are a lot of hairs on any average head, and if you want to keep them there and have them serve their purposes of beauty and ornamentation, as well as of warmth and protection (that's what nature originally intended hair for), then they certainly deserve the best care you can give.

HAIR HEALTH starts at the scalp. A loose, thickly cushioned scalp is a healthy one and, given an even chance, will produce strong, luxuriant, glossy hair. A tight, thin scalp is an unhealthy one, and may even lead to baldness, unless stimulated and encouraged along the way. Normal, undamaged hair has great elasticity. A single strand, when pulled, will stretch about one half an inch. Injured, damaged, dyed, bleached or overheated hair will break when pulled the slightest bit.

The hair itself has no blood or nerve supply and cutting it will not affect its growth, straightness or curliness. Nothing you do to the hair alone will permanently affect those qualities. This should encourage you whose hair has suffered from over-bleaching, poor permanents and other abuses, for if the scalp has not been injured, you still have a chance to grow a new crop of hair. However,

the daily care you give your hair certainly will affect its vigor, sheen, beauty, abundance and, to some extent, even its color.

The old rule your grandmother preached about brushing your hair a hundred strokes every day with a long-bristled, clean brush has never been improved upon for cleaning, polishing, stimulating and exercising your hair. Fairly stiff, flexible bristles, about an inch long, make excellent brushes. Soft bristles won't grip the hair hard enough, and too harsh ones made of wire or the like will scratch your scalp and break your hair.

Brush out and upward, away from your head, turning the brush so as to pull your hair through to the very ends. This motion exercises your hair while it polishes each separate shaft. Never brush down against the scalp. Start at the hair line in front and work around the complete circle. When you've finished this, separate your hair into strands an inch or so thick and brush each strand several times on both sides. After you've brushed your entire head, finish up with another circle around the hair-line just for good measure.

And don't get the notion that all this is going to take too much of your valuable time. Is five minutes a day too much to pay for strong, lustrous, flattering hair? What the ads. say about jobs and beaux and arguments being won or lost indirectly because of poor, (Continued on page 90)



Third, work shampoo into scalp with cushions of all your fingers.



Fourth, rinse hair in warm water. Apply more soap and rinse several times.



Fifth, to bring out highlights, use a vinegar, lemon or vegetable rinse.



Sixth, with a clean turkish towel, pat and rub your hair gently and thoroughly.



Seventh, whisk hair gently up and out; using a coarse toothed comb.



Eighth, brush hair lightly up and out, using long, flexible bristles.

LUCKY LAD

BY MARTHA KERR



Charles Boyer's favorite film partner is Greta Garbo. He knows her exceedingly well.

HOLLYWOOD makes Charles Boyer happy, but not rich, he says, as he remembers the fifty percent of his salary that must go to government taxes, the ten percent his agent retains, the slice that he must cut off for the state of California and the piece that represents his French taxes.

As Boyer recalled that he hadn't saved much of his earnings last year—and that's not a pleasant thought for a careful Frenchman—he explained he could make more money working in French films abroad. But he'd rather be in Hollywood. "Of all the places in the world that might be offered me, including my own Paris, I'd take my garden California," he says. It was an amazing experience

for him this past summer when he was where people believe every Frenchman longs to be—in Paris. And while he vacationed in the capital that had brought him his first success and he renewed old associations in familiar places, this favorite of the French stage thought with longing of a garden in Hollywood. He surprised himself at the nostalgia for the Pacific that filled his thoughts in the city that had once been the grandest place in the world for him.

Boyer, who married Pat Paterson after he had lived a bachelor existence in the cinema colony for several seasons, is as charming as he is talented. He has a quiet, unassuming, pleasant manner and will talk frankly about his age or his work or his bank account or his pleasures. He's thirty-eight years old, suave without seeming sophisticated. He makes fun of his accent and bewails the terrors of conquering a new language after his thirtieth birthday. He doesn't like big parties and he's afraid of people in crowds of more than ten. He avoids mass interviews because he says they make him feel awkward and the very

Interesting
highlights on
top players

DIZZY DAMSEL

BY HUGH ROBERTS



Alice Brady can knock off a dramatic role, too. Did you see her in "Young Mr. Lincoln?"

Brady; well, it's all in a day's work. But, don't get the idea Miss Brady is in the slightest intimidated by the serious roles that come her way. The fact is, she was awarded the highest tribute, that given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, for her portrayal of Mrs. O'Leary in "In Old Chicago."

Nevertheless, a portrait of a dizzy dame—with a nod to Alice Brady—is comparable to a cocktail. The general run of such mesdames could be simply dusted off with a few ingredients such as would take you right to "sea" on the second sip. Not, however, the kind of dizzy dame portrayed by Alice Brady. For, to know her is to respect and love her for the many virtues she possesses.

Let's give you an idea of Miss B's temperament. In New York recently for a short vacation and rest, she ran into an old friend. This friend felt hurt at Alice's seeming neglect of her until she confided, "Do you know, I came on to see some shows and have a little fun, but what do you think I've done? You're wrong, my dear! The only bit of New York I've been able to see is the block around this hotel. It's my dogs. They have to have an airing every so often. I'm really afraid to leave them alone for fear they'll tear up the place and I don't want to have to buy this darn hostelry for the sake of an evening out! Oh, I know," Alice stopped her friend's protest, with the famous Brady rising inflection and a wave of her hand, "I could have left them in California. But, would you believe it,

they're my best friends! The only ones I can always be sure of. Oh, dear, next time I come on I will manage to get around and that'll make up for it. Now I must be off, for it's about time for my turn around the corner again."

Having had experience with hotels that send a "please remit" to famous personalities visiting with their hounds, Alice Brady was smart enough to know that her bill wouldn't be padded with costly items supposedly, or otherwise, destroyed by her beloved pooches. Rascals, we should say, for wire-haired terriers are just as destructive as they are lovable. So, being a respecter of personal property, Miss Brady spent her few days in Gotham seeing to it that her rascals were kept under control, which was no small job.

Kindness, as this anecdote illustrates, and a heart as big as all outdoors is one of Miss Brady's more famed qualities. By way of illustration, recently we were on the coast and heard she was to personally auction a hat in one of the night spots. Being a Brady fan, we were present when the festivities got under way. As it turned out, the proceeds were to go to one of the entertainers whose home had been wiped out by a fire. What appeared to be a publicity stunt was in reality Alice's sincerely allowing what value her name would lend—and that's plenty—to the proceedings, the cash results of which were to go for this needy cause.

In her own inimitable manner she modeled the hat, tossed her head right and left in her best dizzy fashion. The cash bidders, however, were in stitches with her flutterings and daffy remarks during the (Continued on page 68)

DIZZY DAMES is a term generally employed to explain ladies who are on the fluttery, light-hearted—to say nothing of headed—side. However, to give a picture of one is no simple job. For an artist, yes. For an actress, indeed yes! And for an Alice

idea of being guest of honor at one of those teas where stars are exhibited horrifies him—he swears he couldn't endure it. And he's one actor who, when he does talk, can be an interested party to a conversation which is not about himself. He'll talk about other players and directors—he's interested in the screen efforts of his contemporaries and he can be admiring or analytical without a trace of malice or envy.

Boyer is of sturdy build, medium height and dark-skinned, more the romantic Latin than the Parisian troupier. His eyes are soft brown and they talk with his tongue. His English is amazingly good when we realize that he didn't know a word of it when he came to America and his frequent apologies for lingual limitations seem quite unnecessary. He is bound up in his work—it has first importance in his scheme of living without being all-absorbing. Tennis and riding are his favorite recreations—and he likes reading, particularly biographies. One of the terms of his contract provides that he have enough free time each year to make a trip

back to Europe. When he first signed the contract he thought he couldn't endure California without Paris interludes, but since he has become acclimated he says the trip back to his old home only adds to the attractions of his adopted domicile. He would like to make a French picture every now and then because he does feel that he can give freer and deeper expression to a part in his native tongue and he has a hankering to appear in a French play once again.

When Boyer was brought over from France nine years ago to make French versions of M-G-M pictures at Culver City, he didn't know a word of English. He had a successful—in fact, a brilliant, European record behind him, and when he first reached Hollywood he had no idea that in a few years he would become one of the most sought-after leading men for American roles. A graduate of the University of Paris, Boyer was born in a small town in the South of France and his mother had always wanted him to be a doctor. She accepted the disappointment when he decided to be an actor instead, but she insisted he complete his university

education, and so it was at nineteen that he first stepped before the footlights professionally. His undistinguished apprenticeship lasted several seasons before he won any recognition with French audiences, and then after he appeared in a series of successful romantic leads, he turned to pictures in the French studios. He also appeared in a few productions out of the Berlin studios, and when M-G-M imported him for their foreign-language division he thought the sojourn would be brief and that he would return to France to take up his stage work again. Fate decreed otherwise and even before Boyer knew the meaning of half the words he had to say in English he was cast in the picture, "Private Worlds."

The reception by the public of that introductory characterization convinced the California film makers that they had a good bet in Charles Boyer. Unlike his countryman, Maurice Chevalier, Boyer was not unhappy at working in Hollywood. Whereas Chevalier remained because he couldn't resist the big money involved, Boyer stayed (Continued on page 66)

GLAMOR GIRL

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN



Andrea Leeds is in "The Real Glory." When Opportunity knocked, she certainly answered!

queen can do no wrong! My lan's."

The "queen" was none other than Andrea Leeds. It wasn't, however, those beautiful brown eyes, nor her lovely voice that provoked such an aside from this Man Friday of the pullmans. No, no. As a matter of fact, it was her ankle-length gold lamé dress, topped off with an extremely large picture hat that did the trick. No doubt the contrast was just a bit too much. Just picture Andrea with benefit of full stage make-up sallying forth into the hustle and bustle of an early morning, cold and business-like station. Now, if she'd doffed her topper and stepped into the Persian Room, those glances would have been envious. But, in Grand Central Station—never! Those gentlemen and ladies of the waiting rooms, who by necessity gather for arrivals and departures, gazed upon a curiosity; in fact, they downright stared!

In back of this little show, in all probability, was the fact Andrea had always wanted a dress just like that and now that she had both it, and the time, darned if she wasn't going to wear it! At least, she is a rugged individualist. In fact, she has been since babyhood, so there's no changing her now.

Long ago, in Mexico, when her parents decided to ship her to relatives in California for safe-keeping, Andrea had a mind of her own. Due to labor troubles in the mining industry, to say nothing of marauding bands of Mexicans, Mr. Leed's little daughter was threatened with kidnapping. And so, after much debating, Andrea was shipped by plane to Los Angeles.

It's an ill wind that blows no good! And let it never be said the winds

that blew Andrea into the cinema city were evil ones! For it was here she was to be discovered by the movie moguls. Yes, discovered with Jon Hall. That is, they were studio "finds" simultaneously, having been classmates at school.

Jon, as you'll recall, skyrocketed to fame with his first assignment—and that a stellar one. Not so with Andrea. Hers was the hard way. Though she was only a contract player, there was plenty of spirit in the Leeds gal. She knew her rights and, what's more, stood up for them. The studio called it temperament and labeled Andrea "hard to handle." When a mild scolding didn't in the least impress our heroine, her boss decided to really punish his young employee. By way of meting out this dose, she was loaned to a rival studio for a mediocre part in one of their major productions. This, according to their lights, served a two-fold purpose. It not only saved paying salary on the balance of her contract, since there were embryonic ideas of dropping mademoiselle, but at the same time showed their problem child they meant business.

However, to get on, when audiences saw "Stage Door," they were pleased with an attractive girl in the cast. Her character, hopelessly stage struck, had breaks—all bad. But, when the girl slowly mounted the stairs with hope, fear and desolation in her large expressive eyes as she marched to her doom—well, the audience's cheers started resounding. Thus, overnight the public was Andrea Leeds conscious and clamored for more.

Like the proverbial boomerang, this too, served a two-fold purpose. Fame for Andrea, and a mad scramble by her studio (Continued on page 68)

A LADY stepped from the platform of the train. The porter, a delectable shade of milk chocolate, looked up and, seeing the vision before him, exclaimed, "Lawdy me!" And with surprise dilating his startled eyes, continued wonderingly, "An' dey say de



Clothes to see you through the summer — whether you choose

FASHIONS FOR THE FAIR

There is nothing smarter this summer for either town or country than a white cotton piqué dress like the one pretty Anita Louise is wearing. The silk wimple on her white leghorn hat matches the variegated kerchief on her dress. Her white gloves are washable, her sandals open-toed and heeled. The flared skirt and nipped-in waist are important details. Right, green, purple and gray plaid taffeta makes the skirt on Anita's delectable little afternoon dress with its white cotton embroidered petticoat and black silk jersey blouse. Her bag and shoes are black antelope. The wimple on her black straw hat matches her plaid skirt, too. Dresses like this are perfect for young, slim girls, for dressy afternoon and informal evening wear. But don't attempt them if you are not the ingenue type.



to spend it at the seashore, mountains or in your own home town

A black taffeta "school marm" apron completely changes the appearance of Anita Louise's white organdy evening dress with its huge puffed sleeves and allover flower design in blue and pink. A frock like this would be especially suitable for that vacation trip because in the packing space of one dress you will have several changes.

Here's the same dress with a black taffeta girdle substituted for the "school marm" apron. White is right for summer evenings whether you are dark or fair. Cotton lace and black velvet hair bows carry out the demure "little-girl" look so popular with the younger set. Simplicity of line is one of the chief charms of this very attractive frock.

BY SANDRA PHILLIPS

ARE YOU faring forth to Treasure Island, the World of Tomorrow, spending a week in town with Cousin Sue or dashing off on a motor trip or cruise? Maybe you're headed for a summer camp or a cottage—or are you glad of the chance to just stay at home and keep cool? Wherever you are, you'll need three kinds of clothes to see you through: play togs, the informal kind; casual clothes for town, travel and general wear; and evening things to make you feel gay and smart and glamorous at night. If you are willing to do a little planning, adapting and combining, you can build a whole summer wardrobe around this nucleus of essentials.

We're taking it for granted that you aren't starting altogether from scratch. Every girl who's reached her late teens and twenties—to say nothing of her thirties—has accumulated a few trinkets and favorite costumes that she can draw on from time to time. The thing all of us often need much more than clothes is ideas of how to adapt, combine and wear what we have.

A suit is practically a "must" in any wardrobe. A two piece suit is fine, a three piece even better. A light tweed, a smart twill, or one of the new subdued wool checks or plaids would be good. With a hat, gloves, shoes and bag to either match or contrast, and (*Continued on page 89*)

POWELL & CO.

BY MARY MAYES

Eleanor once said she wouldn't dance with Fred Astaire. Read what she says now they are to co-star.

THE VERY capable girl ran a couple of capable hands through her hair and wondered distractedly which one of the fourteen things which must be done immediately ought to be tackled first. She was Eleanor Powell's secretary and close friend, Miss Stebbins, known to everyone as Stebby.

On her right, Cookie was shouting through the phone that the cleaner had promised the blue and white sports dress for the 4:10 show, and he'd better get it here or else. Grey-haired and gentle looking, Mrs. Cook, an old friend of the Powells, had lost her husband in an automobile accident a few months ago and she had begged to go along on the personal appearance tour. "I probably won't be much good," she had said, "but I promise to keep out of the way and I can at least answer telephones." She proved invaluable—hard-boiled, tactful, sweet or tough, as the occasion demanded.

To the left of Stebby, Mrs. Powell, Eleanor's delightful mama, was answering phones, writing letters, curling her daughter's hair and talking to me. Eleanor, ye starre, was nursing one foot, while the other reposed wearily in an over-sized straw slipper.

All this activity and all of us were huddled in a theatre dressing-room, smaller than the average closet. "Why they build these really splendid theatres and put no windows in the dressing-rooms is a mystery to me," Mrs. Powell snapped. No, not snapped, for she's too jolly to snap. But one could see it was a sore point with her after two weeks without oxygen.

"Oh, Mama, I hope they don't ask me to greet any more high schools," said Eleanor. "This morning I was told Tyson High and it turned out to be Wilson, and I had to apologize and say something about forgetting my specs. It was very drippy."

"Never mind, dear. You wanted to be famous, didn't you now?" said Mama. "I think I'm going to quit as your manager, daughter, and become a newspaper columnist." She checked a name on a list. "That's the third telephone interview I've given for you today."

"I've got to find time for a telegram to Ella!" wailed Stebby.

"Who is Ella?" I asked, for no one had told me up to the point.

"She's Ed's sister," Eleanor said helpfully, but went on to explain, "Ed's our house boy. When we feel fancy we call him the butler. Anna's the cook. What a cook! Oh, Mama, I'm so sick of sandwiches. But do you know," she turned to me, "the other night we went over to Baltimore to a

fish place (only place we've been) and they said I could have anything I wanted. I've always wanted to taste terrapin and when it was set before me I couldn't eat a bite. All full of sandwiches."

"All full of nerves, more like it," said Mrs. P. "Dear, lie down for a while and try to rest."

"I can't rest. I'm afraid I'm going to forget that part in the first number. I nearly forgot it in this morning's performance."

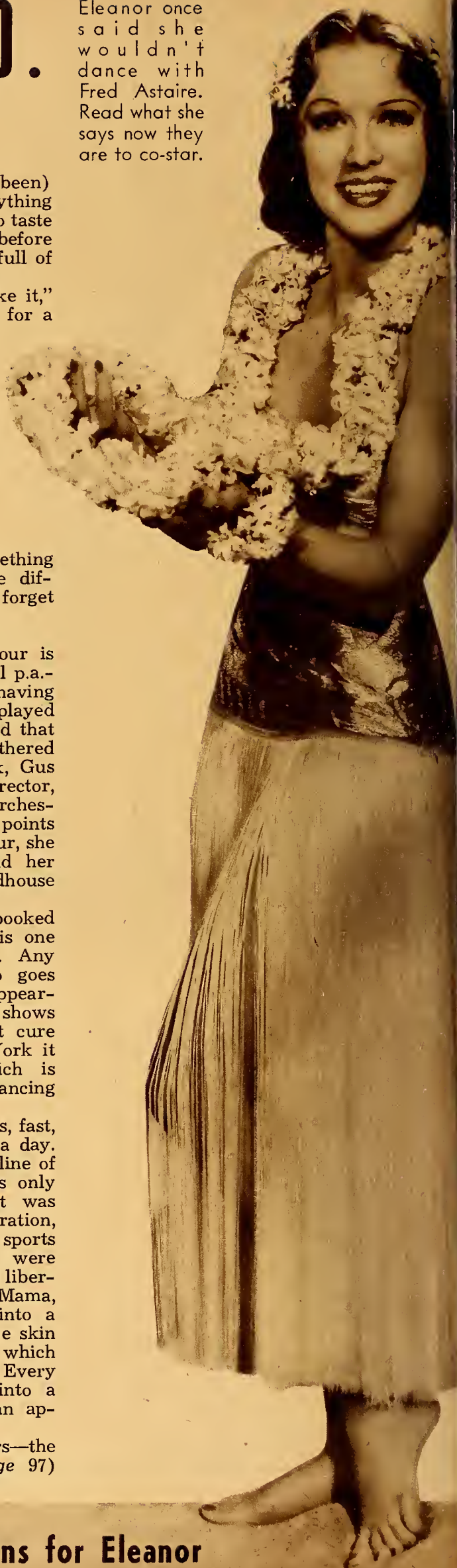
Eleanor Powell lives in constant terror of forgetting steps and routines. It does no good to tell her that even if she should forget, so what? She could just make up something and nobody would know the difference. And she never does forget when it comes time to dance.

A PERSONAL appearance tour is no fun if what I hear from all p.a.-ers is correct. Eleanor, not having faced an audience since she played in "At Home Abroad," decided that a tour was in order. So she gathered up Mama, Stebby, Mrs. Cook, Gus Sonnenberg, her musical director, and a seven piece Hawaiian orchestra, and took off eagerly for points east. Once launched on the tour, she decided she should have had her head examined. It was a madhouse from start to finish.

In the first place, she was booked into New York first, which is one of the odd things studios do. Any top-ranking movie star who goes through a New York stage appearance of one week, five or six shows a day, is fit only for a rest cure afterwards. However, New York it was, then Washington, which is where I caught up with the dancing feet of Miss P.

Well, she did three generous, fast, exhausting dances five times a day. She ran through an informal line of patter very ably. There was only one quick change, but that was enough! Dripping with perspiration, she was peeled out of a simple sports frock (three dozen, I think, were used on the tour) and sloshed liberally with rubbing alcohol by Mama, Stebby and Cookie. Then into a dancer's belt and over this the skin tight silver hip-band from which was hung the "grass skirt." Every woman who has struggled into a tight girdle on a hot day can appreciate the situation.

After the Hawaiian numbers—the real hula (Continued on page 97)



From her mother on down, they've big plans for Eleanor



Her heart belongs to Daddy, and why shouldn't it, because little Carol Ann is the apple of Wally Beery's eye. He takes her everywhere, including the races.

Virginia Bruce and Hubby J. Walter Ruben may be found at Hollywood Park every day they're not working during the big racing season. They're good losers, too.



Don Ameche carefully studies the racing form—as if that would help, for horses have a way of being just about as unpredictable as the weather.

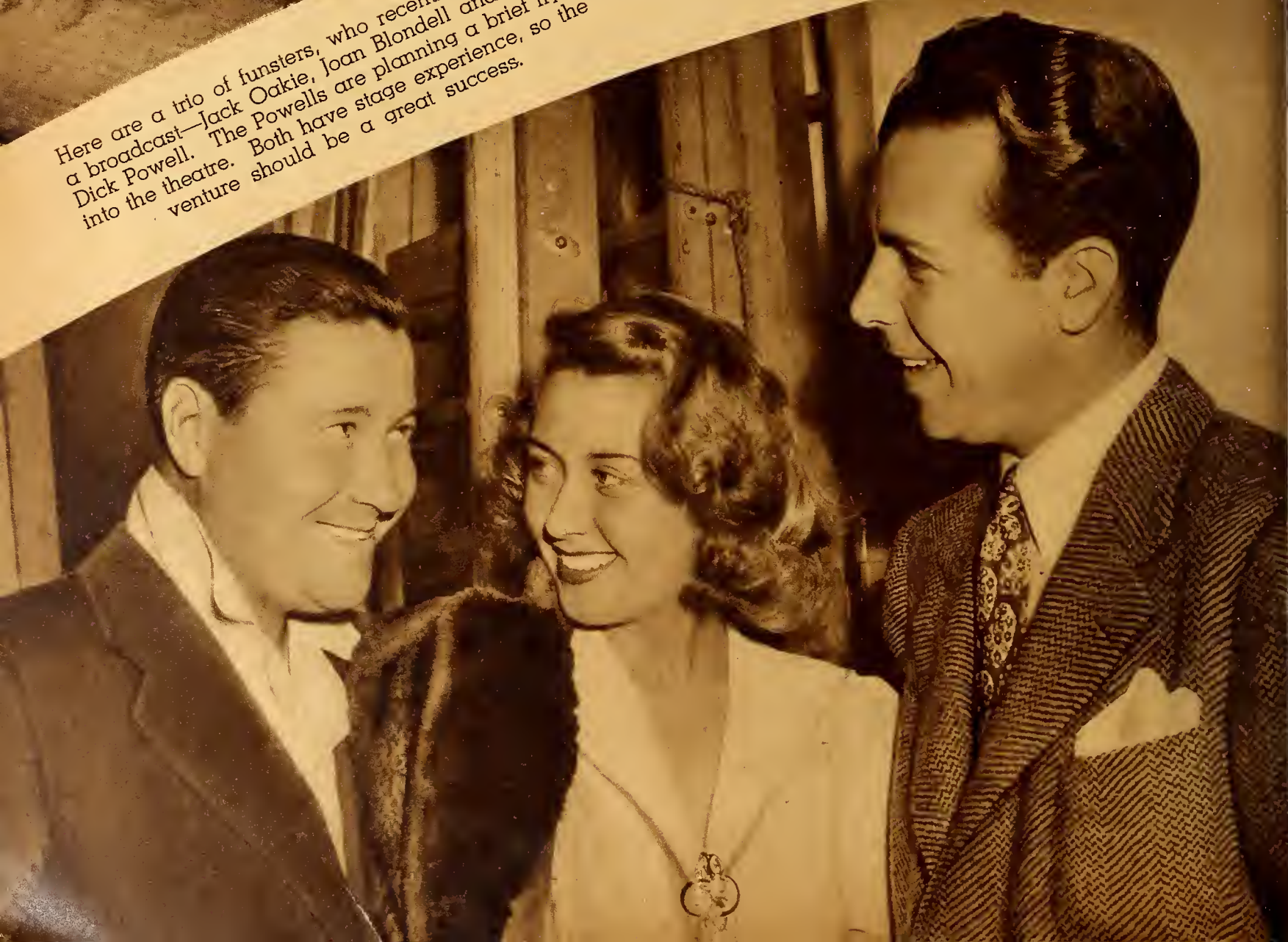




And still the romance rumors of Bette Davis and George Brent persist. Although each denies that there's "anything to it," the pair are as inseparable as ham and eggs. At any rate, Bette looks very happy these summer evenings, which is a break she roundly deserves.

Around TOWN

Here are a trio of funsters, who recently met up at a broadcast—Jack Oakie, Joan Blondell and Hubby Dick Powell. The Powells are planning a brief flyer into the theatre. Both have stage experience, so the venture should be a great success.





Early birds Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald are among the first to appear at the "Second Fiddle" preview. Wayne Morris and his bride sit behind them.

Mickey Rooney, complete with dark glasses and snappy girl friend, steps out at La Conga with Phyllis Ruth. Mickey likes her because she's tiny and lots of fun.

Lee Bowman is simply cuh-razy about Sonja Henie, who claims her best beau is in Oslo. However, Lee and Sonja certainly make an attractive couple, so who can tell?



All dressed up—and

plenty of places to go!

There's never a dull

moment in Movietown

When Joan Crawford steps out these summer evenings, she wears a knee-length white fox coat with built-out shoulders. Notice the novel sleeve trimming with the fur in spiral effect—and that jewelled hair butterfly ornament.

John Payne and Anne Shirley. Anne's cape is of white flannel with paisley trimming appliqued on the shoulders and mandarin collar.



The lady with Erich Remarque is Marlene Dietrich. How do you like the unique turban-like hood attached to her gown?

Gracie Allen, Jack
 Benny, Mary Liv-
 ington and
 George Burns at
 and a preview.
 How do you like
 Gracie's white fox
 jacket and her
 chiffon print
 gown? Miss L.
 isn't doing so bad-
 ly either in a lux-
 urious silver fox
 evening coat.



John Garfield with his wife and Mrs. Jack
 Haley. Mrs. G.'s simple evening coat is of a
 pastel bengaline, while Mrs. H. goes in for a
 sable-trimmed ermine wrap.

The Dr. Francis Griffins. She's Irene Dunne,
 you know. Here she's wearing a summer
 sable jacket over a Nile green chiffon gown.
 Irene's evening bag is jewel-embroidered.



GOOD NEWS



Lois Svensrud, our indefatigable reporter,

"HEADACHE" LAMARR

Wonder if Metro's glamor girl realizes that to folks on the "Lady of the Tropics" set she's known as "Headache" Lamarr. The lady's been suffering from a touch of temperament since starting this picture. Though Robert Taylor refused to choke Miss Lamarr, as the script called for, and insisted on only shaking her, he still has little to say to his leading lady, aside from the lines written into the script. And the crew are beside themselves, trying to carry out La Belle's orders for keeping everything quiet on the set so she can concentrate on looking lovely.

GEORGE'S GRATITUDE

Since Louis Bromfield was a frequent visitor on the set of "The Rains Came," the cast and crew decided to ask the author to autograph copies of his book for them. Mr. Bromfield complied, on the condition that everyone on the set autograph his personal copy of the book. George Brent wrote, "Thanks for the character of Ransome—especially for all the brandy he drinks."

CARY'S LEAVE-TAKING

Cary Grant was all set to take the plane to New York in order to catch the boat bound for London and Phyllis Brooks when a last-minute call came from the studio for retakes on "The Kind Men Marry." It was a scene in which Cary lies ill in bed. "Look," he warned the director, as he came on the set in pajamas for the scene, "if I'm not through here by five tonight, I'll leave right in these pajamas for the plane." Director John Cromwell wasn't in the least perturbed. "A splendid idea, Cary," he agreed. "Just carry a sign, will you, saying 'Cary Grant in 'The Kind Men Marry'—an RKO production'."

GARBO WINKS!

Whether it's the spinach-juice diet, the Swedish vacation or the Stokowski influence, Greta Garbo is a different gal since returning to her studio. She's even gone in for winking at the guides on the lot. At least she winked at one the other day. The young man was piloting a crowd of visitors around Metro when Garbo, in slacks and a large straw hat, barged around the corner. In one second flat, the lady winked at the astonished guide, yanked down the hat, and made a frantic dash back around the corner. "Guess she knew she didn't belong here," remarked one of the tourists.

BINNIE'S BEAUX

Binnie Barnes is being escorted around town these evenings by a party of three six-footers—Mike Frankovitch and Cesar Romero, as handsome gentlemen as you can find in town, and New Yorker James McKinley Bryan, who's far from repulsive himself. But that happy look in Binnie's eyes comes from the fact that Samuel Joseph, her ex-husband, is soon to make a visit to Hollywood. And that gorgeous ring she's now wearing also comes from Mr. Joseph. It's a large ruby, surrounded by forty diamonds and pearls. When Cesar Romero saw the blazer, he murmured, "Look, Binnie, when you get ready to subdivide, how about letting an old friend in on a slice?"

BILL KISSES BABS

On the set of "Golden Boy," Bill Holden was kissing Barbara Stanwyck. "Why, that's not bad!" he said, surprised. Barbara burst into laughter. "Did you expect it to be so awful?" she asked. "I've been dreading this moment ever since I signed up for the picture," admitted Bill. "Gosh, I couldn't imagine kissing anyone in front of a camera, let alone kissing Barbara Stanwyck herself!"

JOAN GETS RECKLESS

Joan Crawford lost six pounds doing the famous bathtub scene in "The Women." For in order to keep the suds up in the tub, the water had to be kept at a high temperature. To keep cool as possible Joan ate ice cream cones between takes. "I haven't eaten ice cream for years," she said, "but with the pounds melting off I feel I can do this with perfect propriety." Virginia Weidler, also in the scene, inquired at this point, "Miss Crawford, how can anyone eat an ice cream cone in the bath tub with perfect propriety?"

GINGER DIETS NOW

Ginger Rogers had just four days between "Bachelor Mother" and "Fifth Avenue Girl." But instead of looking pale and drawn, she appeared for work on the new picture looking very healthy indeed. If her pictures aren't dancing ones, Ginger gets back the old vim, vigor and vitality—and also the weight. Which accounts for the fact that every noon finds her nibbling at a cucumber and tomato salad in the commissary. Being in a picture with Astaire had its compensations after all, for in those days the regular noon program was malted milk and a three-decker.

CAROLE'S CLASSY CLOTHES

In "The Kind Men Marry," Carole Lombard's wardrobe is something to see. Playing the role of a dress designer, her clothes are an important part of the picture and Irene, the famous designer, burned the midnight oil to really give them oomph and yumph. "They're wonderful," sighed Carole to Irene. "But this wardrobe will probably interfere with my retiring from the screen. I'm afraid my husband wouldn't be able to support me in the style to which you've accustomed me, my dear."

LEW'S FRENCH (?)

When Lew Ayres was in France, on that recent trip, he decided to stop in at a bookstore and buy a French-English dictionary. Lew isn't the conceited type, but he was pretty proud of the way in which he managed to make known his wants to the clerk. "Oui, oui," said the man at once, and disappeared into the back of the shop, returning with a book which he gave Lew. It was "Robinson Crusoe."

MYRNA'S WOOLEN UNDIES

Dankest and dreariest set in town was the one for "The Rains Came." For nine weeks the water sprinklers deluged the scene and the wind-machines blasted away, while over all hung a strange odor composed of rain-coats, clammy jungle scenery and camphorated oil. The cast decided that Myrna Loy should be up this year for the Academy Award for resistance. Not so much as a snuffle wrinkled the famous Loy nose while the rest of the cast went through a siege of colds and rheumatic pains. But Myrna pooh-pooed the reference to her as a genuine glamor girl. The plain facts were that she wore woollen undies.

WENDY'S A STAND-IN

Wendy Barrie picked up her phone the other evening to hear Greg Bautzer ask her for a date. "But what's the matter with Lana?" asked the surprised Wendy. "Nothing's the matter with her, she's fine, but thanks for asking," replied Greg politely. "Now will you or won't you?" Wendy would, so they took off to the Trocadero and—you guessed it—ran into Lana Turner with Tom Brown. The atmosphere was a bit chilly, but we're glad to report that Greg and Lana made up before the evening was over and are still happy as anything. We can also report on



gathers all the intimate gossip of Hollywood and passes it on to you

what happened to cause the tiff. Greg thought they ought to part company awhile, following a banquet for prominent business men which he had attended the previous week. The master of ceremonies, in introducing Greg, spoke of him as "that promising young lawyer, Mr. Turner."

FANNY'S NEW ROLE

Fanny Brice has a new role in life. It's that of child psychologist. Hundreds of letters are pouring in from parents asking her to solve problems of bringing up their own children, since they respect her ability to analyze the incorrigible "Baby Snooks." Fanny says she's flattered at their expressed respect for her opinions and always tries to give the parents some helpful suggestions. "I can't help but feel sympathetic if they have anything resembling the impossible Snooks in their homes," she says, "and I'm in earnest about trying to help them solve their problems. But I'm tempted to solve my own Snooks problem by throwing her out the window and calling it a day."

FRANK'S ANNIVERSARY

The Frank Morgans are a shining example of the fact that there's not a jinx on all Hollywood marriages. They recently celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary for one thing. And further proof that devotion has lasted as well as marriage, they both carry pictures of one another around with them. Pretty blonde Mrs. Morgan's likeness is in the back of Frank's watch. And the other day we saw Mrs. Morgan's picture of her husband, pasted in her gold compact. It doesn't look exactly like the comedian now, but the expression is the same. The picture was taken when Frank was a choir boy at All Angels Church in New York City.

MUTUAL ADMIRATION

On "The Modern Cinderella" set, a unique sight was the extra girls gathered quietly at the side of the stage watching Charles Boyer go through his scenes. Probably the first time these blasé belles ever stopped to look at a movie star, but they stayed overtime to watch this star perform. And for the first time on any Hollywood set, Boyer relaxed and enjoyed himself, his shyness overcome by the sincere flattery of the girls' attention. Between scenes, he chatted with them, played cards and various games. Bobby Trett, one of the extras, was an ama-

teur palm-reader, and Boyer asked her to tell him what his hand revealed. Bobby finished up by saying, "That's all I can tell you—but to think I held your hand for over half an hour!" The Frenchman admitted she didn't tell him anything startling, but insisted, nevertheless, that the pleasure had been all his.

MACK'S NERVES

For a scene in "I Stole A Million," there was a small role for a fighter. George Raft suggested to the director that his stand-in and pal of many years, Mack Grey, might be able to handle it. Mack was pleased with the chance and confident that he could do it. But when it came to standing up in front of the cameras and speaking his few lines, his voice quavered and the perspiration broke out on his forehead. "What's the matter, Mack?" asked the director. "Can't you do it?" Mack said sure he could do it. "But say, George," he called to Raft, "would you mind leaving? You make me nervous."

THE WITHERS' WARDROBE

Jane Withers' growing pains have caused her mother some bad times. When the question of wardrobe comes up, feelings are apt to be somewhat strained. Mrs. Withers took her shopping the other day for party dresses, and though Jane favored all the dresses that ran to the slinky side, her mother and the salesgirl skimmed quickly over them and got her into a frilly number made of white organdy. "There now, that's just the way you should look," said Mrs. Withers fondly. "Just perfect." "Not quite, mother," said her daughter, "I should be carrying a diploma."

RICHARD CARLSON WEDS

Richard Carlson caused no end of commotion in the feminine ranks when he returned to Hollywood for a role in "Winter Carnival." But he dated Ann Sheridan consistently for the first few weeks. Then one day on the set he spotted Virginia Gilmore, who is on the Goldwyn contract list, and almost made that young lady swoon by asking her to dine with him that evening. The two were together every evening until the day the picture finished. That evening, Richard flew to Las Vegas, Nevada, and married Mona Mayfair, a Texas deb. "Just in time, too," said Allen Baldwin, Virginia's real boy friend who was also in the cast of "Winter Carnival." "I was getting so mor-

bid that I was talking to myself with a Scotch brrrrr."

JOY'S SORROW

Connie Moore gave Nan Grey a shower the other day in honor of her marriage to Jockey Jackie Westrope. Connie's just recently become Mrs. Johnny Maschio, and among the guests were several other newlyweds. Joy Hodges was also there, looking kind of sorrowful about the whole thing. "It gives me a yen, somehow, to get married," she said. The line forms on the right, former fiances.

A STAR'S LIFE

For a scene in "The Women," a Bermuda background was needed and Norma Shearer volunteered the use of her Santa Monica beach home. No, she didn't get a cent for it. But what she did get was the chance to stay in bed that morning until the director sent word that the cameras were all set up, the rest of the cast on hand, and everything set to go as soon as Miss Shearer got up. "This will always remain in my memory as the one day I lived the life of a movie star—according to popular conception," she told the director.

BLEACHING SHIRLEY

It's a quart of buttermilk a day for Shirley Temple since she returned from that Honolulu vacation. No, Shirley doesn't need building up, but bleaching out. The buttermilk is applied for this purpose, in hopes that the star will get back that peaches and cream technicolor complexion so "Lady Jane" can start on schedule. Did you know that Virginia Bruce, Norma Shearer and Shirley are the only ladies in Hollywood who have such perfect skins that they need no make-up for technicolor?

ALL GROWN UP

The three smart girls are grown up, all right. Nan Grey's married and Deanna Durbin's engaged to Vaughn Paul. And Helen Parish returned from the Goldwyn studios, where she appeared in "Winter Carnival" with a dreamy look in her eyes. "It's Jimmy Corner," she said, when Deanna asked her about the romantic sighs. Jimmy was in the same picture. "And is he tall, dark and handsome?" asked Deanna. "Why, that's exactly how he looks," said Helen, surprised. "You know I've heard that expression be-



When it comes to the Crazy Chapeau Division, Rosalind Russell leads the parade.

fore, at that. But somehow I never thought it could describe one man so perfectly."

READY FOR WORK

There were wedding bells for Ginger Rogers' hairdresser, Louise Sloan, and her cameraman John Miehle. The two met on the set of one of Ginger's first pictures and finally decided to be married right after "Bachelor Mother." But when her next picture started four days later, the Miehles were right on hand. "Miss starting Ginger's picture for a honeymoon? Never!" they said.

MICKY'S MAIDENS

Mickey Rooney is making a big dent in the "Babes In Arms" budget, by sneaking frequent visits to the "Glamor Girls" set and forgetting to go back to his own. And no wonder, with Ann Rutherford, Lana Turner, Anita Louise, Mary Beth Hughes and a host of other girls in the cast. "Gee, it's a lot of fun over there with the girls," Mickey defended himself to his director, "except when they get started talking clothes. Man to man, aren't women the limit?"

BOB'S A WRITER, TOO

When the "Earl of Chicago" reaches the screen, you'll see Robert Montgomery listed not only as the star but as a writer on the picture. Before leaving for England to make the picture, he came to Metro daily to work on the script. There was none of the Montgomery flippancy when it came to his writing job, either. A convivial soul, it has always been his habit to linger in the commissary at noon as long as there was one pal in sight to whom he could talk. But the other day, he even excused himself from Louis B. Mayer's table on the stroke of one. "Have to be getting back," he explained. "You just give one hour for lunch to your writers, you know."

HOW CONFUSING!

Jane Bryan made a dash for her dressing-room between takes on the set the other day

and came back with two pills in her hand. One, she explained, was a vitamin pill and the other was thyroid. "Doctor's orders," she explained, "one to build me up and the other to tear me down."

AGREEABLE GREER

Greer Garson has created a furore in town since her performance in "Goodbye Mr. Chips." La Garson is really glamorous looking, with flaming red hair and green eyes. She's even glamorous to the photographers now, though she got off to a bad start with the boys by refusing to pose for the candid-camera snoopers when making the rounds of the night-clubs after her arrival in Hollywood. One of the photographers took her aside and said, "Look, Miss Garson, let me give you a tip. We've put up with Garbo's nonsense all these years but we aren't going to let anyone else pull that stuff on us. It's for your own good to co-operate with the boys." The actress thanked him for the advice, asked for a minute to apply fresh lipstick and posed with her best smile. The Garson private life isn't nearly as exciting as her appearance. She lives in a small Beverly Hills bungalow with her mother and two French poodles. Favorite hobby is cooking and her favorite dish is weiner schnitzel.

RACKETEERS BOTH

An eventful meeting was one which took place in Honolulu, when Paul Muni and Shirley Temple were introduced at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Mr. Muni shook Shirley's hand and smiled at her, "I think we should have met long ago," he said. "I think so, too, Mr. Muni," said Shirley. "After all, we're in the same racket."

A WORRIED MAXIE

Maxwell Everett Rosenbloom was doing a scene. He was surrounded by some fifteen beautiful blondes but looked so unhappy about the whole thing that the director inquired as to what was wrong. "Nothing's really wrong," said Slapsie Maxie, "but, say, I sure feel safer in the ring."

LOVE NOTE

Whether Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund have actually said their "I do's" remains the mystery of their studios. But there's no doubt about their devotion to one another, as people on the lot can tell you. For they have a habit of surprising each other with love notes throughout the day. Pat slips notes to Oren under his desk blotter and Oren likes to tuck his letters in her make-up box or under the plate at her regular table in the commissary. Other day, Mr. Warner came into the commissary ahead of Pat and took a chair at her table. Imagine his consternation when he noticed the bit of paper under his plate and read, "You're the world's most adorable."

BETTE'S PLANS

Though the rumors fly thick and fast about the matrimonial plans of George Brent and Bette Davis when they take their vacations, it doesn't look like Bette has any such intentions. She will get two months from the studio and in that time wants to go to the

seashore, spend some time in the mountains and take a cabin on the desert for awhile. "And, oh yes, I want to do both Fairs thoroughly, too," she added. Doesn't look like she can tuck a visit to the parson in there.

SOME SMILES!

On the set of "\$1,000 a Touchdown" the still cameraman was posing Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye for a shot. "Let's have a nice big smile from both of you," he directed, then went back to peer into his camera for the effect. "Kill the smiles," he yelled, "it looks like a double exposure." Incidentally, Martha Raye's opinion of Martha Raye is slowly but surely going up. Latest development is the fact that even her own studio can't reach the lady at home. She won't divulge her phone number. If the studio wants la Raye they must get in touch with Martha's secretary, who then contacts the actress who in turns calls the studio—if she's in the mood.

MAIN ATTRACTION

When Artie Shaw was holding out at the Palomar, everyone in the movie colony went at one time or another to dance or listen to his music. Most frequent customers were Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan. But running them a close second in attendance were the Taylors—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taylor. Barbara's been an enthusiastic dancer for years and is delighted that Bob's been bitten by the jitterbug. Interesting to note that two such famous people could mingle with a crowd like the one at the Palomar without being bothered by a gang of gawkers. The other couples sometimes gave the Taylors a second look, but Artie Shaw was the main attraction.

REAL ROMANCES

There's a romance going on in town which most people think quietly died some time ago, and it's between Olivia de Havilland and Howard Hughes. The candid-camera-men seldom get the two together, because Olivia shuns night-clubs, premieres and the

Genial Gary Cooper snapped at a recent broadcast while looking around for his wife.



popular spots where most Hollywood people go to see and be seen. But the two dine together several times a week. If Olivia's in a picture, the evening ends early. But if she's on vacation, they take in a picture. Looks like Olivia is career-conscious—but also looks like Hughes doesn't mind.

SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL

On the set of "Modern Cinderella" whenever Irene Dunne brings out the make-up box to repair her face, Director John Stahl breaks into a speech, "You're beautiful, so beautiful, Irene," he tells the star earnestly. "No one could be as lovely as you. If you were any lovelier I just couldn't work with you. You're simply the most of everything." There are those on the set who, though they don't doubt the director's sincerity, still suspect a motive. For every time the star sits



An "off guard" shot of Irene Dunne, who kills pictures of herself when she doesn't like them.

down to her make-up box, she becomes absorbed in studying her reflection. While time passes, production costs mount, and studio executives have figured it costs several hundred dollars every time Miss Dunne powders her nose.

THAT SANDY!

When Mischa Auer appeared on the set for "Unexpected Father," young Sandra Henville had evidently forgotten that she and Mischa were friendly on the set of "East Side of Heaven." When Mischa came over to pick her up, she pushed him away with a couple of "glub gugs." "Okay," said Mischa, "I know your opinion of me, but let's keep it clean."

MAE'S FUTURE

There's talk of Mae West co-starring with W. C. Fields in the near future. There's also rumors that the buxom beauty may appear in a Hal Roach production with Laurel and Hardy. According to these gentlemen, it would be to la West's advantage to forget about the Fields deal in favor of them. "We're convinced that we're more her type than that Fields guy," said Laurel. "I think

Mae would find me good company and she and Oliver would certainly make a romantic couple."

BUSY BRITISHER

If, as and when "Gone With the Wind" is completed, Vivien Leigh will leave immediately for London. She's planning to bring her little daughter back to Hollywood and there are also wedding bells in the offing for her and Laurence Olivier on her return. In all the history of Hollywood, no one has worked harder than the English actress in the short time she's been here. She turned down all invitations and her only relaxation after a ten-hour studio day was to drop into the Selznick projection room and see the day's rushes. Vivien said it wasn't exactly relaxing, to see herself going through the day's work all over again, but at least it gave her a chance to sit down.

BOB'S BAZOOKA

That-bazooka of Bob Burns is so popular that his fans write in begging him for longer selections on his radio program. "But I no can do," says Bob, "that instrument may not be the world's smoothest-sounding musical instrument, but it takes endurance to run it. There's so much wind required to blow that yard and a half of plumbing that I haven't the endurance to play it more than ten minutes at a stretch. But," he added with pride, "Robin, Jr., has the makings of the world's bazooka champ. He's displayed more lung power in the three weeks since arriving than his old man has shown in a lifetime. That's some boy, lemme tell you."

MAN'S ESTATE

"Gosh, it's swell to grow up," Jackie Cooper told us the other day. For one thing, there's the new car which he's been given by his parents. Then there's the matter of being able to take the girl friends to night-clubs occasionally. But swellest of all is the new dignity which he has attained in the eyes of his pals. "I can even invite them to the studio now, or to radio programs on which I appear. I didn't dare to before," he said. "They'd wave at me and yell and cut up and throw spitballs. Now they treat me like a man with a job."

CAROLE BEATS CLARK!

The Gables aren't spending all their time on that San Fernando ranch. Most of their week-ends have been spent at Hermosa Beach, where they have taken a cottage for the summer. Evenings are spent at the local bowling alley, where the manager says that Carole can beat Clark almost every time. Says she has the best form he's ever seen. But Hermosa natives say that you haven't seen anything until you see Mrs. G. come in on a surf-board.

DIXIE'S JOB

When cronies asked Bing Crosby why Dixie wasn't accompanying him to the races at Hollywood Park, they learned that she was too busy at home for such goings-on. Gary had the measles and young Phillip wasn't so well himself. He had decided to prune the hedge at home and snipped part of a finger with the shears. "But can't you get



Mischa Auer looks as startled as if a producer has just been caught in the act of tearing up his contract.

a nurse," asked his friends, "so Dixie wouldn't be so busy?" "A nurse?" exclaimed the crooner. "We now have one for Gary, another to look after Phillip and the regular nurse who looks after the kids in normal times. In fact, it's the nurses that are keeping Dixie busy."

SOME GIFT!

Bob Cummings has plenty of romantic appeal for the girls, judging by his daily fan-mail at the studio. And Bob's a romantic figure off-screen, too. He spends most of his leisure time flying his own plane and taking jaunts up and down the coast. But his wife, Vivian Janis, ex-Follies girl, tells us that he has his moments of realism. On her recent birthday, her husband presented Vivian with the latest approved model in washing-machines.

SHORT SHOTS

Rosalind Russell took the beating in the famous battle between Paulette Goddard and herself for "The Women." A piece of break-away pottery hurled at her head didn't break . . . Jeanette MacDonald gained eight pounds on the concert trip and is bicycling strenuously to take it off . . . Clark Gable is now the champ tractor driver of San Fernando Valley . . . Harold Lloyd's two daughters have now seen the night life for which they've been clamoring. Their father and grandmother took them on a round of the night-spots recently . . . Nicky Arnstein and Fanny Brice have received a reputed \$25,000 for their feelings ruffled by "Rose of Washington Square" . . . Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hope have birthdays on the same day, May 29th . . . Ann Sothern got nervous jitters and wouldn't go to the preview of "Maisie" at the last minute. She got a new five-year contract for the picture . . . Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are winning all the tango awards at the Troc . . . The Leslie Howards bought the house Hedy Lamarr moved out of when she married Gene Markey . . . Fred MacMurray is taking singing lessons. Has grand opy in mind, believe it or not.



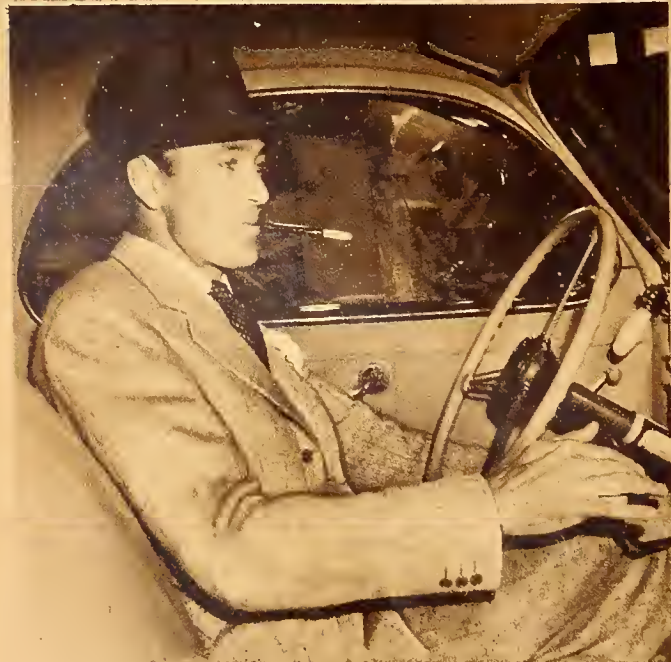
Summer's the time for fun—and the stars get to it in their favorite cars



Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant leave Cafe Lamaze, after a good dinner. They were celebrating their return to Hollywood.

Robert Montgomery locks his specially built number before entering the Berkeley Tavern. What do you think of Bob's hat-band?

Before leaving for home, Constance Bennett pauses to wish you as good a night as she's had. She looks as smart as always!



Gary Cooper all set to drive off as soon as "thelittlewoman" comes along. She's undoubtedly holding up proceedings powdering her nose.

Patricia Ellis, back on the coast after New York and London triumphs, makes a tour of the night clubs to catch up on Hollywood.



Among the Social Lights — BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS



Star of Society Pages—Mrs. John Roosevelt is the former Anne Clark, charming young member of prominent Massachusetts family. Has been constantly in the public eye since her marriage.



Frequent Hyde Park Visitor—On broad lawns of traditional Roosevelt estate, she pats "Sandy" while "Schean" looks downcast.



Modern Mansion—Mrs. Roosevelt graciously poses in doorway of her mother's fashionable Nahant, Mass., home.

*But they both praise the
NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care*
a famous cream maker
gives today*

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:

Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

ANSWER:

"If 'special' means complicated and expensive—no! But I do use 2 creams. I've always liked Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A, I have a special reason for preferring it."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:

How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?

ANSWER:

"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's 2 creams has done a lot for me, I know. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stale make-up—it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream."

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:

Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

ANSWER:

"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin.' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond's."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:

What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

ANSWER:

"That's where my 2nd cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!"

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:

Do you find that your powder goes on more becomingly when you use two creams?

ANSWER:

"Yes!—I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.



Backstage—Muriel Wright graduated from Maplewood, N. J., high school. Served apprenticeship with Provincetown players last summer. Just got her big chance in road show of "Our Town."



Between Rehearsals—Muriel often relaxed on picturesque Provincetown wharf. Above, a litter of kittens has discovered her retreat.



For Her Scrapbook—Like every budding player, Muriel eagerly collects clippings and pictures. Below, an amateur snaps her with hoy friend.

**SEND FOR
TRIAL
BEAUTY
KIT**

Pond's, Dept. 9MS-CVJ, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and different shades of Pond's Face Powder. enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company



ONCE A FUNSTER

but Louise's talents
didn't stop there

BY MAUDE CHEATHAM

LOUISE FAZENDA will grace the screen again in "The Old Maid." This time it's not a comic role as you might expect, but the sympathetic part of Dora. Though Louise has always been "queen of funsters" to most of us, behind the mask of comedy which she can put on at will has been a woman with a keen sensitivity, and the potentialities for drama. Her very theory of the comedy which made her famous proves it.

"It's odd what causes laughter," Louise said to me. "You'll notice it is the disappointments, frustrations, embarrassments—of another person. All human weaknesses are comic to the fellow looking on. People never recognize themselves in a comedy situation, though they frequently see their friends and relatives 'true to life' and howl with glee.

"There were times while I was playing comedy roles," she continued, "when I wanted to weep with instead of laugh at the characters I played. There's a very fine line between comedy and pathos for, it seems to me, that behind every laugh is a tear!"

Knowing Louise, I can understand how her infinite sympathy and understanding reached out to these people. She has so much genuine charm, a warm genial quality that wins everybody. I'm willing to wager that Louise Fazenda has more real friends than any other player in Hollywood. And not a single enemy.

She's such a vital, alive person. The day of our talk she looked very smart in a white silk sports suit with a scarlet scarf knotted at her throat. As I watched her across the luncheon table at Victor Hugo's, I wondered how this attractive young woman could ever become the middle-aged Dora.

"Remember, I've had years of experience," she laughed. "Ever since I was fifteen, I've played oldish wives, servant girls and country nitwits—not the sweet, muslined maidens with flower-bedecked hats and luring dimples, oh, dear no—but clowns. I've pulled my hair and my face into such contortions that I sometimes wonder how they know where they belong. But I get a kick out of working up a character make-up, creating a definite personality for thousands who view the picture.

"Oh, naturally, there have been times when I yearned to be the lovely 'heart interest,' instead of the 'comedy relief.' It hurt my pride to always have to emphasize my worst points with never a chance at the good ones. But then I soon realized that not being the glamorous heroine I was to be spared the bitter heartaches that come to many actresses

when their beauty begins to fade before the camera's cruel eye and they have to step down—and out.

"Once, like every other comedian, I wanted to play tragedy. I wanted to rant and rave and dig deep into human emotions. All through the Sennett years I visioned myself finally emerging as a great dramatic actress. I can laugh at such aspirations now, but it took a long time to banish those dreams. It is so true that 'life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel!' So, to be happy, it is best to learn to think."

We all know how spontaneously Louise's humor bubbles forth, yet she says she didn't come by it naturally, that it is cultivated and carefully developed. As a child she was very serious. Her Italian father had a fine library of classics and her first desire to become an actress was fanned by reading about the sufferings of "Camille." Her favorite game was to hide in the barn, drape herself in the big carriage robe and revel in poor Camille's agonies, with sepulchral coughs—that took much practicing—thrown in for true dramatic effect!



This very dignified woman is Louise Fazenda's latest characterization in "The Old Maid."

It so happened, however, that Louise found her first work as a film extra at the Sennett fun-studio where Charlie Chaplin took delight in teasing the roly-poly little girl with the high forehead.

"I was painfully sensitive," said Louise, "but I wouldn't let anyone know they were hurting me, so I quickly learned to protect myself by kidding and wise-cracking. Before I knew it, I was being given comedy roles. They thought I was funny, but it was only on the surface. If they had only known it, I was often weeping inside.

"We were a gay, carefree group and spent our time figuring out humorous angles to every situation. Nothing was too solemn for us to work on and a laugh was the high goal. We measured everybody by their ability to evoke a chuckle. Nothing else mattered.

"I was lucky. I had the benefit of being trained by the most famous comedy artists in the world and, being something of a parrot, I eagerly absorbed bits of their technique and that intangible thing we call comedy awareness.

"Many actors believe that comedy hasn't the lasting quality of drama, but I don't agree with them. I'm convinced

that audiences remember a laugh longer than a tear. My greatest joy comes when someone rushes up to me exclaiming that they remember how I amused them in such and such a picture. It gives me a warm feeling to know I've added a little laughter to the world, if only for a moment in a picture theatre."

However, Louise doesn't confine her abilities to the screen. She has a variety of interests and her days are crowded to the brim. She is the wife of good-looking Hal B. Wallis, one of the head-men at Warner Brothers; the mother of an adorable six-year-old son, whom they call Brent, instead of Junior; and manager of a spacious house on their thirty-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley. She has a keen business head, too, and knows exactly how much profit she made on her apricot and walnut crops this season, how much it costs to keep up the swimming pool and how real estate prices range for miles around.

She enjoys making a picture every now and then. These interludes become domestic vacations for, necessarily, she must push aside other responsibilities. She confesses, with a laugh, that she luxuriates in the bliss of not even answering phone calls while making a picture. She believes this complete change of interests is an excellent way to keep a normal balance for it banishes any chance of monotony or of becoming tiresomely engrossed in domestic routine.

Well, perhaps it is true that Louise's humor was once wholly on the surface as she insists, but today it is a spontaneous flow of merriment that comes straight from the heart and adds a distinct lilt to her all-pervasive charm.

Just before we parted, she said, "Life is a glorious experience no matter what it brings us and I find it more interesting as the years slip by. Youth is so intense, it suffers over such trivial things and makes every moment a breathless climax.

"Later, we sweep into a broader current of understanding where we grasp a true sense of values. Some of our doubts vanish, some of our hopes pass through readjustments and we attain a serenity that is satisfying. Playing clowns on the screen steered me along a laugh-route and I'm very grateful for this, for it has made my life full and beautiful. It was Mark Twain, you know, who said, 'Comedy keeps the heart sweet.' I've experienced this very thing."



Louise Fazenda, out of character, lives a very busy life. That's why you don't see her often.

Jerry is a grand job of Baby-Raising!

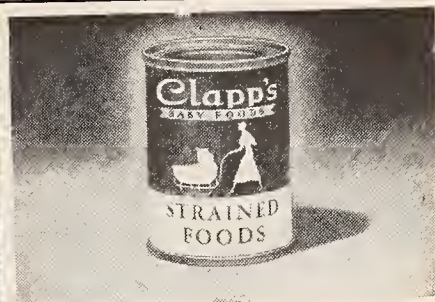
A big gain in the first year...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS



4 MONTHS



11 MONTHS



17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

"When baby specialists approve, it's so reassuring," says Gerald Wright's mother. "I never doubted that Clapp's was right for Jerry."

"After all, the Clapp people *should* know most about baby foods—they were the first to make them 18 years ago, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else. They know just what flavors and textures babies will like!"

"You could almost see Jerry grow after he began to get the full menu of Clapp's Strained Foods. Look at the difference between these pictures—the way he filled out and hardened up!"

"On the average, he grew about an inch and gained more than a pound a month. There surely must be lots of vitamins and minerals in those Clapp's Strained Foods!"

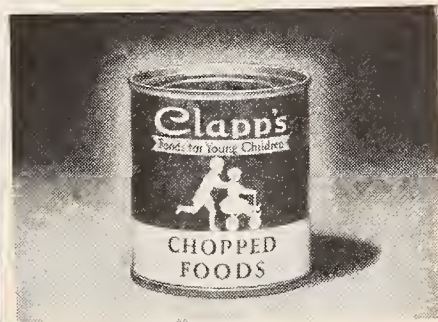
Fine progress ever since...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS



2 YEARS



3½ YEARS



12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Desserts—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

"He's never been a fussy eater like so many little tots. Not even when the time came to go on coarser foods—he changed from Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods without a single hitch."

"Of course, the Chopped Foods have exactly the same good flavors, and they're cut so evenly—never any lumps or stems. You just can't get home-prepared foods so even—and babies don't take to them so easily, I'm sure."

"See what a wide choice you get in Clapp's Foods. Jerry gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods. Some of them are so good I often take a bite myself—those hearty Junior Dinners, for example, or the new Pineapple Rice Dessert."

"Jerry's quite a ball-player now—you ought to feel his muscle! I often say that if you want a baby to grow up strong and husky, there's just nothing like Clapp's!"



CLAPP'S BABY FOODS



STRAINED FOR BABIES...CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN



YOU BET
I LIKE
LEFT-OVERS
FIXED THIS
WAY



MEAT CASSEROLE A LA MILANAISE

2 cans Franco-American Spaghetti
1½ cups left-over beef, lamb or pork
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Buttered bread crumbs

Chop Franco-American Spaghetti a little. Grind meat and add seasonings. Arrange in alternate layers in greased casserole, finishing with spaghetti. Cover with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) about 20 minutes, till casserole is heated through and crumbs slightly browned. Serves 4 generously.

THRIFTY WIVES—Learn this priceless secret!

• Get acquainted with Franco-American Spaghetti. It puts *flavor* into your foods! Serve it with less expensive meat cuts. Combine it with left-overs and see the welcome they get. Franco-American has a wonderful cheese-and-tomato sauce, made with *eleven* different ingredients.

Serve it as a main dish, too. Junior will love it for lunch—a *big* plateful! Give it to him often, mother. There's good, wholesome nourishment in it and loads of energy! Only 10¢ a can. Order several from your grocer today.



Franco-American SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Send for **FREE Recipe Book**

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 629
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

TREACHER TALKS

(Continued from page 12)

"Why didn't you go on with the Jeeves pictures?" I wanted to know. Jeeves is, as you know, the P. G. Wodehouse character who is practically a national tonic. Treacher did "Thank You, Jeeves" a couple of years ago and it laid one of the biggest eggs in history.

TREACHER said, "I had thought—Sidney Toler has Charlie Chan to keep him from starving in his old age, and now I've got Jeeves, and I went out and made a down payment on a diamond bracelet for Mother. But the explanation of its flopping is simple: Jeeves reads. Jeeves won't act. You notice, there's a long build-up in a Jeeves story for two lines of conversation which aren't funny when just spoken on the screen." And that, readers, catches Mr. Treacher red-handed in the act of being intelligent about his work.

Treacher's best friends in Hollywood are Charlie Ruggles, Edward Everett Horton and Joe E. Brown. These four are to be found every week-end at one or another's home, undoing the work done the previous week-end in the gardens, playing a fast and disagreeable game of pool they've invented, and muttering about five words an hour to each other in absolute contentment.

"In one of my few interviews," said the Treacher, "it was said that I never go anywhere, have no friends, never read and don't like anybody. Made me out sort of a very large hermit crab.

Just because I don't dash about with blondes, I suppose, and never go to those places where they blow up toy balloons. I don't like prizefights, I'll admit, and that does cause people in Hollywood to tap their foreheads. But I used to like to go to the Clover Club and risk fifty dollars at roulette. Oh, I go about a bit. Have to—when Mother's here. She lives in constant terror of missing something."

When people ask Treacher—who, though not handsome, is exceedingly impressive, and witty enough to make a cat laugh—why he has not married again, he says, "Nobody has ever asked me." And that settles that. He is, he admits, rather settled in bachelor comfort and ease. He has Muster Green, two dogs, three good friends, he is doing what he wants to do, and his house is arranged as he likes it.

He recently made a successful personal appearance tour. And the radio people, too, have been thinking the air waves could stand a dash of Treacher. "There's a soft spot," he says. "The script writer should get all the money, really. Just think, I simply stand up there and read something off a piece of paper. Wonderful. And now that I'm a free lance, I shan't have to give half my cheque to the studio, either."

Well, there's Arthur Treacher. Honest, intelligent, witty, shrewd and not a grouch in his six foot three system. One of the nicest ambassadors of good will that England ever sent to these shores.

THE CALL OF SPRING

(Continued from page 39)

"... the swallow sings his merry song
And we hear the robins all day long.
The thrush and lark begin to sing
And the animal world hears the call of
spring..."

That's just a taste, of course. There's much, much more of "The Call of Spring," by Jane Withers. But that ought to give you an idea.

All of this has taken place, as near as I can learn, in this, Jane's thirteenth year, which shows how careful you have to be about that fatal number. A year ago, Jane was her old rough and tough and hard-to-bluff self. When her folks asked her what she wanted for the twelfth birthday celebration, Jane put in a plug for a fishing outfit and, of course, got it. This year when her mother started feeling her out for birthday gift wishes Jane said she would very much appreciate a nightie, robe and lounging set. But most of all, hinted the Woman Withers, she could use a "hostess coat." And in her opinion, to be really chic, the color should be "heavenly blue."

Mrs. Withers staggered slightly. "Why, yes, Jane," she sparred. "That would be very nice. But—whatever would you do with a hostess coat?"

Jane archly inspected the manicure she gets once a week now. "Oh," she sighed, "you never can tell. Somebody might drop in."

Of course, Mrs. Withers had been more or less prepared for something like this for some time. You can pretty well peg a growing girl's ideas by the nature of her room. And Jane's room during the

past year has undergone a profound metamorphosis.

For a long time, hardy Jane would have none of feminine frills and fluffy ruffles. Happy was she with a rough and ready motif to surround her dreams of flashing blades and cracking muskets. The last time I saw Jane's boudoir it was a salty, seagoing shrine. Portholes subbed for windows, great steering wheels stuck their spokes around her bedstead, sails, marlinspikes, knots, binnacles, barnacles and such salty stuff sprawled here and there.

BUT one day last year Jane said she wanted her room done over. The ship stuff she said, was giving her a slight touch of *mal de mer*. Besides, it was hardly fitting for a gentle and possibly glamorous young lady to slumber in a crude cradle fit for Popeye the Sailor.

Well, before Mrs. Withers really knew what was happening, Jane's room turned into something resembling a coquette's dream. The spars, binnacles and company vanished. On one wall appeared a long full-length mirror. The walls took on a baby blue tint and pink chiffon curtains wafted down past the windows. On the befluffed bed appeared a head board covered by blue taffeta with pink stitching. Feminine accessories, and dainty decorations dotted the place.

The knives were banished. So were the dolls, marbles, balls and bats, roller skates. In the place of honor, instead, stood a collection of perfume bottles nearest now to Jane's heart. The labels on them read: (Continued on page 64)

**SMOOTH FRAGRANT
SKIN WINS HEARTS**

MEN LIKE GIRLS
WHOSE SKIN IS
SWEET—IT'S THE
MOST APPEALING
CHARM OF ALL

DOROTHY LAMOUR

**LUX SOAP'S ACTIVE
LATHER LEAVES SKIN
REALLY SWEET,
DELICATELY
FRAGRANT**

A **LUX TOILET SOAP**
BEAUTY BATH IS THE
BEST WAY I KNOW
TO PROTECT
THIS CHARM

**YOU'LL LOVE THIS
LUXURIOUS BEAUTY
BATH. TRY IT!**

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"Man about Town"

THIS lovely star tells you a beauty secret! When you make fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap your daily beauty bath, you're sure of daintiness. The **ACTIVE** lather of this fine complexion soap leaves skin really fresh—delicately fragrant with a perfume that *clings*.

The Complexion

Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

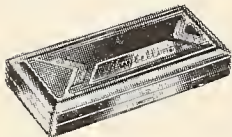


In this illustration you see a face divided. Except for eye make-up, the two sides are identical. Try covering the side with the made up eye and look at the other. Notice the pale, blank expression. Now cover this side and look again. You see a thrilling change—an entirely different personality.

Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids will do the same thing for you. It's easy—and exciting to see it happen.

First you blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids. This adds depth and brilliance to your eyes. Next, taper your brows gracefully with the Maybelline perfectly pointed Eyebrow Pencil. Notice how expressive it makes them. Then Maybelline Mascara for your lashes and just look—you'll be amazed by their appearance of long sweeping loveliness, luxuriant and dark to the very tips! This modern Mascara is a joy to use—harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting.

Give yourself thrilling added beauty today. Introductory sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at all 10c stores.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in smart gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades—Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (easily applied without water) in zipper case. Same shades.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Shades—Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.



Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

"Blue Hour," "My Sin," "Evening in Paris" and—Jane's favorite—"Shocking!"

In this new feminine frame of mind, her thirteenth birthday, Jane thought, called for a party. She has had plenty of parties before—ice cream affairs, treasure hunts, scampering kid affairs and such. But since she was now a young lady, definitely, Jane thought her party should be in keeping. She planned a formal dinner party.

Besides her advancing age and the obligations of a budding belle, what brought this on, as much as anything, perhaps, was the evening dress. Jane's first evening dress is almost a story in itself, as, indeed, most first evening dresses are.

Jane's is a pale pink chiffon number, with a square neck, puffed sleeves and a skirt down to the floor, bouffant and billowing. A blue velvet long evening cape goes with it and sometimes her ermine wrap. A blue enamel locket with pink roses and a plain gold ring are all the jewelry the Withers law allows, much to Jane's chagrin. Right now she's in the throes of an ardent weakness for the more fancy kinds of bracelets, necklaces, and things. Barred in public, Jane buys them just the same and wears them to bed, retiring each night glittering like a Christmas tree.

BUT the evening dress was not destined to dazzle young Hollywood stardom at Jane's party. The temptation to flash it at the Hollywood premiere in "Second Fiddle" got the best of Jane. Signing autographs along with Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie outside the theatre, Jane took a proffered fountain pen from a young hunter. It leaked all down the front.

"That's all right," Jane assured him. "I can take it out with my chemistry set." She did—all of the ink and half the skirt. Jane changed her plans about the birthday party. Instead of formality she decided on a costume party.

So the atmosphere for her coming out wasn't quite as upstage as Jane had wished. The kids came in costumes revealing what they wanted to be when they grew up. Despite the informal costuming, however, Jane's soiree was strictly according to Emily Post.

There were written invitations, (when that very correct man-of-the-world Mickey Rooney had to work, he sent long-stemmed roses in apology) and a regular course dinner served on a table with gardenias and lacy dolls floating around. Every girl had a bona fide escort, and each was announced at a microphone when she arrived. Oh, it was quite swell and elegant.

There were cards—bridge. There was fortune telling and a silhouette artist to capture the guests' profiles. There was dancing, rhumba, waltz and fox trot, to the strains of Dick Winslow's band (Dick is the swing king of adolescent Hollywood). Of course, around midnight a little jitterbugging and a solid jam session set in, but all in all it was a very *distingué* affair, and pronounced a social success by the early-teen Hollywood elite.

Since then, with a social position to uphold, Jane has watched her personal p's and q's in a manner that is practically revolutionary, when you consider the pigtails, overalls tomboy of a few months ago.

The girl who used to hide maliciously from her studio hairdressers, for instance, now haunts them. She essays so many coiffures that the poor exhausted beauticians grow pale and trembling at her approach. Jane tries them out on

her boy friends. If they don't react, she has to have a new do. The piled-up do, was a success but the Hedy Lamarr adaptation didn't click. She's planning curls now.

Where Jane used to run up to Beverly Hills or Westwood Village in shorts, slacks or whatever happened to be covering her bulges at the time, now she refuses to budge from her house unless she is properly dressed and her hair in place. Cosmetics are still on the maternal *verboten* list, but somehow before the day is over a crimson rim of lipstick appears on Jane's mouth. Mrs. Withers doesn't ask too many questions. She copies the discretion of Jane's schoolteacher, when she spies a love story magazine where history books ought to be. High heels are also taboo as yet. Jane has managed to swank up her Mary Janes, though, with open toes and heels. Where there's a will there's a way.

On the domestic side, the new Gentle Jane is becoming so home-loving that sometimes her mother gets a little worried. Where Jane never used to come into the house until night drove her down out of a tree or away from her gang, now she sits and knits, bakes cakes, whips up fancy salads, and generally makes life miserable for Samantha, the Withers' dusky cook.

For Jane's ambitious feminine bouts with a sewing machine, her mother bought her an electrical attachment. Inspired with budding concern over such gentle arts, Jane set vigorously to work stitching her name on all the sheets and pillow sheets she could dig up around the house. But in the middle of the seamstress jag, the "Lone Ranger" came over the radio and Jane got so enthralled she stitched all the pillowcases together! Mrs. Withers had to unravel the mess.

All this diligence and preoccupation with home-making and the woman's touch is, of course, merely a manifestation of a larger new lure to Jane's interest. To wit, boys.

FOR a long time, boys to Jane were just a group of unfortunate biological weaklings with runny noses and a habit of falling out of trees, tripping over things and bawling. She never took them very seriously, except to have sincere pity on their sad state.

For instance, there was the minister's boy next door who had had practically no contact with life at all. He hadn't even read the Red Barry books or the Black Mask Murder Mysteries, when Jane met him. She organized an underground system of book smuggling, enlisting cooks, chauffeurs, maids and such to sneak culture past the boy's rather conservative father. Jane did this purely in the interests of humanity and the white flame of learning. But now to the same boy, who has moved away, she writes florid letters inspired by an entirely different motive.

Now, too, Jane's attitude toward the sterner sex has materially expanded. Jackie Searl was for a long time the one and only, in a purely pal way. But now Bob (not Bobby, he's a young man now) Breen calls up for dates and George Ernest, Peter Lawford, an English boy who worked with Freddie Bartholomew in "Lord Jeff" and Jackie Hughes are also on the favored first list. Nor does Jane stick strictly to small fry—at least in her imagination.

Herbert Leeds, her director, was discussing her next picture job, a while back. "You'll have to fall in love with Kane Richmond in this one, Jane," he said. "Think you can do it?"

"Oh, oh," said (Continued on page 66)

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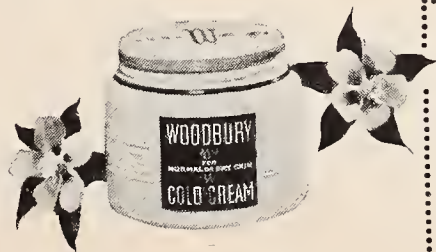
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MAVIS
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THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TALCUM

Jane. "Kane Richmond? Wow! Say—that's easy. Shall I put my hair up?"

The biggest thrill in Jane's day comes when her camera crew, all grown-ups, greet her on the set. They call her "Hedy, the Glamor Girl" and every time Jane pretends to be very disgusted. But her sparkling eyes give her away. Inside, of course, she's as pleased as Punch.

The real head man at present, though, is the aforementioned Jackie Hughes, a young actor who played with Jane several years ago in Booth Tarkington's "Gentle Julia." Jackie is a leap ahead of the pack; there's no doubt he has Jane worried.

She's been secretly fretting and fuming about Jackie's chances to get a part in her next movie, a high school picture. Jackie's prospective fortunes wax and wane with maddening indecision and the other day it seemed to Jane that all her artifices to wangle Jackie a job had come to naught. In a slight tizzy, she announced her bold decision.

"Mother," said Jane firmly to Mrs. Withers, "I'm through fooling around. I'm just going to go right in to Mr. Wurtzel (her producer) and tell him Jackie's my best boy friend and I want him in my picture!" To date, Jackie hasn't sewed up the job, but it's certainly not Jane's fault.

Dating for Jane is still strictly a matinee affair, alone, or chaperone stuff at night. It will be for a couple of more years at least, according to Mrs. Withers' ideas of what's fit and proper. This puts rather a serious crimp in Jane's new and gnawing interest in Hollywood night life. Because where the bright lights and soft shadows of the gayer Hollywood spots used to find no berth in Ginger Jane's consciousness, now such names as the Trocadero, Cocoanut Grove,

Brown Derby, Tropics and Earl Carroll's leave her big-eyed and breathless.

Jane had made the Grove, Derby and the Tropics a few times in the past via family parties, but fate conspired to keep her away from Earl Carroll's, the hottest spot in town, with its snappy floor show, seductive lights and rows of undraped cuties.

She was sizzling with curiosity and dying to go there, but it looked very much like a forlorn hope. The Withers don't go in for that sort of night life at all.

To any girl but Jane Withers, perhaps, the project would, indeed, have been hopeless. But there is one way in which the call of spring has left Jane utterly unchanged. Dulcet emotions may seethe within her body but her brain has lost none of its bland cunning.

SOME old family friends came from the South to visit Hollywood. In the spirit of pure hospitality, Jane called up Earl Carroll's and made reservations for her folks and the visiting friends. Naturally, she included herself and young gentleman escort. Naturally, too, she told no one about it. Surprises are so much more pleasant.

When she announced her surprise, neatly timed, at home, there was nothing anyone could do but acquiesce. It was very thoughtful of Jane, everyone agreed, under pressure of circumstance.

So that night, perched happily on a chair at a ringside table, Jane and date reveled in the dazzle and glamor of Earl Carroll's show. Whether Mr. and Mrs. Withers or their visiting friends got much of a bang out of the sequins, plumes, and fair white bodies of the sophisticated extravaganza is not certain. But Jane thought they were swell.

LUCKY LAD

(Continued from page 43)

because he really likes Hollywood—or that limited part of it which interests him. He works seriously, relaxes pleasantly and meets a few friends whose companionship he enjoys. When he married Pat Paterson she joined him in quiet home life that is the personal side of his California residence. And his marriage to the pretty English actress was a disappointment to several unattached cinema beauties who were not unaware of the Boyer charms.

THERE aren't many things that have particular appeal to this star. Nor does his scheme encompass any far-fetched improbabilities. He has an almost naive surprise when talking about his activities in Hollywood and naturally hopes the calls will keep coming for his talents. He wants his house near the Pacific, his pleasant unflurried domesticity, a trip to Paris once a year just for old time's sake, and he'd like to start putting some money away against that future when maybe he won't be earning so much. He's one actor who hasn't a pet part tucked away in his expectations—just hopes he'll get good roles and that he'll render a satisfactory account of himself in them.

And the uncomplicated philosophy that is Charles Boyer's regimen of real living might well be adopted by those of his contemporaries in the movie world whose spheres seem to take in more than is good for them and their careers.

Boyer's favorite film partner is Greta

Garbo. He has been familiar with a side of Garbo that her American associates and her public have never seen.

"I can't understand the general impression about Garbo, as someone cold and unfeeling and difficult to know. I don't believe it was ever her doing, either. She's such an understanding person. I suppose it's too late now to make over the distorted picture of her real personality. She actually is so ill at ease with Americans that I guess it is almost impossible for her to be herself. But my experience in knowing her has been so different. I can recall evenings at Jacques Feydor's house in Hollywood. Garbo liked to go there and would dine with the director and his friends several nights a week. I go there frequently, too, and so I got to know Garbo better than most people do.

"She laughed in that house often enough, I can tell you, and she always talked freely. She always helped with the food and would carry around platters of it and be just a nice, unassuming girl who was having a good time. Of course, I suppose it is difficult for those who don't see this side of her to picture her making sandwiches and being just another guest who contributed her share of conversation and interest in a pleasant, informal party. But everybody there was European—perhaps that is why she was at ease."

So there's some inside information on the Silent One from a friend of hers.

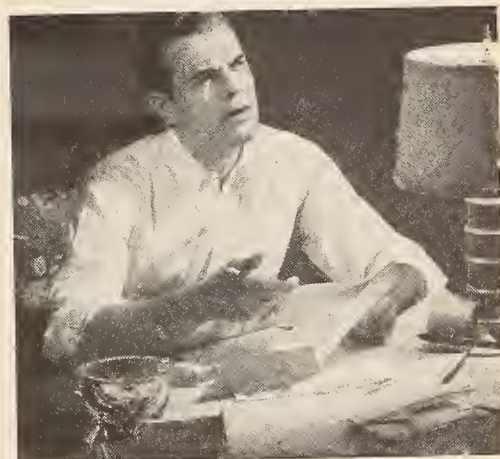
There's **ONE NEGLECT**^{*} few Husbands can forgive ... but "Lysol" can help correct it!



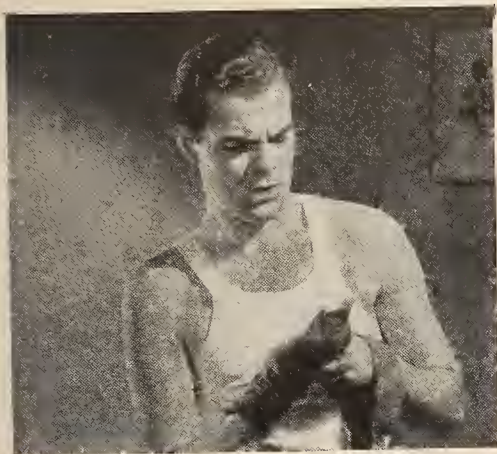
Do you neglect his Home? He may forgive indifferent housekeeping, if you aren't indifferent about keeping *yourself* attractive.



Do you neglect his Food? He may forgive uninteresting meals and poor cooking, if you yourself are sweetly fresh.



Do you neglect his Expenses? He may even forgive extravagances, if they help to make *you* more attractive.



Do you neglect his Comfort? He may forgive carelessness about *his* clothes, if you're careful about your own person.



Do you neglect his Pride? He may forgive you for embarrassing criticism, if you are above reproach yourself.

**BUT...do you
neglect yourself?**

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CAN'T
FORGIVE THAT**

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1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

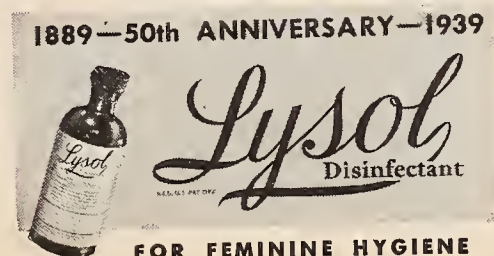
3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

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dri-dew

STOPS PERSPIRATION
stops perspiration odor

DIZZY DAMSEL

(Continued from page 42)

procedure. But Miss B. to each offer replied, "What do I hear? Why, come, come, I'd even give more than that for this bit of fluff decreed by fashion! Come, gentlemen, if you haven't a wife or daughter, you can wear it for a boutonniere! Now, what do I hear?" You can just imagine how the bidding went with such a mistress of ceremonies. Finally, an oldish gent, with only a wisp of grey locks left to adorn his dome, was the proud possessor of this last word in gal's headgear. Whether he wore it or presented it, we've yet to learn. But, financially, the evening was a success.

JUST as Alice Brady excels in this vein of comedy, she is equally at home in the serious aspects of life. As a dramatic actress, this thespian who bears the name so famed in the annals of the American stage, cannot be surpassed. To those who wonder just why she doesn't annex some of the cinematic plums of real "drammer," she replied, "Oh, it's such a bother. I'm really a very lazy person, you know. I never walk if I can ride. Nor will I stand when I can sit. And, it's unheard of for me to sit if I can lie!"

But, nevertheless, where business is concerned, she's right there with everything that's in her. We remember a story of Miss B.'s encounter one evening, just about curtain time, on good, old Broadway. It seems Alice arrived at the theatre to find some of her prize furniture removed from the stage. This, of the red plush and gilt variety, had been

moved next door by none other than her famous father, William A. Brady. Well, after a few "well sounded A's," Alice ordered her stage hands to retrieve the missing articles. Fearing dismissal at the hands of Papa, they refused. This didn't for a moment daunt our heroine, for with one volunteer she braved Pop's wrath.

Early theatre-goers and curious spectators were perplexed and puzzled when out of the front door of one theatre came Miss B. and her chairs. Into hers next door, the procession trudged until the last stick was replaced. Though he might have been momentarily aggravated with his talented daughter, Mr. Brady, needless to say, admired her. For, it's a sound principle that family sentiment should not mix with business. Alice was so serious about her play that not even her own father could endanger it by the removal of any portion of the scenery.

As a matter of fact, it was this same "Sour Grapes" that presented to Broadway the famous dramatic actress, Alice Brady. There was nothing of the comedienne about her then. In fact, she held her audience spellbound with her touching performance.

Maybe you think Alice Brady is putting on an act when she starts her fluttering across the screen? You're wrong again, because she's just the same in real life! However, she has a brilliant mind that clicks every minute of the time. That's why she's tops of the "Dizzy Dames" list and at the same time can cop off the award for a serious role!

GLAMOR GIRL

(Continued from page 43)

at eleven-thirty the night of the preview. Yes, it was now or never for those boys. Her option expired at midnight and they made darn sure it was taken up.

Of course, there are meanies who point out that her famous "Stage Door" sequence was tricked up and that the music carried the mood to her audience. They say why shouldn't it be good after the director shot so many takes on this unknown girl? All we have to say of such rumors is, "If two or two hundred takes will produce a result like that, well there should be a law passed to require it of everyone!" Our guess is that no matter how many feet of film were used, it would be to no avail if Andrea didn't have it in her to put the scene across.

"Since then," as Andrea said, "I've had wonderful breaks. Don't think I'm not grateful, either. Why, I don't think they could ask me to do any amount of work that I wouldn't be more than glad to do. However, I'm not wasting time being overly thankful for a picture or studio making my future possible. Maybe I sound contradictory, but there's only one person to whom I'm eternally in debt—the director of 'Stage Door,' Gregory La Cava."

While her old classmate, Jon Hall, is romping around the glamor capital, Andrea is romping through celluloid and sound—at present in "The Real Glory"—leading the field by many lengths and well on her way to attaining her goal. Being a serious gal, bent on doing what she does better than anyone else, makes hers a pretty big order. It's one thing

to set yourself the task of becoming a personality in the entertainment world, but quite another to set out and prove yourself an actress of worth.

This Andrea explains in a straightforward fashion. "I've no delusions of grandeur. Nor have I any foolish ideas concerning screen acting. You've heard the axiom about being in love with your art? Well, frankly, that's the extent of my romantic moments at the present time. The only thing that consumes me is the desire to prove that I'm a competent worker in my profession. Second, that I might have the opportunity to show my versatility. For, in my opinion, an actor is no good if he can make only one type of thing convincing. To me, you have to be able to make any and all characters live as real people.

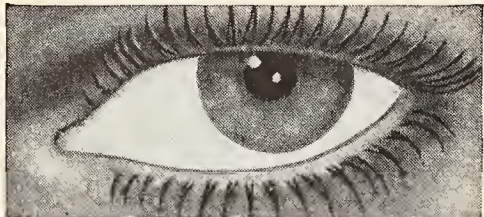
MY ONE dread is that I might become typed. So, if I really learn the technique of my profession, I'll have something that no one can take away from me. Sometimes I'm a little overwhelmed, for at first I thought I knew everything worth knowing. But, with experience and a little more knowledge, I see how much I really have to learn. It would be frightening if I didn't love every bit of it so completely. That's why my sole interest is to succeed as a screen actress."

In any man's language, those are sensible words. Our hope is that Andrea, in this school of thought, will have a following. For, if Andrea leads the way in this fashion, many a young hopeful will do well by following suit.

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TIRED EYES*
IN SECONDS!**



Only **TWO DROPS** of this eye specialist's formula **WASHES**, soothes, **CLEARs** dull, tired eyes. Its special, **EXCLUSIVE** ingredient instantly clears eyes red and inflamed *(from late hours, fatigue, etc.).



Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe **EYE-GENE**, because it is quickly **EFFECTIVE** in making **EYES FEEL GOOD**. **WASH** your eyes with **EYE-GENE** today. On sale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

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ELSA: Seriously, Joan, do you mean you chose that powder by the color of your eyes?

JOAN: Yes, and my rouge and lipstick, too, Elsa! It's an amazing *new* way, and the only *true* guide I've ever found! Try Marvelous Matched Makeup, Elsa! You'll love it!



ELSA: You're proof that it's perfect for *hazel* eyes, Joan! But my eyes are *blue*!

JOAN: Whether your eyes are blue, hazel, brown or gray, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—



ELSA: And they discovered that eye color determines proper cosmetic shades, Joan?

JOAN: Yes! And so they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes! *It's the color of your eyes!*



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JOAN: And Elsa, for real flattery, just try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly*—gives your lips lovely, *long-lasting* color!



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DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

"THE COMPETENT MR. CAGNEY"

(Continued from page 27)

that here is someone who knows things, really knows. Here is a dynamo." As he spoke, his description of Steinbeck somehow fitted himself.

He discussed Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men." "They want me to play George in the picture. It's an actor proof part, anyone can do it." He shrugged his shoulders again.

I notice he has a habit of shrugging off praise. For when I brought up "Maggie, the Magnificent" and his performance, it was another shrug and, "No one can go wrong playing a George Kelly comedy part. I learned a lot from him."

We talked about past pictures, about the death house scene in "Angels With Dirty Faces." Here I discovered an odd fact, that despite James Cagney's unforgettable walk to that chair, played so convincingly that it helped win him the Critics' Award, he doesn't believe in capital punishment. "It never did any good. Statistics prove that," he said.

We talked about death houses and how pictures have never been able to put over what one really is like, never quite been able to show the real horror which stands in its simplicity, in its plain little brown wooden witness chairs looking so much like those of a school room.

And we spoke about prison cells and how the camera never shows the actual size of some cells, where it's so narrow a prisoner can't pace—where, when two share it, one has to sit while the other stands.

WE discussed the plight of prisoners' wives, and how prisons are bound to favor the rich, since as long as there's human nature there will be bribery. And we talked about how you can spot a lifer by his eyes that are holes and his face like an unbaked pie, and how most murderers are a shock to meet because when you speak to them you realize they sound like anybody else, like the man next door or the lady across the street—that they're not so much different from you or me.

Which brought us to the subject of environment, to kid courts, to a house of detention in Chicago where, because of crowded conditions, they mix young automobile thieves and children left on people's doorsteps. And one child teaches another.

"There's no such thing as a bad child," I said after this discussion.

"Repeat that," said Cagney. Then he said, "You're wrong. I can name five of them."

He told me something of his life way back in Yorkville near Manhattan's Second Avenue. And he spoke of a boy he knew there, a boy who might have stepped from one of his pictures, a boy with a simple Irish name. "But we called him 'Angel Face.' He looked just like an angel. An artist saw him once and wanted to draw him. At ten he sang in the choir. Between hymns he'd go downstairs and smoke cigars. Once he asked his mother for a quarter. When she refused, he slugged her."

THIS made me understand a little more of Cagney, how the soft voice and educated manner is able to disguise itself, to get right inside the innards of a tough guy. I think it's because he goes out of his way to see, to learn and to remember.

I brought up Marilyn Cantor's crush. Would this make him act like a conceited ham? No. He seemed embarrassed. He remembered the dinner and how the girl sat there, neither speaking nor eating. "She was only fourteen," he said. "Two years later I was amazed. She came on the set, a young lady, poised, grown-up." He shook his head. "How they change."

Finally I spoke of the dancing school. He laughed. You see, he still calls himself a hooper. And he remembered the sign. "But I don't owe anybody a routine. Nobody ever paid in advance."

He continued, "There's something funny about that word 'competent.' I was flattered when Michael used it, just as I am now when Frank Nugent uses it. But in the business generally, it is a headache. Whenever I was cast in a Broadway flop, the critics would write, 'James Cagney was competent.' It seems to have taken the place of 'adequate,' the worst of theatrical slams."

He looked at his watch. "I've got a dentist appointment," he said. "You can't let your teeth go in this business."

I felt he faced the dentist like he faces Hollywood, a job to be done. And he faces jobs as he faces life, in a thoroughly competent manner. For after listening to him, you are certain that here is one completely sane, well-balanced individual. James Cagney is still my favorite actor.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON A STAR

(Continued from page 33)

Fernando Valley, buying acreage, building their homesteads. They have children, either their own or adopted. There are the Fredric Marches, Burns and Allen, Jack Benny, the Pat O'Briens, others."

And I thought, as Irene talked, face serious under the blue bandana tied about her golden-brown hair, seeming to frame and accentuate her lovely brown eyes, I thought how truly she spoke.

"I think," Irene was thinking aloud, "I wanted the baby for, quite normally, the things I could give her and, no less, the things she can give me. Now, whenever I play golf I find myself thinking of what fun it will be to teach Mary Frances to play. Now, when I sing or play the piano

and watch her eyes fastened on me, on the keyboard, I sense what seems to be her rapt interest in music and feel an added thrill. One of these days she will be playing and singing, too. I can give her that. Not only the lessons, the training, matters of dollars and cents, but, perhaps the love of music. When I think of Europe, the cities I have known, the experiences I have had, I know that they cannot now be just memories of the Past but raptures which I can share again with Mary Frances—first raptures, hers. Which is, of course, what children do for you. They give you another life to live.

"I know that when I lost my mother—

just two weeks after Mary Frances came to me—I might well have lost my mind, my grip, if, when it was all over, I had not had her to come home to. Mother and I had been so close, always. She travelled with me when I was first on the stage. She lived with me here in Hollywood. We had been friends and confidantes as well as mother and daughter. I often had thought, What will I do, what could I do if anything ever happens to Mother? And I don't know *what* I could have done if I had not gone home to Mary Frances. Another mother-and-daughter relationship was there for me, you see. And when you come home from grief and there is a child in the house who doesn't know the meaning of grief, and must not be allowed to know it so soon, you must come out of it, be gay and laughing and normal, carry on. Mary Frances did that for me. And if she were never again to do one single thing for me she justified her darling little existence right then.

"Then, too," said Irene, smiling, "I have the usual parental feeling of wanting to spare her some of the things I have had to do. I don't think I want her to be an actress, even though I wouldn't be anything else in this world. Of course, if she should show a marked talent for the stage or screen, that would be that. But if I could choose for her, I would prefer her to have a normal, healthy life, with plenty of time for study and sports and travel. It's just as character-building, I believe, to train yourself to play a good game of golf, drive a car expertly, swim divinely as it is to work for fame or money. I want Mary Frances to have vital interests and wide activities—but, I want them to be fun.

"I've had to work very hard, you know, for everything I've done, for what-



Mickey Rooney, virtuoso, puts his heart into a nifty little rendition.

ever I've accomplished. Things never came easy to me. Plums never dropped in my lap. I've always had to climb after them, barking my shins and laboring every inch of the way. Even when I play golf," Irene laughed, "I can't just grab up a club and tee off. No, I have to figure out whether the right hand goes here and the left hand goes there and consider my stance carefully and then, and only then, do I manage to take off.

"When I went to school at the convent in St. Louis I had to work for good marks. I wasn't one of those inspirational students who get 'flashes' and get by. When I attended the Chicago School of Music I practised three times as hard and five times as long as any of the other students there, for about the same

results. I didn't, as it were, play by ear. I had to work at everything. I was born shy and painfully self-conscious. I had to learn how to enter a room gracefully, join in a conversation, be adequate to social occasions. I had to learn how to 'talk to men,' wear clothes casually as painstakingly as a child learns to walk.

"I can't ever be casual and careless about anything. Not even concerning my work. I wouldn't dare to be late on a set. I usually find that I am in make-up and ready to report an hour before the director wants to begin shooting. I can't romp and play and relax on the set, have tea parties, be clubby with 'props' and cameramen and hair-dressers. I have to give every minute to my work.

"I want the pleasure and satisfaction of having Mary Frances have roots, to grow up here in California, not move about from city to city as I had to do. Not that I have any regrets about my own life. None at all. I certainly am not given to self-pity, where none is necessary. I could, I suppose, have managed to work up quite a dose of it if I had been so minded. I could have gloomed about in the gloaming mooning, 'I have no baby of my own, poor, childless me!' I could take to heart what some of my friends are forever telling me, sympathizing with me because I work so constantly and so hard, never have time to 'play,' never can make plans to golf or go to parties or go away on week-ends. I don't. I always think of their lives, and feel rich in my own."

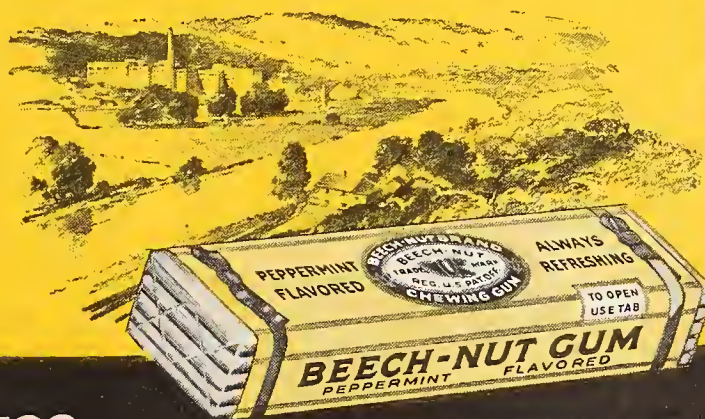
Mary Frances came into the library for her good-night kiss. She got it, multiplied by fifty. I watched Irene with the child. I thought that if I had seen them together when I first came in, I would never have asked why Irene Dunne adopted a child.

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MOVIE SCOREBOARD



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Picture

General
Rating

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (M-G-M).....	3½★
Adventures of Jane Arden (Warners).....	2½★
Ambush (Paramount).....	2★
Arizona Wildcat (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Back Door to Heaven (Paramount).....	2½★
Beachcomber, The (Mayflower Picture).....	3½★
Beauty For the Asking (RKO).....	2½★
Big Town Czar (Universal).....	2★
Blackwell's Island (Warners).....	3★
Blind Alley (Columbia).....	3★
Blondie Meets the Boss (Columbia).....	2½★
Boy Friend (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Boys' Reformatory (Monogram).....	2★
Boy Slaves (RKO).....	3★
Boy Trouble (Paramount).....	2★
Bridal Suite (M-G-M).....	2★
Broadway Serenade (M-G-M).....	2½★
Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police (Paramount).....	2½★
Burn 'Em Up O'Connor (M-G-M).....	2★
Cafe Society (Paramount).....	3½★
Calling Dr. Kildare (M-G-M).....	3★
Captain Fury (United Artists).....	2½★
Charlie Chan in Honolulu (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Charlie Chan in Reno (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Chasing Danger (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Climbing High (Gaumont British).....	2½★
Clouds Over Europe (Columbia).....	2½★
Confessions of a Nazi Spy (Warners).....	3★
Dark Victory (Warners).....	4★
Daughters Courageous (Warners).....	3★
Disbarred (Paramount).....	2½★
Dodge City (Warners).....	3★
East Side of Heaven (Universal).....	3★
Everybody's Baby (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Ex-Champ (Universal).....	2★
Family Next Door, The (Universal).....	2★
Fast and Loose (M-G-M).....	3★
Fisherman's Wharf (RKO).....	2★
*Five Came Back (RKO).....	2★
Fixer Dugan (RKO).....	2★
Flying Irishman, The (RKO).....	2½★
Forged Passport (Republic).....	2½★
Four Girls in White (M-G-M).....	2½★
Gambling Ship (Universal).....	2★
Girl From Mexico, The (RKO).....	2★
Goodbye Mr. Chips (M-G-M).....	4★
Good Girls Go To Paris (Columbia).....	2½★
Gorilla, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Gracie Allen Murder Case (Paramount).....	2½★
Great Man Votes, The (RKO).....	3★
Gunga Din (RKO).....	3½★
Hardys Ride High, The (M-G-M).....	3★
Homicide Bureau (Columbia).....	2★
Honolulu (M-G-M).....	2½★
Hotel Imperial (Paramount).....	2★
Hound of the Baskervilles (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
House of Fear, The (Universal).....	2★
Ice Follies of 1939 (M-G-M).....	2½★
Idiot's Delight (M-G-M).....	4★
I'm From Missouri (Paramount).....	3★
Inside Story (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Invitation to Happiness (Paramount).....	2★
It Could Happen to You (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
It's a Wonderful World (M-G-M).....	3★
Jesse James (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
*Jones Family in Hollywood (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Juarez (Warners).....	3★
The Kid From Kokomo (Warners).....	2★
Kid From Texas, The (M-G-M).....	2★
King of Chinatown (Paramount).....	2½★
King of the Turf (United Artists).....	2★
King of the Underworld (Warners).....	2★
Lady and the Mob, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Lady's From Kentucky, The (Paramount).....	2½★
Lady Vanishes, The (Alfred Hitchcock).....	4★
Last Warning, The (Universal).....	2½★
Let Freedom Ring (M-G-M).....	3★
Let Us Live (Columbia).....	3★
Little Princess, The (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Lone Wolf Spy Hunt (Columbia).....	2½★
Long Shot, The (Grand National).....	2½★
Love Affair (RKO).....	3½★
Lucky Night (M-G-M).....	2½★
Made for Each Other (United Artists).....	3★
Maisie (M-G-M).....	3★
Man About Town (Paramount).....	3★

Picture

General
Rating

Man of Conquest (Republic).....	3★
Midnight (Paramount).....	3★
Mikado, The (Universal).....	3★
Missing Daughters (Columbia).....	2★
Mr. Moto in Danger Island (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Mr. Moto's Last Warning (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
My Son Is a Criminal (Columbia).....	2½★
Mystery of Mr. Wong (Monogram).....	2½★
Mystery of the White Room (Universal).....	2★
Mystery Plane (Monogram).....	2★
Nancy Drew—Reporter (Warners).....	2½★
Naughty But Nice (Warners).....	2★
Never Say Die (Paramount).....	2★
North of Shanghai (Columbia).....	2★
North of Yukon (Columbia).....	2★
Off the Record (Warners).....	2½★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners).....	3★
One-Third of a Nation (Paramount).....	2½★
Only Angels Have Wings (Columbia).....	3★
On Trial (Warners).....	2½★
Pacific Liner (RKO).....	3★
Panama Lady (RKO).....	2★
Paris Honeymoon (Paramount).....	2★
Persons in Hiding (Paramount).....	2½★
Pride of the Navy (Republic).....	2★
Prison Without Bars (United Artists).....	2½★
Pygmalion (Pascal).....	3½★
Return of the Cisco Kid, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Risky Business (Universal).....	2★
Romance of the Redwoods (Columbia).....	2★
Rose of Washington Square (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Saint Strikes Back, The (RKO).....	2½★
Secret Service of the Air (Warners).....	2½★
Sergeant Madden (M-G-M).....	2½★
6,000 Enemies (M-G-M).....	2½★
Smiling Along (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Society Lawyer (M-G-M).....	2½★
Some Like It Hot (Paramount).....	2★
Son of Frankenstein (Universal).....	2★
Sorority House (RKO).....	2★
SOS—Tidal Wave (Republic).....	2★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	2½★
Stand Up and Fight (M-G-M).....	2½★
Star Reporter (Monogram).....	2★
St. Louis Blues (Paramount).....	2½★
Stagecoach (United Artists).....	4★
Stolen Life (Paramount).....	2½★
Story of Alexander Bell (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The (RKO).....	3½★
Street of Missing Men (Republic).....	2★
Streets of New York (Monogram).....	2★
Sudden Money (Paramount).....	2★
Sun Never Sets, The (Universal).....	2★
Susannah of the Mounties (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Sweepstakes Winner (Warners).....	2★
Tail Spin (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Tarzan Finds a Son (M-G-M).....	2½★
Tell No Tales (M-G-M).....	2½★
They Made Her a Spy (RKO).....	2★
They Made Me a Criminal (Warners).....	3★
Three Musketeers, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....	3★
Topper Takes a Trip (Hal Roach).....	3★
Torchy Blane in Chinatown (Warners).....	2½★
Torchy Runs for Mayor (Warners).....	2½★
Twelve Crowded Hours (RKO).....	3★
Undercover Agent (Monogram).....	2★
Undercover Doctor (Paramount).....	2½★
Union Pacific (Paramount).....	3½★
White New York Sleeps (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Wife, Husband and Friend (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Wings of the Navy (Warners).....	3★
Winner Take All (20th Century-Fox).....	2★
Within the Law (M-G-M).....	2★
Wolf Call (Monogram).....	2★
Woman Doctor (Republic).....	2½★
Women in the Wind (Warners).....	2★
Wuthering Heights (United Artists).....	4★
Yes, My Darling Daughter (Warners).....	2★
You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (Universal).....	3★
You Can't Get Away With Murder (Warners).....	2½★
Young Mr. Lincoln (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Zaza (Paramount).....	3★
Zenobia (United Artists).....	2★

Turn to our Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. It's a valuable guide in choosing entertainment. Instead of giving the individual ratings of Modern Screen and authoritative newspaper movie critics all over the country, we have struck an average of their ratings of pictures released during the six months prior to our going to press. 4★, means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. Asterisk denotes that only Modern Screen ratings are given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

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Read the story of Linda B. . . .



As a kid, Linda B. had golden curls . . . But as she grew older her hair got darker . . . lost its lovely sheen, looked dull and drab. Boy friends started to break dates. One day she overheard two girls at the office — "Why doesn't Linda use Marchand's?" . . .

That night Linda rinsed her hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Next day even Linda's boss complimented her on her hair . . . glorious, youthful blondeness is hers again . . . so natural looking, too. Its soft lustre and glowing highlights make her look years younger . . . Boy friends have to fight for a date with Linda, now!

AFTER



Are you "the girl who *used to be* BLONDE"?

Don't be discouraged . . . you, too, can have that lovely, natural looking blondeness just as easily as Linda B. Go into a drug or department store . . . get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Use it **TONIGHT**. Tomorrow you will be amazed at the difference in your hair . . . it will have a new, blonde radiance you never dreamed possible . . . that soft, silky look so fascinating to men. Marchand's is a scientific preparation, simple, quick and harmless.

TO BROWNETTES AND BRUNETTES

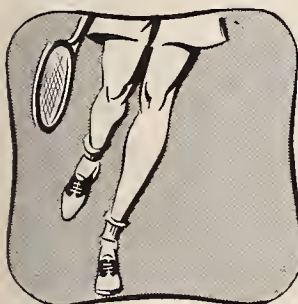
Marchand's can help you, too, even though you may not want to **LIGHTEN** your hair. Used as directed, Marchand's brings brilliant new highlights and a fresh sparkle to **ALL** shades of hair.

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Shirts are shorter
Legs are bare
Marchand's lightens
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FASHION SAYS . . .
Skirts are briefer
Sheer hose revealing
Marchand's magic
Makes legs appealing



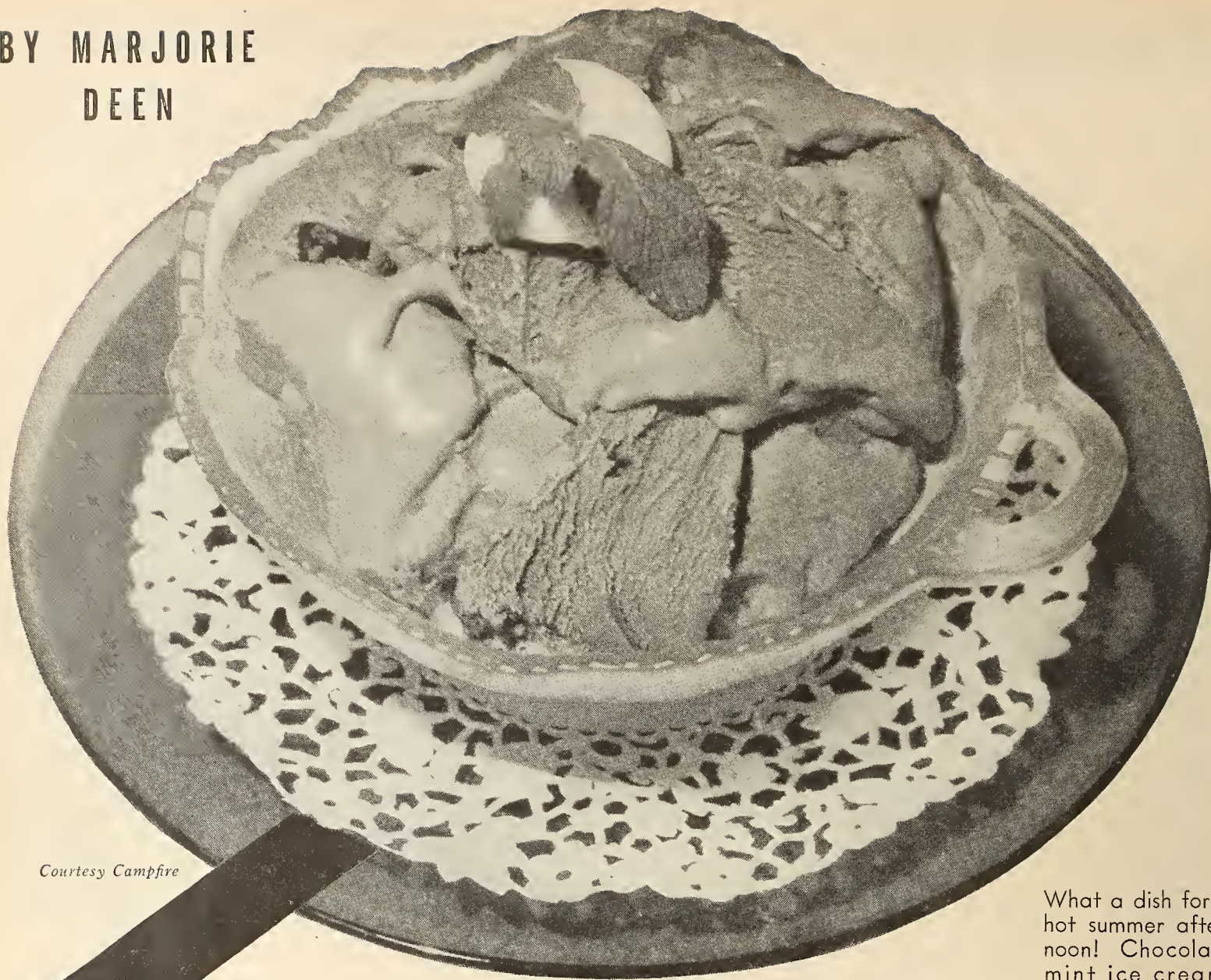
FASHION SAYS . . .
Swim suits are showing
As much as they dare
Always use Marchand's
Whatever you wear



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At all drug or department stores, or if unobtainable send 50¢ (stamps or money order) to: The Charles Marchand Co., 521 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y., for regular 4 fl. oz. bottle, postage prepaid.

BY MARJORIE
DEEN



Courtesy Campfire

What a dish for a hot summer afternoon! Chocolate mint ice cream.

FREEZE YOUR OWN!

WHENEVER, wherever, however it is served, ice cream is one sweet that is sure to be given star billing by everyone. Its appearance changes even the simplest meal into a party. When you stop to realize that this national favorite is also high in food value (containing as it does such important things as carbohydrates, proteins, fats, minerals and vitamins), you are likely to decide that you should serve it even more often than you do now, especially during the hot weather!

Another fine feature of ice cream is its versatility. There is no need to serve the same type of frozen dessert twice in a summer—except by popular demand, of course. There are the most intriguing variations, ranging from elaborate Baked Alaskas, Ice Cream Cakes and the like, through a series of frosted drinks, sherbets, sundaes and *à la mode* ideas down to that childhood favorite, ice cream cones. Which brings up a little story that I heard about Deanna Durbin.

Deanna, it seems, is an ice cream

enthusiast of the first order and, in the afternoon, on the set, she used to have her "double chocolate cone" regularly. But recently she up and decided that they were entirely too childish! Hereafter, she declared, she must have her ice cream on a plate, to prove to all observers that now she is really grown up! Not even this more formal type of service makes her forego her daily treat of this cold, creamy sweet, however.

Realizing this fondness, her mother sees to it that the home-made kind appears frequently at the Durbin dinner table. You will find recipes explaining, step by step, how she prepares some of Deanna's favorites on page 88. The first is for Biscuit Tortoni, which can be made in the freezing trays of an automatic refrigerator with the greatest ease imaginable. Frozen and served, as it should be, in little fluted paper cups, it makes a most attractive looking party treat.

But the Durbins do not overlook the crank-type of freezer. Nor should

you, now that there are new ones which actually freeze ice cream in less than ten minutes of turning. Nothing old-fashioned about these, certainly, except the old-fashioned goodness that characterizes the product they turn out! The freezer recipe we have given you is for Banana Ice Cream, which is particularly good when made, as suggested, into that filling and popular dessert, a Banana Split.

Then there are directions for making a rich, creamy, smooth Chocolate Ice Cream, like the one pictured above, which can be used for either freezer or automatic refrigerator with but minor changes.

Remember in making all these frozen treats that measurements are level and that directions should be followed to the letter. Remember, too, that there are a number of good, easy-to-use ice cream "mixes" on the market which you should try. These provide you with directions which assure fine results when carefully followed.

Turn to page 88 for tested recipes

How to make and serve the all-time favorite of desserts—ice cream

OUR MOVIE QUIZ

(Answers on page 87)

1. When Mickey Rooney feels the urge for music coming over him, what instrument does he make a dash for?
2. For how long have Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres been divorced?
3. What was Hedy Lamarr's married name before she divorced her first husband?
4. Does Sonja Henie protect her feet by wearing low-heeled shoes?
5. How many children are there in Shirley Temple's family?
6. What was the name of the picture which Lew Ayres directed?
7. Who produced Henry VIII?
8. What former Oklahoma cowboy tops all stars in the matter of fan mail?
9. Was (1) Bob Taylor (2) Errol Flynn (3) Victor McLaglen an Olympic boxer?
10. Which hit song in Alexander's Ragtime Band was written for the picture and was not a revival?
11. What did Spencer Tracy say when he was handed the Motion Picture Academy award for 1937?
12. What was the name of the "Three Comrades" car?
13. What do moviemakers call the "stage hands" on a set?
14. For her performances in which pictures did Bette Davis get Academy awards?
15. What have Mary Pickford, Deanna Durbin and Norma Shearer in common?
16. Whose mother is Mrs. Lilian Bernstein?
17. In which production was Charlie Chaplin's voice first heard in a movie?
18. What semi-humorous ailment affects both Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire?
19. Are Ruby Stevens and Arlington Brugh married?
20. Which is taller, Jackie Cooper or Mickey Rooney?
21. What new word entered the English language through the medium of "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town"?
22. Who was a manicurist before she became a featured player for Fox?
23. What was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s nickname in "Having Wonderful Time"?
24. Does the sound of a talking picture emanate from a separate record or is it found on the actual film.
25. How did each of the dwarfs know which bed belonged to whom in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs"?
26. Who is the handsome young gentleman pictured below?



"My neighbors used to razz me — *behind my back!*"



"It used to make me wild—all that eyebrow-raising and chatter. But I don't wonder they whispered about me. The baby's clothes, my clothes, everything that came out of my wash screamed tattle-tale gray. Goodness knows, I rubbed till my arms ached, but no use! My things looked foggier than a storm cloud and I couldn't imagine why, until . . .

"Now they say nice things — *to my face!*"



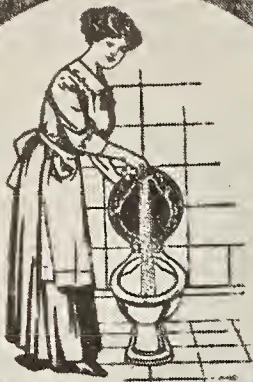
"I found out I was using the wrong kind of soap. It just didn't have pep enough to wash out *all* the dirt. So, quick as scat, I got some Fels-Naptha Soap at the grocer's, and glory, what a difference! There's so much honest washing energy in this richer *golden* soap and active *naptha* that dirt has to let go—every last speck of it! My clothes are so white, they shine like snow. Take it from me, I don't get the razz any more—it's compliments I'm hearing."

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

YOUR MOTHER READ THIS



Now you can keep the closet bowls in your house as clean and spotless as new without scouring them or touching them with your hands. Sani-Flush does the work quickly, easily. It cannot hurt the plumbing connections.

Sani-Flush
Cleans Water-Closet Bowls

Here's one of the first advertisements ever run for Sani-Flush. After 27 years, it is still the easiest and best known way to clean toilets. (Also cleans out auto radiators.) See directions on can. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and 5-and-10-cent stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.

LINIT makes CHILDREN'S DRESSES stay clean longer

Linit is the modern starch... it penetrates the very fibers of the material instead of merely coating the surface... it restores the original dressing that made them so pretty when they were new. Keep the kiddies clothes lovely with Linit.



INFORMATION

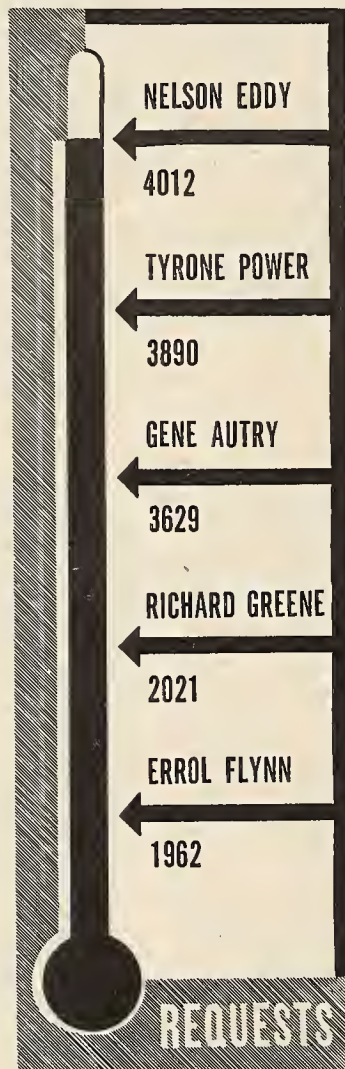


You ask the questions
—we'll answer them



JEFFREY LYNN: This New Englander was christened Ragner Lind when he was born in Auburn, Massachusetts, on February 16, 1909. While he was a sophomore at Bates College in Maine, he joined the dramatic club and, for the first time, felt the urge to act, though at this time he was all set to become a lawyer. Graduating during the worst year of the depression, he was forced to take any work that would earn him a living. He became a bill collector for the telephone company, a theatre doorman, a department store clerk and teacher of English and dramatics in a little country school in Maine. During all this time his interest and activity in amateur theatricals kept his desire to go on the stage well fired. Jeffrey's first professional job was with a summer stock company at Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Virginia, where the customers paid in vegetables and other goods and the actors weren't paid at all. At the end of the summer, he returned to New York and was given his first Broadway job as understudy to the lead in "A Slight Case of Murder." This was followed by several bit parts, an assistant stage manager, a summer of stock at Bar Harbor, Maine, and then more bit parts. By this time his name was "Jeffrey Lynn" and he was well prepared for the big break which came his way—the lead in the road company of "Brother Rat." While the company was playing in Los Angeles, he was given a screen test and offered a contract. He waited, however, until his contract with the road company had expired, then signed with Warner Bros. and came to Hollywood in January, 1938. Jeffrey played bits in several pictures before he was given the lead in "Four Daughters." After his hit in this, he was immediately cast in "Yes, My Darling Daughter," then "Daughters Courageous" and most recently, "A Child Is Born." He is six feet tall, weighs 158 lbs., has light blue eyes and brown hair. Outside of his ambition to become a really great actor, Jeffrey is most interested in singing and writing. He declares that cats are his pet aversion. Jeff is not married, but is very devoted, at present, to Doris Carson, an actress. Address: Warner Bros. Studios, Burbank, Cal.

RITA JOHNSON: This young lady was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, on August 13th. Oddly enough, though she tried time and again, she never won a role in a high school play. After her graduation, she worked in her mother's tea room in order to pay for weekly dramatic lessons. Later she attended the New England Conservatory of Music and became an accomplished pianist. She decided that in order to attain fame as an actress, she should first make a name for herself in some other field, so she started taking her swimming very seriously with the Olympic Championship as her goal. She trained for the trials, but when they came off she didn't have the price of a ticket to the distant city. That was the end of that idea. About this time, plans for a civic repertory company to produce a season of plays in Worcester were materializing and Rita was promised small parts. Her enthusiasm sold a whole block of season tickets to her family and relatives. After two weeks of performances, the manager absconded with the funds and Rita had to go back to work in the tea room to reimburse her friends and relatives. After the debts were paid, Rita got a job playing with a stock company in Milwaukee, then toured New England with a group and played a season in Brookfield, Massachusetts' summer theatre with Eva Le Gallienne. Her first Broadway performances were in "Fulton of Oak Falls" and "If This Be Treason," both Theatre Guild productions. Rita decided to fill in the time between plays by radio appearances. She wrote her own material and presented it at an audition. Soon she was playing in radio serials and comedy broadcasts. Then she went to Hollywood for a screen test and was given a contract by M-G-M. Her screen debut was made in "London By Night." Rita is a blue-eyed blonde, five feet four inches in height and 110 lbs. in weight. She keeps in condition by swimming, playing tennis and golf. Her favorite recreation is talking to interesting people and her hobby is collecting sets of glassware. Her latest picture is "Stronger Than Desire." You can write her at M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal.



DESK



HENRY FONDA: Here's a young man whose star has risen apace during the last year. Henry was born in Grand Island, Nebraska, on a certain May sixteenth. His father, William Brace Fonda, a business man, packed his family off to live in Omaha when Henry was a mere child. There he attended public schools with a writing career in view. He worked his way through the University of Minnesota by serving as an athletic instructor and general coach at a nearby settlement house, and also studied journalism along with various other writing courses. Upon graduating, he tried in vain to get a newspaper job. Then, a bit of the theatrical popped up in him when he became interested in the Omaha Community Playhouse. None of his relatives had been on the stage or connected with theatricals in any way, and this burning ambition to be an actor was ignited at not so early an age. His first actual stage work was in Philip Barry's "You and I." Then he played in "Merton of the Movies" and "Beyond the Horizon." In the fall of 1928 he was engaged by the Theatre Guild as an extra and understudy. He finally got a break and was recommended to Marc Connelly for the role of the farmer lad in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." He proved to be an immediate success and at the same time came to the attention of Walter Wanger, who signed him immediately to a long-term contract. - Wanger, however, having no suitable movie role for him, loaned him to various other movie companies, and he has been kept busy since. Henry is six feet one inch tall, weighs 170 lbs., has black hair and blue eyes. He is happily married to Mrs. Frances Seymour Brokaw, a socialite. In all probability, you are now enjoying "Hank" in his excellent characterization of Abraham Lincoln in "Young Mr. Lincoln." You can write Henry Fonda in care of 20th Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, Cal.

George Karslow, Easton, Pa. Susan Hayward was in Hollywood for more than a year before she was cast in a role, namely, the lead in Paramount's new version of "Beau Geste." She was all set to return to her home town when a girl friend of hers arrived from the East. Susan then decided to linger on in the movie capital. One day she decided to call on Artie Jackson, talent director and, strangely enough, Artie was looking for a definite type to play opposite Gary Cooper in "Beau Geste." One look at Susan convinced him that his search was ended. Need we say that one hour later she walked out of his office with a long-term contract. Miss Hayward is but a mere five feet three inches tall and weighs 108 lbs., which is well distributed.

(Continued on page 87)

WIN AGAINST BODY ODOR with this Fragrance Men Love!



Before you use any soap to combat body odor, smell the soap! Instinctively you realize how much more fragrant your skin can be, when bathed in Cashmere Bouquet's costly perfume.

DO YOU long to sway men your way—have them say you're glamorous and interesting? Then be mighty careful of the fragrance that bath soap leaves on your skin.

For now there's a more exciting, a more delicate, a more feminine way to bathe away body odor. Millions of women revel in it, because it's more in tune with the rest of your make-up.

Yes, go by the smell test when you buy soap to combat body odor. Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love. A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory

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Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume. Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

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Cashmere Bouquet Soap

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**INFORMATION DESK, MODERN SCREEN,
149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.**

Please print, in this department, a brief life story of:

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

If you would like our chart listing the heights, ages, birthdays and marriages of all the important stars, enclose five cents in stamps or coin with your coupon.

LOVE AT FIRST SLIGHT

(Continued from page 31)

"Yes, I have. Twice. Why?" Pause. More pause.

"Well, did you see 'Kid Galahad?'" "Kid Galahad" is his particular pride and joy, so that when she answered, "Yes, and I liked it," he fairly beamed.

"Oh, you don't have to turn that movie smile on me!" she retorted. And then she saw that her squelching had been too thorough. There was a sad hurt little-boy expression on his face—and she was sorry.

In that moment the pendulum swung, and from then on Bubbles behaved nicely and with interest. At El Morocco a little later, Mrs. Schinasi made the excuse to leave early and fully expected her daughter to rush at the chance of escaping with her. But Bubbles said she thought she'd stay on a while with Mr. Morris, that her headache was quite gone. (She had feigned one earlier in the evening, just in case she needed it later.) Nevertheless the goodbyes between Mr. Morris and Mrs. Schinasi had all the aspects of finality. Wayne had said that he would be in town only a few days, and Mrs. Schinasi naturally assumed that that would be the last she would see of him. She had a whopping surprise in store for her, however.

The next morning she left the house early to spend the day in the country. She peeked into Bubbles' room first and saw that Wayne had returned her all in one piece as he had promised. Then she tip-toed away without waking her.

When she returned around six in the evening and walked into her own private

sitting-room, there was the surprise. It was seated in its shirt sleeves in the center of the floor playing dominoes with the entire family, Bubbles, Leon and Betty, the latter two aged twelve and ten respectively. This certainly was not the formal young man to whom she had bade farewell the evening before—yet it did resemble him.

"Hello, Mom!" the surprise greeted her. "That's right!" chorused the two kids. "Wayne and Bubbles are going to be married!"

YES, it was just like that, just as sudden and just as unexpected," Bubbles says now. "We wanted to elope, but Mother wouldn't hear of it. She said that first of all it was unfair to Wayne's mother, who should be allowed to meet me first, and it was unfair to us. She said you just couldn't hop up and marry someone you had known only twenty-four hours. It just wasn't done. So in the end we had to agree with her. Wayne returned to Hollywood to make 'The Kid From Kokomo' and for a month we wrote about three times a day to each other, talked on the telephone once a day, and then sent a wire or two besides for good measure. Then at the end of the month Mother and I came out and several weeks later Wayne and I were married.

"Incidentally, during that month in New York I think I saw 'Brother Rat' about twenty times. It kept me from being lonesome. It's funny—before, I hadn't particularly liked Wayne on the screen, but now it was different. I liked

the love scenes particularly; I thought he was so cute in them. And because I didn't feel jealous, I figured maybe I could be an actor's wife and not suffer too much from it. If I had been a jealous type I might have had my doubts. Of course I knew that there would be some things that it would take me a long, long while to get used to and there have been, too," she added seriously.

"When I married Wayne, I really had little idea of what a responsibility it is to marry an actor. We were in Havana, still on our honeymoon, when Wayne suddenly received a wire from the studio to fly to Washington and appear there at the President's Birthday Celebration. It meant coming in out of the moonlight and getting back into the bright lights and the crowds, at a moment's notice. It meant, too, that I had to appear with him when he made a guest appearance on the radio or at some theatre—and for a girl who has had no theatrical training, these little things are really big ordeals. I honestly had stage fright all those first weeks. Every time a photographer flashed his camera at us I suffered. They're things you get used to after a while, I suppose, but they're a strain at first. Oh yes, and the standing by, patiently, while your husband signs autographs!

"I made lots of mistakes in the beginning. For one thing I had the habit of teasing Wayne about his work. Acting in the movies had always seemed to me sort of a freak profession. Like so many, I always had the feeling that it was not very serious, just something that some

HONEY, I GOT THE JOB!

BUT JUST A SHORT TIME AGO...

WHY, JOE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

LOOKING FOR A JOB, DON! THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN BREAKING RIGHT FOR ME FOR A LONG TIME NOW!

LISTEN, JOE--I KNOW OF A FINE OPENING! AND YOU CAN GET IT, TOO, IF...WELL, IF YOU'LL ONLY SEE MY DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

MY BREATH!

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...

NO MORE WORRIES FOR US, MARGIE! I GOT THE JOB-- AND IT'S A GREAT ONE, TOO!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

BAD BREATH KEEPS SUCCESS AWAY—PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

Good Housekeeping Institute

people were lucky enough to get good money for. Oh, and how I've found out differently! Once I made a joke about 'Brother Rat,' something to the effect that Wayne had played stooge to Eddie Albert. I'll never forget the hurt look on his face. 'I tried my best,' he said. 'I thought I was giving what I could to the role.'

"At first I thought he was being over-sensitive; after all I was only kidding. But I've learned since that you can't kid about acting, any more than you can about manufacturing. I've learned to understand why every actor is just as intense about his work as business men are about theirs. Each performance is like the launching of a new product. An actor watches how the public accepts it, not so much because of any ego or conceit, but because each performance is either an asset or liability. They all reduce to dollars and cents later."

TALKING to Bubbles Morris, today, we know that here is no usual Hollywood marriage. It started out impetuously, but sudden as their attraction was for each other, we sense that there is something really stable in the bond between them. It has always surprised Hollywood that Wayne, since the first days of his success, has so persistently insisted that he would never marry an actress, that when he married it would be to settle down, to have a home life, and to have children. It seemed too domestic for us to believe. We thought that he was going to forget his resolve, when he and Priscilla Lane saw so much of each other. But his marriage to Bubbles proves otherwise.

Young as she is, she, too, has shown an urge to settle down, and the first months of her marriage have been devoted entirely to making a home for him. She decorated their beautiful home in Westwood entirely herself. Wayne had said, "I leave it all up to you, only one thing! No ruffles, and no pink, see! Now remember." And Bubbles did remember. It's a stunning house, and Bubbles stays close to it. She spends most of her days taking cooking lessons from the cook. She putters around and loves it. And she is going to have a baby.

She didn't especially want an actor for a husband, because she thought that all actors were freakish, conceited and daffy. But when she found that this one at least was otherwise, she didn't let her prejudice stand in her way. It's an odd story, but the oddest note about it all is that Bubbles' mother has yet to see her son-in-law on the screen! "But why is it so odd?" Bubbles asks. "If I had married a banker, would Mother think it necessary to watch him at work in his bank? Well," with a shrug, "isn't it practically the same thing?"

There's no getting away from it, those Schinasis just don't go for movie glamor. It's one case where you know that the girl married the actor, not because of any actor-glamor, but just for himself!

STAR ADDRESS LIST

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope today for a new list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that lost item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

Why Can Hair Make a Woman Look So Young?



Halo, a new soapless shampoo, brings youthful sparkle and manageability to even dry hair—with no scalp irritation!

If you long to possess that "little girl" look so evident in all late styles of dress and make-up, then start with your hair!

Because hair that sparkles with highlights—seems to breathe with life and vitality, keys-up your whole appearance with a breathless, expectant note of youth.

Yes, hair can have an electric effect on the rest of your make-up, provided some old-fashioned shampoo is not robbing you of its natural beauty. Because many old-style shampoos so often leave an unrinsable film of soap or oil to actually dull the hair and cover up its natural brilliance. That's why women used to need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Why your hair so often looked dull and dead, unmanageable and stringy.

How lucky for all women that a scientist made this discovery now in Halo Shampoo—a way to make rich, creamy shampoo lather without the use of either soap or oil.

HALO SHAMPOO



Fine Weather for the Country

If you're the outdoor type—active, athletic—here's a semi-up hair-do for your kind.



High off the face showing hair line and exposing entire ear. Back of hair is long, hugging the neck, forming a soft roll.

REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

GINGER GOES IT ALONE

(Continued from page 29)

Not that she hasn't worked at it before. And with happy results. But the new set-up is different. Now, when she's acting, she isn't tightened up, thinking of big song-and-dance numbers ahead. She can relax, let herself go. "I hope the difference shows on the screen," she said fervently.

It's beginning to show off the screen. She used to be chronically tired, so tired that her friends expected to hear of her complete collapse, so tired that her mother finally drove her to demand a six-weeks' rest between pictures. That demand led to a rumor that Ginger Rogers was becoming "difficult." Because she didn't publicly explain. She wouldn't admit, even to herself, that she was physically and emotionally exhausted. But she was. Now she isn't.

It's the only big change in Ginger and it's a heartening one to see. She isn't nervous and tense, now that she's on her own. She has new zest for life and laughter and she's prettier than ever.

The columnists who see her as an "orphan of the storm" should rush for the nearest oculist. Their eyes must need examining.

Her contract came up for renewal last year. At that time, her studio knew that when Fred's contract expired, after two more pictures, he might not renew. They faced the question then: Did Rogers have possibilities without Astaire? The answer was an emphatic Yes. They signed her up not for one more year, but for several, with a guarantee of steady salary increases.

When a studio loses its enthusiasm about a star, there are ways of telling. That star no longer gets the choice scripts or the best directors. Others are handed the plums. And look at Ginger. "Bachelor Mother" is one of the best comedy scripts and the picture was directed by Garson Kanin, who is on his way to becoming another Capra. And for a leading man, the studio went off the lot to get one of Hollywood's most attractive bachelors, David Niven. "Fifth Avenue Girl" is being directed by Gregory La Cava, who specializes in movie masterpieces. Ginger decidedly isn't being given the run-around by her studio.

NOW if people would only stop shaking their heads about my going it alone," Ginger said, whimsically, "everybody could be happy. Tell me, why do some people have such short memories? This isn't the first picture I've made without Fred. There was 'Stage Door,' and 'Vivacious Lady,' and 'Having Wonderful Time.' They didn't close any theatres. Two of them were actually hits, and all of them made money. There ought to be a little hope for me, even if I have hung up my dancing shoes for a while."

I suggested that, perhaps sub-consciously, people were venting their chagrin that she wouldn't give out about her romantic inclinations. They wanted to know if she still was in love with Lew Ayres, from whom she has been parted since 1936, but never divorced. Or was there someone else?

"What's life worth if a girl can't have

one secret?" she asked, smiling. Then, more seriously, she added, "I'm not trying to excite curiosity. I can't tell my future plans, for the best possible reason. I don't know them myself. I'm superstitious about making plans. I believe in letting the future take care of itself. I've operated on that philosophy all my life. It's too late to change now. I'm not afraid of disappointments, but I don't believe in sticking my neck out."

"When I first went on the stage as a Charleston dancer, being a Charleston dancer satisfied my ambitions. I didn't make any plans to branch out, become something more than that. When somebody gave me a chance to do a song-and-dance act, I tried to be good at it. But I didn't get Broadway ambitions. I didn't think I'd ever be good enough for the big-time. When I unexpectedly had the chance to be in a Broadway musical, I worked hard to make the most of it. But I didn't let myself get visions of starring on Broadway."

"When Hollywood gave me an opportunity, I tried to carry out instructions. I tried to do well whatever they called on me to do. But I didn't wax ambitious to show them I could do bigger, better things. I never dreamed of the chance to dance with Fred Astaire. When the chance dropped out of the sky, I tried to follow through. When they gave me the chance to be his acting partner, as well as his dancing partner, I tried to merit their confidence."

"I didn't plan beyond our co-starring pictures. But the studio thought we



IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE IN LOVE!

HOW FOOLISH TO MISS YOUR CHANCE THROUGH DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

THERE'S JUST NOTHING LIKE A LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" TO HELP A GIRL WIN AND HOLD THE MAN SHE LOVES!



BUT WHAT CAN I DO TO KEEP MY SKIN FROM GETTING SO DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING?

MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS USE!



OLIVE OIL, PALMOLIVE'S SECRET!

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!



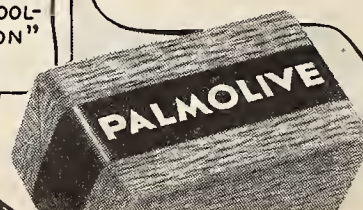
AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSSES SO GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!



WELL, I'M GOING TO USE PALMOLIVE AND GET A "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" LIKE YOURS!

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!

THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!



should be seen apart, as well as together. When they gave me those first pictures without Fred, between my pictures with him, I had to try to be what they thought I could be—worth seeing by myself. Now they're saying, 'We believe you can hold, as an actress, the public that liked you as a dancer.' It's a new chance, a new challenge. I didn't bring it on by years of careful planning. It just happened in the course of events. But now that it's here, I'm eager to try to make something of it.

"That's the way it has always been, all the way along. I've never been able to be ambitious along any line until I've actually had the chance to work along that line.

"I didn't decide to do comedy, as a starter. I didn't have a thing to say about it. The studio did the deciding. What the next step will be, I don't know. Straight drama, perhaps. But I'm not planning on it. As I said before, the future is in the lap of the gods."

"Yes, Ginger is a fatalist. This isn't something new, however. She has always had the habit of not worrying—just as she has always had the habit of sitting with one foot wrapped around the other.

What changes has she seen in Ginger Rogers in the past year. She glanced in her dressing-room mirror, as if that might help her to answer.

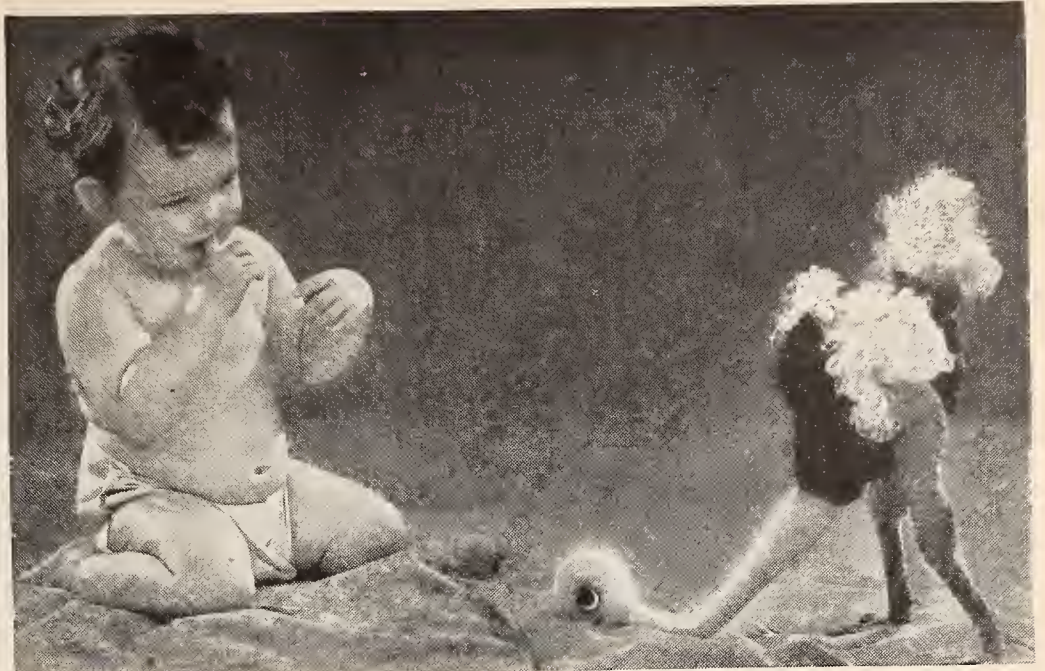
"I'm more rested. I've even given up night-clubbing, I've become so sold on the value of sleep. I've gained a couple of pounds—which I sort of needed. Maybe if I'm a good girl and eat all my spinach, I can gain a couple more, especially now that I'm not dancing.

"I still live in the same house, still see the same people. But I've got a new form of relaxation. Sculpting. Picked it up one Friday afternoon, just like that, and I've been at it ever since. Even if nobody has told me, to date, that I missed my real calling.

"Somehow, I seem to have picked up the title of 'Rogers, the Recluse.' That's what you get in Hollywood when you go in for nice, quiet relaxation. The last time I took a vacation, the local papers printed that I was 'hiding out' somewhere. Do you know what I was doing? Going to the '21' Club in New York for lunch every day and seeing every show on Broadway. If that's hiding out, I'm a buffalo."

The director was calling her back to the set. But before she escaped, I got in one more question. What did she want to do besides carve a career by herself as an actress?

She smiled. She couldn't resist a final quip, "I want to acquire wisdom."



"I hate to discourage you, Miss Ostrich, but I've never noticed anything to eat in that sand...What? You're not looking for things to eat? Then why?...Oh, you're HIDING!...H'm...Well, it seems to me you're making a mistake..."



"First place, there's no danger, so why hide? Secondly, if there were some danger, you aren't very well hidden."



"Attagirl! Now look—sand in your beak—and all scratchy down your neck!... Never mind—we'll soon fix that..."



"Hocus-pocus—just like magic your chafes and scratchy places and prickly heat will feel soothed..."



"'Cause, see? Here comes my Mother with some soft, velvety Johnson's Baby Powder!...Me too, Mother? Me too?"



You're right—it's Vivien Leigh registering coquetry for her role of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind."



"Crazy about it? I knew you would be. Everybody is. Such wonderfully soft, fine talc in it! And such an inexpensive way to make a baby comfortable!"

**JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER**

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OUR PUZZLE PAGE

New! Different!
PARK & TILFORD
Perfumed
Deodorant

EASY TO USE
 NOT GREASY
 NOT MESSY
 LASTS LONG



Body Odors Disappear
Perfume Fragrance Remains

Amazing!—this new Park & Tilford *Perfumed Deodorant*. It not only prevents body odors—it does even *more*. A delightful perfume fragrance remains! Protects you for a full day—and it's safe even after shaving. 25¢ size at drug and dept. stores. 10¢ size at ten-cent stores. Try this different, *double-acting deodorant today!*

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Fine Perfumes for Half a Century

HELPS CLEAN AWAY DISTRESS- ING BLACKHEADS

For complexion blighted by excessively oily skin . . . dirty pores and distressing blackheads try Lavena instead of soap or cream for regular cleansing. Lavena is Oatmeal powder specially refined and processed. Attracts the deposits of oil, grease and grime on the skin. Get Lavena at once . . . leading 10c stores. For free information, write Lavena Corp., Dept. 104, 141 W. Jackson, Chicago.

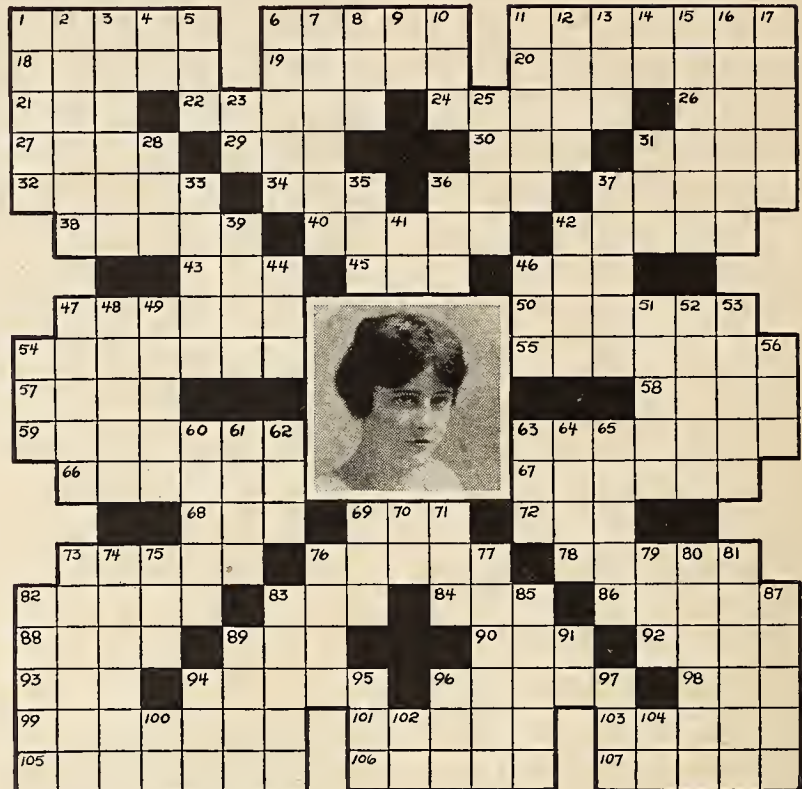


HAIR WAVES
SOFTER...
LAST
LONGER

Don't let dull-looking waves make you unhappy another minute

Do you get permanents so frizzy and wiry, they make you want to cry? Most girls blame the hair-dresser. But the smart girls don't. The clever, fashionable woman today knows that the proper care at home BEFORE a permanent is one secret of a soft, natural wave that lasts longer and looks lovelier. You can use their easy method yourself. First, brush every strand of your hair briskly every night. Then apply this gentle, alkali-free shampoo . . . *Admiracion Oil Shampoo* once a week several weeks before you get a permanent.

A single application and dirt, perspiration and dust are thoroughly washed away. The dulling film that mars otherwise pretty hair goes. Ask your druggist for *Admiracion Oil Shampoo*. There are two types . . . "no-lather" in the red carton and "lathering" in the green carton. Use either and see the new luster in your hair—the new spring in your curls. *Admiracion Labs., Harrison, N. J.*



Puzzle Solution on Page 92

ACROSS

1. & 6. Star pictured
11. Our star's married name
18. English actor in "The Victor"
19. Lead in "The Gorilla"
20. Screen villain who turned director
21. B - - - ta Granville
22. Small mallet
24. To map out
26. Suffix denoting vocation
27. Seizes
29. Our star was in "Joy of - - - ing"
30. Number
31. Bang
32. Opposite our star in "Show Boat"
34. Motion picture stage
36. Dumb cop in "It's A Wonderful World"
37. Singer, - - - - Lind
38. "Road - - - -"
40. Wanderer
42. Iron
43. "Fixer Dugan"
45. 1 across was in "This - - - Is Mine"
46. Heroine in "They Asked For It"
47. Newest Glamor Girl
50. Chooses
54. Dancer in "Honolulu"
55. Best loved
57. Tatters
58. To the lee side: Naut.
59. Issued
63. "Susannah of the Mounties"
66. Confirm
67. Transmits
68. Container for flour
69. Piece out
72. Japanese sash
73. The lead in "Captain Fury"
76. Opposite our star in "Love Affair"
78. Artist's frame
82. Chills
83. 1 across was in "Cimar - - -"
84. Chop off

86. Star of "Goodbye Mr. Chips"
88. Our star sang in " - - - - rta"
89. Exclamation
90. Star of "Lucky Night"
92. Confusion
93. Goddess of mischief
94. Groups
96. He's in "The Mikado"
98. Twice
99. Johann Strauss in "The Great Waltz"
101. Judge in "The Hardys Ride High"
103. Small island
105. Sets of four
106. Donald - - - -
107. Those who accomplish things

33. Male lead in "St. Louis Blues"
35. Son of "Sergeant Madden"
36. She married in "3 Smart Girls Grow Up"
37. More arid
39. Screen detective: - - - - Wolfe
41. Parent
42. Silent screen siren
44. Go astray
46. Father of "The Jones Family"
47. So. American mammal
48. Protecting influence
49. Spars
51. Former "It" girl
52. Viennese dancer: - - - - Losch

DOWN

1. Michael Whalen's girl friend
2. Male lead in "Hell's Kitchen"
3. Suitable to be used for food
4. Our star's first film: "Leather - - cking"
5. Elisabeth B - - - ner
6. Star of "The Old Maid"
7. Not level
8. Nothing
9. Sister of Constance Talmadge: init.
10. Consume
11. Star of "Only Angels Have Wings"
12. She's opposite "The Kid From Texas"
13. Where Sonja Henie is champion
14. Musical note
15. Ruffles
16. Highest standards of excellence
17. One of "The Women"
23. Mammy singer in "Rose Of Washington Square"
25. Highway
28. He played "Gunga Din"
31. Visualize

53. Dirks
54. Before
56. Rather: Scot.
60. Musical instruments
61. Irish actress
62. Lair
63. Standing Room Only
64. Goddess of youth
65. Homer's-epic of Troy
69. Age
70. Birth state of our state: abbr.
71. Elongated fish
73. Little boot
74. Opposite our star in "The Magnificent Obsession"
75. Suffix: like
76. Hopalong Cassidy
77. He plays "Topper"
79. Earth
80. To make possible
81. More indolent
82. Trade
83. Tears
85. Jabs
87. Every star takes these
89. 1 across was in "High, Wide And - - - -some"
91. Old pronoun
94. Cry of a sheep
95. Point of the compass
96. Jeer
97. Free
100. North River: abbr.
102. 1 across stars in "Invitation - - Happiness"
104. Therefore

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH LOMBARD?

(Continued from page 25)

mathematics, then, to figure that some of the places she doesn't go, some of the things she doesn't do. Carole will, Fieldsie told me, forget and neglect the doing of things which may be of some advantage to her. She never neglects doing those things which are of advantage only to others.

This, by the way, is a matter Lombard never discusses. She has the quaint and lovable idea that if you do good you negate it by talking about it. For it is a fact that Carole does a great deal of good. Not by the simple, customary star-formula of writing out checks. She takes bowls of soup, made in her own kitchen, to the poor, to tuberculars, to places and persons that endanger her own health. She always finds time to comfort those whose lives are not lived among the stars.

THEN, Carole takes her work very seriously. This is something few of us, even here in Hollywood, have ever fully realized. For Lombard seemingly touches Life with light, laughter-tipped fingers. But this antic attitude, I know now, is only seeming. For Fieldsie told me that when Carole is playing a character on the screen, she is that character all the time, at home as well as on the sets. When Carole was playing the squirrely dame in "My Man Godfrey" and the others, Fieldsie nearly went nuts. Because Carole was being squirrely all over the place, laughing her lunatic laughter as she poured the breakfast coffee, knocking over the furniture. You couldn't get a word of sense out of her.

And then, when she again went dramatic in "Made For Each Other," playing the part of a life-saddened woman, she would come home from the studio every night and sit down and cry. She would cry for hours. She couldn't talk to anyone without choking up. Having a child in the picture, she would go all quivery at sight of a child in the streets. So that, when Carole is in production, she is either too wild to know what is going on or too depressed to care.

Carole's whole life, it should be remembered, is predicated upon the twin sources of laughter and tears. As a small child, with her father so desperately ill, in such constant pain that he could only live at all with the help of drugs, she knew the dark shadows of hovering death.

And there is the gallant tale of that automobile accident in 1925—that Sunday afternoon when the young Carole went driving with the son of a prominent Hollywood banker. They were driving through Beverly Hills. The car struck a bump. The catch of the removable seat unhinged and Carole was catapulted, face forward, into the windshield. The wind-shield shattered and the beauty which was Carole's became a long, blood-masked gash from her upper lip to the middle of her left cheek.

No anaesthetic could be administered when that mangled face was sewn together. The surgeon did not want the facial muscles to relax while he sewed up the wounds. Only a slight scar now remains of what was once wrecked beauty. But certainly there must be an inner scar, not so slight, the result of those nine months when Carole moped about the house, sick at heart, believing

"Let's duck...here comes that nosey pest again!"

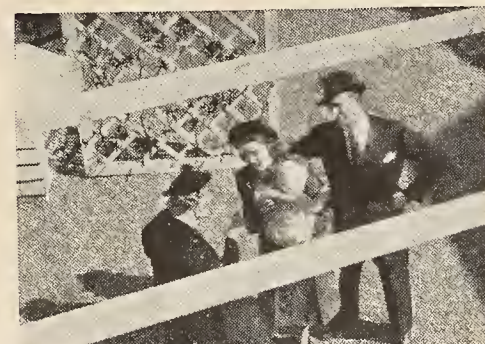


How Esther raised her baby the modern way... in spite of a snoopy neighbor



1. NEIGHBOR: Well, well, well... if it isn't our new mother... Did you take my advice about your baby, dear-r-r-R?

ESTHER: No, I didn't. I thought it was too old-fashioned.



3. NEIGHBOR: Modern methods? Bosh!

ESTHER: It's not bosh. It's common sense. My doctor tells me that babies should get special care... all the way from special baby food to a special baby laxative.



5. ESTHER: That's why the doctor told me to buy FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. It's made especially and ONLY for children. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It won't upset a baby's stomach, and it works mostly in the lower bowel. It's gentle and SAFE!



2. NEIGHBOR: Why... what do you MEAN! I know something about children. I raised five of them, didn't I?

ESTHER: Yes, but you did it the hard way! Me... I'm following modern methods.



4. NEIGHBOR: Special laxative? My dear! That's putting it on!

ESTHER: It is not! If a baby's system is too delicate for adult foods... it can also be too delicate for an adult laxative!



6. BOB: Oh boy!... you sure told off that old snoop about Fletcher's Castoria... but why didn't you tell her how swell it tastes, too?

ESTHER: I should have! I wish she were here to see how the baby goes for it... the old buttinsky!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially and ONLY for children

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New! Captivating, Enchanting
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NU-NAILS
Artificial Fingernails



Andrea Leeds and Bette Davis snapped by our cameraman. See the time Andrea has on her hands? It's the latest in watches.

that she must go through all her youth, all her life, unsightly in the eyes of men, her career ended before it had fairly begun. Surely something pretty strong was forged out of that frightful ordeal.

It was from that holocaust that she went to Mack Sennett. "Get her over to Sennett's," a friend advised her mother. "They care more for figures than for faces over there, anyway, and she'll forget herself in the middle of that mad bunch. She'll find her stride again." She did. She hit the stride of laughter, of doing the Charleston at the Hotel Ambassador on merry-making evenings, of cutting capers, playing jokes. There's nothing the matter with a girl who can take disaster with a custard-pie caper, is there now?

THEN, too, Lombard is a fuss-budget. It takes time to be fussy. When she travels, for instance, Fieldsie says that "she is so neat about everything that it's just like being at home." When on a train, for instance, she always spreads dainty, crêpe de chine blanket covers over the Pullman berths, "so the place will look homey and attractive," she says. That's all right. That's fastidious and charming.

But that isn't all. Oh, by no means. For Carole also has every article of wearing apparel packed (she does her own packing) in the most painfully systematic fashion. At any hour of the day or night she can "lay hands," to anything she may happen to want. If a travelling companion has a migraine, a tummy ache, a fit, Doc Lombard is right there with the proper remedy. On a recent trip by plane two of the passengers got air-sick. Before the hostess could get to them, Lombard was there with the proper first aid. There is the gypsy in Lombard, too, of course. But it's a nice, capable gypsy who keeps her earrings, bandanna and stiletto in apple-pie order.

She's the same about everything. When she plays tennis, she not only wears the proper tennis dress and shoes, but she also has the right-weight coat handy to fling over her shoulders when the game is done. She always has an extra pair of shoes along so that, if her feet hurt, she can change.

When she goes duck-shooting with Clark and the Andy Devines—this duck-shooting quartette is now so familiar to the ducks that they call them by their first names before they die—Carole is equipped. Not in "what-the-well-dressed-duck-shooter-will-wear"

type of thing, but in old cords and a shapeless sweater. For Carole doesn't ride, shoot ducks and hunt quail in order to be Gable's shadow—when Gable can't go, Carole goes alone. She has her own shot, and plenty of it. She has her bags for her own ducks. She is equipped with all the first aid remedies which might be required in case of any casualty.

When she goes hunting with Gable, Carole is no delicate doll lopping on Gable's broad shoulder. Not if he knows it, or she, either. She draws a bead on her own bird—and what a shot she is! She even wades hip-high into the marshes to retrieve her own birds. Gable has made it plain to her that he will not act as retriever for her birds, not he. And Lombard, you can be sure, would not have it otherwise.

When she and Gable shoot at the same bird there is a rough and tumble brawl as to whose bird it is, whose shot brought it down. And Gable admits that he doesn't always get the best of the scrimmage. And then, when the day's shooting is done, it's Lombard who is on hand with steaming coffee, drinks, hot food, whatever the hunters require. Carole is the one who comes prepared with extra blankets, cords and shirts for those not so far-sighted as she.

Lombard, her friends tell me, has a splendid sense of balance about everything. Furiously energetic, she always rises at seven. No breakfast trays in bed for Mrs. Gable. But she also goes to bed early nights. Neither she nor Gable care for night life and so don't have any to speak of. Their tastes, their likes and dislikes are so genuinely mutual that it's like something made to order, the mating of these two.

SHE doesn't diet, not Lombard. She doesn't have to 'cause she "eats right," her friends will tell you. For instance, if she has a heavy dinner one night, she will eat a light breakfast the next morning. If she goes to bed on a light dinner, she will have bacon, eggs, toast, all the fixin's the next morning. This balance prevails in everything she does. If she hasn't played tennis for some time, she is careful to play only one or two sets when she begins again. She doesn't overdo anything. Under her seeming levity and lightness there is a substratum of common sense as hard and dependable as the Rock of Gibraltar.

She is, further, a punctilious housekeeper. The Gables live well but, when eight pounds of butter are used one week as against seven pounds the week

before, she finds out why. She can spot dust a mile away. She does her own ordering and planning of meals and, when possible, her own marketing. Often she will call her friends and say, "Darling, I found the most divine new butcher in the Valley. His lamb is two cents a pound cheaper than I've found it anywhere else. Better meat, too. Try him." She is, herself, a superb cook. I'm sure that she didn't reach Gable's heart via his tummy but she could have.

She is economical in almost every way. She buys fewer clothes than any other star in Hollywood. And she isn't the least bit stuffy about them. If she buys something she especially likes, she tells her friends where she got it and says, "Go and see if it looks well on you and have it copied." This, in a town where one lady-star swoons if another lady-star enters a room, wearing a duplicate model of her gown!

NO, THERE is nothing remotely snobbish about Lombard. She certainly hasn't that excuse for being as evasive as she has been of late. She is, Fieldsie told me, wonderful with her servants. She has had the same cook, Jessie, for years. And Jessie is one of the family. When Carole comes in from the studio and says, "It's been a tough day, Jessie," Jessie just doesn't talk. She listens for the running of the bath water, she serves dinner quietly. When Carole says, "It's been a good day, Jess, everything swell," Jessie does talk, relates all the little household happenings of the day. Carole never gives orders. She always says, "Jessie, what do you think about duck and wild rice for dinner tonight, huh, tell me?" Well, they say that you can tell a lady by the way she handles her servants.

Carole still drives herself around in her old car, because she likes to drive herself. She could have a couple of town cars if she wanted them, but she figures that, apart from the initial purchase price, town cars cost money to run, to fuel, to re-tire. When they are out of cigarettes, Clark and Carole will hop in the car, drive down to the corner drug store and buy a package of smokes. Neither of them want any part of the show-offness of stardom. Both of them care for the outdoors, old clothes, horses, guns, tinkering with cars and having fun.

So now you have it. Now you know what's the matter with Lombard. What can you do about a gal like this? Lord love her, you've got me!

LUCK OF THE IRISH

(Continued from page 37)

particular talents required for histrionics.

"In my present condition it was useless to look for work, so for six months we worked on voice placement. It was a tedious process and at times I'm sure she despaired. However, with patience and great fortitude she saw me through, from beginning to end. At first she couldn't hear me across the room, then one lucky day she went into the next room and distinctly understood everything I said. From then on it was a pretty slow business, first walk-ons and finally a small speaking part."

And so it was that due to this excellent training, Geraldine got her break. For, if it had not been for Aunt Sheilah, there wouldn't have been the Gate Theatre, in Ireland, for a proving ground. Y'know, it was here the English Films picked her

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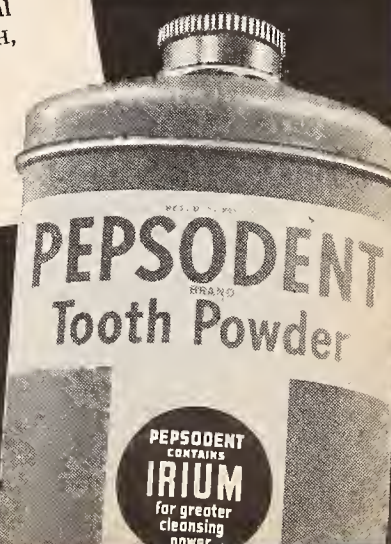
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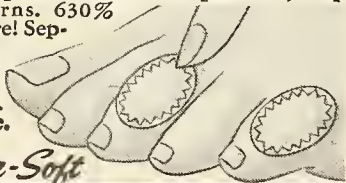
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MODERN ROM. 9-39

for a picture. But, as we've pointed out, luck was on her side and she made "Turn Of The Tide"—and, a very good picture it was, Geraldine modestly admits. Produced for local consumption, this saga of the sea coast fishing folk, was one hundred percent authentic—even to the fine Gaelic accents.

Because of the fact that most of the cast were unfamiliar with this tongue, it was necessary for the entire company to go and live in the surroundings where they made their film. As Geraldine pointed out, "We all moved down to the shore and began really working on our speech. The natives, of course, naturally knew we were actors. But, they were far from being impressed. In fact, the only thing they noticed was the disturbing fact that we were *all* very poor fishermen!

"This film, as a matter of fact, was partially responsible for my being cast in the New York production of 'Heart-break House,' and my first trip to America," Miss F. explained. And as if to further point up our contention that the Irish have all the luck, she continued, "However, after completing this engagement I returned home for another, but this time it wasn't theatrical. I think I actually believed my days of histrionics were over and done with. When I said, 'I do' and became Mrs. Edward Lindsay-Hogg, there didn't seem anything more to desire. Life for me was complete.

"My husband composes music, you know, and owns a string of thoroughbred race horses. Fact is, though I do love riding, his horses are so high spirited that I'm afraid to get on them. But, we're completely content with our mutual interests and I'd probably never given acting another thought if we hadn't come to America for a holiday."

Pausing to catch her breath, Geraldine took time out for a sip of coffee, long since forgotten, then went on with the story of Erin's charm enriching her future. "We attended a radio broadcast and while there met an old friend of mine. As a matter of fact, it was he who suggested I do a picture while here and, before I knew what we were about, it was done. Just like that! It's really strange when I look back on it, for if we hadn't wanted to see an American broadcast, I'd probably not have run into him. But, then I told you I was lucky.

"To get on with the story," 'Schere-zardi' Fitzgerald remarked, "I went directly to Warners for one picture. After finishing "Dark Victory," I thought my work in American films was finished. But, fate, or something, stepped in and Gold-

wyn wanted me for a loan to make "Wuthering Heights." Then, as if working with such grand and experienced people as Bette Davis, Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon wasn't compensation enough, my contract was renewed and I made another picture for Warners.

"After a six months' rest at home, I'll return and work exclusively for them. I'm rather looking forward to getting back, for everyone tells me I'll like Hollywood much better the second six months. I'm sure we will, for we've already made friends there. I think my favorite person on the coast is Bette Davis. Besides being such a grand person, she's my idea of a perfect actress."

Probably, and just by way of saying I told you so, our Geraldine would never have been able to accomplish all this if it hadn't been for that proverbial "if"—in each case pronounced *luck!* Had she not made her first picture, she wouldn't have been borrowed for the second. And, "if" she'd not been borrowed for that second, her option would have in all probability expired on completion of the one picture deal. Further, if, and we say "if" advisedly, she weren't such a fine young actress, she couldn't dictate her contract.

HOWEVER, Geraldine's life is charmed and, as a result, she can spend six months on the coast and the other six months of the year doing stage plays or vacationing in Ireland.

When we inquired of our Miss F. whether she preferred working in American films to those of her native land, she glanced up and with a twinkle in her big brown eyes replied, "The truth is, and here's where I make some of my homefolks sore, I prefer working over here. You see, mechanically they're far better equipped here. Now back home when you work in pictures, you have to adapt yourself to *them*. But, in California they adapt everything to *you*. Why they can practically put a mike in your mouth if you want to whisper. And if you want to shout, there's one of those boom things to take it away—practically into County Kerry if you like.

"About the only thing I don't like about working here is that you can have little or no privacy in your personal life. But, then if I'm to become Americanized, and I certainly plan to, I'll accustom myself to this and probably not mind in the least. For, if my luck holds out you'll see another representative of the Irish spending about nine months of the year in America. Mind you, I say 'if' my luck holds out!"



One of Hollywood's busiest leading men these days, Charles Boyer "holds the script" for his fellow players in "Modern Cinderella."

Answers to Quiz on Page 75

1. The tropics.
2. They're not divorced.
3. Mrs. Fritz Mondl.
4. No, she wears high-heeled shoes.
5. Three children.
6. "Hearts In Bondage."
7. Alexander Korda.
8. Gene Autry.
9. Errol Flynn.
10. "Now It Can Be Told."
11. He wasn't present.
12. Bobby.
13. Grips.
14. "Dangerous" and "Jezebel."
15. All are Conodions.
16. Jackie Coogan's.
17. "Modern Times."
18. Both are bold.
19. Yes, Barbro Stonwyck and Robert Taylor are married.
20. Jackie Cooper is taller.
21. Pixilated.
22. Arleen Whelan.
23. Chick.
24. On the film.
25. His name was on it.
26. Frank Morgan of three.

INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 77)

Helen Plott, Detroit, Mich. No doubt, you will be interested to know that there now are 1,015 child actors and actresses registered in Hollywood, and their average earnings are \$82 a year.

Laurette Lesser, Grand Rapids, Mich. Andrea Leeds' real name is Antoinette Lees, and she was born in Butte, Mont., in August, 1914. Her father was a mining engineer. As a young girl Andrea wanted to become a writer, but while attending school in California she got the opportunity to act in student plays. While at the University of California in Los Angeles, she was "discovered" by Howard Hawks. Then her Hollywood career began. Her first big success was in "Stage Door." After that there was "The Goldwyn Follies," "Youth Takes a Fling," "Letter of Introduction" and soon you will be seeing her in "The Real Glory" with Gary Cooper. Andrea, who is unmarried, is one of Hollywood's popular girls. She has brown hair and eyes. You can write her in care of United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Rosemary Jackson, Springfield, Ill. The following stars first attracted Hollywood's attention in these pictures: Danielle Darrieux in "Mayerling," Annabella in "Wings of the Morning," Hedy Lamarr in "Ecstasy," and Marlene Dietrich in "The Blue Angel."

Jack Cose, Portland, Ore. We know you will be pleased to hear that William Powell is returning to the screen in a role which he made famous in 1934 and played with equal success in a sequel in 1936. He is scheduled to begin "After the Thin Man" with Myrna Loy in a few weeks.

HAVE YOU YOUR NEW CHART?

Our revised and up-to-date chart, listing Hollywood's top-notch stars with a thumbnail description of each, is ready for you. This time it's in a very attractive booklet form, compact and handy. Fill in the coupon on page 77 for your barometer vote, enclose five cents in stamps or coin for the chart, and send to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.

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And speaking of smiles, none is lovelier than that of GINGER ROGERS, as you can see by this picture. Note also her hair and blouse. Both are just right because they truly express her own natural self . . . Chewing is a natural pleasure. Especially chewing refreshing Doublemint Gum which is very popular in Hollywood as it is everywhere else. You'll like it. Get some today.

T-219

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at 10c stores.



DEANNA DURBIN'S FAVORITE ICE CREAMS

BISCUIT TORTONI

2 teaspoons gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
2/3 cup white corn syrup
2 egg yolks
1/2 cup rich milk

2/3 cup dry macaroon crumbs*
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 teaspoon almond extract
1/8 teaspoon salt
1 cup heavy cream, whipped

15 small paper cases**

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Meanwhile bring corn syrup to a full rolling boil, stir into softened gelatin. Cool. Cook egg yolks with milk in top of double boiler until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add one half of the crumbs. Cool, then combine with gelatin mixture. Add flavorings and salt. Chill in refrigerator (do not freeze). Fold chilled mixture into the cream which has been whipped until stiff. Turn into paper cases, sprinkle with remaining crumbs. Place cases in freezing tray of refrigerator, set control at coldest point and freeze, without stirring, until firm.

*Buy plain not cocoanut, macaroons. Toasted vanilla wafer crumbs may be used if macaroons are not available. They should be rolled out until fine, or better still put through a food mill for an easy job, quickly done.

**Get the small cases that have straight sides and are made of rather heavy quality paper. Or, if more convenient, use regulation paper beverage cups, cutting them down to about 1 3/4 inches in height, using a single edge razor blade.

BANANA ORANGE ICE CREAM

(Freezer Recipe)

2 eggs, separated
grated rind of 1/2 orange
1/2 cup milk
5 ripe bananas (medium size)

3/4 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup orange juice
2 cups heavy cream

Separate eggs. Add yolks and grated rind to the milk and cook in top of double boiler until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Chill thoroughly. Peel fully ripe bananas (yellow peel flecked with brown). Slice peeled bananas into a bowl, add sugar, salt and orange juice. Allow to stand for 10 minutes, then mash through a coarse sieve or food mill. Combine with chilled custard mixture and, if time permits, chill again. Whip egg white until stiff but not dry, fold into banana mixture, add cream. Turn into freezer can. (Do not fill can more than 2/3 full. This amount is sufficient for a 2-quart freezer.) Freeze with a chipped ice and ice-cream-salt mixture in proportions of one part salt to four parts ice, by bulk. (For convenience and accuracy use 2 scoops for measuring.) Turn dasher very slowly at first, then somewhat faster as mixture starts to thicken. When ice cream is the consistency of hot corn-meal mush—that is before it gets really hard—remove dasher, plug hole in can with a cork, pour off excess brine and replenish ice-salt mixture around the can, right up to the top. Cover freezer with burlap, an old rug or several newspapers. (Some of the new freezers have covers—a real convenience!) Allow to stand and harden.

BANANA SPLIT: Peel a ripe banana for each person. Quarter each banana by cutting once lengthwise, once crosswise. Place the four quarters in sherbet glass with points of banana upward. Add a serving of ice cream, pour a little chocolate sauce over ice cream, top with whipped cream and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Garnish each serving with a maraschino cherry.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM

Proportions for use in Automatic Refrigerator
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
4 tablespoons powdered sugar
1 cup milk
16 marshmallows
2 tablespoons milk
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
3 drops peppermint extract (or 1 teaspoon vanilla)

Proportions for use in Ice Cream Freezer
2 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1/3 cup powdered sugar
1 1/2 cups milk
16 marshmallows
2 tablespoons milk
1 1/2 cups heavy cream, unwhipped
1/4 teaspoon peppermint extract (or 1 teaspoon vanilla)

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR BOTH TYPES: Melt chocolate over boiling water, add sugar, then stir in the milk gradually. Continue cooking over boiling water to scalding point. Remove from heat, beat with rotary beater until thoroughly blended. Cool in refrigerator. Place marshmallows in saucepan with the 2 tablespoons of milk. Heat over very low flame, folding over and over until about half melted. Remove from heat and continue folding until mixture is absolutely smooth. Cool, add the cooled chocolate mixture and flavoring extract. (Substitute vanilla for peppermint if preferred.) Observe different methods from this point, as follows:

AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR METHOD: Turn chocolate mixture into freezing tray and freeze to a mushy consistency. Whip well-chilled cream until it will hold its shape, but not until stiff. Blend partially frozen chocolate mixture with the whipped cream. Return to freezing tray and set temperature control at coldest point. Because everything is pre-chilled the ice cream will be frozen in surprisingly short order. When firm, set control back a little.

ICE CREAM FREEZER METHOD: Add well-chilled cream, unwhipped, to the chilled chocolate mixture. Turn into ice cream can. Freeze as directed in Banana recipe, above, with the same ice-salt proportions.



Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert knock off a waltz. How do you like her costume jewelry?

FASHIONS FOR THE FAIR

(Continued from page 45)

with two or three pretty blouses to change the color scheme, you can stay fresh and comfortable for days on end, either at home or away. It's all very well to have a suit of uncrushable linen, rayon, cotton or silk if you *know* your weather is going to be constant, but don't expect one of these to take the place of a light wool tailor. If you're on your way to the Fair in San Francisco, remember that it is very cool there right in the middle of summer. Without a wool suit or coat you'd be simply lost. In New York you're likely to strike some hot weather, but there, as so often happens along the seacoast, the climate is subject to quick changes, so your wool suit and top coat will still come in mighty handy.

THIS year's variety of "street clothes," the kind you want for sightseeing and for general daytime wear, is more attractive than we've seen in years. Dots of all sizes are very good, checks from the tiniest hair lines to the widest plaids are fashion news, and stripes, horizontal, diagonal or perpendicular, are in excellent taste.

Prints on white grounds are new and cool looking. Petticoat dresses are charming for the young and slim. But don't attempt them otherwise. It isn't difficult to turn a young thing into a sleek looking sophisticate by draping her in severe and ultra chic lines, but when the hale and hearty or the dignified types try to go ingenue, the results are pretty sad, and sometimes ludicrous. Anita Louise is a picture in plaids and petticoats, but imagine Norma Shearer attempting them! She wouldn't.

White dresses with bright red and blue accessories are the last word in 1939 summer smartness—but don't go in for them either, if you can't keep yours spic and span and band-boxy looking. Cotton knits are always popular because they're both packable and adaptable. And this year dark nets and laces are being made into awfully attractive afternoon frocks. Wear these with starched piqué collar and accessories and you'll have a new and delightfully crisp combination as a change.

Wherever you go—or even if you stay at home all summer—you'll want some kind of a play wardrobe, whether for



*Romance for Andrea Leeds and David Niven in the Samuel Goldwyn production "THE REAL GLORY." Her soft hands appeal! Read (below) how Jergens helps you.

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golf, tennis, riding, swimming or just lolling. If you want to sun-tan on the beach, the briefer the outfit the better, of course. Two piece swim suits in jersey, satin lastex, rayon or cotton afford the most exposure. Be sure to pack dark glasses though, and an eye shade, no matter how well you tan. Too much sun in your eyes may cause serious damage to them. If you don't want to tan, you can still look like a beauty-contest winner on either coast, or even on a mountain top, if you wear those new cotton slacks and shirts in one of this summer's bright new berry colors. Long sleeves are the very last word for both street and sports wear, so try them in one or two of your outfits.

AS FOR evening things, the shirtwaist dresses in gingham or taffeta and lingerie, the crisp cottons in whites or in deep color contrasts are perfect, for either Fair, at home, in town or in the country. Even jackets and evening wraps are made of cotton this year and very fetching they are, too.

If a-traveling you would go, take light weight luggage. Carry an overnight bag with toilet articles, a change of lingerie and the little things you want to get at in a hurry. Then you'll not have to go rooting through your larger bags every time you want something, disrupting the order that Sister Jane or Aunt Martha worked so hard to achieve, and which will be all-important to your well turned out appearance while traveling. A short, packable umbrella, a thin gay-colored raincoat and rubber sandals won't be amiss, even if you do hate to think about that kind of weather. It's better to be prepared than to spoil everybody's fun or, worse, go around with the sniffles.

Remember that the best dressed girls these days are not the ones with the biggest budgets or the most complete collection of clothes. The smartest girls are often those with the smallest incomes, but girls who have studied their own personalities and have learned to dress according to their types, girls who will stop to organize and "edit" their wardrobes, discarding the "extra," unrelated accessories, no matter what pangs that may cost, keeping fresh and "matched" and most important of all, within their budgets. It is a great deal smarter to have one perfect outfit for daytime, one for evening, and a third for play, and have every detail correct, every accessory mean something, than it is to load yourself down with miscellaneous, unrelated wardrobe errors that you have picked up, hit or miss, everywhere "just because you liked them" and then hoped to achieve a presentable appearance. It can't be done that way.

Concentrate on a few clothes. See that your dress is always the right length for you—fifteen to sixteen inches is good this year—your hose the correct shade, your shoes shined and in good repair, your gloves fresh and the right color, your lingerie clean and your blouses faultlessly pressed. Don't wear cheap-looking jewelry. We didn't say it should be expensive—but it should fit the occasion and bear a definite relation to your complete ensemble. Good lines that emphasize your best features and conceal your worst, smart simplicity that sets you off as a frame sets off a fine picture, not disguises or smothers or mocks you—that's the real test of clothes chic. If yours do that for you, you're having a most successful summer.

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HAIR CARE

(Continued from page 41)

unbeautiful hair often have more truth than fiction in them, believe it or not. We've seen it happen.

Comb your hair with the same up and outward motion you use in brushing. Use a wide-toothed comb with blunt teeth when your hair is tangled or wet, a finer toothed one when you want to clean or arrange it. Always be sure that the comb's edges are smooth, not sharp. And, of course, keep both comb and brush immaculately clean. If you have dandruff, sterilize your comb and brush with a mild disinfectant after washing with warm water and soap.

And no matter what anybody says, don't be persuaded to lend or borrow combs and brushes. That's how dandruff and ever so many scalp infections have been spread. Your comb and brush should be as personal as your toothbrush.

Frequent massage, in addition to combing and brushing, is necessary to stimulate the scalp to grow new, luxuriant, healthy hair. Your hair depends on the blood stream for its nourishment, but if your scalp is tense and tight, that nourishment can't get through, and your hair becomes lifeless, dull and literally starved to death. Knead the scalp with your fingertips until it tingles. Rub along the spine at the base of the neck to bring your blood up. Massage across the neck and shoulders to relax and relieve congestion caused by nerves and poor posture. When this blood supply is released before a scalp massage, you will not only feel ever so much better, but you'll also get better results from your scalp massage. You'll sense the difference.

Whether your hair is dry or oily, the same rules of brushing and massage hold true. Contradictory as it may at first sound, both of these conditions often can be entirely corrected by faithful massage and brushing. You see, whichever abnormal tendency your hair may have, these two methods tend to neutralize and correct it by restoring your hair to a healthy, normal condition.

THERE are good tonics on the market which will temporarily remove excess hair oils, besides acting as antiseptics and astringents. Oily hair should be shampooed more frequently than dry hair, as it tends to collect dust, perspiration and pieces of dead skin faster than dry hair. The frequency of shampoos should be decided entirely by the condition of your own hair. When hair is dirty it should be washed, just like anything else. If your hair is oily and appears dirty in a week after laundering—then by all means shampoo it once every week.

On the other hand, if your hair is dry and needs all the oil it can manufacture for itself, keep it clean as long as you can by brushing and the use of tonics. If you live in a clean locality, or if the weather is cool and you haven't perspired much, a dry head of hair may sometimes go as long as three weeks between shampoos. You yourself are the best judge of that. A hair tonic containing oil may frequently be combed or brushed into very dry hair. This will keep it soft and manageable, prevent its breaking and consequently make it last

longer. Light cream wave sets will also help to preserve overly dry hair. And simple oil treatments just before shampoos are excellent.

First, brush your hair, then massage a warm oil well into your scalp. Wrap a hot towel around your head, and keep it there for an hour or so. Then go ahead with your regular shampoo.

Shampooing is a very important step in your quest for a healthy scalp and beautiful hair. It has only one object—that is to clean. But nothing is more essential to health than cleanliness—and that goes double for scalp and hair. Mild, liquid soaps and shampoos are best for your hair. A cake of soap rubbed on the hair is apt to leave a gummy film.

There are three separate steps to a perfect shampoo. They are: washing, rinsing and drying. First, for the washing: Wet your hair thoroughly with warm water. Soft water is preferable when available. (But don't use softeners in your shampoo water. They're wonderful for skin—but not for hair.) Stand under a shower or spray or, if you have neither of these, get your head right under the water in a basin. Pour on your liquid soap or shampoo according to directions. Work this well into the scalp with the cushions of all your fingers.

Now, after a thorough finger work-out, rinse your hair in warm water. Apply the soap or shampoo again, this time being careful to cleanse the ends of your hair between your fingers. Rinse again with cooler water. If your hair is oily or very dirty, you may want to apply soap a third time. But usually twice is enough. The final rinsing must be thorough and copious. Remove every single trace of soap and don't stop rinsing until your hair is so clean it squeaks between your fingers.



Robert Taylor and Loretta Young swing it at the Trocadero. How do you like the petal motif which forms the sleeves of Miss Y.'s gown?

Here is the time to apply a rinse if you care to. Vinegar—about half a cup to two quarts of water—makes dark hair soft and shiny. It also is good to help disentangle snarls in over-done permanents, bleaching jobs, and the like. But be sure to rinse it out thoroughly if you don't want to smell like a salad.

Lemon juice will bring out the highlights in blonde or red hair. Being more drying than vinegar, it is also good for oily tresses. This kind of a rinse doesn't need to be washed off. If you have very oily hair, try rubbing a half lemon directly on the scalp.

There are many harmless vegetable rinses that bring out the sheen and color of blonde, red and brunette hair without in any way injuring them. They will, of course, wash off with the next shampoo, but they do improve appearances between times. They are obtainable practically everywhere nowadays.

Hair should not be left to dry by itself. It should be dried by hand carefully. Wring out all excess moisture by hand first, then rub and pat your hair with a turkish towel, but don't rub harshly or you will break the ends.

Dry your hair in the sun or open air when possible, shaking it out in your fingers. A coarse-toothed comb, gently handled, will help with the worst tangles. Your long bristled brush should be used now too, always stroking up and out. Remember? If you have to have wave sets or lotions applied, try drying your hair under medium warm heat. Air that's too hot is not good for it.

After your hair is thoroughly dry, brushing and combing will *not* disturb the wave. In fact, they'll distribute the oil and help to set it. A dash of brilliantine or pomade is all right, applied lightly, but don't soak it on. It neither



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looks well, nor is it any too good for your hair. Just a dash is plenty.

Now, just a word about special conditions: dandruff, thinning hair and so forth. Dandruff, a scaly disease of the scalp, can be both prevented and cured by scrupulous cleanliness. It is highly contagious, very common and a frequent forerunner of baldness, so take every precaution against it.

Massage your scalp frequently with oil leaving it on as long as possible—overnight is fine—then shampoo your head well. There are excellent shampoos that do a great deal to penetrate and loosen dandruff. But the soaking in oil always helps. Scalp lotions that contain stimulants and antiseptics are also effective. And don't forget that if you have dandruff, your friendly old hair brush is more valuable now than ever.

As for thinning hair—your general health is your most important consideration. As we said before, you must be in good physical condition if you want to have luxuriant hair. Second, you must keep your scalp absolutely and thoroughly clean by brushing and shampooing. Third, stimulation via massage and more brushing cannot be over-emphasized.

And don't get the jitters if your hair brush comes away full of fallen hair. Remember, you're only cleaning out what you've already lost. You don't need to punish your scalp with super-vigor, but careful brushing is very important.

While we're on the general subject we might put in a word here about superfluous hair on arms, legs and faces. If your hair is blonde and downy, your problem is negligible but, if it is coarse, dark or thick, you may at times suffer real embarrassment, especially when you're dressed in brief or sheer summer togger. We recently tried an unusually simple harmless little pad that you just rub over unwanted hair and, presto, it vanishes. It's painless and odorless, and as easy to use as a powder puff. If you'd like to know more about it, drop us a card. We'll be glad to tell you the name.

Now, we've given you the foundation steps to a handsome, healthy head of hair. The care is the very same whether you're Claudette Colbert or Mamie Smaltz, Judy O'Grady or the Colonel's lady. A head of dull, stringy, lifeless, lustreless, over-dry or over-oily hair just has no place in this world of success, romance and constant competition. Hair can change your very personality, and often does, whether you realize it or not. And have you ever noticed how, when you take an active, reasonable pride in your personal appearance, your mind and spirit have a way of responding to it? And so do other people!

Solution to Puzzle on page 82

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 15)

Maureen O'Sullivan is a tender and convincing mother, and makes every scene credible. Directed by Richard Thorpe.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★ It Could Happen to You

True enough, this could happen to you and all your neighbors and therein lies the appeal of this screen offering. It's the story of a murder, and the innocent man accused of perpetrating the crime is Stuart Erwin. He's the likable, easy-going sort of chap whom everyone knows, the kind who wouldn't hurt a fellow's feelings for anything in the world. So when he arrives home one evening after an innocent spree at a night club with his pal, you can imagine Mr. Erwin's chagrin at finding the body of a woman in the back seat of his car.

The heroine of the story is attractive Gloria Stuart, who plays the role of devoted wife and determined sleuth. When it looks like friend husband is heading straight for the electric chair, she pitches in and solves the crime single-handed, leaving a considerably abashed crowd of super-sleuths pop-eyed.

Stuart Erwin and Gloria Stuart turn in performances that are unusually effective. They have a good story here, crammed full of humor, tragedy, suspense and action. Douglas Fowley, as the glib business associate of the hero, has a role which shows his acting ability, while Raymond Walburn, as the advertising big-shot, provides his usual

quota of hilarious moments. Directed by Alfred Werker.—20th Century-Fox.

★★ Good Girls Go To Paris

"Good Girls Go To Paris" misses being the entertainment which one would expect from the names in the cast. Though Joan Blondell proves once again that she's got what it takes, the lines handed her are so cute they border on coyness most of the time. Walter Connolly blusters around in a state bordering on apoplexy which is becoming a chronic, and tiresome, condition on his part. Melvyn Douglas gives a performance that under no circumstances could be called inspired, but at least isn't marked by over-acting as are the other characterizations.

The story is based on the experiences of a naive little waitress, Joan Blondell, who has ideas about seeing the world. If it takes blackmail to get her a ticket, that's all right, too. She finds the college town in which she works is a happy hunting ground for millionaire's sons, though one of the profs, Melvyn Douglas, warns her that her conscience will never let her go through with her proposed plans. He's right to the extent that her conscience causes many a flutter, but she barges right into one situation after another, nevertheless, getting Isabel Jeans, and everyone else into trouble.

There are certainly possibilities for making a swell yarn out of this picture, but somehow they never materialize. We are inclined to lay the blame for the

picture's shortcomings at the director's door. For the cast is competent enough and the story above average. Directed by Alexander Hall.—Columbia.

★★ Five Came Back

From the time the big transport plane takes off for South America with two pilots, a steward and nine passengers, "Five Came Back" is packed with thrilling suspense and excitement.

Wendy Barrie is eloping with Patric Knowles and both are front page personalities. Lucille Ball is escaping a life of underworld terrors. John Carradine is a cop taking condemned anarchist Joseph Calleia back to certain execution. Allen Jenkins, a racketeer's bodyguard, is smuggling his boss' infant son (Casey Johnson) away from danger. C. Aubrey Smith and Elisabeth Risdon, a college professor and his wife, are on a pleasure jaunt. Caught in a tropical storm, they crash in a jungle far off the regular air course. While the pilots attempt to repair the smashed engines, the passengers enjoy primitive life in the tropics.

When the plane is finally patched together, pilot Chester Morris announces that the weakened engines can lift only five passengers over the mountains. Joseph Calleia steals the picture with his dramatic choosing of the five elected to survive. Beating of tom-tom drums and poisoned arrows from headhunters whip the climax into thrilling melodrama. Directed by John Farrow.—RKO.



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TELLIN' ON TRACY

(Continued from page 36)

admiringly. "Good Lord, they know me!" said Spencer in honest amazement and shyly fled in a taxi from the adulation.

That night Mrs. Tracy and he went to the theatre and the same thing happened only there were many more fans—a packed mass of them rushing at him. "This is new to me," the popular star said with a grin but there wasn't enough "ham" in him to pretend he didn't like it.

Then they went back to the sumptuous hotel suite and Spencer lounged in one of the gold satin-brocaded chairs. He was silent for a few moments as Mrs. Tracy watched him. His glance wandered around the large expensively furnished drawing-room, a dozen softly-shaped lamps lighting pieces of mahogany and casting jewel-like tones on fragile upholstery. His eyes took on that look betokening those moments when his Irish blood is doing things to the dream clouds of his mind. He looked around the room again, then at Mrs. Tracy.

"This is nice," he remarked simply. "But it isn't home."

The next afternoon he went to the Lambs Club—that sanctuary where once the famous actors of the New York theatrical world could retire and be themselves. They still dust the furniture but there are cobwebs in the atmosphere.

"It's all gone now," Tracy remarked sadly. "I went in and I didn't know one man who was there—strangers, all of them. I realize a lot of the members are in Hollywood but where are the others who didn't go west? I walked around for a few minutes. I guess they thought

I was a salesman." Evidently it never occurred to Mr. Tracy that although he didn't recognize the new members some of them might know who he was.

"This trip's been a letdown to you, hasn't it?" I suggested as we sat in the hotel room which wasn't home to him, and after he had told me of that disappointing visit to his old retreat.

"I guess it has," he answered, "because New York doesn't seem the same. I suppose nothing's ever the same when you leave it and come back a long time after." But Spencer Tracy's the same, I thought, the same eager, enthusiastic actor whose outstanding performance in the stage production of "The Last Mile" more than six years ago earned him the recognition for which he had waited so long and won him his first Hollywood contract.

MAYBE you wouldn't want to come back and do a stage play?"

"What actor wouldn't?" replied Spencer quickly. Then he went on to explain, "I hope to be able to. You know, no matter how much you enjoy working in a picture and how much the audience seems to enjoy that shadow of you on the screen, it's not the same as doing your best across the footlights and watching the reaction on those rows of faces in front of you," a statement, I suggested, that had been made by many other ex-stage actors who have gone to Hollywood these past few years.

"I like Hollywood," he hastened to emphasize. "We've been able to do a lot

out there we could never do in New York. My wife's crazy about horses and I like to ride, too. We can do that, we also have a small boat and enjoy that."

Twice-told tales never seem to lose their savor for Tracy. When he recalled to me incidents of his six years in Hollywood, occasions when the joke was on him, he laughed as sincerely as though they had happened yesterday. We were discussing his experiences in his first Hollywood years when he wasn't so important—the era before the late Irving Thalberg sent for him and painted a bright future in typewritten words of a contract. "I thought that was as far as I'd get. I remember Victor McLaglen felt the same way about himself. He'd been doing 'sez you, sez me' on the screen for six years and then look what happened. In 1935 he gave the best performance of the year in 'The Informer.' Don't let anybody tell you different. That's also the best performance the movie public will see for several more years to come."

Then suddenly he switched to the public and out of a clear sky remarked, "A lot of people don't like actors. Oh, I know, they're entertained by them for a few hours, but they don't think much of them as a class. Actors aren't so different from other folks, except there's so much ham in all of them that they exaggerate their failings because they're so spectacular about everything they do. And the press agents exaggerate their talents and good points so much that even the credulous won't believe them."

Is SEX Dangerous?

Some of Hollywood's glamour girls will be mighty upset about the candid photo story in September **SCREEN GUIDE**, "Why 'It' Is a Dangerous Thing." It tells truths and reveals photos of Ann Sheridan and other "It" girls, the like of which have never been shown before. Many in full color.

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There was no answer needed for that one, so Mr. Tracy's thoughts went roving again. His eye lighted on a very impressive looking bookcase at the far end of the room. "You know I've been gypped here," he exclaimed suddenly and led me over to the shelves packed with bright shining bindings in red and green and black letters. Mirthfully he opened the doors and lightly lifted out a block of the pasteboard fakes.

"Props" he said with a laugh. "And this morning I thought I was going to read in bed for an hour."

The telephone was ringing, people downstairs at the desk were asking for him. He had just turned down a radio offer because as he explained to the broadcast officials blandly, "This is a vacation."

I took the hint, picked up my gloves and departed.

BETWEEN YOU 'N' ME

(Continued from page 17)

Fan Mania (\$1.00 prize letter)

Newspapers and magazines have frequently carried stories of stars being jostled about and even injured by crowds. Such incidents cast a bad reflection on the mental and emotional balance of all fans as a whole.

Fans should remember that these people are not gods and goddesses but only human beings like themselves. And being human, they cannot lift wings and fly to safety when threatened by a mob, but must stand and take it with a smile. They cannot fight back to protect themselves no matter how closely the crowd presses nor how rough it gets.

Fans should also remember that, as people, the star's time is limited. They have important engagements to be kept and they must get sufficient rest. They cannot, therefore, be indefinitely delayed by their admirers. Perhaps stars would be willing to be seen in public more often if they were treated more humanly.

When one truly likes another individual, he will first of all, be considerate of him. He will respect his person, his time and his feelings. So, as one fan to all other fans, the next time you see that favorite star of yours, prove your admiration and true regard for him by respecting his rights as a human being.—Kathryn Happe, Dayton, Ohio.

A Perfect Villain (\$1.00 prize letter)

There have been irritating rumors recently to the effect that the arch-villain of the screen, Basil Rathbone, is planning to go straight in his screen characterizations. I, and no doubt other fans were displeased at this news. Basil's supremacy among villains is undisputed. His nasal twang and sardonic sneer have helped to make a great movie out of many a mediocre one.

It must be admitted that Rathbone is quite capable of portraying "straight" characters such as Sherlock Holmes. But there is no shortage of leading men. There is, however, only one actor to make gloriously sinister such roles as Tybolt, Mr. Murdstone, Louis XI or Sir Guy of Guisborne.

I don't believe that theatre fans are so literal as to remain indifferent to an actor merely because he consents to being typed in brilliant, if ignoble, roles. So let's have more Rathbone grimaces.—James Koken, Dryden, Washington.

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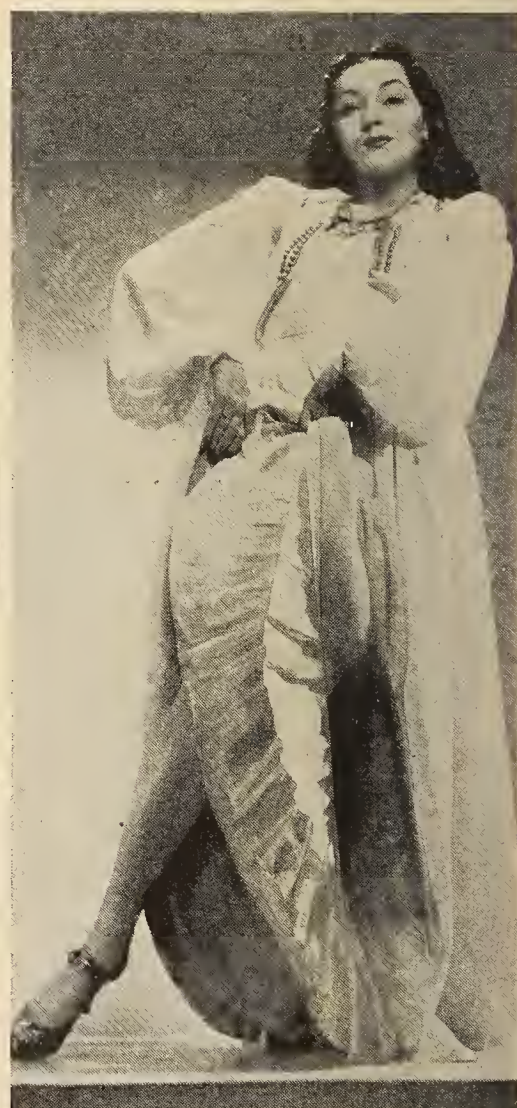
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Meet Glorio Franklin, another "oomph-er," whom you'll see in the Lomarr-Taylor picture, "Lady of the Tropics."

POWELL & CO.

(Continued from page 46)

always danced in bare feet of course—Miss Powell could hardly wait to dash backstage and stick her battered dogs into the pail of ice water waiting there, along with the good stiff scrubbing brush. Scrubbing her talented toes, she prayed four times daily that she wouldn't have to do the next show in a wheel chair. All this, of course, was part of the game and good fun, too, and the grumbling that went on among the members of Powell and Company was the good-natured variety. However, that same pair of battered dogs were, on the second day of the Washington booking, put down quite firmly on suggestions for radio appearances and benefits. "I can't do it! I won't do it!" wailed Eleanor, thereby earning a quite unfair reputation for being difficult.

People always ask if a famous star has remained "unspoiled." Yes, I would say that Eleanor has. I first met her in 1935, in Hollywood, before she had commenced work on the 1936 "Broadway Melody" of beloved memory. She was testing then—not for her dancing ability, which was undisputed, but for make-up, hair, voice and so on. They had her in a blonde wig, and she came running into the office of Jack Dawn, who is head make-up man.

"Oh, Mr. Dawn, please fix my lips. Oh, thank you. Oh, I'm so nervous." And the lightning feet rushed out again. When the picture got rolling, her greatest thrill came from the fact that she had real lines to speak. She was an actress! She was thrilled, grateful, humble, eager, obedient, sincere, twenty years old and she worked practically every minute of the time.

TODAY she is going on twenty-five and is still thrilled. It would be false modesty for her to pretend gratitude or humility, for she has earned her studio many hundred thousand bucks, but she is still eager, obedient and most sincere. She works hard, but she isn't going to kill herself for anybody, because it simply wouldn't make sense.

"What has been your greatest problem," I asked Mama Powell, "since your daughter became a famous dancing star?" I was thinking of fortune-hunting suitors, kidnappers, maybe daughter getting difficult—all those things.

"Her health!" said Mrs. Powell without a moment's hesitation. "I don't mean that Eleanor's health isn't good. I simply mean that I intend to keep it so, and that's a job when she's working. There will be no more of those collapses like the one she had during 'At Home Abroad.' I'm the one who got tough about this Washington date—all the extra shenanigans they wanted to put the child through. She's not sick, but she is tired, and I said right out that I'd just plain cancel the rest of the tour unless Eleanor was guaranteed peace and quiet between shows. So there!" Mama pushed a pin back into her smartly coiffed iron-grey hair and stood ready to fight for her chick against everything from autograph hounds on up."

I asked Eleanor to tell me about her hopes, loves, ambitions and dreams.

"Okay," she said. "Hopes. I hope to get home in one piece. Seriously, I hope to be able to make two swell box-office successes each year for five more years. Then we'll see what happens.

"Loves. Nothing serious. No time."



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"She's had several marvelous offers, though," said mama with a giggle. "Oh, I don't mean that the way it sounds. But she has, just the same."

"How about the various romances reported in the past?" I asked.

"Mostly studio romances—the usual thing and quite harmless," said Mrs. Powell frankly, while Eleanor looked demurely at an aching toe. "The grand thing is, though, that many good friendships have been the result. Notably Jimmy Stewart—such a nice boy!"

"How do you keep your boy friends?" I asked Eleanor.

"I feed 'em well!"

"What do you do for amusement?"

"Take a busman's holiday," she said. "Go dancing, eh?"

"Yep, that's still my favorite sport." "Shouldn't think you'd be able to find partners who'd be any fun for you to dance with."

"Oh, we mostly stand up by the orchestra and listen. Strictly a jitterbug, you know. But let's get on. We've disposed of love. And that's on the level. I'm not interested and never have been, seriously. Mama is right. I wanted to be famous and now I want to please the public for a while longer."

"Ambitions and dreams. One is about to be realized. I'm going to make a picture with Fred Astaire. Yippee! You know, once I said I never would, because—well, because I was sure he wouldn't want to, I guess, and I wanted to say it first. I mean, our dancing is

quite different in many respects. But I always had a sneaking wish, way down inside, to team up with him some day. Just as soon as my co-star gets back from Europe, we start rehearsing."

"Hope you get a good long rest first," muttered Mrs. Powell.

"First buzzer, Miss Powell!" a boy called.

"Mama, where's the rubbing alcohol? I must go now," she turned to me. "Thank you for your lovely compliments. What are you going to call this story, or do you put the title on last, like in the movies?"

"Powell and Company," I replied.

"Then meet the President!" she said, and pulled her mother's hand over to clasp mine.

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT BING?

(Continued from page 35)

years of writing about people in pictures.

Bing was off set, in a canvas chair marked with his name. He was wearing a hat, as usual. The same one. It's always that one. He seemed immersed in deep conversation with two very small men, also seated in canvas chairs. Their feet just grazed the floor. They also wore hats and very worried expressions. They were jockeys. Two of Bing's racing entourage. They closed in on the singer whenever he said something. They never smiled. Neither did he. Apparently the subject under discussion was a weighty one, carrying perhaps the portent of great international decisions.

This went on for a goodly forty minutes. Suddenly Bing broke it up by announcing he had to use a phone. The jockeys rose to their feet and looked more worried than ever. Crosby disappeared. Five minutes later he returned. He walked solemnly up to the jockeys and whispered, "Well, men, he came in third!" The jockeys moved on automatically and then they turned back, waving what appeared to be a worried and sad farewell to Bing. And he waved back saying a dispassionate, "S'long, men! Watch your weight!"

After that business was disposed of, Crosby and I had our chat. The first thing I asked was why all the concern on the part of the jockeys. He replied, characteristically, "They always worry. They have to. When it isn't their weight, it's the judges!"

SINCE forty minutes had been consumed by the diverting huddle with the jockeys, and since pictures must be shot even though Bing invests in them, I felt the moral compunction to help expedite the working schedule, so fired at him what I considered the essential question. Namely: Is horse breeding and racing a snobbish pastime for a Hollywood star?

For a second Bing seemed mentally to bolt. Such an idea had probably never before occurred to him. He pushed his hat back from his forehead and proceeded very sensibly to talk the thing over.

"Horse breeding and racing snobbish?" he asked. "That's taking a sort of new angle, I'd say. I'm fond of horses and get a big kick out of raising them and entering them on the tracks. Of course, they don't always come out winners. Sometimes they only make the 'also ran' grade. But breeding them in the hope you'll get a real Derby winner one day is what keeps up your interest."

"I certainly don't think that there's anything snobbish about owning a stable. I regard it as a business. One with a

good future. There are many people who make a better-than-average living out of breeding and racing—and they're way out of the millionaire class that you speak of. Now here's another thing. I don't feel that breeding or racing horses belongs to any one group of people. It belongs to anyone who wants to get into the game, likes it well enough, and can afford it. And there's some satisfaction in knowing that you're keeping many people working while you're experimenting, even if it should be only a man's hobby."

Bing's response to my telling him that he had been accused of "going social" ever since his advent, on a rather large scale, into the sports world, the Del Mar Turf Club, etcetera, was perfectly frank:

"Well, that's too bad. I can't help that. You can't control the other fellow's thoughts. However, there's one rule I've always followed and still do. I go around with the people I like. If my interests happen to take me into a new world, and I meet people there who strike it off right with me—and vice versa—the chances are we'll get together when the occasion and time permit. But that's the extent of my 'social aspirations!'"

The business of changing and exchanging friends is nothing new in any walk of life. And Hollywood is no exception. If anything, Hollywood puts a greater strain on old friendships because of the speed with which everything moves in careers. Bit player today, star tomorrow—and the reverse.

One of Bing's former buddies, who is very hurt over not seeing him much these days and is still sentimental over the seeming passing qualities of the friendship, expressed this thought, "I know Bing has many demands made on him since he is a big career man, and I say 'More power to him!' But that doesn't alter the fact that in my humble estimation he's gone swell-elegant on the gang who knew him when. And he certainly wasn't that way three or four years ago."

Others, too, lay it more definitely, if harshly, on the line—even saying, "Watch the box-office one of these days!" Which probably means they're anticipating less fortunate events for Mr. Crosby.

All of this is not so tolerant, nor does it bend backward with understanding, as do the following words from one who's known Bing since he first came to Hollywood, and has not the least suspicion for envy over his success:

"A couple of us old-timers were lunching at Lakeside a few weeks ago, following an early game of golf, and one of the boys said, 'Say, did you guys know that

Crosby was playing out here the other day with the caddy master? Why doesn't he give that pleasure to some of us who'd like the chance of getting together for a chin-fest and some laughs? What's the matter with him? Doesn't he like our company any more?"

THERE was a note of reproach in this chap's voice and each of us could understand it. Every one of us felt the same as he did. We all think Bing's a swell fellow and I guess we miss him. We resent the fact that we never seem able to get together any more.

"Well, I started thinking about many things pertaining to Crosby, after I left the club house. I mentally compared him today with the Bing of even five years ago. He has changed a great deal, there's no question about that. But how can it be otherwise? His own life has changed. He has a much larger family, for one thing, and he has three times as much work now than when his career first started rolling. He has more obligations—more responsibilities—more people crowding into his existence, one demanding this, another that. He hasn't time for many old friendships, and I'd be willing to bet my hat he'd like to spend some time with certain members of the 'old gang.' Certain others he'd be justified in forgetting because there would be no mutual interests to bind them together."

"The instance, his playing golf with the caddy master, seemed to surprise the boys. It didn't have that effect on me, however, because it has always been typical of Bing to do just what he wanted, when and how! If the mood hit him, he'd walk away from the President of the United States right in the middle of a golf game."

"Some people might call that being selfish or self-centered. Perhaps so. But whatever it is, it happens to be one of the characteristics of Bing—a temperamental quality. Maybe that's one of the reasons why he's Bing. And incidentally, you hear a lot about his simple, easy-going ways. Bing is anything but a person of simplicity. He's complex, difficult to understand. Very deep. His calm, easy-going manner is a cover-up to keep people at a proper distance from him. He has to assume this to survive the amount of work he is called on to do, and the inroads that are made on him. Everybody wants something from him."

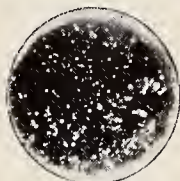
"As I said before, he's changed a lot since I first knew him. But that's only reasonable. The thing that is unreasonable, though, are the demands people make in the name of 'old friendship.'"

GOODBYE DANDRUFF



The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1 This photograph shows germs and dandruff scattered, but not removed, by ordinary soap shampoo.



Soap Shampoo

2 All germs, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

Fitch SHAMPOO KILLS GERMS

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is a TRUE GERMICIDE. It kills germs, like the Pityrosporum ovale germ, that grow well where dandruff is found. Microscopic tests made after a Fitch Shampoo show that the scalp and hair are antiseptically clean — free from all germs.

HAVE HAIR that sparkles with health and beauty! Keep your scalp free from dandruff! It's easy . . . if you use Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo — for the first application removes all traces of dandruff. Fitch Shampoo first dissolves all dandruff (even down in the hair openings) and then washes it away. No long treatments . . . no uncertainty! You are assured of a scalp that is free from dandruff, when you use Fitch Shampoo. The Fitch guarantee to remove dandruff instantly, or refund your purchase price, is backed by one of the world's largest insurance firms. Fitch Shampoo rinses clean in either hard or soft water . . . leaves no beauty-dulling film on the hair. No special after-rinses needed.

RECONDITIONS AS IT CLEANSSES

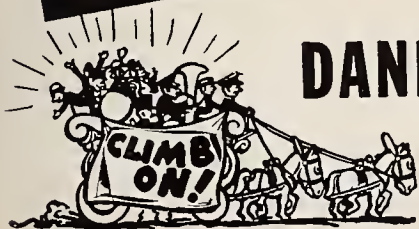
Fitch Shampoo gives the scalp a deep, basic cleansing . . . penetrating each tiny hair opening. Thus it reconditions as it cleanses, and helps normalize hair that is too dry or too oily. Leaves hair sparkling clean, all its rich, natural color revealed. Equally good for all shades of hair. Try it today! Get a bottle of Fitch Shampoo at your drug counter, or have professional applications at the barber or beauty shop.

THE F. W. FITCH CO., Des Moines, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Toronto, Canada

● After and between Fitch Shampoos, Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

Fitch's
TRADE MARK

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO



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Penny for penny your best Cigarette buy

By burning 25% slower
than the average of the 15 other
of the largest-selling brands tested
— slower than any of them —
CAMELS give smokers the equivalent of

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**



PUFF BY PUFF YOUR GREATEST SMOKING PLEASURE

The next time you light up a Camel, notice how *slowly* it burns... and be glad. For —

With slow-burning Camels you get — a cooler, milder smoke. Fine fragrance, too — and what a delicate taste!

With slow-burning Camels you get — added moments of smoking. The pleasure is prolonged!

With slow-burning Camels you get — smoking pleasure at its best. For Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos!

Smoke Camels and enjoy what Camels have to give — rare smoking pleasure and *more* smoking in every pack!

IN APRIL, 1939, a group of scientists made some unusual tests of cigarettes. They applied the same tests—*impartially*—to 16 of the largest-selling cigarette brands. Here are the results:

1 *In the Weight Test*—Camels were found to contain **MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT** than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 *In the Burning Test (or Smoking Test)*—**CAMELS BURNED SLOWER THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS!** By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of **5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!**

3 *In the Ash Test*—In this test, **CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR LONGER** than the average time for all the other brands.

Camel, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, is the luxury smoke *every* smoker can afford. Truly, penny for penny your best cigarette buy!



Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

SMOKING IS BELIEVING... Jean Martin and William Bishop enjoying Camels at the New York World's Fair. "I've often noticed that Camels burn more slowly," says Jean. "I think that's one reason why they smoke cooler and milder. As far as I'm concerned, smoking is *believing*! I know that Camel smoke is cool on my throat. And Camels have such a delicate taste!"

*Camel's expensive Tobaccos...
So inexpensive to Smoke*

MYRNA LOY'S TIRED OF BEING A WIFE!

MODERN SCREEN

OBER

0
NTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE



IN SHERIDAN

3 THRILLING ADVANTAGES MAKE *DewySheen* THE LIPSTICK FOR YOU!



1

Keeps lips looking appealingly moist... as though kissed by morning dew.

2

Imparts and holds a glistening sheen... that adds vibrant freshness to lips.

3

Helps keep lips tenderly soft and petal-smooth.

THE LIPS HE LOVES



HAVE A DEWY SHEEN

Men dislike dull, dry-looking lips. They are attracted to lips that always appear moist and lustrous... the glamorous effect DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK now makes possible.

TONIGHT... give your lips a new, tempting appeal! Give them all three thrilling advantages that Twin Sisters DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK alone offers! Let your lips look dewy-moist... lustrous as satin... as smooth as a petal. A newly patented ingredient, found only in DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK, makes this alluring dewy-sheen effect possible.

Try it! See why millions are switching to DEWY-SHEEN! Marvel at the fresh, alive beauty it imparts and holds to your lips! Only 10c at ten-cent stores. Large size \$1 at Drug & Dept. Stores.

CHOOSE FROM NINE EXQUISITE SHADES
TANGERINE RASPBERRY SUNSET RED LIGHT
CARDINAL PETAL PINK MEDIUM ORCHID LILAC

DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK SET

Contains three different shades keyed to your type for Morning, Afternoon and Evening wear. Only 10c at ten-cent stores. If unobtainable, write direct, enclosing 10c (Canada 15c). Mention type: Blonde, Auburn, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette. CLARK-MILLNER CO., Dept. 15-K, 450 W. Superior St., Chicago, Ill. In Canada, 426 St. Helen St., Montreal.

10c



CLEAR-LOOKING SKIN FOR EVERYONE

So easy to conceal embarrassing pimples, freckles, birthmarks, scars, bruises, or any skin discoloration with HIDE-IT. Lasts until removed with cream. Splendid make-up base. Choose from Light, Medium, Brunette, Sun-Tan. \$1 at drug and dept. stores. 10c size at ten-cent stores. **Hide-it** HIDES BLEMISHES

Twin Sisters
DEWY-SHEEN
PAT. PENDING
LIPSTICK

Her smart little hat impressed him first but
her lovely smile went straight to his heart!

An appealing smile is a priceless asset—Protect yours with Ipana and massage!



New "Postillion" hat of black felt, wool snood back, gros-grain band and tailored bow.



**Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush!" Ipana and massage
promote firmer gums, brighter smiles!**

A SAUCY little hat may catch the eye of many a man, but a lovely smile goes straight to his heart!

And how pitiful the girl who lets her smile get dull and dingy... who ignores "pink tooth brush"... who doesn't take the proper care of her teeth and gums.

Don't YOU be so careless! For your smile is *you*—lose it and you lose one of your most appealing charms. Neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush," and all the Paris hats in the world can't help you overcome the bad impression of a dull and unattractive smile.

So if you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist immediately!

Very often, he'll tell you it's only a warning that your gums have grown tender because our soft-food menus deny them the vigorous chewing exercise they need. To help correct this he's likely to advise—as so many dentists do—"the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

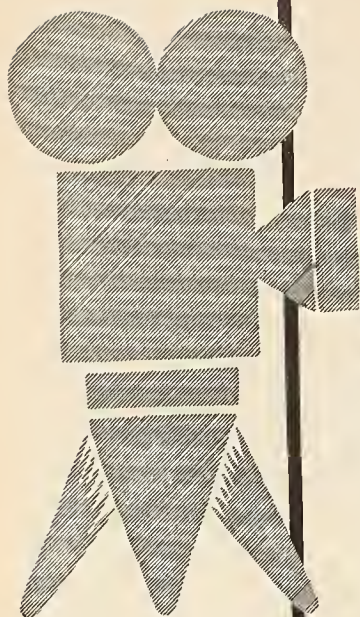
For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help your gums as well as to clean teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums whenever you brush your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

Play safe. Buy a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help make your smile the bright and winning smile it *should* be.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SEP 12 1939

Regina Cannon
EditorLois Svensrud
Hollywood EditorAbril Lomarque
Art Editor

MODERN SCREEN

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"Take my word for it— Lovely Skin Steps Up Charm!"

SAYS THIS ENCHANTING MARYLAND BRIDE

My favorite complexion care—that's what I call Camay's gentle cleansing! And believe me, there's nothing like a lovely complexion for stepping up your charm!

Baltimore, Md. (Signed) CONSTANCE B. PLUMMER
March 3, 1939 (Mrs. R. W. Plummer)



LOOK your loveliest! Like clever Mrs. Plummer, help guard the precious charm of a radiantly lovely skin—with Camay's gentle cleansing!

You will like Camay, for it has that priceless beauty cleansing combination—thoroughness with mildness. Each time you use it, Camay leaves your skin so clean it seems to glow! Yet Camay is gentle. We've proved Camay's mildness with tests against several other popular toilet soaps on various types of skin.

Repeatedly, Camay came out *definitely milder*. You'll find Camay marvelous for your *beauty bath*, too...to help keep back and shoulders lovely and as a refreshing aid to daintiness. Camay's price is low! Get three cakes today!



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

135 WOMEN

with nothing on
their minds

BUT MEN

Out of the boudoir...on to the screen! See women as they don't see themselves! Dowagers and debutantes! Chorines and mannequins! Countesses and cowgirls! See them in cold cream and mud packs! In smart boudoirs and sleek salons! See them with their hair down and their claws out! See 135 of them biting, kicking, scratching and kissing in the most hilarious Battle Over Men ever screened!



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JOAN
CRAWFORD

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The Women

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Biggest All-Star Cast in Years in the Hit Stage
Play Broadway Cheered For A Solid Season!

with MARY BOLAND • PAULETTE GODDARD • PHYLLIS POVAH
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From the Play by CLARE BOOTHE

By Arrangement with Max Gordon Plays & Pictures Corp.

Screen Play by ANITA LOOS and JANE MURFIN

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by HUNT STROMBERG
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



ONE-ROUND RUSSELL AND GO-GET-EM GODDARD IN THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

OUT TROCK'ING

Paulette Goddard and Jaan Fantaïne trip the light fantastic, much to the amusement of the onlookers. Seated, Rosalind Russell and Charlie Chaplin; dancing, Jane Wyman and George Stevenson.



The Trocadero's the place where the stars shine their very brightest

A frallicking foursome meet at the Trac for a little modest imbibing. Alexander D'Arcy is still Arleen Whelan's "steady," and of course you recognize John Payne and Anne Shirley. The latter are such a blissfully married pair that they must annoy the skeptics who claim movie marriages don't last.



Our cameraman catches Margaret Sullivan and Leslie Howard in a little animated conversation. Here are a pair of excellent players. They don't appear cinematically very often, but when they do—you're in for good performances. Wait until you see Howard in "G. W. T. W."



This, above All, Bette's Best!

Remember for a moment the Bette Davis picture you loved most. Then think how magnificent that picture is which surpasses even it. Awarded the Pulitzer Prize as a play, cherished as a novel, its stirring story springs from the heart of a woman to touch the heart of the world. Its exceptional cast, its extraordinary romance, urge you to see it. Hasten to do so—the very instant it opens!

You are cordially
invited to the
marriage

BETTE
DAVIS
and
MIRIAM
HOPKINS
in
"THE OLD MAID"
with
GEORGE
BRENT

DONALD CRISP • JANE BRYAN • LOUISE FAZENDA
JAMES STEPHENSON • JEROME COWAN • WM. LUNDIGAN • CECILIA LOFTUS

Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by Zoe Akins and
the Novel by Edith Wharton • Music by Max Steiner • A First National Picture

PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

MOVIE REVIEWS

BY
LOIS
SVENSRUD

★★★★ They Shall Have Music

This is one of the best pictures of the year. Music lovers will undoubtedly see it over and over again, for not only is the glorious music of Jascha Heifetz well recorded, but the camera gives a fine opportunity of studying the violinist's finger work.

The story is plausible and entertaining. It is centered around a music school, run by Andrea Leeds and her father, Walter Brennan, for poor children. Members of the school are children of the Peter Meremblum Symphony Orchestra who provide excellent musical numbers and some highly diverting scenes. Into the group drifts young Gene Reynolds, a homeless boy with a gift for the violin. Through a series of misfortunes, the school is ready to go on the rocks when Jascha Heifetz is called upon to give a concert there, and the day is saved.

Heifetz shows a pleasing screen personality, and the little acting required of him is done with warmth and sincerity. Gene Reynolds deserves praise and Walter Brennan hands in another sterling performance. Andrea Leeds and Joel McCrea carry the romantics pleasingly. Directed by Archie Mayo.—*United Artists.*

(More about Jascha Heifetz on page 14)



★★★ The Man in the Iron Mask

Dumas' well-known story is brought to the screen in such a manner that it should satisfy both Dumas fans and movie fans. None of the seventeenth century pomp is left out, yet the characterizations are so cleverly handled and the dialogue so sprightly that at no time does the picture drag.

The story centers about the twin heirs to the throne of Louis XIII. Louis Hayward plays both roles—that of the evil Louis XIV and of the good Philippe of Gascony, who is the favored brother in the eyes of the famous Musketeers. Hayward gives a remarkable dual performance, bringing complete credulity to the different personalities of the brothers. Joan Bennett, looking prettier than ever in the sumptuous costumes of the period, is an appealing Maria Theresa, the Spanish Infanta, who is courted by the two brothers. The three swash-buckling musketeers are ably portrayed by Alan Hale, Bert Roach and Miles Mander. Joseph Schildkraut, as Fouquet, the demon behind Louis, and Warren William as D'Artagnan, acquit themselves favorably. Directed by James Whale.—*United Artists.*

(Louis Hayward's biography appears on page 14)

★★★ Bachelor Mother

You can't beat film entertainment like this—hilarious situations, dialogue that sparkles throughout, and grand performances by everyone concerned!

A salesgirl (Ginger Rogers) who has just lost her job, stumbles across a baby who has just been abandoned. She cannot make the authorities believe that the baby does not belong to her. Thinking the distraught young mother has tried to put the baby in an orphanage because of losing her job, the authorities and her former boss (David Niven) get together and frame her so that she finally keeps the baby from sheer exhaustion. Before long, Niven's father (Charles Coburn) gets news of the baby and immediately considers himself a grandpa. His joy knows no bounds, resulting in the bachelor mother attempting to flee the country with the baby, whom she now wants.

Ginger Rogers has the best role of her screen career and handles it in a way that is beyond improvement. David Niven does nobly with the romantic lead. Charles Coburn, Frank Albertson are very good, too. Directed by Garson Kanin.—*RKO.*

(Additional data on Ginger Rogers on page 14)



Modern Screen rates them and guides you to the very best in film fare

★★★ Second Fiddle

When a Minnesota schoolmarm wins a Hollywood talent contest, there's sure to be fun. And the fact that Sonja Henie is the school teacher in question, guarantees the fun is going to be first class. She looks prettier than ever, has more opportunity to act than in previous films and there are new and original skating numbers which are bound to win applause. The script could certainly have profited by an original idea or two—but the skating scenes help one to forget.

It's in Hollywood that the Norwegian star becomes a "Second Fiddle." For her enterprising press agent, Tyrone Power, fixes up a romance between the studio's new find and one of the studio's glamor boys, Rudy Vallee. Mr. V. has shown signs of slipping, so a sizzling romance with Sonja looks like a good bit to his press agent. The fact that it looks like the real thing to blonde Sonja provides the complications. She packs up bag and baggage, stows her skates and Auntie Edna May Oliver on the Chief, and trains back to Minnesota and her old flame, Lyle Talbot, as soon as she learns of the hoax perpetrated in the sacred name of Publicity.

Tyrone Power and Edna May Oliver give good accounts of themselves, while Alan Dinehart is a stand-out in a less important role. You'll like Mary Healy, too, whose yumphy is something considerable. Rudy Vallee is adequate to his role. Some of the song numbers are excellent—in particular "Back to Back," "When Winter Comes" and "And Old-Fashioned Tune is Always New." Directed by Sidney Lanfield.—20th Century-Fox.

★★★ Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever

Seventh in the Hardy series, this one tops them all in good entertainment. With W. S. Van Dyke in the director's chair for the first time, this might be expected. But credit is also due the script, which gets Andy into the most heartbreaking, chuckle-provoking experiences yet, and the excellent manner in which Mickey Rooney handles this assignment. Not that the youngest Hardy hasn't always been very good indeed, but here he leaves out the mugging while facing the sterner stuff of which Life is composed. For love smites Andy the moment he lays eyes on the new dramatic teacher at the high school. He's just had a squabble with Polly Benedict and is, of course, right in the mood for a woman with sense.

Puppy love symptoms in Andy's attack gradually give way to serious emotions. Andy, in fact, really has it bad and in spite of all the attractive teacher (Helen Gilbert) and Judge Hardy (Lewis Stone) can do, he gallantly begs her hand in marriage. How the teacher rejects her ardent suitor without wounding his pride, and gets him back to girl friend, Ann Rutherford, makes a highly diverting story. Special mention should be made of the personable Helen Gilbert. In this, her first picture, she gives a performance in which an experienced actress could take justifiable pride. Other high spots of the picture are the usual man-to-man talks of the Judge and his son, and the school play which is presented by the graduating class—with Andy in the role of author, director, producer and Rear Admiral. "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever" is well worth seeing, for young and old. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

(Continued on page 11)



NEW!
SMART, BEAUTIFUL
KARO SYRUP PITCHER
CERTIFIED RETAIL VALUE \$1.25
only 50¢

AND THE LABEL FROM ANY CAN OF DELICIOUS KARO SYRUP

● The Dripless Sanicut Server closes automatically—no spilling even if tipped accidentally. This Syrup Pitcher is easy to operate, easy to keep clean and is guaranteed against defects in material and workman-

ship. Merely fill out the coupon below and mail it with 50c in check or money order together with any Karo Label (Blue Label, Red Label or Waffle Label)—and the Pitcher will be sent to you postpaid.



KARO SYRUP IS RICH IN DEXTRINS • MALTOS • DEXTROSE

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Enclosed herewith is fifty cents in ☐ CHECK

☐ MONEY ORDER and a Karo Label. Please send the KARO PITCHER to

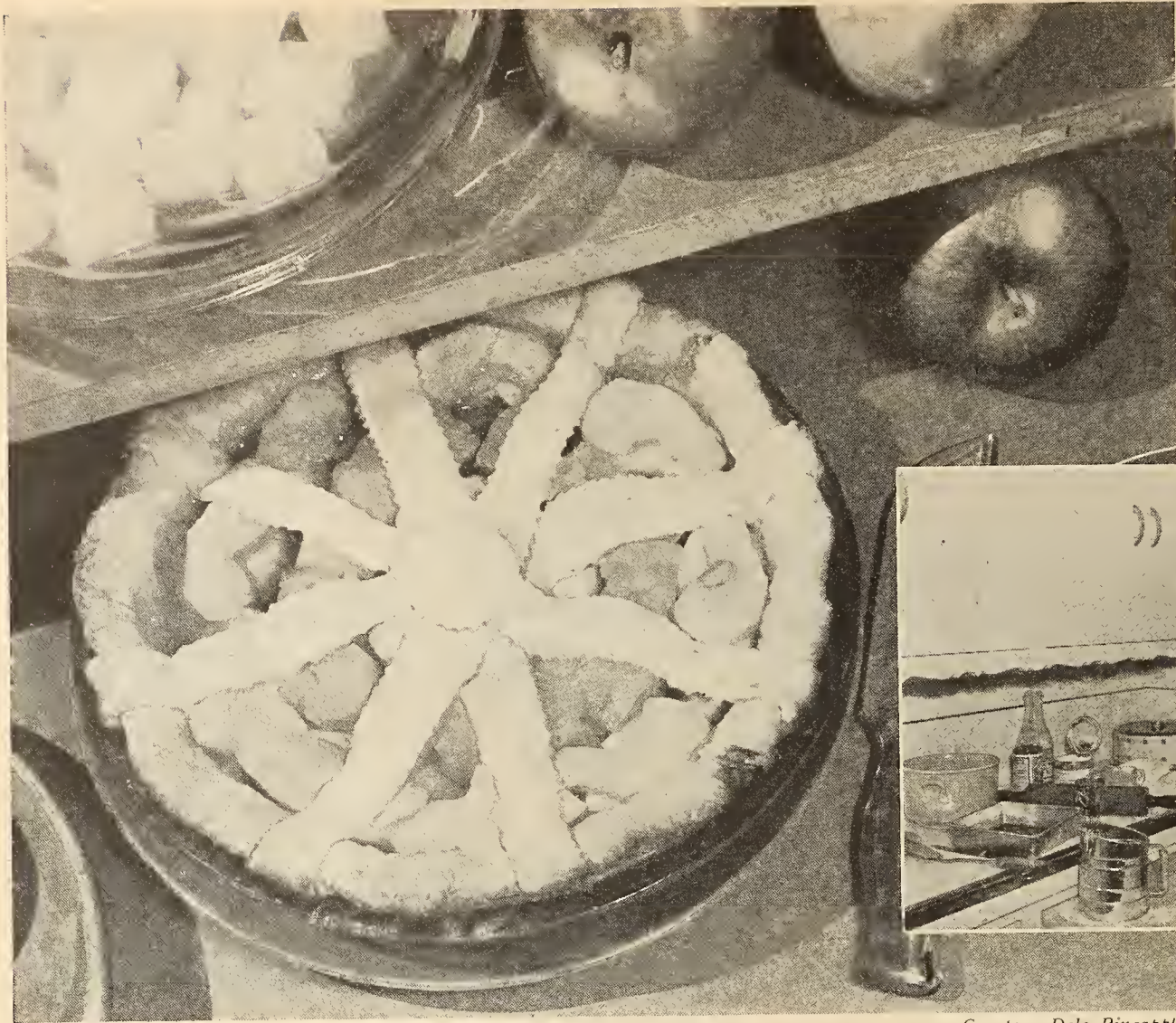
**MAIL
THIS
COUPON**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

This offer, good only in the United States, expires January 31, 1940. It is void in the states of Idaho, Nevada, Montana and Kansas



The ever-faithful apple pie—but this time with an intriguingly different flavor and appearance.

Binnie Barnes says that there's no end to the versatility of the apple, and her recipes prove it.



Courtesy Dole Pineapple

AN APPLE A DAY

BY MARJORIE DEEN

Comes Fall and the King of Fruits turns up in most tempting guises

I PLANNED to introduce the autumn apple season by telling you how healthful apples are and how much truth there is in that familiar couplet which gives this food story its title. But Binnie Barnes convinced me that it would be better to start off by speaking of this popular fruit's versatility.

Not at all difficult, she pointed out, to heed the "apple a day" admonition when you stop to realize that this King of Fruits can be served with equal success at breakfast, lunch or dinner. Always a favorite eaten from the hand between meals and at night before retiring, it is also good in its uncooked state in salads and fruit cups. Too, no better cheese accompaniment could be imagined. Just spread a slice of apple with cream cheese or Camembert, or add chopped apple to cottage cheese. Grand ideas all of them.

Dishes of all descriptions in which cooked apples are the principal ingredient are at the top of the list of Miss Barnes' favorites. To name them all is a feat that neither she nor I could hope to accomplish in anything less than a book. But we could—and did—choose a few of those most sure of receiving a hearty welcome whenever they are served. Now, when the markets display the tempting output of the orchards of the East and the Middle West and the

famous apples from the valleys of Washington and Oregon, you, too, will be able to make some new and delightful dishes, thanks to the recipes appearing on page 62. Carefully tested, they are easy to understand and follow, therefore sure to be successful. They are given in such a form that you can conveniently clip them out and mount them on regulation filing cards for your recipe cabinet. There are months ahead when you will appreciate having at your fingertips just such suggestions as Binnie's.

The gem of an apple pie that is so temptingly pictured here, for instance! It has an intriguingly different flavor. And don't you like the resemblance to a wheel with hub and spokes of pastry? Sort of divides off the servings too, but make them generous or plan on seconds, if you're wise!

Or try a Southern Apple Cake—spicy and full of nuts and raisins as all such cakes should be. But it's different, too, in that it is baked in layers and put together with a frosting.

And don't forget an Apple Pudding. "One that is served hot, preferably," suggests Binnie whose favorite turns out to be one of the easiest desserts ever.

A cooked-apple salad—ever try one of those? A few red cinnamon candies make this fruit resemble tomatoes and

impart a delicate flavor as well.

Binnie also spoke of apple sauce and that reminded me of the easiest and most economical way to make it that I have ever tried. First choose your apples carefully. There are, you know, certain apples for certain purposes and it behooves you to learn about the varieties sold at your market. They vary greatly in different sections of the country so it is difficult to make suggestions that would cover the situation everywhere. Your grocer will be of real assistance in advising you. Whatever the apples you use, try making apple sauce this way.

Wash apples well. Do not peel, just remove stems and blossoms. Cut apples into eighths, skin and all. Place in kettle with only enough water to prevent burning. Add more water, while the apples are cooking, if necessary; but not too much or you will have a thin, watery sauce. Cook apples gently until soft, stirring occasionally. Mash through a strainer. And here is where the woman who owns the type of strainer known as a "Food Mill" is one up on her less fortunate friends. With one of these handy utensils you get more sauce in less time than by any other method I know of. To the strained sauce add sugar to taste and a dash of nutmeg.

Turn to page 62 for Binnie Barnes' recipes

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 9)

★★★ On Borrowed Time

Here is a picture that has enough novelty to satisfy all the movie-goers who cry for something different in screen stories. The plot concerns a very old man (Lionel Barrymore) who managed to get Death up a tree—and literally. For Death is a man named Mr. Brink (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), who wanders into the old man's yard, intent on taking him and his wife (Beulah Bondi) away. Already Mr. Brink has managed to get the old couple's son and daughter-in-law, which has left young Bobs Watson an orphan in the loving care of his grandparents.

Grandfather Barrymore does not fear death for himself, but after his wife is taken he refuses to die, feeling he must stay and look after Bobs. Should he, too, be taken by Mr. Brink, the boy will fall into the clutches of a soured, heartless aunt, Eily Malyon. So the old man inveigles Mr. Brink into the old apple tree, which has the strange power of holding any creature who ventures into its branches until Gramps gives permission for the victim's release. Gramps and Bobs are extremely pleased with themselves, and spend long delightful hours under the apple tree poking fun at Mr. Brink. But finally the realization is brought home to Gramps that Death is actually a blessing in disguise, and that while he is holding Mr. Brink captive, he is also holding all the suffering people in the world from the relief they would find in release from this world.

Lionel Barrymore gives a performance that will be long remembered, while Bobs Watson's portrayal of the devoted grandchild is truly remarkable. Beulah Bondi's characterization is beautiful, and equals any in the picture. Eily Malyon,



Tom Brown and Jane Bryan are a new twosome. Little Miss B. certainly gets herself around these days, both socially and professionally. You'll see her next in "The Old Maid."

"SH-S-SH, SUSAN! THE BRIDE'S ON THE GRIDDLE!"



SUSAN: "Good grief, don't tell me it's that meddlesome Mrs. Palmer gossiping about the bride's wash again?"

MATILDA: "It *is*, and I wish the cat would get her tongue. But no use wishing, so put on your bonnet, Susan. We're going to stop the gossip!"



SUSAN: "It's a shame and a pity, Timothy, because the poor girl works like a beaver. But her weak-kneed soap leaves dirt behind. That's why her clothes are always chock-full of tattle-tale gray."

MATILDA: "So we're going to send her a flock of Fels-Naptha to show her how its richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha* make *all* the dirt scat. Don't tell a soul, but slip ten bars into her next grocery order and we'll pay for it."



COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

MEET THESE FASCINATING PEOPLE...

From the great Broadway play
GOLDEN BOY!

starring
BARBARA STANWYCK

as
LORNA... She's the dame from Newark



starring
ADOLPHE MENJOU

as
MOODY... He loves Lorna



starring
WILLIAM HOLDEN

as
JOE BONAPARTE... He wants to be a big shot



starring
SAM LEVENE

as
SIGGIE... He loves the duchess



LEE
COBB

as
PAPA BONAPARTE... He wants his son



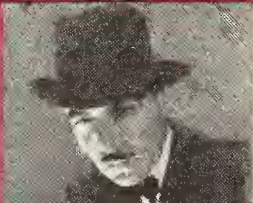
BEATRICE
BLINN

as
ANNA... She loves Siggie



JOSEPH
CALLEIA

as
FUSELI... He wants a champion



TENDERLY... THE SCREEN TELLS THE HEART-WARMING STORY OF THEIR EMOTIONAL CONFLICT AND ROMANCE!

GOLDEN BOY

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN Production • Based on the CLIFFORD ODETS play as produced by the Group Theatre of New York • Screen play by Lewis Meltzer, Daniel Taradash, Sarah Y. Mason, Victor Heerman • Produced by William Perlberg

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Una Merkel, Henry Travers, Grant Mitchell and Nat Pendleton are all good. We would have preferred Sir Cedric Hardwicke's characterization of Mr. Brink to have been a warmer and more sympathetic one. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★★ Beau Geste

With Gary Cooper as Beau Geste and Ray Milland and Robert Preston in the roles of John and Digby Geste, this popular story of brotherly devotion has been revived on the screen with considerable success. The sincerity of the three actors' performances makes the story believable and engrossing to the end. They join the Foreign Legion, you may remember, when the famous "Blue Water" sapphire is stolen from their aunt, who has been the guardian of Beau, John and Digby since their boyhood. It is evident that one of the brothers has stolen the gem, and rather than have disgrace brought on one of them, all three join up with the Legion. From there on, the picture is a thrilling account of the activities of the French army and their efforts to quell the Arabian uprisings, with plenty of suspense running through the story concerning the solution of the jewel theft.

Brian Donlevy, as the vicious Sergeant Markoff, gives the finest characterization in the picture. His brutal disciplinary methods give rise to some of the most gruesome scenes ever screened. J. Carroll Naish is outstanding as Rasnoff, a thief and betrayer, while Heather Thatcher, as Aunt Pat and Susan Hayward, heroine of the slight love interest which runs through the story, give satisfactory accounts of themselves. If you're in the mood for high adventure, blood and thunder, you'll find "Beau Geste" fills the bill. Directed by W. A. Wellman.—Paramount.

★★★ I Stole a Million

Here is a gripping and realistic film with appeal for many audiences. There is an exceptionally strong story to rec-

ommend it and a cast has been selected which does full justice to it. George Raft has one of his best roles to date as the taxi driver who clashes with the law and goes from one harrowing adventure to another. The fact that he was originally a law-abiding man, turned into a criminal because of circumstances over which he had no control, makes the character portrayed a singularly interesting one. The girl in the case is Claire Trevor, with whom no fault can be found. As the florist's clerk with whom Raft falls in love, she has a role that calls for capable dramatic handling. Trying to save him from himself, she pleads not only with Raft, but with the law for understanding, and finally sees him die for herself and their child. It is a role that should command considerable attention for Claire Trevor.

Others in the cast who do good work are Dick Foran, Victor Jory, Stanley Ridges, Henry Armetta and Mary Forbes. Directed by Frank Tuttle.—Universal.

★★★ Each Dawn I Die

James Cagney and George Raft are a powerful combination in this grim picture of prison life. Cagney portrays a newspaper reporter who was framed into a prison term just as he was about to expose the state's crooked politicians. Raft is a double-crossing gangster, who, when he realizes that Cagney is a loyal friend, risks his life for the only real friend he's ever known. The penitentiary is a cold, bleak routine of discipline with the heaviest display of prison torture yet filmed.

There's very little comedy or romantic relief. Maxie Rosenbloom turns in a laugh now and then, but was concentrating on his dramatics. Jane Bryan is the sweetheart who helps to free Cagney, and their few love scenes are high spots of good acting. The two-fisted story concerns the efforts of Cagney's newspaper and Raft's gang to prove that the reporter was framed. Hardships endured by the prisoners are interwoven with schemes to break prison, get revenge



Edna Best—she's Mrs. Herbert Marshall—and little Ann Todd in a tender scene from "Intermezzo." The handsome gentleman between them is Angus.



Garbo smiles! Well—see for yourself! Director Ernst Lubitsch is responsible for the miracle. Wunnerful?

on the blood-tasting guards and help fellow-inmates who can't stand the nerve-grinding life. It's definitely a man's picture, but anyone with any idea whatsoever of breaking the law will shudder and reform after seeing "Each Dawn I Die."

In addition to the players mentioned, there are excellent characterizations given by George Bancroft, Edward Pawley, Willard Robertson, Stanley Ridges, Alan Baxter, Victor Jory, Paul Hurst, Louis Jean Heydt and Joe Downing. Emma Dunn is a standout as Cagney's mother. In fact, there isn't a faulty portrayal in the entire picture. Directed by William Keighley.—Warner Bros.

★★ Blondie Takes a Vacation

Those likable folks, Blondie and Dagwood, are back again. And, of course, Baby Dumpling and his side-kick, Daisy, are very much in evidence. They have pinned the proceedings this time on a meagre plot, but the comic-strip family manage to stir up enough excitement and hilarity to give an audience a thoroughly good time. They are assisted in their activities by Donald Meek, Robert Wilcox, Donald MacBride and Elizabeth Dunne, who all help to keep things humming along.

The story is centered about the altruistic aims of Blondie and Dagwood, who decide to save an elderly couple from a trip over the hill to the poorhouse. The hero and heroine take over the couple's summer camp and try to make it a paying proposition. There have been sad experiences in the past of people trying to make summer camps pay, but the experiences of Blondie and Dagwood will make any other attempt look tame. There's plenty of hokum thrown in to make matters as bad as possible, such as skunk invasions, meanie competitors, kidnappings, firebugs and crooks. All in all, the "Blondie" fans will find there isn't a dull moment. And the rest of the audience will find enough entertainment in Daisy, the pooch, to make up for the less talented contributions of the rest of the cast. It's entertaining. Directed by Frank R. Strayer.—Columbia.

(Continued on page 83)

Glamorous 1939 Deb says:

"Pond's Glare-Proof Rose Shades make skin look more Romantic"



Hard and Shiny

Under a harsh light with just a pale powder—even Margherita Clement's lovely young face would get hard shadows and need frequent powdering to combat glamour-stealing shine.

Soft—Romantic...

With one of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Rose shades, Margherita keeps all her lovely rosy glamour under the bright lights. And she doesn't have to worry about setting the mental alarm clock every half hour for shiny nose!

New Rosy Powders reflect only the softer rays—are "Glare-Proof" ... shine-resistant



Pond's Rosy "Glare-Proof" shades are causing a flurry among the Café Society kids who are up to all hours under hard night-club lights. The glamour girls have found they can keep harsh lights from hardening their faces and keep their aristocratic little noses from shining—longer—with these new rosy powders!

Try them! They flatter your skin by reflecting only the softer rays of sun or electric light—you can powder less often with these shine-resistant shades! Send for samples today of Pond's 3 Rose shades—Rose Dawn, Rose Cream, Rose Brunette. Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PK, Clinton, Conn.

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INFORMATION



Exciting New Brilliance

FOR DRY, DULL HAIR!

If Your Hair is Dry, Dull or Hard to Manage, Here's a Thrilling Way to Reveal Its Natural Gleam and Lustre

FOR DRY, unruly hair, authorities generally recommend oil treatments. And that is why thousands of women use Mar-O-Oil Shampoo—it gives you an oil treatment and an oil shampoo at one and the same time!

Amazing Benefits!

Mar-O-Oil is utterly different from any other shampoo you have tried. Contains imported olive and natural vegetable oils—therefore lubricates as it cleanses. And Mar-O-Oil does more than merely wash away surface dirt. Its cleansing oils go to the very base of the hair shaft and gently flush away dirt, waste, loose dandruff flakes. Your hair is left radiantly clean and lustrous—soft and easy to manage.

Leaves No Oily Film!

Mar-O-Oil forms no soapy lather, no sticky suds, and rinses away completely in rinsing water. Leaves no gummy film or oily deposits to dim hair's natural beauty. Contains no free alkali, no harsh chemicals, therefore cannot dry out the hair, no matter how frequently used. Ask your hairdresser for a professional Mar-O-Oil Shampoo, or get a bottle today at any drug, department or 10c store.

Mar-o-Oil SHAMPOO



YOU MUST BE SATISFIED—OR MONEY BACK! We are so confident you will like Mar-O-Oil far better than any other shampoo, that we make this guarantee: Buy one bottle of Mar-O-Oil and follow directions. Use ½ bottle. If not thoroughly pleased, return to J. W. Marrow Mfg. Co., Chicago, and your money will be refunded in full. You be the judge.



JASCHA HEIFETZ: After years of holding out against most attractive movie bids, Jascha Heifetz has made "They Shall Have Music." At last the movie-going public has a chance to hear this great violinist, whose playing, critics have agreed, is absolute technical perfection. Heifetz was born in Vilna, Russia, on February 2, 1901. At three he started his violin lessons, at six he faultlessly rendered Mendelssohn's Concerto (a part of which, by the way, he plays in the picture), and at seven he made his debut. Graduating from the Royal School of Music in Vilna, he continued his studies with the famous Professor Leopold Auer. The news of the boy's genius soon spread and when he was sixteen he and his family braved a perilous trip across Siberia during Kerensky's Revolution to come to New York for a concert engagement at Carnegie Hall. His youth and mastery of



GINGER ROGERS: Independence, Missouri, has the honor of claiming Ginger Rogers, who was born there on July 16th, 1911. However, when she was but a tot, her mother, Lela McMath, took her to live in Fort Worth, Tex., where Ginger attended public and high schools. She was the hit of every home-talent affair and through her mother, who was dramatic editor of one of the leading newspapers, became acquainted with all the theatrical people who visited the Texas city. At this point in her life her acting ambitions were aroused and she appeared in playlets for the children of her neighborhood. Then came the Charleston rage, and our little redhead won a local dancing contest in Charleston, and another one for the State of Texas. Vaudeville engagements galore resulted from the championship, and it became necessary for Mrs. Rogers to give up her own work and



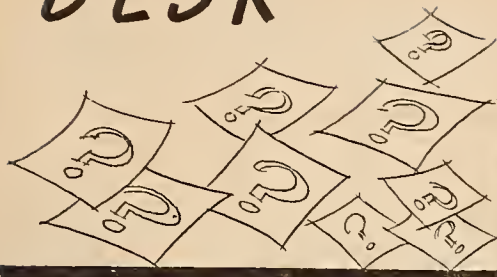
LOUIS HAYWARD: When this talented English lad was but a mere child he was an avid movie fan whose one ambition was to become a great actor some day. He was rather baffled as to how to go about it, so started out by organizing his own stock company. Louis was born in Johannesburg, South Africa, on March 19th, 1909, the son of a distinguished mining engineer. At an early age he was put in a private school and, before long, began seeking the life backstage. He tried his luck with booking agents, but to no avail. Still undefeated, he decided to take an intensive course in dramatics at the famous Central School of Speech. Thus gaining more experience, he bought a partnership in a ragged little stock company and played in a variety of roles. He then went on tour with "The Fanatics," doing every job from stage manager to appearing in prologues for \$15 a week.

tone and harmonics astounded everyone who heard him. In 1928 he married Florence Vidor, an actress, and they have two children, Josepha, eight, and Bobby, seven. Neither of the children shows an inclination to be a musician. They and their step-sister, Suzanne Vidor, spend most of their time at a farm in Connecticut. Heifetz' only affectation is a beret which he wears when boating or golfing. Besides these two sports, he plays an excellent ping-pong game. Though he seldom smiles, he laughs often and has a grand sense of humor which comes in handy as he tours almost every country on the globe fulfilling his commitments. Once, for instance, he was not allowed by the operator to ride in a passenger elevator when he arrived, violin case in hand, to play for a national broadcast. He and his priceless Guarnerius, that, because of insurance, none but himself can touch, went up in a freight lift—and he was amused! Address him at United Artists, Hollywood, Cal. "They Shall Have Music" review on page 8.

travel with her daughter. It was while appearing with Paul Ash at the Paramount Theatre in New York City that Ginger landed the leading comedienne role in the Broadway musical "Top Speed." From there she went into the New York company of "Girl Crazy." This resulted in Ginger's being signed to a movie contract, her first picture being "Young Man of Manhattan" in 1930. On her way up the ladder, Ginger married Lew Ayres, but some years later they separated, though they are not yet divorced. Ginger shot to fame with Fred Astaire in several musicals and proved her ability, too, in straight dramatic and comedienne roles. If you have seen Ginger in "Bachelor Mother," you will see her next in the picture, "Fifth Avenue Girl" with James Ellison. Ginger is five feet four inches tall, has green eyes and red hair. You can write her in care of RKO-Radio Studios, Hollywood, Cal. (Incidentally, have you read the revealing story, "Ginger Goes It Alone," in our September issue?)

His big opportunity came when he got an important role with Lunt and Fontaine in "Point Valaine." Hollywood scouts saw the play and were so impressed that they offered Hayward a screen contract and he accepted. At the beginning, nobody paid much attention to him, though. Then came a part in "The Flame Within," which immediately gained definite recognition for him. Louis is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifty-four pounds, has brown hair and grey-blue eyes. He is active and skillful in sports, especially winter sports. He skis, skates, toboggans and also swims, plays tennis and golf. He is married to Ida Lupino, movie actress, and they live in Beverly Hills. Since his hit performance in "The Duke of West Point," this young Englishman has been much in demand and now he is currently appearing in "The Man in the Iron Mask" with Joan Bennett. You can write him in care of United Artists Studios, Hollywood, Cal. You'll find a review of "The Man in the Iron Mask" on page 8.

DESK



in coupon on page 102?

Lotus Weiner, Warren, Pa. Spencer Tracy has just completed one of his most noble roles in "Stanley and Livingstone," which concerns the story of a reporter and the famous African explorer. His next assignment is in "Northwest Passage" with Wallace Beery and Robert Young.

Lila Ford, Tucson, Ariz. The top-ranking box-office stars of 1938 as selected by the exhibitors of America were: Shirley Temple, Clark Gable, Sonja Henie, Mickey Rooney, Spencer Tracy, Robert Taylor, Myrna Loy, Jane Withers, Alice Faye and Tyrone Power.

Cecil Blake, Paterson, N. J. Jeanette MacDonald's last two pictures were "Sweethearts" and "Broadway Serenade." She has just signed a two-year contract with M-G-M and will postpone a planned fall concert tour until spring to appear with Nelson Eddy in Sigmund Romberg's "Lover Come Back to Me." It will be followed by "Smilin' Through," to co-star Robert Taylor.

Frances Snow, Anderson, Ind. Russell Hayden was born in Chicago, Ill., June 12th, 1912. He has black hair and brown eyes, and his real name is Pat Lucid. He is six feet three inches tall, weighs one hundred seventy pounds, and was a successful studio technician before becoming an actor.

To All Robert Preston Fans: You've been clamoring for a brief biography of your favorite's life, so here's our little contribution. His studio believes that he is the greatest discovery since Clark Gable. Born in Newton Highlands, Mass., on a certain June eighth, Preston is the son of Frank Meserve, a clothier. The family moved to Los Angeles when Robert was only two years old, and he was educated in Los Angeles schools, where his interest in the theatre was first aroused by his dramatics teacher, Edward J. Wenig. After graduating from high school, he joined up with the Pasadena Community Playhouse troupe and spent two hard years there. His outstanding ability brought him a screen test, which proved most successful. He received three minor parts before his important

(Continued on page 102)

Dear Readers:

You've been swamping us with requests for information of the leading stars appearing in ★★★ and ★★★★★ pictures currently playing in your neighborhood theatres. And so, we have decided to change our policy and print their biographies each month. Remember that questions of general interest will be answered here as usual. If you desire a personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Boy Friend? Even the girls dodge dates with Ann!



Ann could have dates galore if she'd guard her charm with MUM!

ONE DAY is just like another—to Ann. No one drops in to see her. Men never take her out. Even the girls avoid her!

What would *you* do—if you knew a girl lovely in *other* ways—but careless about underarm odor? Of course you'd avoid her, too! Nobody wants to be around a girl who neglects to use Mum!

Too bad the girl who offends this way so rarely knows it herself! No one likes to tell her, either. Nowadays you're *expected* to know that a bath is never enough! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor

before it starts. Hollywood says Mum... nurses say Mum... *you'll* say Mum once you've tried this pleasant, gentle, *dependable* cream!

QUICK! Mum takes 30 seconds, can be applied even after dressing or underarm shaving!

SAFE! The seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Mum is safe for skin.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Be sweet for that movie or dancing date. Be popular *always!* Use Mum!

MUM GIVES THOROUGH UNDERARM CARE



For Sanitary Napkins

More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum frees you from embarrassment, is gentle and safe!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"I'LL TELL THE WORLD
OF WOMEN -"



FAMOUS as Tampax has become, some women still can hardly believe it... It seems too good to be true—that all their pin-and-belt troubles are over and their monthly sanitary problems solved.

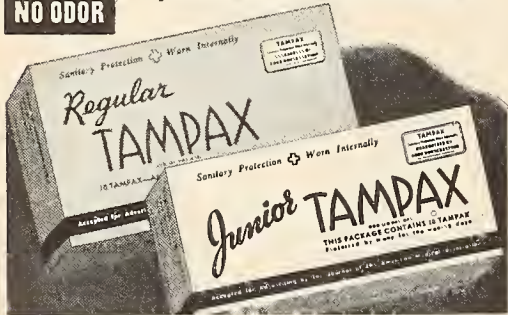
But millions of women are using Tampax and it is all very simple. Perfected by a doctor and worn internally, Tampax allows no bulge or "line" to show. You can enjoy greater freedom in dancing and in sports. No chafing, no odor. You can use tub or shower... You can laugh at yesterday's sanitary problems.

Tampax is the daintiest product imaginable. Each comes individually sealed in one-time-use applicator. The hands do not even touch the Tampax, which is of pure, long-fibered surgical cotton. Comfortable and efficient, it cannot come apart and is easily disposed of later.

Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (four months' supply) will give you a money-saving up to 25%.

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR



TAMPAX INCORPORATED MM-109
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Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

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A DOLLAR

Fans, get out the old pen and paper and let's hear what you have to say about that picture you thought was such a knockout, or the one you labeled "flop," that star you are simple cuh-razy about or the one you can't abide. Glamor queens, Hollywood styles, miscast roles, scene-stealers—what's your opinion about these or anything else concerning cinemaland? Besides having the fun of speaking your piece (and you'll get a big kick out of that), you have the chance of winning one of the ten \$1.00 prizes awarded each month to the writers of the most original and interesting letters. Just one thing—we expect you to play fair with us and not copy or adapt letters or poems already published. This is plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Remember, now, this is your own page, so say what you honestly think, keep it brief and send your letter or poem to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



According to Fact

A new characteristic of Hollywood pictures—new to me, at least—is the faithful and accurate depiction of history. Years back, as we all recall, the true facts were mercilessly distorted to cater to the whims of the audience and perhaps the stars. Atrocious and frequent were technical errors in wardrobe, speech, setting and facts. Apparently, all this is rapidly disappearing.

More research, time, energy and money are being spent in a sincere attempt to secure the complete, accurate data necessary for a craftsmanlike, skillful production. "Union Pacific," "Man of Conquest" and "Juarez" are almost one hundred percent historically true. History records that Juarez and Carlotta, Maximillian's wife, never met. Hence, in the picture, Paul Muni and Bette Davis do not meet once, but just imagine what a temptation it must have been for the brothers Warner!

True some historical pictures such as "Jesse James" may still be somewhat censurable, but the strong trend toward accuracy is evident and something for which the discriminating movie goer is thankful.—Bertram Shandler, Irvington, N. J.



A Cure-all

It wasn't quite the evening
For me to sit and grieve,
Even though my only boy friend
Had left me with a peeve.

So glancing at the paper,
I decided I would go
To the world's best entertainment,
A motion picture show.

I went with mind in sorrow
And with doubts about much fun
I thought good days were over
And my life was well-nigh done.

As I sat and watched the actors
Go through each and every role,
I slowly felt clouds lifting
And a weight rise from my soul.

And, as I watched Clark Gable,
I forgot that I was sad.
I wondered just what Joe had said
To make me get so mad.

And when I left the theatre,
My thoughts seemed bright and gay.
My heart seemed so much lighter
As I homeward went my way!
—Audrey Fletcher, Los Angeles, Calif.



Cupid "Mows 'em Down"

There were seven handsome gentlemen,
screen heroes one and all
Five of whom were tall and dark, and
two were fair and tall.

R. Colman wed Bonita Hume, which
started all our troubles
Wayne Morris with his boyish grin was
soon annexed by "Bubbles."

Then Nelson Eddy's golden voice was
heard to say, "I do."
And little Ann was envied from here
to Timbuctoo.

The Gables, Clark and Carole L, entered
married life,
Then "Doug and Mary" once again—
young Fairbanks and his wife.

Many a faithful movie fan lost her favorite fella
When Tyrone Power gave his name to
lovely Annabella.

And now Bob Taylor and his Babs, so
far the last in line,
To honor Cupid's banner year—this 1939!
—A. N. Thornton, Burbank, Calif.

An Ace Actor

Charles Boyer is Hollywood's ace actor. Every performance is outstanding—a living, breathing reality. So brilliant are his characterizations, so deft his subtle interpretations, so perfect the submergence of his own personality in the role presented, that one leaves the

FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

You can win one, too—
so write your letter today

theatre with the satisfied feeling of having witnessed a very cross section of life.

He should be given plays worthy of his rare talent and versatility. He represents that happy combination of old-world charm and new-world vigor topped by a sense of humor which is bound to keep his feet firmly on the ground.—Dorothy Doran, Hollywood, Cal.

Madeleine Carroll

In response to Madeleine Carroll's request in the July MODERN SCREEN for an opinion as to whether her fans "want her to be herself, to tell the truth about herself, or whether they want her to be the Princess Flavia, living little lush and lacy lies," I express mine.

Certainly the fans want Madeleine to be herself, to speak the truth about herself. They like to think that she is like them and that she has, or should I say had, the trials and tribulations that all ordinary folks have to conquer in order to succeed. It helps to inspire them, to add more spirit and ambition to their will, to know that they, too, can become great tomorrow.

Yes, I believe most heartily that the people want and hope that Madeleine will continue to be herself. None of this Princess Flavia for our "American fans!" —Eudrice Freitag, Baltimore, Maryland.



Living the Movies

Did you ever sit in front of people who live the movies? Yeah, they live them right out loud! The other day while I was watching the recent championship fight pictures, a group of people sat down in back of me.

Well, by Jove, they lived that fight blow by blow. If it wasn't one, 'twas another, who oh'd and ah'd each blow till I expected a knockout, not on the screen but to the rear.

Well, movie fans, how about letting the movies live but not living the movies? —Dorothy Peabody, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



The Funniest Man

Hugh Herbert is the funniest man on the screen, in my opinion. My husband and I would drive miles to see a picture with him taking part. He really doesn't

have to say much, but just make that funny sound and we roll off the seats.

Why not put Hugh Herbert in more pictures and have his name advertised. We miss some of his pictures because his name isn't mentioned. Here's wishing Hugh lots of luck and may we have more of him. Mrs. G. Reeder, Collingswood, N. J.

What Makes It Great?

In one edition of MODERN SCREEN, someone claimed that it was one great scene that made a picture immortal. I disagree! No doubt that scene would be remembered, but by no means does it, alone, make the picture great.

First of all, one must have great actors, actors well suited to the parts. Then, one must have a good plot, and a swift-moving, true-to-life, well-written script.

Last, but not least, there must be a good director. One who knows just how he wants things done and said, one who studies the dialogue and pays attention to every minute detail. One who will tell the cameraman just what kind of "shot" he wishes and what effect it should have. Then he must take scene after scene, over and over again until he considers it the best possible. That is what makes a picture immortal—each scene perfectly done!—Ruth E. Carrier, Lawrence, Mass.

(Continued on page 103)

Get rid of

DANDRUFF

with **LISTERINE!**

*Reaches and kills Pityrosporum ovale,
which causes dandruff . . . scalp becomes
cleaner, fresher, healthier*

Are you afflicted with a case of dandruff that humiliates you and disgusts others? Start using Listerine Antiseptic and massage once a day at least. Twice a day is better.

This amazingly delightful treatment has proved successful in the laboratory and in clinics where a substantial majority of sufferers obtained marked relief within a single month.

Listerine Antiseptic, famous for 25 years as a mouth wash and gargle, succeeds so often in controlling dandruff because it gives scalp, and hair an antiseptic bath which kills in large numbers the queer, bottle-

shaped germ (Pityrosporum ovale) which causes dandruff and removes the loose ugly flakes.

Start with Listerine Antiseptic and continue the treatments regularly. They have brought delightful and amazing results so many times. No other remedy that we know of has such a clinical record of success in such a large majority of cases.

And remember, even though dandruff may be gone, infection is always possible—so take precautions by massaging with Listerine Antiseptic at regular intervals. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.



THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp at least once a day. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

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LISTERINE

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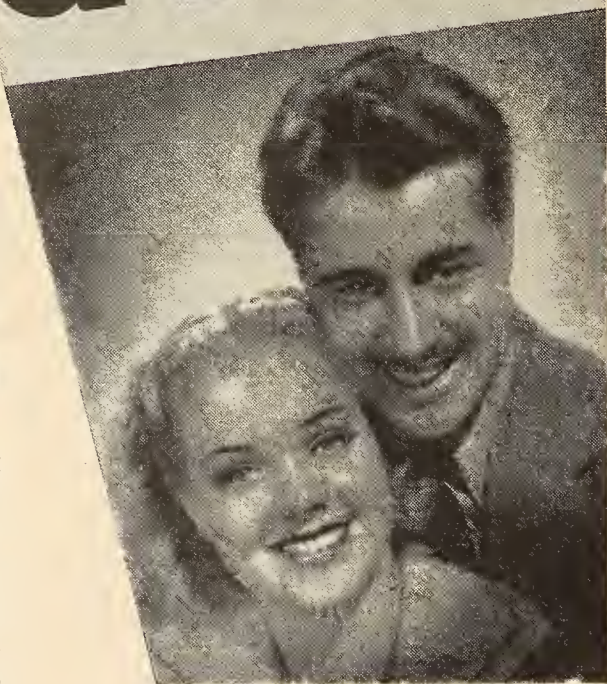
SEE Buster Keaton, Ben
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Cops in slapstick, custard pie
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LICE FAYE



JEAN ARTHUR

NOTES

from a Hollywood Diary

By Lydia Allerdycce

99 kids and Bing . . . One of the most amusing sights in Hollywood recently has been the big set where Paramount has surrounded Bing Crosby with at least a hundred hoys and girls, dancing and singing, and having a wonderful time helping him bring "The Star Maker", based on the life of Gus Edwards, to the screen. Bing believes the role of the star maker, the Broadway showman who made kids of old New York into the stars of today, is an even grander role than his famous "Sing You Sinners" triumph. We've seen some of the rushes and we agree about Bing, also about Linda Ware, discovered by Producer Rogers, who discovered Deanna Durbin. When she sings with Walter Damrosch and the entire Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra accompanying her, it is a great moment. Preview audiences have actually sung the old-time favorites in the picture—"School Days", "By The Light of the Silvery Moon", "I Can't Tell Why I Love You But I Do".



Miss America has a new Beau . . . Of course, we wouldn't want to give away any secrets about our age . . . but we do remember when we thrilled to Ronald Colman in the first "Beau Geste" some fifteen years ago. Well, Miss America has a new "Beau" now. Yes, all of you are going simply gaga about Gary Cooper in Paramount's new "Beau Geste". William A. Wellman has made the really great picture of his career. And as that carefree, dashing soldier of the French Foreign Legion, Michael "Beau" Geste, Gary is terrific. Ray Milland, Robert Preston, whom you liked in "Union Pacific", play the two other Geste brothers. Brian Donlevy is the vicious Sergeant Markoff. Just to tell you how good this new "Beau Geste" is, I saw a screening of the old "Beau Geste" . . . and well, there's just no comparison . . . the new one is twice as thrilling



Hollywood's newest glamour girl . . . Rumors 'round Hollywood that Paramount had the new child star sensation and was giving her, her picture debut in the new Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray starrer, "My Love For Yours", led us to do a little investigating. The rumors were true all right. The little lady is Miss Carolyn Lee, and we can't rave enough about her after glimpsing her in "My Love For Yours". She plays the role of the little adopted daughter of a New York business woman (Miss Carroll) who manages by her child's faith in two grownups to show them the course of true love. You'll agree when you see Carolyn Lee that this is only the beginning of a great career in pictures for Paramount's newest little starlet



More laurels for Laughton . . . With Charles Laughton once more a member of the Hollywood community, interest, of course, is high concerning that grand actor. So we were delighted to see Laughton's newest picture, "Jamaica Inn". Readers of the Daphne DuMaurier best seller will be delighted with director Alfred Hitchcock's treatment of this thrilling yarn. And Laughton fans will acclaim Laughton's finest role—the gentlemanly villain who paid his gaming debts with the loot of a crew of shore pirates. And Mayflower-Pommer Productions can be proud of bringing Maureen O'Hara, a charming and talented actress, to the screen.



Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Allerdycce, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.

SHE'S TIRED OF BEING A WIFE!



Myrna gets bored playing the little woman who's always the pal

NOT FOR nothing was Myrna Loy born under the zodiacal sign of Leo. The date of her nativity, August 2nd, is right in the midst of the Leo period. And Leos—in case you have forgotten your astrology—are fearfully determined personalities. They may listen for a while to what others have to say, but, in the end, they'll make up their minds themselves on what they're going to do. Then they'll howl about it or else retreat proudly and solemnly to their lair.

I'm merely trying to say that when Myrna Loy makes up her mind about anything, it stays that way. She's positive, notwithstanding it's in a quiet, unobtrusive way. When she wanted to quit sirens a few years ago, she simply quit. There was no echoing noise about her dismissing these Circes from her repertoire. She fought patiently for ten years to prove to producers that she wasn't as dark as her make-up. Then having won her battle, she managed a neat and skillful transition into that pleasanter realm of fair film heroines which has been her happy playground these past four years. But now. . . .

"I'm sick to death of playing those women—those dear sentimentalists, those sweet wives—who have been crowding in on me with a vengeance in recent years! I aspired to them once. I'm anxious to retire from them now." This, Myrna told me recently on the set of "The Rains Came."

"Thank Heaven, Lady Esketh isn't one of them," she continued. "And what a relief she is. There's more than sentiment and sugar in her. As a matter of fact, she's as sinister and destructive as the earthquake, flood and tempest in the story. Cold-blooded about it, too."

"She's married to one man, is trying to renew a romance with another, and meanwhile stirs up a *grande passion* with a third! She covers more territory romantically than any character I've ever played—even some of those vamps of years gone by. However, they were painted with a heavy

brush by their authors. Lady Esketh is contrived along more subtle lines, like a steel engraving.

"She's hard and actual, unpromising, too, and exerts a very decisive effect on the lives of those around her. I've enjoyed playing her immensely! She's real compensation for vacuous roles I've done. I wish I could play a lot more like her, especially if they could all die as heroically as Lady Esketh. That's the beauty of the role. She's redeemed in death. And I might add it's always grand for an actress to play a tragic part."

When before has Myrna played a tragic part like this? The answer is never, not even in her palmiest vamping days. She was often thrown to the wolves in those films, but she never went through the agonies of a screen demise, and certainly never came anywhere near such a triumphant finale as the diabolically fascinating Edwina Esketh achieves.

THIS IS indeed a stellar film holiday and perhaps Myrna, in her carefully progressive career, has been building up to it for a long time. Lady Esketh completes a cycle for her. It recaptures the spirit of the Calypsos she enacted some years ago, but on a modern, more subtle plane.

"I've been weary of the 'precious, perfect wife' for some time," Myrna informed me with a touch of the confidential in her voice. "I've been playing her in one form or another for the past four years. Of course, I still like Nora Charles and will be glad to meet her again in 'The Thin Man Returns.' She's amusing and gay—not at all like the frail sisterhood that I met and had to portray after her. They showed up in such numbers that I was positively suffocated by them, and felt that I'd like to strangle the whole lot."

"I've reached the point where I can't stand that kind of sentimental meandering any longer, and if I feel that way, I'm sure audiences must. There is nothing so boring and stupid as the eternally 'sweet little woman' whose primary claim to usefulness,

when you get down to brass tacks, is her capacity to make her husband feel she is a 'grand scout, a swell pal!' That's fine in its limited and restricted place. However, it seems to me that this pal business can be carried to dull lengths. I should imagine if it existed in real life to the degree that it often does on the screen, it would rate a high nuisance value to a husband, particularly if he were a busy man—and most men are.

"Frankly, I don't know many women like that, do you? Most women today are busy, have full lives, and are trying to accomplish something. Take the wives of army flyers, for instance. They're examples of what I mean. It was such an interesting and stimulating experience to meet a number of them while we were on location for 'Test Pilot.' They are women who have accepted a strong pattern for living. They're young in most instances, and yet maturely serene and self-contained about life and the dangers their husbands are subjected to. None of this so-called emotional display or indulgence in sentimentality. They appear to have the sturdy ideals of the pioneer women."

"And speaking of pioneer women, I'm going to have the thrill of playing a real one in the very near future. It's the sort of part I've been dreaming of for a very long time. This story is called 'Sea of Grass,' and is a powerful narrative of the soil. All the characters are men and women of great moral and physical strength who have the spirit of conquest in their souls."

"This story means much to me because I recognize in it replicas of my own people—my mother and father and grandparents. My grandmother has always been an inspiration to me. She came across country in a covered wagon and settled down in Montana on cattle and prairie land, outside of Helena, where I was born. She and my grandfather knew what it meant to live by the sweat of their brows because they earned their existence from the soil. And they remained

BY ELZA
SCHALLERT

Myrna with Tyrone Power in "The Rains Came." In this picture she's married to one man, trying to renew romance with another and flirting with a third. Wotta gal!

"I've been weary of playing the precious, perfect wife for some time," says Myrna. "Her claim to usefulness is her capacity to make her husband feel she's simply a swell pal. Ugh!"

faithful to it to the end of their lives.

"All of the hardships of that early life became romantic drama to me when, as a child, I heard about it from my own grandmother. She has always been a heroic figure to me because she came from a protected childhood in Scotland and went right out into the wilderness of a strange, new land and fought like a man to conquer it, so that she and her family might survive. I'd love to recreate her and the wonderful story of her life on the screen one day. She was a true frontierswoman.

"My grandfather, too, was imbued with the frontiersman's yearnings. I remember how he used to tell me about the importance of planting the earth. He loved it. He used to say that you must never plow your crops under. You must always plant more and more and build up the heritage of the soil, else the droughts will come and destroy the fruits of your labors. I guess there must be something of the frontierswoman in me or else I wouldn't have remembered those words. Maybe, too, that's why I rebel against playing, over and over, the same inane, pampered, penthouse wife!"

Myrna takes out her frontierswoman instincts and her grandfather's advice about (Continued on page 76)



BY DORA ALBERT

THE

Happiness BOY

Ty Powers feels no one has a right
to be as glad as Don perpetually is!
What do you think about it?



Don Ameche works to please
and doesn't mind the
meanies who feel it's a gag.

HE IS said to receive more fan mail than any other actor on his lot except Shirley Temple. Recently he was chosen by the deaf people of this country as the actor with the finest voice. (What they really meant was that his lips were the easiest to read.) He has a fan in Oakland, California, who has seen every picture in which he has appeared from fifty-five to one hundred and thirty times. A woman in Warren, Pennsylvania named a pig after him and entered it in a contest of the Ladies' Aid Society.

You can't ignore an actor who has all those distinctions, and for a long time I've been wanting to meet Don Ameche. Nearly all stories about Don fall into two classes: either they tell of the wild youngster who drank too much till his religion finally saved him, or else they tell of his romance and marriage to his childhood sweetheart, Honore Prendergast. I wanted to find out for myself what he was like. Was he the gay, happy, young hooligan of legend or the prosaic husband Hollywood pictures him today?

When he came to New York recently, Don visited practically every night club in New York, but it didn't cause a ripple of comment. He even came to New York without his wife, something which practically no other actor could have done without causing the columnists to comment, "Are the So and Soss splitting up?"

But the belief that the Don Ameche marriage is a completely happy one is so firmly entrenched even among the most cynical gossip columnists that no one of them suggested that this might be the beginning of the end!

"Why did your wife remain behind in Hollywood?" I asked Don curiously.

"Because she's going to have another child," he said.

Come late summer, the stork will hover once again over their home. Thus it is best for Honore not to do too much traveling at this time.

We sat in a blue and gold room at the Hotel St. Regis. Don looked even more handsome than he does in pictures. Over six feet tall, he has none of the lankiness and awkwardness most of the tall actors in Hollywood have. His hazel eyes are grave. He is very gracious and courteous, but slightly aloof. Meeting a writer for the first time, he has none of that gay, blustering warmth which so many actors cultivate as part of their professional charm. You find yourself wishing desperately that he would swash-buckle just a little, that he would reveal a tiny trace of the theatrical. But he doesn't.

"Would you like your next child to be a boy or a girl?" I asked. The Don Ameches already have two children—Ronnie, three, and Donnie, five.

Don shrugged his shoulders. "I don't care which it is," he said, "boy or girl. I'll welcome either."

Unlike most fond fathers, he has no definite theories as to how children should be brought up. When I asked him about it, he floundered about for a few minutes and then said helplessly, "I have no theories, except to try to make them well-behaved."

As a boy, Don himself was anything but well-behaved. He was the little hellion who used to gather up leaves in the fall so he could start fires in back yards. He broke lamps, threw tomatoes at his brother, covered the walls of the schools he went to with shocking murals, and smoked in school when it was against the rules. Whenever he had done anything for which he deserved to be punished, he



Gary, Robert Preston, Susan Hayward and Ray Milland comprise the impressive cast of "Beau Geste."



"If you say 'Thanks' to Cooper," says Slim, "he walks away. Says he don't like speeches—and he don't!"

GOOD COMPANION

BY IDA
ZEITLIN

to his desk and puts his mind to things he understands.

Slim and Gary first met in Montana when Slim was a rodeo cowboy and Gary the boss of an outfit. The boss hired the cowboy, and there sprang up between them one of those relationships which needs no words and has never been put into words. Gary could tell by the way Slim handled a horse that here was a man after his own heart. Slim sized Gary up as "a good cowboy," which to the untutored may not sound like extravagant praise, but includes much that is hidden from you and me.

Their ways parted, to meet again in California. Gary was about to start the first picture in which he played a leading role when Slim turned up, heaven sent, for Gary needed a stand-in, and Slim was long and lanky like himself. So for the second time Gary provided Slim with a job, and himself with a companion who talked his language.

They say at the studio that if Slim weren't on the set, Gary would quit. It's an impression which gets around, despite the fact that days pass with no more than a good-morning and goodnight between them.

Slim, for example, had a little difficulty with a higher-up, while "Marco Polo" was being made. Gary talked it over with him, then went to the higher-up. "Better get this thing straightened out with Slim," he said. That was all. But if you know Cooper, you know that it was enough.

An inquiring reporter asked Slim, "If you didn't have

your living to earn, what would you really like to do?"

"Just what I'm doin'."

"Why? You could get yourself a ranch and rope steer and ride horses—"

Slim cut him very short. "Be no fun without Coop."

He considers his existence idyllic but for one thing—Gary's love scenes. If Slim could remould the world nearer to his heart's desire, he would have his friend appear with all-male casts only. Shyer even than Cooper, he is petrified when duty demands that he embrace the heroine's stand-in—an idiosyncrasy of which his co-workers take every advantage. Even Gary stands by to watch the show, as Slim squirms and flushes and moves gingerly toward the girl.

"For the love of Pete, Slim, *hold her*," wails the director. "Damned if you wouldn't do a better job hugging a horse."

"Any day," Slim has been known to mutter.

The girl knows this is no reflection on her, for the prettier she is, the more diffident grows Slim. He draws the line at kissing. "'Tain't in the contract. I'm standin' close enough, you can tell where the lights'll fall all right."

"What you scared of?" they taunt him.

"Who's scared? I'll do my kissin' in the dark, that's all."

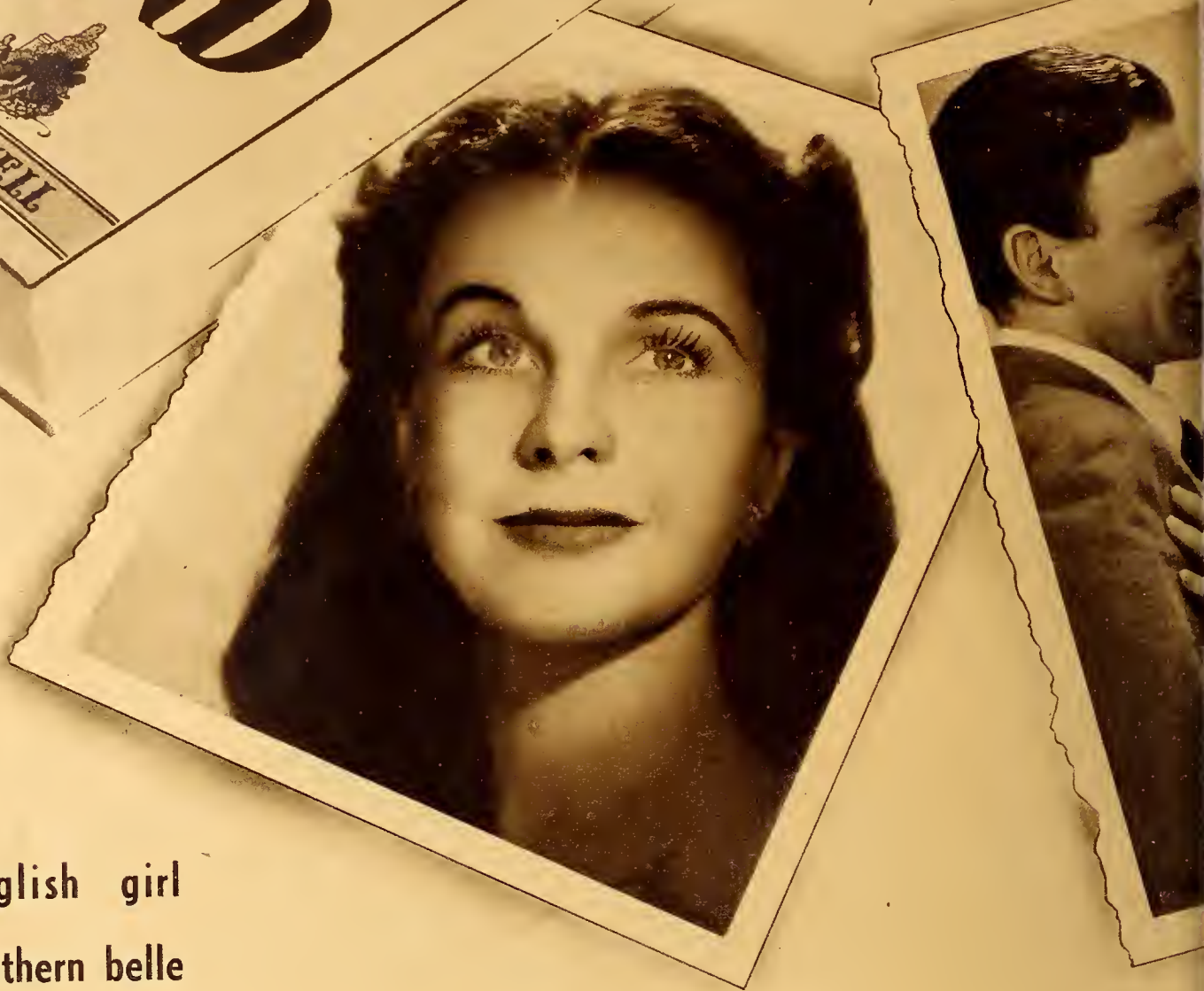
"Look at Coop. He kisses 'em."

Slim bends a pointed glance at his friend, standing there among his tormentors. "That's (Continued on page 74)

HEIGH-HO,



Vivien says she's qualified to play a southerner because her last name—Leigh—is pronounced just like our Robert E. Lee's.



Meet the English girl who plays a southern belle

H EIGH-HO, Scarlett! Heigh-ho, Vivien Leigh! How are yuh, honey chile? And how, after five months of playing Scarlett, are yuh bearing up? What about those nasty cracks that were made about an English gal playing that southern che-ild? Say, are you-all steamed up about them? Meet Vivien Leigh. Meet a small, slim, beauteous girl with a personality like a slumbering volcano, which may erupt at any moment, and an English accent that sounds as if it came right out of Oxford. Her southern accent, ma'am? She can turn that melting accent—learned from Susan Myrick, the Emily Post of the South—on and off like a faucet.

Recently, I talked to Vivien Leigh and became aware of the quality in her that led David Selznick to give her the role of Scarlett in preference to all the glamorous, beautiful Hollywood actresses who would have given their artificial eyelashes for the part.

If you have read "Gone With The Wind," it is a waste of time to describe her. For she is so much like Scarlett O'Hara, that she might have been torn from the pages of the novel. Consider Margaret Mitchell's description of Scarlett: "Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were. In her face were too sharply blended the delicate features of her mother, a Coast aristocrat of

French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish father. But it was an arresting face, pointed of chin, square of jaw. Her eyes were pale green without a touch of hazel, starred with bristly black lashes and sharply tilted at the ends."

Substitute, in this description, the name of Vivien's husband, Leigh Holman, in place of the Tarleton twins (or the name of Laurence Olivier, who has been rumored to be interested in her) and you have Vivien Leigh. Say that her mother was born in Ireland, and her father was a stockbroker of French descent, in India, and you have Vivien's ancestry straight. Her real name is Vivien Hartley Holman, and she was born in Darjeeling, India.

Though Vivien's simply dripping charm, there's a trace in her of Scarlett's ruthlessness. You have the distinct feeling that if ever her back were to the wall, she would put up a fiercer battle than any Scarlett ever fought. So far she has been on the spot only once, when she was chosen for the role of Scarlett. Had a bombshell been dropped by a foreign airship in the South, it couldn't have resulted in more excitement and bitterness.

The Osceola, Florida, Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy passed a motion to boycott "Gone With The Wind" because of the selection of Vivien Leigh. Southern gentlemen wrote impassioned letters to the newspapers, in which they said, "The selection of Vivien

SCARLETT!

BY DALE EDWARDS



Laurence Olivier and Vivien are said to be "that way." They met making a picture.



Clark Gable and Vivien in "Gone With The Wind." Rumor had 'em not speaking.

Leigh is a direct affront to the men who wore the Gray and an outrage to the memory of the heroes of 1776 who fought to free this land of British domination."

The grandson of a Confederate soldier wrote, "Cheer for the Osceola Chapter of the Daughters and more power to their boycott of the film. It is high time those Hollywood producers found out that there are still those to whom the honor of southern womanhood is not just an empty phrase."

Faced with such a storm of criticism, some actresses would have resigned from the role. But Vivien Leigh said, shrugging her slim shoulders, "I was not at all upset or annoyed by the criticism. Why should I be? When an English girl is signed for such a typically American part, it is obvious that there will be comment. And even the worst comments were no worse than I expected!"

The press agent suggested at this point that all those nasty comments acted as a challenge to Vivien, and to this Vivien smilingly agreed.

"It was a terrific strain making 'Gone With The Wind,' she confessed, "and toward the end our nerves were all shot. And no wonder! We worked under three different directors, first George Cukor, then Victor Fleming and finally, Sam Wood. No sooner did we get used to the ideas of one director than a new one was brought in, and we had to learn to work with each in turn."

George Cukor resigned when he couldn't agree with David Selznick as to how the script should be handled, and then Victor Fleming was brought in. When he became ill, Sam Wood, who directed "Goodbye Mr. Chips," took his place.

"Did you have to change your characterization of Scarlett each time?" I asked Vivien.

She lifted that strange, defiant face, and her jaw looked squarer than ever.

"I didn't change my characterization," she said. "I just had to get used to working with different directors, but my characterization is my characterization, and I wouldn't change it for anyone."

That's the Scarlett O'Hara in her.

And what's her characterization of Scarlett?

"I admired her tremendously, but at the same time I was furious with her for being so hard and selfish, and when Rhett Butler left her, I felt she had gotten exactly what she deserved. If her mother had lived or if she had allowed herself to come under the influence of Rhett Butler, she might have been a different girl. But because Rhett Butler was so much like her—though in a much nicer way—she didn't realize how right he was for her, but was interested in Ashley, who was completely wrong for her."

She firmly denies that any feud (*Continued on page 93*)

CHECKING UP

ON CHIPS

When Robert Donat was a small boy he evolved a plan. Since then he has hoisted himself by his own bootstraps to its fulfillment and is, at this point, dangerously near an "Oscar."



BY MAX BREEN

AT FIRST sight there would not seem to be much in common between the quiet, retiring schoolmaster of "Goodbye Mr. Chips" and the handsome, dashing young romantic who has hoisted himself by his own bootstraps to a spot among the great artists of the stage and the screen. Anyone reading the book and then seeing the film may exclaim at the fidelity with which Donat has submerged his personality in Chips. Yet those of us who know Donat and his history can detect evidence of Chips, that kindly-natured fellow, having considerably accommodated himself to the off-stage Robert Donat!

They were both born in comparative obscurity, each has been in love with his profession, in both a sense of duty has taken the place of ambition, both have been inspired by a happy marriage and to each has come the crown of success. True, to Chips it came late in life, to Donat early; but both had to struggle for it. As his fame spread, Chips retired further into his shell, and Donat would certainly like to, if the exigencies would allow it. Each has the qualities that make a man beloved—kindness, tolerance, uprightness and a sense of humor.

Withington, a suburb of Manchester, England, is a dirty place. There is grime on the walls and roofs of the houses, grime on the fences, the streets, the pavements. When it rains, as it frequently does, there is apt to be a gritty speck of soot in every raindrop. That's what you get for

clinging to the edge of a great industrial city. It's depressing enough to anyone, but to anyone with a craving for romance and glamor and color, it's a nightmare.

And so it was to young Robert, son of Ernest Emile Donat, who had followed the sea and shipping, and had settled down in this great inland port to raise a family and some flowers. The few stunted and blackened shrubs in this Lancashire backgarden were as much as he realized of the latter ambition.

Robert was an unusual boy—well-grown and healthy, but a bundle of nerves, afraid of the dark, afraid to be left alone in the house, afraid to let anyone know he was afraid. As he grew older, Robert subconsciously made a plan. He would get out of all this, out of the drabness and dirt and all-pervading soot into the brave rich world of his imaginings.

When he was eleven, his mother unwittingly gave him the golden key to unlock his dreams. The boy was to go into an office. Mrs. Donat looked beyond the Manchester desk to the time when her boy would be moved to other and more important branches, perhaps even to London. There, she knew, his Manchester accent and his slight impediment would put him at a disadvantage. He must get rid of them both.

To that end, scraping the money together with some difficulty, she paid for lessons from a retired actor of local importance and thus started Robert on his way to fame.

Robert Donat and Greer Gorson in a charming bit from "Goodbye Mr. Chips."



Dashing Robert Donat has much in common with the retiring schoolmaster he portrayed

This move conferred upon young Robert the priceless boon of an introduction to Shakespeare's golden verse, and avidly the lad seized upon this means of escape from unwelcome reality. He no longer dreaded to be left alone. He could fill the empty house with sonorous, rolling passages in a stirring voice that must have disturbed the very black beetles in the basement. Even on his solitary walks, Robert would recite long monologues which turned the muddy lane into a stage and the dripping trees into an enthralled audience.

Robert was now fourteen, so was ready to leave his day-school (which had cost six cents a week, payable weekly to the schoolmaster by the pupil) and do some secretarial work for his elocution teacher in return for his tuition. So quick was he in learning, that, within a year, he had absorbed everything his mentor had to teach him.

Then things happened. With a hazy but glorious idea of becoming a professional actor, young Bob began to accustom himself to facing audiences by getting up to recite at any and every available amateur concert or *soiree*. On one memorable occasion there happened to be present Sir Frank Benson, one of the grandest old men who ever lent dignity and grace to the English theatre. He was struck by the boy's obvious talent.

Interviewing the boy's parents, Sir Frank begged them to abandon the idea of a clerkship for their son, and let

him train for the stage. It would be, he said, a crime to allow such an obvious gift to go to waste. With some misgivings, they consented.

Offered a humble position as assistant stage-manager on tour, where he would at least be in the company of professional actors and actresses, the boy accepted with alacrity, which increased when he found that he was also to be allowed to play minor parts. He worked like fury at his job until he was playing leading roles and earning the magnificent salary of \$15.00 a week, most of which he sent home.

Then he went to Liverpool Repertory Theatre, where he remained for a further year, absorbing experiences as a sponge absorbs water. At the end of this period he was nineteen, had played in Shakespeare for five years, and had \$25.00—so was quite ready to tackle London. Certainly he was far better equipped than the majority of young actors today.

Like many another budding Thespian before him, he found the metropolis large, cold, and unfeeling, but, luckily, he hadn't gone there on a chance. He had a part to go into, for which he was to be paid good money. Seventy-five dollars a week was a great improvement over what he had been receiving.

The play was to run for nine weeks, and he and his wife—he had a wife by this time—spent some exciting hours planning what they would (Continued on page 78)



Cinderella

CONFESSES

Ellen Drew has her own idea
about magic wands in Hollywood

BY JAMES REID

PRESS AGENTS call her "the discovery of the decade," "a million-dollar baby from a five-and-ten cent store" and "Hollywood's champion Cinderella." And Ellen Drew, instead of being elated, is worried. She's afraid she doesn't deserve the first two titles—yet. She's positive she doesn't deserve the Cinderella one.

"My idea of a Cinderella girl," says Ellen, "is one who has never set foot inside a studio, and never even hoped to, when suddenly some movie magician waves a wand in her direction and, overnight, she is transformed into a star." She smiles apologetically. "I don't fit the description. It took two years of hard work for me to get my first screen role. And I'm still not a star."

Not that she's still an unknown. "Sing You Sinners" and "If I Were King" made her someone to talk about. And since, she has played the title role of "The Lady's from Kentucky," the love interest in "The Gracie Allen Murder Case," and, now, the feminine lead in "Geronimo."

There doesn't seem to be much doubt around her studio that Ellen is a star-to-be. But she isn't doing any anticipating, herself. She's just working there—and worrying about all the Ellen Drew stories to date, stories that say, between the lines, "With luck, any unknown can become famous in Hollywood overnight."

"Wouldn't this be a beautiful world if the fairy tales were true?" asked Ellen. "But they almost never are. Certainly, the ones about me aren't. I want to confess while there's still time, before girls really start believing them and head for Hollywood, expecting to become famous on the strength of some four-leaf clovers they've found."

"The stories relate that I was working behind a counter in a candy store on Hollywood Boulevard, more or

less a slavey with no prospects in life, when an agent came along and said I should be in the movies, and"—she snaps her fingers—"like that, I was famous. They make it sound as simple as that."

"They skip what happened between the time I first met the agent and the time I took my first screen test, a year and a half later. That part isn't glamorous. And they neglect to mention that between my first screen test and my first screen role, two years of constant hard work and preparation elapsed. That part isn't glamorous, either. It doesn't make me out such a Cinderella. The whole story of Ellen Drew, with nothing omitted, should be told in the interest of truth, if not glamor."

SHE WAS born Terry Ray, in Kansas City, on November 23, 1915. Both her parents were Irish. Her father was a barber, whose real ambition was to be an inventor.

When she was seven, the family moved to Chicago. There she grew up, along with her brother. He knew pretty young that he wanted to draw and steadily headed toward his present career of commercial artist. She didn't know what she wanted to do. There was a bit of theatrical blood in the family. Her grandmother had sung opera, and her grandmother's brother had been an acrobat who had fallen and been crippled. Ellen was in several high school plays, but she wasn't obsessed with acting urges. She was a realist about life, even then. She didn't see how she could ever get on the stage for she didn't know anyone connected with it in any way.

When she was sixteen and halfway through her third year at Parker High, two things happened that prevented her developing any soaring ambitions. The Ray family suffered a financial catastrophe, and her mother and father were separated.

Torn between two loyalties, Ellen went with her mother. And, since her father was able to send them little money, and her mother was ill, Ellen quit school to help out. Pretending that she was eighteen, she got a job in the accounting department of Marshall Field's. When a big sales rush ended, so did the job. After that, the only work she could seem to get was behind the jewelry counter in a five-and-ten in suburban Englewood. During this time she acquired, via a beauty contest, the title of "Miss Englewood."

That, plus her discouragement about earning so little money where she was, led her to accept when a young married couple, friends of hers, who were driving to Los Angeles, invited her to ride along with them. Her mother, now improved in health, urged her to go. Perhaps, after winning that beauty contest, she could become a movie extra. And if she couldn't—well, she ought to be able to get a job of some kind.

"I was soon disillusioned about becoming a movie extra. There were fifteen thousand extras registered at Central Casting, and they were trying to cut the list in half. They were not taking any new applications except at the insistence of directors who had definite jobs for newcomers. I not only knew no directors, I knew no one in Hollywood, except the couple with whom I had made the trip. I started looking at the want ads in the papers."

Brown's Confectionery on Hollywood Boulevard wanted a girl to wait on the soda fountain trade. Ellen answered the ad. She was offered \$12.50 a week, plus tips. (The tips averaged about \$8.00 a week.) She took the job, glad to get it. As she says, "I couldn't live well on that money, but there were a lot of girls living on much less."

Hollywood being Hollywood, and full of glamorous cocktail bars, you'd



If it hadn't been for burned biscuits, Terry Ray may never have become the glamorous Ellen Drew.



William Henry and Ellen Drew in a bang-up, dramatic moment from "Geronimo," her latest.

never expect to see anybody connected with the movies perched on a soda-fountain stool. Certainly Ellen didn't. She wasn't plagued with day dreams about serving a hot fudge sundae some day to somebody who would say, "You ought to be in the movies." There were too many men who did say just that—to all the girls. "Fresh guys," the girls all called them.

"Then one day in came this man who said it without leering. I've forgotten what I answered. I laughed it off, as usual. He convinced me that he was serious. He gave me his card. He was William Demarest, an actor turned agent. He wanted to introduce me to someone at Paramount. I shook my head. 'I used to have movie ambitions,' I said, 'but I've lost them.'

"In the eight months I worked there, he came in eight or nine times, and each time he'd bring up the subject of a screen test, and each time I'd shake my head. The last time I added, 'I won't be seeing you any more. I'm quitting at the end of this week. I'm going to get married.'"

If Bill Demarest had walked into Brown's Confectionery and discovered her before Fred Wallace did, perhaps Ellen's story would have been different. But Fred, then a young actor at Fox, discovered her first. They fell in love. And Fred, who wanted to marry her, had definite convictions about a wife's place being in the home. And loving him, she shared those convictions.

A year and a half passed, a year and a half as a housewife. Meanwhile, she also became the mother of a young son, fondly known as "Skipper." (He still has no other name, though now four.) And she and Fred got along very well together.

"But housework and I didn't," Ellen admits. "I tried to like it, but I couldn't. At home all day, I felt sort of lost. Bored and lonely. 'Skipper' eased that feeling. But nothing eased the cooking. (Continued on page 90)



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BY MARY PARKES

Richard Carlson is more inquisitive than Baby Snooks, as smart as a Phi Beta Kappa key and as talented as a star. Furthermore, Lady Luck is always hanging around.

When they started shooting "Winter Carnival," Richard took Ann Sheridan, his leading lady, everywhere, but when they finished, he married Mona Mayfield.

WHEN they assigned Richard Carlson to play the Scotsman opposite Janet Gaynor in "The Young in Heart," and tried to persuade him that he'd sound more romantic as Richard Carlton or, better still, Carlton Richards, he said, "Carlson's a good name. I'll keep it."

His father was pleased by Richard's decision, and his father's pleasure is important to Richard. But that's not the whole of it. Every man is the product of his background. Not every man is as intelligently aware of his background as young Carlson. He was unwilling to repudiate it by so much as a symbol. He wasn't bent on being an actor, but if he was going to make a name for himself in any field, he wanted that name to be his own. Achievement by any other would smell less sweet.

You can't tell his story except in relation to his family—the father he loves and admires; the mother he teases and adores; his sister Margaret who died a year and a half ago but of whom they all talk as if she were still among them; his sister Ruth who came to New York to write, but met and married a charming Irishman instead; his brother Henry and Henry's wife and their baby Karen. Last Christmas Richard went from shop to shop, seeking the perfect winter outfit for Karen. "It's got to be something with extra dash," he told all the saleswomen. "It's for the nicest baby in the world, and I'm her uncle."

He has just acquired a relative even newer than his niece—his wife, Mona Mayfield Carlson. But we'll come to all that later.

His emergence as an actor tickles his family, with his mother and sister giving freer vent to enthusiasm than

their men folk. His first Broadway role was the cameraman in "Three Men on a Horse." All he had to do was chew gum and say, "Hold it." On opening night that speech was greeted by such applause from a single pair of hands that the cast was momentarily hushed, and the audience craned its collective neck to spot the disturbance. By that time his sister Ruth had all but crawled under the seat, wilted by the blush of shame she'd brought to her husband's and brother's cheeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlson were visiting their daughter in New York while Richard was in Hollywood, making "The Young in Heart."

"Mother and I," says Ruth, "would brazenly buy all the papers and skitter through them for Richard's name, as we rode downtown in the subway. I'd gasp and Mother'd lean over and I'd point to the spot where it said, 'Richard Carlson has been seen walking hand in hand with Janet Gaynor.' Mother'd make big eyes and I'd giggle, and Dad would sit across the aisle, trying to look as if we didn't belong to him."

Or they'd pause outside the theatre where "Whiteoaks" was playing, with Richard's picture still displayed among those of the other cast members.

"Oh, Mother," Ruth would call on a clear and silvery note. "They tell me this Richard Carlson has gone to Hollywood to make a picture with Janet Gaynor."

"Really? Which one is he? What a nice-looking boy! What did you say his name was? Richard Carlson?"

"I don't know you ladies," said Mr. Carlson severely, as they rejoined him halfway (Continued on page 64)

Richard decided success by any name but Carlson would smell less sweet

STRICTLY HOLLYWOOD

—and proud of it, Lana Turner boldly
and surely is making her mark

BY BEN MADDOX

LANA TURNER is the most exciting girl in Hollywood today. Tomorrow, I prophesy, she'll be as talked about as Hedy Lamarr. If millionaires haven't dangled pearly promises before her yet, there's one sure bet—they will.

Yes, here is one of those rare honeys. She is reminiscent of Clara Bow before Clara made her blunders. Already, at eighteen, she is the outstanding young lady on her studio lot, the foremost candidate there for spectacular stardom. That gives you an idea quickly. She has, in person, more beauty, fire and abandon than half-a-dozen of the other newcomers put together.

You know how frantically movie producers have been trying to manufacture fresh glamor queens to replace the old ones who've hung on so long. You know Ann Sheridan as a fine sample of the current high-pressure transformation stunt. Poor Annie, a Girl Scout by instinct if there ever was one! The pal type, she valiantly attempts to have a destiny. But too often she laughs in public over the tricks employed to prove she has extraordinary lure. Annie's strictly one more phony, as far as genuine glamor goes.

But Lana, now, is definitely no dreamed-up dish. Lana is the authentic stuff, with no effort. Men feel romantic about her in less time than it takes to tell. She once heard somebody mention the Girl Scouts but, by instinct, when she entered her 'teens, she was gravitating toward effective clothes. She knew she would always have a boy friend to build her a bonfire, so she concerned herself with the problem of how to wear a new dress to school every morning. Since, for some reason weird to her, she couldn't have a new ensemble each day, Lana philosophically made the most of being on such a spot. She busily made a habit of taking in a tuck here, and adding on there, and, magically, she managed to look intriguingly different constantly.

It's true she was born in the village of Wallace, Idaho, but she didn't remain in the sticks long. Her father, an accountant, died when Lana was very young, so her mother went to work in beauty salons. An only child, Lana was raised simply, and with no undue emphasis upon her own importance. Until you are introduced to her mother you don't understand why Lana's childish prettiness wouldn't have set her apart. Mrs. Turner, unlike the average overly-proud movie mamas, insists Lana was just like all the other kids. She had no acting ambition for her. It is apparent where Lana gets her calm acceptance of what would seem a trifle startling to most folks. Nothing has phased Lana yet.

The most obvious and the most surprising fact when you meet the curvacious Turner, besides the honestly dazzling perfection of her features and her figure, is that she isn't paying the slightest bit of attention to the venerable Garbo, Shearer, Crawford patterns for success. Lana doesn't watch them. She has never asked a question about what they did. She never thinks, for instance, of what Joan would have done in a (Continued on page 98)



Lana Turner is no dreamed-up dish but, like Bow and Lamarr, a natural—a true glamor queen by instinct.

The Hardy troupe—Ann Rutherford, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Virginia Grey, who joined them for one picture, and Sara Haden.



BY FAITH
SERVICE

THE

I LUNCHEd with the Hardys the other day. I repeat, with the Hardys, for no sooner had I sat down to the table with them, than Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Mickey Rooney, Cecilia Parker, Sara Haden and Ann Rutherford became cosily the Judge, Ma Hardy, Andy, Marian, Aunt Milly and Polly Benedict.

There was the Judge serving the chicken, saying to Ma Hardy, "This is the part you like, isn't it, Mother?" And there was Ma Hardy reproving Andy because he was not eating his salad, and Andy, getting red in the face, casting a furtive glance around the table, saying edgily, "Aw, Maw, I don't like it."

There was Aunt Milly telling me that it's certainly a relief not to have to play a glamor woman in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever" because when she "went glamor" in "The Hardys Ride High" she had to get up too early in the morning to "put on that girdle," and to fuss and worry over make-up and hairdressers.

"You looked wonderful in those clothes in "The Hardys Ride High," dear. Didn't she, James?" Ma Hardy spoke up.

The Judge, a glint of amusement in his shrewd, compassionate eyes, said, "You looked divine, Milly—too, too divine, as Marian here might put it."

"But I know just how Milly feels," Ma Hardy continued. "Before I was Ma Hardy—goodness, was there ever such

a time!—I used to play very smart, sophisticated women on the stage. Even my stage name, Gaby Fay, was sophisticated. I had to mind my figure, too. But, now, I can just settle back for Ma Hardy would be the last to care. It's a much more comfortable life, this way," she laughed. "When I call up my friends I find myself saying 'This is Ma Hardy speaking' and when my friends call me they almost always ask, 'Is Ma Hardy at home?'"

Aunt Milly told me, "I really do feel at home in the part of Aunt Milly, even though I am a married woman and have been for eighteen years. I never did have a home of my own, you know, my mother being on the stage (Sara Haden's mother is Charlotte Walker, long a fame-name on Broadway) and so I always lived in boarding schools or summered with relatives."

Providentially, every member of the Hardy family is almost exactly, in real life, what each member of the Hardy family seems to be. If the circumstances of their private lives differ in some respects from the circumstances of their public lives as the Hardys, that is no great matter. What matters is that their calibre is the same. Fay Holden, for instance, though married for twenty-five years, has no children of her own. But it has been often and rightly said that many a childless woman is more a mother at heart than many a woman with a brood of boys and girls.

Come along for a visit with the real members of this famous family! You'll



HARDYS AT HOME

You can tell right off that Fay Holden is such a woman.

Take Lewis Stone. Mr. Stone lives on his ranch in the Valley, with its farmyard animals, its truck gardens, his workshop in which he tinkers through many a peaceful hour. "I keep farmyard animals," he said, "because I like the noises they make." Mr. Stone lives, quietly, the non-Hollywood life of a country squire even as the Judge, similarly situated, would live. The father of two grown daughters, Mr. Stone says, "I think I may lay claim to being somewhat like the Judge where my own children are concerned. At least," he laughed, "they never felt it necessary to say, 'Sic it, here comes Dad!'" Like the Judge, Mr. Stone accepts life as it ripens, content with maturity.

JUST A stone's throw away from Mr. Stone, Fay Holden and husband David Clyde are at home on their smaller ranch. "It's terribly rustic" says Fay, "with citrus and walnut groves and all the flowers that grow." Fay does her own gardening and is teaching Cecilia to garden, too. She fusses over recipes and admits that she just loves it when her one houseboy has his day off and she can get into the kitchen for "a good bout of cooking." She would not keep any servant at all if it were not for the considerable time she spends taking care of the young Hardys. Fay, too, is well content with growing older.

Then there is Cecilia Parker, who has been Mrs. Dick Baldwin "just a little over a year." Her little ranch is midway between Lewis Stone's and Fay Holden's, only a very short distance from Mickey Rooney's. Said Cecilia, "We all live in the Valley, all of us Hardys except Aunt Milly, here, and Polly, who isn't a Hardy anyway—at least, not yet." And Marian stuck out her tongue at Polly who promptly returned the compliment. "But all the rest of us, the Judge, Ma, Andy and I live within walking distance of each other. Ma and I are together, in real life, as much as we are in the life of the Hardys. We go marketing together every day. And when I had a birthday last week, Ma had a party for us. Before I was married, Ma and the Judge managed my love life for me. I used to run to them with all our lovers' quarrels and everything."

Mickey, you know, lives on his ranch with his mother, step-father and stand-in. There are farmyard animals there, too, making their homey noises, reminding those who live near them of the sturdy simplicities of life. And Mickey's real mother cooks for him, and waits up for him when he's out at night just as Ma Hardy does.

Sara Haden, while she lives in an apartment in town, is shopping for a ranch "near the folks," but meanwhile makes of her apartment a home for her business-man husband, cooking, putting up preserves, (Continued on page 70)

soon see the reason why everyone has become so utterly attached to them





Brush teeth
with a rotary
motion

Pretty Paulette Goddard, whose strong and beautiful teeth are no small part of her flashing charm, has learned to guard them.



Their smiles are their fortunes, so the stars are authorities on the subject—

HOLLYWOOD'S WAY TO *lovely teeth*

BY CAROL CARTER

YOU MAY, at sundry times, have been disposed to poke a little fun at the glamor and glitter, the apparently one-sided stories of eternal youth and health and gayety that trickle out of Hollywood via the pens of precocious publicity peddlers. But here's something you can put in your five year diary and swear by, any time you want to: The gilded gals who stay the longest, go the farthest and leave the most famous footprints in the slabs at Grauman's Chinese Theatre are the ones who've learned to take care of their health first, last and all the time. And, if you're following their examples in hygiene as faithfully as you've copied their styles and outward appearances, you're smarter and more sensible than grandma may ever have given you credit for being.

Take the matter of teeth, for instance. Teeth are terribly important, not only to good looks, but to good health, and nobody is more acutely aware of this than the girls who live by the lens in Hollywood. Imagine, if you can, girls like Paulette God-

dard, Deanna Durbin, Jeanette MacDonald, Madeleine Carroll or Priscilla Lane without the flashing sparkle of those smiles! Or picture their smiles without good, sound, beautiful teeth behind them!

"Oh," says someone, "lots of screen stars smile at you through masterpieces of dental artistry. You can't tell us otherwise." Certainly, in Hollywood as everywhere else, the law of averages is still working. Right here, in passing, a statistic or two may clear up a lot of guessing. Throughout America, where dentistry has reached its highest development, the average person of twenty-five has already lost four of his adult teeth, and the average thirty-year-old American has lost seven of what should have been his permanent grinders. But we might add for your enlightenment that the standard of dental perfection in Hollywood is much higher today than it is in any other American community.

One place where these glamor lassies are undeniably several strokes

up on the rest of us is in the care that they give to their precious bicuspid, molars and incisors. In that respect many of us can well afford to be copy-cats.

Teeth were well designed by nature to do the work cut out for them—that is, to chew the solid foods we eat. Each tooth consists of three sections: the crown, which lies outside the gum line; the roots, which lie inside and the neck, where crown and roots come together. The crown is covered by a hard enamel and the roots are covered with cementum, a sort of bone-like material. Inside all this is the dentine which is a softer, more vulnerable substance. And away inside the dentine is a hollow space or pulp chamber where blood vessels and nerves hold forth in a soft, spongy substance.

Because the jaw of a small child isn't big enough to hold the kind of teeth an adult is going to need later on, ingenious old Mother Nature first gives us twenty baby teeth which start putting (Continued on page 72)

DEFINITELY DYNAMITE!

Tranquil Frances Dee is really the high-voltage shock of Hollywood

FRANCES DEE would have been perfect as Scarlett! No less an authority than George Cukor, the sophisticate who quit directing Vivien Leigh to wrestle with the full crew of "The Women," said so. The only times Frances, herself, ever felt heart and soul in a role was when she was enacting her unpublicized test as La O'Hara. But Frances Dee as that tempestuous, self-willed girl? The eyes and ears of David Selznick were no match for the audacity of the idea. So instead of returning to the screen as the southern siren, Frances was once more cast as "the girl" in a noble drama of the coast guard boys.

Far more than any other woman in Hollywood Frances isn't what she seems to be. On the surface she has succeeded in creating a certain envied impression. She is forever being branded the model for all the modern virtues. Such a pretty thing, and so dignified! Progressing so sanely in pictures! What if they don't consider her sensational? This fall she'll have been married six years to one of the handsomest, most admirable men in the movies. She has two adorable little sons. She lives in comfort.

Astonishingly, Frances, herself, debates upsetting the sedate reputation that has somehow been pinned on her. Because—and this is the first time you have ever read this—all those dull adjectives laid on her with genteel sighs have been appalling misfits!

The truth is that she has all the makings of a prima donna. Contrary to general opinion, she isn't docile; she's unpredictable. She measures her life in emotional big moments, not on any neat little lines in memo books tucked away in efficient desks. Her marriage hasn't lasted thanks to figured-out do's and don't's. Actually restless, she has no ability for the humdrum. The adventurous streak within her has been kept unknown to the world because she doesn't know how to express herself. She is sure of only one thing—that Joel and the two children are the anchor she needs as a stabilizer in her life.

Once more she is dallying with the daring notion of throwing boldly aside the tranquil front. The actresses who speak up get the spotlight and Frances goes on suppressing her natural self. Only

Frances Dee with Hubby Joel McCrea. Frances admits she should be slapped down early and often—only let someone try it!

Joel and a handful of friends realize how she could skyrocket. There is nothing saccharine in her, and there is definitely dynamite. Frances will make a terrific uproar when she learns how to be completely herself.

So far she has been perpetually cast as a passively pretty heroine but, in reality, she could tempt any man and would—if she felt like it. She may seem demure frequently; to date she has held herself pretty well under control. But she is one of those rare women who could wreck important men's lives and enjoy a fine whirl doing so. She has all the urges for provoking fate, instinctively wants to take a chance. Luckily for Joel, her riotously romantic nature had a hunch someone like him

would materialize. Having been perverse enough to flirt but wait, she still is thrilled with his love.

Substitute excitable for calm, emotional for staid, reckless for cautious, confused in lieu of content, and you begin to suspect what really goes on with Frances Dee McCrea. She's so different from her limited movie personality that it's Frances who's the one in Hollywood who is truly a high-voltage shock.

She can't follow schedules. She tries, once in a while, to stick to some sort of plan she and Joel agree is very intelligent, but she becomes hopelessly balled up before long and muddles through hoping against hope that everything will turn out all right. She and Joel have a home on their ranch, but she would rather rent than build a town house because one place of their own is sufficient responsibility. You can't map her days. She's spontaneous, and always as late as she is sudden and unpredictable.

She has a temper which seizes her and shakes her in stubborn behavior. Two top directors can testify to this. She caused scenes with both of them because she was late and, feminine-like, resented being reproved. She intends to be on time, but can't get
(Continued on page 68)

BY JAMES CARSON





'ROUND TOWN

Here are pictured hot
Hollywood happenings
at their candid best



When the "Comedians vs. Leading Men" played their annual baseball game, Shirley Temple arrived with three escorts. The gentleman on her right, Jean Hersholt, needs no introduction, but the other "boys" are the Temple bodyguards. As usual, little Miss T. was the hit of the party.



The lady who's doing all the drinking is called Daisy. Her companions are (l. to r.) Lucille Ball, Warren William and Binnie Barnes. They're interested in the game, but her mind is on refreshment. Daisy evidently believes that leading men can easily make comedians of themselves!

George Burns and Gracie Allen make the rounds of the night spots after a long vacation in New York. It looks as if they're greeting everybody at once. Gracie is rushing the season, what with her smart, early Fall chapeau and beautiful fox jacket. That's a novel bracelet she's wearing.

PHOTOS BY JULES BUCK



Bette Davis with two of the "Seeing Eye" beneficiaries. The handsome dogs look each other over appraisingly.



Claudette Colbert seems to have everything but an escort. Her husband invariably leaves her flat when the cameraman appears. Is that nice?

Eddie Robinson, Harold Lloyd and Mervyn LeRoy comprise an impromptu orchestra. Eddie wields a mean baton—at least it's silent!

Shirley Ross is fishing the Troc or something out of Hubby Ken Dolan's eye. He seems pretty brave about it, too. These are one of Hollywood's "happiest marrieds." Shirley's the star and Ken is her excellent agent.





The Gory Coopers leave the Troc after a gay evening. The occasion was a farewell party before they journeyed east

Baby Dumpling and his pal, Daisy, appeared at the "Comedians vs. Leading Men" game. The young gentleman's real name is Larry Simms and he is a very important member of the "Blondie" cast. Daisy has herself a nice career, too.



Virginia Bruce, Stuart Erwin and Don Ameche stage a last-minute rehearsal for a radio program. Nobody seems a bit nervous, do they? But then, this is truly an experienced and talented trio, to say the least.



Here we have our English cousins broadcasting. L. to r., Greer Garson, Leslie Howard, Vivien Leigh, Ronald Colman and Basil Rathbone. A fine array of talent, huh?

Mary Astor and Kay Francis talk things over at the Trocadero. It looks as if the costume jewelry season is on—and smart stuff, too! A nifty necklace on Kay? Yes, indeed!

Cesar Romero's latest girl friend is Laurie Lane. She's a contract player destined to go places, if talent and beauty count for anything. Mr. R. is a beau-a about town-a.





Meet the Roger Pryors—she's Ann Sothern, who's just made that big movie comeback. If you haven't seen Ann in "Maisie," hurry!

Paula Stone is now Mrs. Duke Daly. Here's her wedding party. Top row: Johnny Downs, Terry Hunt, Fred Stone, John Payne and Harry Hoit. Front row: Anne Shirley, Patricia Ellis, Paula Stone, Duke Daly, Carol Stone and Natalie Draper. A grand wedding party!

Bill Lundigan and Joy Hodges are a new twosome. Here they are attending a preview. In fact, they do the town together.



Jules Buck, our doesn't-
miss-a-click camera-
man, gives you gay
and social Moviedom



Tony Martin and wife, Alice Faye.
Fancy head-dress you have there, Miss F.!



Don Ameche, a veteran, keeps up
Ginger Rogers' morale before a broadcast.



Chester Morris offers attractive Muriel
Campbell a cigarette.



The Nelson Eddys—as grinning a pair
of newlyweds as you could find.



Claire Trevor and Virginia Field have
a chit-chat over a limeade.



Bob Cobb, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick and
James Cagney put on their best faces.



Joel McCrea and Pat O'Brien study
radio scripts. Pat looks a bit nervous!



Robert Taylor takes a lesson in table
art from teacher, Joan Blondell.



"It's a bet!" Anne Shirley and Hubby
John Payne shake to make it good.



George Murphy tells Ann Sothern what
a knockout she was in "Maisie."



June Lang and Brian Aherne—a good
looking twosome at La Conga.



Cut-up Jack Oakie and Venita Varden, Mrs. O., have dinner at Cafe Marcel.



Stuart Erwin and the missus, June Collyer, have fun at Cafe Lamaze.



Loretta Young and Jimmy Stewart—a pair well worth wondering about.



A team that'll bowl 'em over—Jane Wyman, Rosemary Lane and Gloria Dickson.



Two swell Britishers—Madeleine Carroll and David Niven—dine out.



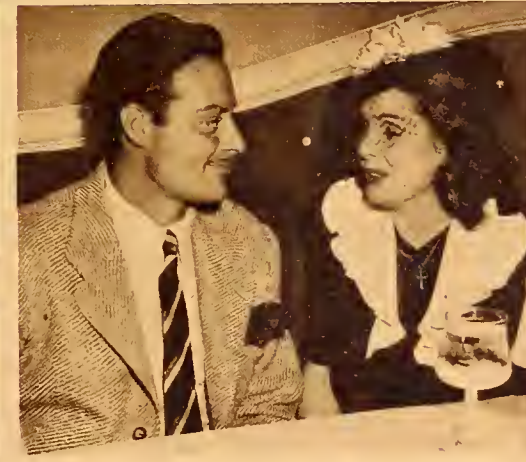
Some smile it takes to keep up with the Allan Joneses. She's Irene Hervey.



Lee Garlow and Wendy Barrie at a new night spot, The Plantation.



The young Doug Fairbanks answers the call of our cameraman.



Alex D'Arcy and Arleen Whelan are holding hands these evenings.



The Eddie G. Robinsons play the horses at Hollywood Park. Buck up, Eddie!



Rena, Helen Morgan's daughter, and Jackie Searl hear Helen at Marcel's.



The bets are still on as to whether Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund are married.

GOOD NEWS

Lois Svensrud, our rambling



It just doesn't seem legal for anyone to rate as much fun as Rosalind Russell manages.

THE TAILWAGGERS

Not so much as a single star sapphire does Bette Davis own to add to her happiness and confidence in herself. Instead, she's making investments that will bring happiness and confidence into the lives of many people who might otherwise never know the meaning of those words. It is through the Tailwagger's Guide Dog Foundation, which the star is sponsoring. She has just opened the new home in the valley where the "Seeing Eye" dogs will be trained as caretakers for the blind. The foundation also furnishes room and board for those to whom the dogs will be given, since the new owners must spend a month at least familiarizing themselves with their new companions. Did you see the picture of Bette and the "Seeing Eyes" on page 48? Nice?



Herbert Marshall is no slouch, either, when it comes to enjoying a good laugh.

MYRNA'S FACE VALUE

Know what is Arthur Hornblow's favorite picture of his wife? Her passport picture, with every freckle faithfully accounted for! Pressed for time after deciding on her recent European trip, Myrna Loy had one of the studio cameramen make a photograph of her. But she had to go through the regular proceedings after all, when notified by the authorities that the studio picture wouldn't do. Uncle Sam, too, preferred the real, unretouched Myrna.

A CITY SLICKER

For a scene in "Dust Be My Destiny" John Garfield had to milk a cow. He protested that he couldn't do it, since seeing a cow from a train window was the nearest he'd ever come to one. The director finally won him over on the plea that it was for art's sake, and a technical director was called in to give Garfield a few lessons. Asked how he got along with the first lesson, the star said, "Oh, I got a kick out of it. Several of them in fact."

But it wasn't all hard work on the picture. Garfield and Priscilla Lane had eight love scenes, requiring an average of four kisses per scene. That makes 32 kisses, but each scene was shot on an average five times, bringing the osculation score up to 160. Garfield told Pat that his list of advantages of being a movie star was now increased exactly 160 times.

THE TAYLORS STEP OUT

With everyone leaving town on vacations, the Robert Taylors are sticking close to home and the new swimming pool. When they do venture out, it is to an occasional baseball game. But after their team won the other day, they were feeling in such an extra special mood that it was decided to carry on to the Trocadero. Since Felix Young re-opened this popular night-spot, there has been a rigid rule that no one gets within its sacred and expensive portals except in evening dress. But the Taylors decided to test the rule, rather than go all the way home to change from their sports clothes. They marched past the doorman and ran the gauntlet of disapproving waiters, finally gaining a table from the frowning headwaiter. "Whew," said Bob, "there's another point in favor of being movie stars, Barbara. We're squelched, but at least not thrown out." And they had a swell evening!

BETTE'S BEAUX

Though Bette Davis and Harmon Nelson were seen together several times when he made that recent Hollywood trip, it looks like George Brent remained leading man in the Davis life. At least when she took a few days' vacation in the mountains, it was to Brent that Bette entrusted the care of her pet spaniel, Tibby. Brent wandered into Grace Hayes' night-spot one evening, with Tibby tucked under his arm and ran into

Harmon Nelson just leaving the place. The two exchanged glares over Tibby's head before continuing on their various ways.

LAUGHTON'S MAKE-UP

"Busiest man in Hollywood" is Charles Laughton's rightful title. For the make-up under consideration for him to use in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" required endless hours of experimentation. For a week during a heat spell, the studio took pity on the actor and allowed him to arrive at the studio at nine at night and be a guinea pig until two or three in the morning. Now, at last, the make-up's been decided to everyone's satisfaction, including Laughton's. He was holding out for something that didn't make him look like Boris Karloff. But the present make-up won't make the girls fall



A very candid shot of Mary Livingstone, who should shoot the cameraman for taking it.

in love with him the minute he appears on the screen, either. In fact, according to the actor, it may scare the government out of his ten weeks' salary.

Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul are still seen together constantly, but you can discount those matrimonial rumors. "We like each other—VERY much," says Universal's million dollar baby, "but neither Paul nor I are developing a sense of Yuma."

BASEBALL FANS

Hollywood turned out en masse to cheer on the "Comedian Vs. Leading Men" baseball game the other Sunday. Shirley Temple, in a box with her mother and father, found that stiff competition was given her by Baby Dimpling and Daisy, who held out in an adjoining box. And Hugh Herbert garnered considerable attention, too. His actions were so quiet and un-Herbertlike when the teams were warming up, that the players wondered if he was ill. "Sshhh," whispered Herbert, "give me a break. I

reporter, scoops up the latest Movietown gossip and passes it on for your delectation

want the crowd to think I'm on the leading man team."

ALL FOR ART!

Brenda Joyce, the U.S.C. co-ed who won a coveted role in "The Rains Came" as her first picture, gained compliments right and left from her fellow players after the first three days of shooting. For in those three days, Brenda had been drenched to the skin in a cloudburst, jolted like a puppet in an earthquake and practically drowned in a flood. A real trouper, that's what she was, decided the company. But then came the day for her first love scene with George Brent. Brenda couldn't be found and was finally located in the studio hospital, having cold towels put on her head. "It's nerves," explained the nurse, "and no won-



Bette Davis holds forth on her favorite subject—The Tailwaggers Foundation.

der! Such a picture for a newcomer—it's enough to scare the wits out of a seasoned actress. Why didn't they just put Miss Joyce in a nice little love story with Mr. Brent instead?" Why, indeed!

Brenda took the bus every morning to the studio, after landing her job. But with the first pay-check she invested in a 1936 roadster and now drives up in style. The second pay-check and all those following were delivered to her boy friend, Owen Ward, a student at U. S. C. "He's budgeting my salary so I can save as much as possible," explained Brenda and added with pride, "Owen's taking Business Administration and gets all A's."

SAFETY ALWAYS

Which brings to mind the prudence of Mary Healy. All during the production of "Second Fiddle," Mary took a half-hour daily for shorthand practice. Back in New Orleans, where a talent scout found her singing in a night club, Mary had a regular job by day

as a secretary. No, she doesn't pretend to have even been interested in secretarial work, but it was steady work and a girl never knows!

DATELESS ROMERO

Cesar Romero was spotted at the Trocadero the other evening, all alone and looking gloomy. "What have I got to look happy about?" he asked a sympathizer. "I couldn't get a date with anyone." And across the room was Ann Sheridan with John Conti—who looked anything but gloomy about the situation.

GREER'S EXCLUSIVE

Thinking the exuberant fans at premieres would frighten their English actress, Metro arranged that every precaution should be taken to protect Greer Garson when she attended the "Beau Geste" opening. A publicity man from the studio whisked her out a side door after the picture, and into her car at the curb. The chauffeur put on all speed ahead and in no time flat the crowds were blocks behind. "Guess that was done pretty well, eh?" beamed her protector. "Well, yes," said Miss Garson doubtfully. "But you know I didn't sit under a dryer three hours this afternoon just for you and the chauffeur to admire my coiffure."

FAMILY FRIENDSHIP

There's genuine devotion between mother and daughter in the Hardy family of the screen. When Cecilia Parker married Dick Baldwin she chose Fay Holden's wedding anniversary as the date, and also asked her to stand up with her. So it was a gala celebration the other day when the date rolled around again. Fay Holden and her husband, Andy Clyde, gave a party to celebrate their silver wedding anniversary and the fact that the Dick Baldwins had weathered one year of Hollywood matrimony. Congratulations to all!

HOORAY! BILL'S BACK!

When Bill Powell reported for work on the set at Metro, he was met by a welcoming party of electricians, cameramen, directors and actors from all over the lot. And there was a wire from Spencer Tracy, on location for "Northwest Passage" in Idaho. "Wish I were there to extend a welcome in person," it read, "and also have lunch with you. It's your turn to buy it today." Tracy and Powell used to lunch together daily, taking turns at paying the check. That last lunch which the friends had on the studio lot was two years ago. Two years is a long time for any actor to be off the screen, but friends and fans have proved that a Bill Powell is never forgotten.

SHIRLEY FEUDING?

There are rumors abroad that Mr. and Mrs. Temple and Twentieth Century-Fox are having words. Her parents think Shirley should



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., contemplates something. His career or—his marriage?

be given pictures which will in some manner illustrate her growing up, rather than the type of "Susannah of the Mounties" where she spends most of her time romping with Indians. This is the first time the Temples have raised a rumpus that amounted to anything, since they have been satisfied with the studio's handling of Shirley in the years that have made her top-notch at the box-office. "Lady Jane," scheduled for Shirley's next, has been temporarily shelved as unsuitable and "The Bluebird," selected in its place, is now being delayed.

NOT A JOINER

The "Caterpillar Club" is composed of flyers who have had to take parachute jumps to save their lives at one time or another. Jimmy Stewart's always thought it would be quite a thrill to be eligible, and the other



David Niven, ever as bright as a Kleig light, snapped as he scintillates!

day decided to get an idea of what the boys had gone through by a trial jump. At an altitude of several thousand feet, he took off over the side. Explaining his reactions, Jimmy said, "It was pretty far, all right. Far enough down to give me time to make up my mind I wasn't the joiner type."

NIVEN MAGIC

Since David Niven has gone into "Eternally Yours" as a magician, he's become so interested in the art of tricks that most of his spare time is now spent in dreaming up new stunts. Even the time necessarily devoted to driving his car isn't wasted by Niven. He has a gadget on the rear end of the machine which leaves people in following cars in open-mouthed surprise. It's a tin manikin, mechanically operated by the driver, which gives a razzberry and sticks out its tongue simultaneously at drivers when they make errors in traffic regulations. Well, whether you believe it or not, the idea's novel!



Jeanette MacDonald looks pretty happy after her late triumphant concert tour.

THE WINNAH!

Following the last scene of "Frontier Marshal" the director invited the cast and crew to a party at his home. He said it would be a mild one, since the picture had been one of the wildest ever filmed at the studio and he thought the guests needed something quieting after all the gun-fire and Indian massacres. So the high point of the day was a croquet match, with Cesar Romero, who had just finished his wickedest role to date, coming off with the championship.

MORE ON "G. W. T. W."

Most welcome news of a "completion party" for a picture came from Selznick studios. On one of the "Gone With The Wind" stages, refreshments were served and all who had worked on the picture were invited to come. Carole Lombard came, anyhow. Said her sense of curiosity drove her to it, since she'd never believe it was actually happening without seeing it with her own eyes. Cameraman Fred Parrish, who had made a record with 6000 stills on this one picture, arrived to take a few more of the party. But Gable insisted he put down the camera and relax. "As it is," Gable pointed out, "you'll probably be snap-happy for the rest of your days." We can believe it!

DON, TY'S STAND-IN?

At Fox studios, the men on the lot have bowling teams sponsored by certain of the stars. Other evening when they were planning a tournament, it was found that the Tyrone Power team was a man short. Don Ameche offered to step in and help the boys out. So he donned the team's costume—a coat with "Tyrone Power" written on it—and decided to go ahead of the rest to the alleys for some practice. Two boys waylaid him on the way in, "How about your autograph, Mr. Power?" they asked. Ameche, telling the story, said their faces fell three inches when he turned around. So he autographed their books, "Best wishes always, Ty Power. By his stand-in, Don Ameche." The boys thanked him, and one added "You mean well, anyway, Mr. Ameche."

SHE'S A SMARTIE

When Alice Faye had to face custard pies in her puss for "Hollywood Cavalcade" the studio make-up man decided to make her a transparent rubber mask. But Alice said she wouldn't wear it, she would take the pie right in the face like the old-timers. But she wasn't being a noble trouper, she later divulged. Since technicolor make-up is hard on the skin, it can only be applied twice a day. Alice had it all figured out that therefore only two pies could be hurled, instead of the 36 which she had seen arrive from the commissary.

A PERSONAL APPEARANCE

After completion of "Hollywood Cavalcade," Alice joined Tony Martin in San Francisco, where he was making personal appearances. She gave thousands of dollars of her services to lucky theatre managers, for she appeared briefly on the stage with Tony at each show. But it was worth it, according to the star, since maybe it will help to squelch the idea that she and Tony have again come to the parting of the ways. "Sometimes I think it might be a good idea," mused Alice, "to issue a daily bulletin on our marital state to the public."

IT'S HEREDITARY

Now we know where Jane Withers gets all that pep. It's from Gramma. The eighty-one-year-old lady has returned to her native Georgia, but is already making preparations for another Hollywood fling. Says she'll really make the town hum next time, and has post-carded Edward Arnold to speed up on his ping-pong practice or she'll give him an even worse trouncing on her next trip! She's a peppy gal!

HE'S A LINGUIST

Nelson Eddy hasn't had a moment to call his own since starting work on "Balalaika." He's been kept busy brushing up on the many languages which are necessary for his vocal numbers. He'll sing "The Volga Boatman" in Russian, "Silent Night" in German and selections from "Carmen" in French. For an Hungarian folk song, he's been practicing that language with Ilona Massey, his leading lady in the picture. Hungarian, according to Eddy, is one of the most difficult languages he's ever tackled. But he wouldn't consider it too difficult to talk to Miss Massey in any language. And, from all reports, nobody would! She's *that* lovely.



Anita Louise, once Movie-town's demurest, is now the gayest in all the night spots.

MEET PROF. FLYNN

The first evening after his father's arrival in town, Errol Flynn took him out for a look at Hollywood's night life. At the Trocadero several people gathered around the Flynn table, charmed by Professor Flynn, who is Dean of Science at Queen's University of Belfast. Johnny Meyers, who is one of Flynn's constant companions listened in amazement to the Professor's fast, clipped English speech, finally leaning over to Errol and asking, "Say, what's your old man giving us—double talk?"

JOE'S HOME TOWN

When an usher at the Joe E. Brown broadcast asked for tickets from a family group who wanted to see the show, he found out they had none. They were from Toledo, explained the father, and didn't know tickets were necessary. Joe E. Brown was rushing past them, but stopped and said, "Toledo—Toledo, OHIO? Why, folks, come right in!" He ushered the astounded parents and three children into the front row of the broadcasting studio and then introduced them to the entire audience. "They say they're just typical tourists, staying in an auto court," explained Joe E. "but they're not typical at all. Why, they're from Toledo, my home



That's a right, nifty hair wave Dick Powell is featuring this season, don't you think?

town!" Small wonder that the Joe E. Brown fans don't forget.

MAE AND BILL

Mae West and W. C. Fields have finally come to an amicable settling of screen play difficulties and have now quietly settled down to stealing scenes from each other. Harry Ritz says that if spontaneous combustion doesn't occur on the West-Fields picture, he's going to broach the subject with his studio of having the Ritz Brothers and the Marx Brothers co-starred.

GABLE'S PAL

Clark Gable is still seeing the girl friend to whom he was so devoted on the "Gone With The Wind" set. She is Cammie King, four-year-old who won the role of Bonnie Blue Butler. From the moment Gable and Cammie laid eyes on one another they were pals. And before long the director found it much simpler to give directions for Cammie's scenes to the star, who would pass the word along to the child. Incidentally, on completion of the picture, Gable was one happy man. He was given a \$100,000 bonus check and permission to get a haircut—his first in seven months. Incidentally, did you read "Heigh-ho, Scarlet!" on page 34? Well, you simply must!



John Garfield puts spoon in mouth while he autographs a program for a fan.

HER SHOPPING SPREE

Vivien Leigh had another objective in New York besides seeing Laurence Olivier. She wanted to go on a clothes spree. Vivien had been kept so busy on "Gone With The Wind" that she had little use for any clothes except slacks and shirts, which were worn to work and to the occasional movie which she took in for relaxation. Sunny Alexander, the English actress' secretary, did all the shopping necessary for the Leigh wardrobe during this time. Vivien didn't buy so much as a stitch in six months, setting some kind of a record among womankind.

BOYER'S PUBLIC

Charles Boyer won fans right and left on the Universal lot. While visiting "The Underpup" set one day, the yells for "Autograph, please, Mr. Boyer," from the twenty-five children in the picture were louder than the yells which daily greet the ice-cream man.

Irene Dunne, co-starred with Boyer in "Modern Cinderella" is another fan. According to her, the French actor could dramatize a comma.

REAL FARMERS

Don't believe for a minute that the Clark Gables aren't serious about their farming. They have just purchased ten acres adjoining their property. One reason for buying up the additional property was that it included a hilltop where tourists hung out for a view of the Gable ranch. But the main reason was that Gable has his heart set on an orange grove, and has already planted hundreds of trees on the new acreage. Dyed-in-the-wool farmers might think that many of the gadgets of the Gable ranch are somewhat fantastic, but both Carole Lombard and her husband swear that the latest improvement is highly practical. It is a sound-proof chicken coop!

GRACIE'S IN AGAIN

Gracie Allen won the prize at a recent rehearsal when the cast of the radio show were vying for first place in silly stories. She told about the Chinese student who was so anxious to perfect his American manners that he spent every evening studying an etiquette book. His first opportunity to try out the new set of manners came at a party given for the Dean. When a cup of tea was passed to him, the student said, "Thank you, sir or madame, as the case may be."

MICKEY'S MOUSTACHE

Mickey Rooney is the most excited person in town, since hearing that he will go to England for "Yank at Eton." He has plans to surprise the English by a moustache, which will be grown en route. Being ribbed about his plans on the "Babes In Arms" set one day, Mickey said, "Okay, okay, have your fun. But I'll bet anyone here ten bucks that I get off the boat with a moustache. And with no make-up man standing by with reinforcements, either."

A REEL BREAK

Are you wondering about the attractive Helen Gilbert, who made such a hit in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever"—her first picture? Her own story is good enough to film—for she was discovered by W. S. Van Dyke, while playing the cello in the Metro orchestra. The director told her she was much too pretty to hide behind a cello and finally persuaded her into a screen test. Now there's talk of her appearing as leading lady in Robert Taylor's "Florian." It all comes under the heading of Too Good To Be True, but Helen's not keeping her fingers crossed. She'd like to be a movie star, of course, but with her musical career and her happy marriage to another musician she was perfectly happy before this prospect ever loomed.

SNAPPY CHAUFFEURS

Check it off to rumor that the Gene Markeys aren't as devoted as ever. From the looks of things, Hedy is more smitten with her husband's charms each day. For now that she's finished "Lady of the Tropics," she drives Markey to the studio every morning and appears on the dot of six to pick him up every evening. The best looking blonde chauffeur



Constance Bennett is in Europe, they say, to divorce the Marquis de la Falaise.

in town belongs to Frank Ross, Vice-President of Hal Roach studios. The station-wagon which brings him to the studio daily is driven by his wife, Jean Arthur.

WHY, MR. DUCK!

St. Louis friends report this story on Walt Disney. On a recent trip there, Mr. Disney was approached by a young lady who inquired why Donald Duck had not been properly named Donald Drake. Disney hesitated for a moment, then said, "Well, it's a delicate subject. There was a scandal, you see, and Donald decided to use his mother's name."

THEY'RE ALLERGIC!

Seems that every star has developed an allergy in her day—whether actually or for publicity purposes. Jeanette MacDonald can't have orchids around her without suffering hay fever attacks, Martha Raye is allergic to dogs, Deanna Durbin can't stand roses, and so on, ad nauseum. But here's a bona fide allergy, which caused Lya Lys to lose the best chance of her career. She was scheduled as Paul Muni's leading lady in "We Are Not Alone," but was allergic to his moustache. (Continued on page 104)



Notice Marie Wilson's fingerless gloves! Now that novelty takes lots of nerve.



Una Merkel and Bob Young talk over their careers. Bob's doing fine these days, but poor Una — not so good!

Right, are four important stars on a recent radio program. L. to r., Mickey Rooney, Rosemary Lane, Rudy Vallee and Joan Bennett. There you have thousands of dollars' worth of talent at a glance!



Donald Briggs and Barbara Read are members of the active younger set. They're always featured "among those present" at good parties and previews, which makes them a very busy duo these days.

LADY ESTHER SAYS—



“Join the Revolt against Heavy Creams —and keep your Accent on Youth!”



“**Trust to youth** to break away from tradition! Go to schools and colleges, talk to women under 25—and you’ll find a rebellion against heavy, *waxy* creams! Youth today demands a lighter cream!”



“**Why cling** to heavy creams that require tugging and pulling of delicate facial muscles (which can hasten that aged look) . . . *waxy* creams that leave skin shiny? My 4-Purpose Face Cream works just the opposite—puts your *accent on youth*!”



“**Our rapid**, modern living gives your face cream *more work*—a *different* kind of work to do. Heavy, *waxy* creams aren’t as efficient in removing imbedded dirt; that’s why modern girls have swung to my cream as the *one* cream for their skin.”



Life’s delightful moments are made up of tender glances, whispered words—romantic interludes which can be *yours* with a radiant skin! But be sure to give your skin “young skin care.” Help it be beautiful always and you’ll face your mirror as you face the world—with a lovely face, gay with happiness, contented in your success.



Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won’t you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn’t the one cream for you?

Lady Esther urges you to make this “Cleansing Tissue Test” NOW

FOR the sake of your own appearance . . . to help keep yourself from *looking older than you really are* . . . make this amazing “Cleansing Tissue Test”!

First, cleanse your skin with cream you’re at present using and remove it thoroughly with cleansing tissue.

Then do the same—a *second time*—with Lady Esther Face Cream. Now, wipe it off well and *look at* your cleansing tissue.

Thousands of women are amazed . . . *yes, shocked then and there* . . . to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with

their own eyes that my 4-Purpose Cream removes minute, pore-clogging matter many other cold creams **FAIL TO GET!**

For, unlike many heavy, “waxy” creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a *thorough* cleansing job without any harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense*. Mail me the coupon and I’ll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Put *more accent* on your **YOUTH!**

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (48)

LADY ESTHER,
7110 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, **FREE** and postpaid.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



Hedy Lamarr with Hubby Gene Markey. Wouldn't you like to see La Belle in a talkie instead of a still picture? See how much she and Joan look alike!



Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, above left, are being seen once more. For a while it looked as if Woolworth Donahue had cut Mr. W. out.



Norma Shearer entertains Orson Welles and Helen Hayes. How do you like the gent who scared Jersey, the Man from Mars and the hope of the Little Theatre?

GOING PLACES

Franchot Tone and Loretta Young make an attractive pair. Mr. T. isn't one bit worried about his "Ex's" activities these evenings. He's very gay, too.

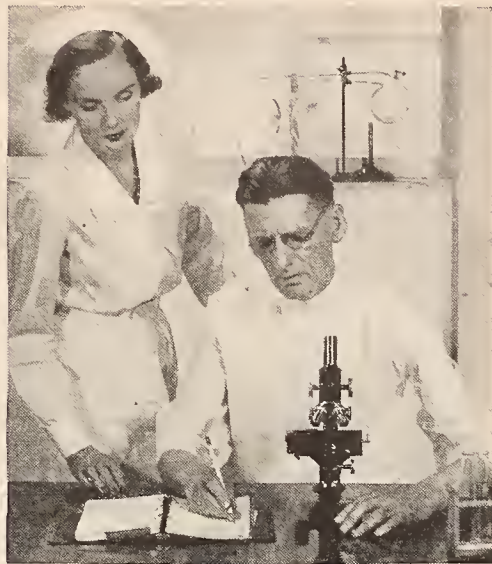
MODESS ANNOUNCES NEW COMFORT FOR YOU... "MOISTURE ZONING!"



Women have always had this haunting worry when wearing a sanitary napkin—"Am I all right?" They've had to ask friends, or seek a mirror to be sure. Could a napkin be devised which would help to relieve that worry?



Women have often had this discomfort—a chafing when walking or dancing—because the moist outer edges of the napkin rubbed against tender flesh. Could a napkin be devised whose edges would stay dry for a longer time?



Scientists set to work to defeat these two handicaps to women's freedom and comfort. Experiment followed experiment. Test followed test. At last, after years of research... a discovery and its perfection...!



Today—Miracle Modess! At any dealer's, you can now buy the new Miracle Modess. Its unique new feature—"Moisture Zoning"—acts to *zone* moisture—hold it inside the pad. The edges of the napkin stay dry, soft, chafe-free, longer than ever before!

Yes, Miracle Modess is a miracle of comfort! Its downy "fluff-type" filler

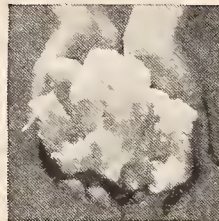
makes it **SOFTER**. Its "Moisture Zoning" keeps edges dry longer! And in addition, Modess is **SAFER**. For "Moisture Zoning" gives greater absorbency—and this, with Modess' moisture-resistant backing, helps you forget to worry.

Today, buy the Napkin of Tomorrow—Modess. In the same blue box. At the same low price.

AGAIN MODESS IS FIRST!

FIRST WITH "FLUFF-TYPE" FILLER

Modess was first to use a downy-soft "fluff-type" filler—entirely different in construction from "layer-type" napkins! The result? Greater comfort—Modess *starts* softer and *stays* softer.



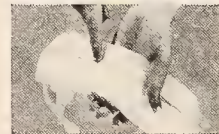
FIRST WITH MOISTURE-RESISTANT BACKING

Modess was first to use a "Stop-back" of moisture-resistant material, to guard against striking through.



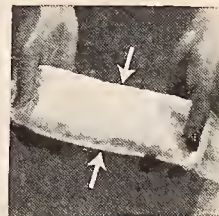
NOTE THE BLUE LINE

Modess has a colored thread along back of pad so you'll wear back **AWAY** from body.



AND NOW FIRST WITH "MOISTURE ZONING"

Modess again is first—with "Moisture-Zoning," which keeps edges of napkindry and chafe-free longer than ever before. Get Miracle Modess today. In the same blue box at the same low price.



BINNIE BARNES' APPLE RECIPES

APPLE GEM PIE

1 (14 oz.) can pineapple gems
syrup drained from pineapple
1 tablespoon cornstarch
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup light brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
2 cups sliced apples
Pastry for pie shell and pastry strips

Turn contents of pineapple can into colander to drain. Add the resulting syrup to cornstarch slowly and stir until smooth. Add sugar, butter and nutmeg. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until smooth, clear and thickened. Cool. Place apple slices in a circle around the outer edge of a pie pan lined with rich pastry. Place pineapple in a circular row next to the apples then fill center of pie with apple slices. Cover fruits with the syrup. Cut 4 strips of pastry about $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch wide and place across pie to form the spokes of a wheel. Place a small circle of pastry in the middle of pie where the pastry strips cross. (See illustration on page 10.) Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 10-15 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate (350°F.) and continue baking 25-30 minutes longer or until apples are tender. Serve hot or cold. Delicious served *à la mode*, with a topping of vanilla or pineapple ice cream.

SOUTHERN APPLESAUCE CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup light brown sugar
1 egg
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups applesauce
1 teaspoon soda
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves
1 cup seedless raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nut meats, chopped

Cream shortening and sugar together thoroughly. Add beaten egg, then the applesauce. (Applesauce should be put through a strainer first, to insure smoothness.) Mix well. Sift flour, measure; add soda, salt and spices and sift again. Add flour mixture to applesauce mixture, reserving a tablespoon of these dry ingredients with which to sprinkle the raisins. Rinse raisins in boiling water, drain and dry thoroughly. Sprinkle raisins with reserved flour, add to cake batter together with nut meats. Beat well. Turn into two greased layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) approximately 30 minutes or until cake tester inserted in center of layers comes out clean. Turn out on wire cake rack to cool. Put together with the following:

Frosting and Filling: Melt 2 tablespoons butter over low heat. Remove from heat, add 3 tablespoons cream, a pinch of salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Gradually stir in 2 cups confectioners' sugar, more or less, until of right consistency to spread. Divide into 2 portions. To one of these add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped nut meats and 3 tablespoons applesauce. When thoroughly blended spread between layers of cake. Cover top and sides with remaining mixture. Sprinkle with chopped nuts, if desired.

STUFFED APPLE SALAD

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup red cinnamon candies*
4 large firm apples
1 (3 oz.) package cream cheese
a little cream or rich milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely chopped nut meats
mayonnaise, lettuce

Cook together the sugar, water and candy for 5 minutes. Core apple generously, peel them and place them in the syrup. Cover and cook until apples are tender but not falling apart, turning frequently, so that they are equally well cooked and equally red on all sides. Remove apples from syrup, chill them thoroughly, place in lettuce cups. Moisten cream cheese with cream or milk, whipping it with a fork until light and fluffy. Add nut meats. Fill centers of apples with this mixture. Top with a dash of mayonnaise or cooked dressing. These apples should resemble tomatoes. If the color does not become deep enough during cooking add more cinnamon candies.

*Red cinnamon drops can be purchased at most grocery stores, or red cinnamon hard candy can be purchased at candy stores.

APPLE CAKE PUDDING

8 medium-sized cooking apples
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
a few grains nutmeg
BATTER
3 eggs
1 cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons boiling water
1 cup sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon baking powder

Peel and core apples. Cut into eighths. Mix the $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar with cinnamon and nutmeg, combine with apples and turn into large, greased baking dish. Cover and bake in hot oven (400°F.) 15 minutes. Meanwhile make cake batter, as follows: Break eggs into a bowl and beat with rotary beater until thick and lemon colored. Add sugar gradually, then the salt and vanilla. Stir in the boiling water. Add flour which has been sifted, measured, and sifted again with the baking powder. Fold in flour gently so that no dry flour remains. Spread this batter carefully over the partially cooked apples, return to moderate oven (350°F.) and bake, uncovered, 45 minutes longer or until cake tester comes out clean. Serve hot with slightly sweetened whipped cream or with a Hard Sauce or Lemon Sauce. Serves 6 to 8.

WHY DIDN'T
SOMEONE
TELL ME

ABOUT THIS MARVELOUS
SPAGHETTI BEFORE?



It saves me
time and work,
has a much better
sauce than I can make

● "I always cooked my own spaghetti until I discovered Franco-American. But now we have Franco-American all the time and love it. Its cheese-and-tomato sauce has the one I used to make beaten a mile. Imagine, they actually use eleven different ingredients in it!"

Yes, eleven! Luscious tomato puree, brimming with garden-fresh flavor. Selected Cheddar cheese from America's finest dairies. Savory spices and seasonings subtly blended to give delicate, piquant flavor. And you can enjoy this superb spaghetti any time, at a moment's notice. No cooking or fussing, simply heat.

Serve Franco-American as main dish or side dish. Combine with left-overs and less expensive meat cuts. A can holding three to four portions costs only 10c. Here's a "millionaire's dish" for less than 3c a portion! Order now!

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SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

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Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

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WHY DO SOME GIRLS LOSE OUT ON LOVE?

Sally asks **IRENE DUNNE**

COSMETIC SKIN
SPOILS A GIRL'S
CHANCES OF
ROMANCE!

LUX TOILET SOAP
REMOVES STALE
COSMETICS THOROUGHLY.
IT HAS **ACTIVE** LATHER

IT'S IMPORTANT TO
USE A SOAP THAT'S
REALLY **GOOD** FOR
THE SKIN. WHY
DON'T YOU USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
AS I DO?

STAR OF UNIVERSAL'S
"WHEN TOMORROW COMES"

LUX
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"I USE cosmetics, of course," says lovely Irene Dunne. "But I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly." This gentle soap has **ACTIVE** lather that helps guard against Cosmetic Skin: the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that result from *choked pores*. Soft, smooth, lovable skin makes a girl attractive—wins romance and *holds it*. Make Hollywood's beauty care *your* beauty care, too!

CLEVER GIRLS FOLLOW IRENE DUNNE'S ADVICE—

I WOULDN'T DREAM
OF NEGLECTING MY
BEDTIME COMPLEXION
CARE. IT'S FOOLISH TO
RISK **COSMETIC SKIN**

THIS **ACTIVE** LATHER
REMOVES STALE
COSMETICS, DUST AND
DIRT THOROUGHLY—
HELPS KEEP SKIN
SOFT AND SMOOTH

IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE BILL SO
ADORING! I FEEL LIKE A QUEEN!

**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use
Lux Toilet Soap**

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

(Continued from page 40)

down the block. None of this for him! "That's all right, dear. We know you. You're Richard Carlson's father. We heard you bragging about him to Mr. Smith for an hour on end last night."

There has always been a special bond between the elder Carlson and his younger son. "Richard," says Ruth, "is what the rest of us might have been and aren't." Her father rejects the notion that any of his children aren't exactly as he likes them. "Just the same," Ruth points out, "Richard was graduated *summa cum laude*. The rest of us? *Summa cum nix*."

Richard inherited from his father an absorbing curiosity about life in all its manifestations. From the time he was two and asked who made it snow and was told, "God," and commented appreciatively, "Good for God," he has said, "Why, Daddy?" more consistently than Fanny Brice. He perfumed the house with his chemistry experiments. For three weeks the family laundry had to wait while he built a glider in the basement among the wash tubs. To his mother's terror and his father's delight, the glider actually worked for a moment or two. With a couple of friends he organized the Rock of Ages Insurance Company to insure mothers' thimbles and fathers' watch-charms. With three dollars in the treasury, the company declared bankruptcy and descended on the drug store to gorge itself with ice cream sodas. He shared a passion for music with his sister Margaret, and would

stand beside the radio for an hour at a time, helping great orchestra leaders conduct their symphonies.

His greatest passion, also inherited, was for words. His paternal grandfather was a carpenter and itinerant Baptist minister. During the week he built houses, and took Sundays off to preach at the building site. Richard's father is a lawyer, with a reverence for learning in general, and for Shakespeare and the Bible in particular. He commended to his children a boyhood habit of his own. "When you meet a new word, look it up, then use it till it's part of your vocabulary. Some day you'll find that 'swell' and 'rotten' aren't enough." Of them all, only Richard took to the idea—with such warmth that when his mother went up to turn out the lights in the boys' room, she generally had to dislodge the dictionary or encyclopedia from under his ear.

FROM the small town of Albert Lea, Minnesota, they moved to Minneapolis. "My father," says Richard, "saw this brood of kids coming up, whom he had to put through college. So he pulled up stakes and started all over again at forty-five. Courage, I call it."

In high school Richard decided there was nothing worth learning. This was a measure of self-defense. He'd discovered a world of extra-curricular activities which left no time for books. He was class president, head of the dramatic club, editor of the school paper. He played football, he wrote a column called

"Richard's Poor Almanac," he fell in love with a black-haired, blue-eyed Irish beauty named Kate and walked home with her every night for four years. "The boy's brilliant," the principal complained to his father, "but he won't settle down." By dint of not working, he managed to squeak through with C's. He had a wonderful time.

By the time he was ready for college, his ambitions had crystallized. He wanted to write. A professorship would give him time for writing. A good scholastic record would help him toward a professorship. To his friends, the notion of Richard's buckling down to work bordered on the fantastic. They said, "Yah!" Richard grinned, and plunged into work with the concentrated energy which is his gift. That he still had some energy left over for non-academic pursuits is indicated by his mother's reaction to a phone call he made from his frat house at eleven one night during his junior year. It went like this:

"May I speak to Dad, Mother?"

"He's in bed. What's the matter?"

"Nothing much. But get him up, will you?"

"Oh, Richard, what have you done now?—Henry—" She woke her sleeping husband. "It's Richard, Henry. He's got himself into another mess, I know. I can tell by his voice."

Mr. Carlson went to the phone. "Just heard I made Phi Beta Kappa, Dad. Wanted you to be the first to know."

"That's fine, son," his father chuckled.

MARRIAGE CAN STAY ROMANTIC

IF, THROUGH THE YEARS, YOU GUARD AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

I KNOW HOW I'D FEEL IF I WERE A MAN... AND MY WIFE LET HER SKIN GET DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING! THAT'S WHY I'M SO CAREFUL ABOUT MY COMPLEXION AND NEVER USE ANY SOAP EXCEPT **PALMOLIVE!**



WELL YOUR MARRIAGE CERTAINLY HAS STAYED ROMANTIC, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN A LOVELIER COMPLEXION! BUT WHY IS **PALMOLIVE** SO GOOD FOR GUARDING AGAINST DRY SKIN?



BECAUSE **PALMOLIVE** IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! IT CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH...COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!



THANKS FOR THE GOOD ADVICE, DARLING! FROM NOW ON THIS LITTLE BRIDE IS GOING TO USE **PALMOLIVE** REGULARLY, AND START KEEPING HER MARRIAGE ROMANTIC!



MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!

THAT'S WHY **PALMOLIVE** IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!



"I knew you would." As indeed he did.

During senior year he announced his engagement to a girl named Jean. On graduation day he walked off with \$2500 in prize money. He decided that the juxtaposition of these two events had been arranged by fate, and betook himself to his father's office. "Dad, Jean and I want to get married and study at the Sorbonne together for a year." The elder man scrutinized him for a moment, then went to the window and stood looking out. At length he turned. "That's a grave decision, son. Let's talk it over."

The upshot was that Richard bought passage for two. Before the marriage could take place, however, the franc had soared and made the great adventure impossible. Richard returned to the university for his master's degree. He and Jean drifted apart, and she married someone else. They're still good friends, though. He sees Kate too, for that matter, whenever he passes through Detroit.

By the time he got his M.A., he was fed up with college. His mind revolted at the thought of teaching Freshman English to freshmen who didn't want to learn English. A glittering idea struck him. Since he wanted to write for the theatre, his most sensible course would be to work in the theatre. He took his scholarship money, still intact, talked his father out of another thousand and formed the Minneapolis Repertory Company. The reviews were kind, but the audiences stayed away. Richard went broke as a result.

More for the solace of getting things off his chest than for practical advice, he wandered down to see his friend, Merle Potter, dramatic critic of the "Journal." "Get out of Minneapolis," Potter told him. "If you want the theatre, go where the theatre is—Hollywood or New York."

That night he went to the beer parlor, run by a nice fat alewife named Swanee, where he and his cronies had foregathered for the past five years to settle the problems of life. "I'm going to Hollywood or New York," he announced.

"When?" asked Michael Loring, one of the gang.

"Next Wednesday," he said for the sake of saying something.

"I've got a hundred and eighty bucks. I'll go with you." They flipped a coin, and it came out Hollywood.

It took him longer to win his father over. From ten to one-thirty on a Sunday morning they sat in the rock garden and thrashed things out. Point by point Richard met his parent's objections. He wasn't dazzled by the glamor of the footlights, he wasn't rising to the lure



Bonita Granville is a busy gal these days—what with growing up and flying from one role to another.

**YOUR COME-CLOSER SMILE
"DOES THINGS" TO ME!**

**IRIUM "DID THINGS"
TO MY SMILE!**



Only PEPSODENT Powder has IRIUM THE COSTLIER INGREDIENT

**to erase unsightly surface-stains from teeth
... reveal their full pearly brilliance!**

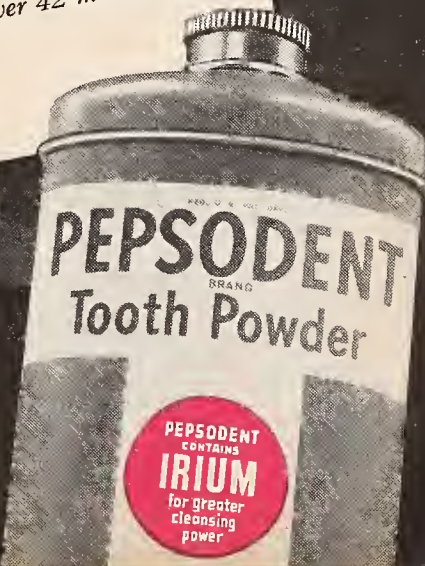
- See how Pepsodent Powder with IRIUM does things to help you win a "Come-Closer" Smile! For teeth more dazzling... cleaner... lovelier to look at... smoother to feel... start today the IRIUM WAY! Because of IRIUM, the costlier ingredient, Pepsodent Tooth Powder is *extra effective*! For IRIUM, remarkable cleansing discovery, helps gently brush away unsightly surface-stains. See how speedily Pepsodent Powder with IRIUM can polish your teeth to a sparkling natural brilliance you may never have dreamed possible! Notice, too, that it helps overcome bad breath as it cleans.

Proved Safe For Tooth Enamel!

What's more, Pepsodent Tooth Powder is economical... thorough... **SAFE!** It contains NO GRIT, NO BLEACH, NO DRUGS. Order Pepsodent Powder with IRIUM now... learn why already over 42 million cans have been bought!

25¢ and Larger Economy Size

**For a Come-Closer Smile
use PEPSODENT POWDER**



of the Hollywood siren. He was determined to write and direct for the theatre, so he had to go where the theatre was. Potter had supplied him with a good line.

At one-thirty Mrs. Carlson refused to wait dinner any longer. "What have you decided?"

"I've decided," said her husband, "that the law has lost a powerful pleader in our Richard."

"He's decided," said her son, "to stake me to twenty-five a week."

Hollywood failed to get excited over Richard. He had a letter to Arthur Sheekman, who sent him to the Pasadena Community Playhouse—an excellent training ground where you work for nothing. He directed *Richard II*. Oliver Hinsdell of Metro saw him play Prince Hal in "Henry IV" and invited him to join Metro stock. He appeared in a short, which Mr. Hinsdell was sure would lead to a contract. It didn't. They were willing to have him continue in stock, but that wasn't good enough for Richard. "I'm taking a bus to New York," he wrote his father. "All right," his father wrote back, "provided you agree to go into something else if, after two months, you're not earning your living there." He promised that he would.

ON arrival he phoned a friend who suggested lunch the next day. The friend was assistant stage manager for the Boston company of "Three Men on a Horse." He asked Richard to pick him up at the theatre where they were rehearsing.

George Abbott, producer of the show, was sitting out front with the leading lady when Richard walked in. Abbott eyed the box tweed coat that hung from his shoulders, spotted the Phi Beta

Kappa key. "There's a nice looking kid," he said to the leading lady. "Shall I hire him to keep you company on the road?"

"Why not?" "Hey, College," yelled Abbott. "Want a job?" You're hired. Fifty a week." Such things sometimes happen.

Fortune smiled all year. He played in summer stock at Dennis, he played in "Night of January 16th" and with Ethel Barrymore in "Ghost of Yankee Doodle." Meantime he was putting his heart into a play of his own called "Western Waters." He found a producer. The play was to open just after Christmas, which meant that Richard couldn't get home for the holidays. His mother was rather upset, especially after he phoned them on Christmas Eve, sounding none too cheerful over the prospects for his play. On the train east, his sister Ruth read the reviews. They shattered her so that she couldn't eat any breakfast. She had to steel herself to call her brother when she reached New York. "I'm fine, Sis," he told her. "Had a letter from Dad that restored my perspective. No, he didn't say much but I read him between the lines: 'You're a nice boy, Richard, but you've had things pretty much your own way. Won't hurt you to take a sock in the jaw.'"

Luck seemed to have turned against him. His play had failed. Months went by, and no job. For the first time since leaving college, he began to consider the advisability of retreating to an academic career. Then Ethel Barrymore offered him a role in "Whiteoaks."

It was while he was on the road that his own play, flop though it had been, bore unexpected fruit. Sidney Howard, in Hollywood for "Gone With The Wind," had read "Western Waters" and thought

highly of it. "If you mean what you say about wanting to develop new writers," he told David Selznick, "there's a kid in New York you'd better hire. He acts too."

Richard got a bid from Selznick. It wasn't his first movie offer. The scouts had been after him, dangling the usual forty-week acting contract. Richard had turned them down, prompting his businesslike brother Henry to dub him "Art-for-art's-sake Dick." He liked Hollywood, he had no objection to acting. But he wouldn't give up his dream of writing, nor bind himself to any agreement which would interfere with it. Selznick gave him a three-way contract—to write, act and direct for six months a year.

HAVING acquired him, the producer didn't know what to do with him, so he turned him loose in the studio where Richard poked around to his soul's content. From the story department, where he learned how to break books and plays down into synopses, he followed the whole fascinating process, watching directors at work, ambling in and out of projection rooms, spending his nights with the cutters.

"How's it going?" Selznick asked him one day.

"Fine for me. What are you getting out of it?"

The boss eyed him thoughtfully. "I wonder why you couldn't play the Scotchman with Janet Gaynor."

His sister Ruth caught a typical reaction to his first screen appearance. She sat shaking in the theatre, the picture a blur till Richard's face emerged. When it faded out, she grew conscious of whispers behind her. "My, he's attractive. Who is he?"

"Gosh, I don't know. I never saw him before. But I'll certainly make it my

TIME FOR A *SHOWDOWN!*

(AND MARY TOLD HIM THE TRUTH!)

LOOK HERE, MARY! I DON'T HAVE TO WAIT AROUND FOR YOU LIKE THIS! WHAT'S MORE, ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'M NOT GOING TO!

JUST AS YOU LIKE, PHIL!

AND WHILE WE'RE BEING SO FRANK, I HAVE A SUGGESTION FOR YOU! SUPPOSE BEFORE WE GO OUT AGAIN YOU TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT-- ABOUT BAD BREATH!

PHIL SEES HIS DENTIST...

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE'S

I'M NOT LATE, AM I, MARY?

NO. BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE MINUTE OF OUR EVENING, PHIL-- SO I GOT READY EARLY!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

Patented February 22, 1927
Good Housekeeping Bureau



Just a couple of cake-eaters—Billy Halop and Bobby Jordan. Incidentally, the Dead Enders reform in their new pix.

business to see him right soon again."

She wanted to turn and gather them to her breast, but restrained herself to a passionate, if inaudible, murmur: "Thank you, kind people. Thank you for liking my brother."

Richard met Mona Mayfield two or three years ago. Dark-eyed, ivory-skinned, with a soft Texan drawl, she's pretty as a picture. She'd have to be, for she was a photographer's model.

When they were introduced by Mona's brother-in-law, one of Richard's best friends, they vouchsafed each other a distant "how do you do?" The fact was that the dish had been overdone. Mona had been plugged to Richard, and Richard to Mona, till each was sick of the sound of the other's name.

Left to itself, however, the romance bloomed last winter. Ruth's phone shrilled at two o'clock one morning. She lifted it to hear a blissful voice saying: "Mona and I just got engaged."

On her way out west to be married, Mona spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. Carlson in Minneapolis. Richard received two letters in the same mail, which set him purring with content. From his wife-to-be: "I adore your father and mother, and I think they like me all right." From his mother: "Mona has taken our hearts by storm."

They were married a few weeks ago in a church at Las Vegas. Their first joint enterprise as man and wife was a wire to the family: "It's all over and official and we're very, very happy. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carlson."

You'll be seeing Mr. Carlson in Wanger's "Winter Carnival." But for a fluke, it might have been "Golden Boy." The part was offered him while he was appearing on Broadway in "Stars in Your Eyes." Selznick and Columbia had agreed on the terms of the loanout, and Richard was crazy to play it, as who wouldn't have been. The only hitch lay in his stage contract, which ran till May 1st. He was due in Hollywood on April 13th. But considering the splendor of the opportunity, he was sure he could get a release. He wired to Bermuda, where the producer was vacationing.

The answer came on April 1st. It was "no." Ruth and Mona were with him. He turned white for a moment, then asked Julian, his Filipino servant, for a Scotch and soda. "Mr. Carlson, sir," said Julian, "it's April Fool joke. It can't be true."

He'd soon rallied sufficiently to comfort his women folk. "Don't take it so hard, children. You know what Dad would say. 'You made a contract. Don't resent being asked to stick by it.'"



"Just listen to 'em!... 'Afraid of a little pan of water, eh?' says Duck-Luck... 'Who's afraid?' says Hen-Pen. 'I just don't like water, the horrid kut-kut-kadacket stuff!...' 'You chicken-hearted coward!' says he... 'You wet smack!' says she...!"



"Oh, stop your nonsense, Hen-Pen—it's swell once you're in! Just hold your nose and shut your eyes... don't you know we'll get sprinkled with lovely, downy Johnson's Baby Powder when we get out? In you go now—KERSPLASH!"



"Look, gang, here comes the Johnson's... hold everything! Prickly heat and chafes won't get much chance at us! And oh-h, boy—when that soft white shower comes down the small of your back, you'll get a thrill right down to your pinfeathers!"



"Didn't I tell you? Everybody likes Johnson's Baby Powder. The talc in it's specially fine, and it helps keep babies comfortable as can be. It doesn't cost much, either!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

DEFINITELY DYNAMITE

(Continued from page 46)



*Thirty days
has September"*

**—But it took Midol to
make Betty's calendar
agree with the rhyme!**

Poor Betty! Every month seemed three days short—three days when she had to save herself, avoiding activity to avoid severe "regular" pain. But now—thanks to MIDOL—the rhyme and the calendar agree again, and Betty lives through her dreaded days in active comfort.

HOW MANY days of living do you lose by giving-in to the functional pain of menstruation—pain which many doctors say, and Midol proves, is often needless?

Answer fairly—add up the days and weeks of normal activity that you sacrifice in a year—and you'll not let another month pass without trying Midol for comfort.

Midol is made for this special purpose—to relieve unnecessary functional pain through trying days... to give those days back to you for active living. And unless there is some organic disorder requiring medical or surgical treatment, Midol helps most women who try it. It soothes the pain, lessens discomfort, lets them go on when the calendar says *stop*. If your experience is average, a few Midol tablets should see you comfortably through even your worst day.

Get Midol now; know its comfort is near when needed. All druggists have Midol in neatly flat aluminum cases which tuck easily into purse or pocket.

MIDOL



Relieves Functional Periodic Pain



**APPROVED BY
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU**

Midol is a special formula recently developed for its special purpose. Midol contains no opiates and no amidopyrine. The new Midol formula is plainly printed in full on the label of every package and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

GENERAL DRUG COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

herself ready for anything by clock-work. The first explosion occurred when a famous director had had a busy day and was annoyed when Frances was late for her appointment to discuss an envied role with him. She was tired, so his attitude made her furious. She flew off the handle, into her car and skidded by the emerging man so fast she nearly ran over him. She drove pell-mell to the back lot and burst into violent tears. Later they apologized to one another.

The other ace director balled her out before a big crowd of extras when, due back for night shots, she overestimated her time for dinner. She was stunned, but not too much to cry, "You can't speak to me like that!" It was embarrassing all the way around. Both directors, incidentally, are now among her greatest boosters and she admits she ought to be slapped down when she's in error. Only let someone try it!

Within her there is a disconcerting restlessness. Fortunately Joel understands this. In spite of his common sense—"One of us has to have some!" exclaims Frances—he also abhors the prosaic. He wants her to go on with her career. He has always been drawn to women with plenty of zip. When Joel was Hollywood's most pursued bachelor he always dated temperamental glamor gals and when he married he wasn't, as has been so blandly assumed, reverting to the peaceful domestic type. His wife, he knew had every exciting potentiality, only better restraint.

Frances finally had to hire a nurse to dictate to her two young sons. "Before I had her, Joel and I would pick them up on the spur of the moment and start for the ranch. Oh, Joel's worse than I am! In the middle of the night he'd start for Timbuctoo, if he didn't have a contract. I knew it was wrong to be so irregular with them, so for their sakes we hired a proper English nurse."

SHE isn't proud of being headstrong, but unquestionably she is and it was this trait that got her into the movies.

When she finished at Hyde Park High School in Chicago she was ready for Hollywood, but her parents weren't. If she is progressing sanely in pictures it's not of her choice; she wanted to zoom at seventeen and she still is willing to be a star overnight if she can be. In high school plays she'd been emphatically good, so she dramatized herself to the n-th degree. However, she was packed off to college.

For two years Frances attended the University of Chicago and you would imagine she improved each shining hour. Not Frances! She hated it. As soon as she discovered no undergraduate could be in a college show, the required courses which were inflicted upon her irritated her. She was all eager, romantic and dramatic, and they were ice water.

"I still think college was bad for me," she maintains. "It gives a mental training, teaches you to be analytical, develops your dry side. I was ripe for emotional development, and I was doused in cold, intellectual lessons. That's the wrong track for an actress. Maybe book learning of the advanced sort would have been all right if it had dealt with art, but there was nothing like that. Yes, everything I studied in college had to be undone!"

She revenged herself at college by

studying as little as she had to in order to pass. She became a social success. "All I cared about was how many dates I could have. I went to tea dances rather than to the library, and I was silly and gaga." Classes weren't serious to her. She calls it her stupid era. She blames it on being forced onto a campus when she had no desire in that direction. She insists that it would have been better had she been allowed to come to Hollywood directly from high school.

AT the end of her second year she had a showdown with her dad. He consented to stake her for a year in Hollywood, and sent her and her mother west. She was determined to click, so she rented a small apartment and began listening for breaks. She heard Fox was filming a college story, so she went out and got into a line of extras checking in for the picture. When they got to her she introduced herself as a genuine college girl, and "how'd they like authenticity?" The nerve drew the job. She earned \$100 and instantly spent it as a down payment on an old Chrysler.

Piling fellow extras into the top-heavy bus was fun until she had to confess she couldn't even get extra calls. She ultimately persuaded Central Casting to register her, but she bumped into their law of seniority and so received few jobs. She began commuting to Pasadena nights. She wasn't rated good enough for plays on the main stage of the Community Playhouse there, but she got into the amateur plays in the tiny Workshop.

Eleven futile months passed. She had one more month to go, was still nowhere, and her father still wrote her she was hitting a new peak in silliness.

When she was disappointed at a new depth, the miracle she had counted on happened. She was eating lunch in the Paramount cafe one noon. Maurice Chevalier, hunting a new girl for the lead in his new picture, spotted her and demanded her.

So Frances' jump from extra to heroine was that abrupt. She had to portray an excited French girl and when they previewed, she was obviously excited, if not French. She celebrated her victorious contract by moving to a bigger apartment in the same building, one with two closets instead of one.

She was pretty and adequate, so she remained a heroine. Flattered by attention, she resumed her social whirling in the new setting. Soon she was going out with Howard Hughes and all the sought-after blades. At college she'd almost entangled herself in marriage twice, which would have been disastrous considering she had every intention of coming to Hollywood. She tried to counteract the suave compliments she now got with charming coquetry. Consequently, her life seethed with a series of situations.

The career that began with luck met a frightening impasse when she defiantly refused to be browbeaten. The depression disclosed that, through a corporate mix-up, none of the Paramount players' contracts were legally binding. All the stars were asked to resign. Those who were dissatisfied with their roles had an out, and Frances had begun to pay a third of her salary to the noted drama coach, Samuel Kayser. She realized she had to get assignments with some point, or she'd fade out. Characteristically,

she inevitably arrived late for her expensive lessons, and the venerable old man would groan, "Will you never come on time? You throw my whole day off!" She went back to him for coaching during her recent over-long vacation, contending she must be able to really act, when they hire her.

"I say," Frances declared to me, "that there is no spot like Hollywood! I think there is an impression that Joel and I stay away from it, rather snootily. We don't! Both of us love Hollywood and its people. We aren't in pictures just for the money, but because we honestly love the work. I think the finest people in the world are here. It's a vivid place, an alive place! It brings out the best in the best persons and the worst in the worst persons."

Hollywood made Frances more of a flirt than she'd been in college, for awhile. Then it toned her down in the only manner a highly emotional girl can be toned; it gave her stimulating work in which she could have pride. It challenged her to prove herself.

She gambled on leaving Paramount, and security. Her agent implored her not to be so rash. "You can stay on for two more years! It's a sure deal. And they'll crucify you if you leave!"

Frances felt she could do better if she gambled on applying for better roles. The studio was mad at her, too. For two months, although on her last picture she'd received the best notices ever, there wasn't one single bid for her services.

"I hadn't saved a cent," she confessed. "Mother and I hung onto the house we were renting in Beverly, but we had to let the maid go. I was out of Paramount, expected to immediately get something grand, and nothing happened. I began to



Gloria Jean looks and sings like a very young Deanna Durbin. She will soon be seen in "The Underpup."

do my own work in the house. I kept on going to Kayser, two hours every day; I felt I had to. But I was pretty scared with that inexplorable lull, with no money coming in and no reserve."

The lull climaxed one afternoon when Frances, alone at home, received a telephone call. Her agent had just negotiated a four-picture deal at a salary exactly five times as large as she'd made at Paramount! Her mother was coming up the street from the market, arms full of groceries. Frances ran out, knocked the food every-which-way. "We're rich, we're rich!" she shouted. Exultantly she dialed all her friends who, incidentally, had not forsaken her in the strange crisis. Their loyalty when she was on a spot is one more reason she likes Hollywood. It isn't, she knows, a callous, forgetful town. They all sent flowers, as though she were having an opening at the house.

Her leading man turned out to be Joel. She looked at him warily. She was certain he must feel he was wonderful! But she wound up eloping with him. On location in Washington, D. C., she had a week off and went to New York for her first whirl there. The other admirers no longer had any spell. She long-distanced Joel, "It's marvelous here. I'm on the twenty-ninth floor of the Waldorf-Astoria and it's the most exciting city in the world!" He caught the next plane and they drove through New England on a hasty honeymoon. Last fall they returned east for the first time, bought a car, and drove sentimentally to the same towns.

Mercurial Frances Dee hasn't everything nicely catalogued. She has something inside of her that keeps her in suspense. Aside from being positive she loves Joel, and her two little boys, she is wildly at sea about everything else.

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CHERAMY

P E R F U M E R

THE HARDYS AT HOME

(Continued from page 43)

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darning socks, and playing her piano, singing, reading. "There's nothing of the actress about Sara Haden," Lewis Stone told me. "I've known her since she was a child. She's very fine."

Polly Benedict lives near the studio with her folks. There's absolutely no doubt about it, the Hardys are themselves, and that's all there is to it.

"Wahoo!" said Mickey, when I gave voice to this thought. "How right you are! Why, it's gotten so that I don't know whether I'm Mickey Rooney or Andy Hardy. Most of the people I know call me Andy. A lot of my mail comes addressed to Andy Hardy. When people ask me for my autograph, half of them ask me to sign 'Andy Hardy.' When I played in 'Boys Town' the studio got thousands of letters asking why Andy Hardy was in an institution for homeless boys. Say," he interrupted himself to ask us, "what's Andy got that I haven't got?"

"Why, nothing, dear," said Ma Hardy, soothingly. "You're just the same real boy, the two of you, that's all."

"Well," sighed Andy, "it's sure funny how a character can grow on a fellow. When I started to play Andy I just acted him without thinking about it and I still do. Say!" Mickey's eyes widened. "I guess I've got something here. I guess I don't have to think about it, because Andy and I . . . because me and Andy . . . because Andy is me, or . . ." The usually glib Mr. Rooney waved a helpless paw.

Mickey relaxed and continued, "Anyway, since that first picture, 'A Family Affair,' in 1937, Andy's become bigger and more important than I have. I depend on Andy all the time. When I'm not sure whether I should do something, I ask myself, 'What would Andy do about it?' And if I'm not quite certain even then, I . . ."

"You ask your father," helped Ma Hardy, with a smile for the Judge at the other end of our table.

THAT'S right, I do, no fooling," said Mickey. "I ask Mr. Stone for lots of advice. We all do. I even tell him about my new girls and things like that. Especially, we all ask him about acting, the way certain scenes should be played, certain lines should be spoken. He's our 'Judge' all right, no doubt about that. We all go to him for advice, for help in real life, just as we do in . . . reel life," finished Mickey.

I couldn't help notice, incidentally, with what respect Mickey, the fun-maker, the wise-cracker, treats Lewis Stone. The girls and Ma Hardy may call Mr. Stone "Pa"—Mickey calls him "Mr. Stone." One feels that Mickey holds Lewis Stone in the same respect, identically, as Andy feels for the wise and kindly Judge (whom he is fortunate enough to have for a father.)

"It's just like Ma and me," Marian broke in. "I go to her for everything."

"And it's the same with you, James," broke in Ma Hardy. "Tell about the letters you get, the people who come up to you in the street and ask for advice. Why," she said, proudly, "you've become the People's Public Adviser, No. 1."

The Judge smiled. "I do get a great many letters," he said, in his temperate way, "especially from fathers and teachers, asking my advice about their problems with their young sons or charges.

Boys write to me, too. They almost always say either that their father is 'just like the Judge' and isn't it 'swell' or that their fathers are not like the Judge and that's their hard luck. I also get many letters asking for legal advice. Recently I was asked to advise about a title search on some property in the middle-west. The papers were actually sent to me so that I might make sure they were in proper form. Another man wanted advice on his alimony suit. Of course, I write and tell such people that I am not qualified to give legal advice. Now, Mother, what about your letters?"

OH, mine are mostly letters from women in the same station of life as Ma Hardy," said Ma Hardy. "They send me dozens of requests for the patterns of the dresses I wear. I always send the patterns, with a little note of thanks. One woman wrote me and protested because she had discovered a new pair of curtains in the Hardy dining-room windows and she wanted to know how come Ma Hardy got new curtains, times being as hard as they are.

"If nothing else could convince me," said Ma Hardy, "that American women are economical, such letters as these would. They admire my clothes because they are neat and simple and inexpensive. They know exactly what it means to buy new curtains, new coats when the old one will do. I consider these letters as tributes to the characters of the Hardys, yes, but also as a tribute to American wives and mothers in general."

"Well," said Andy, briskly, at this point, "far as I can see we might as well call it a day, change our names to Hardy and all move in together. We're not Hardys just off and on, we're Hardys both on and off." His eyes, as he spoke, were fixed meaningfully on young Miss Rutherford.

"Just what is the meaning of that remark, may I ask, Mister Hardy?" bristled Polly.

"Well," said Mickey, "the other night I went to the theatre in company with Miss June Preisser, a young actress of my acquaintance. There I was sitting with this young lady, minding my own business, when the lights go out and I hear a voice behind me—what is more, I get a pinch behind me, a pinch in the arm such as no lady would give—and then a voice says, 'Cheating on me, eh, Andy Hardy?' Well, I don't ever want to see you again." Doggone, if it isn't this Polly Benedict tagging after me. I told Miss Preisser, I said, 'I'll have a lot of explaining to do on the set of 'Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever,' come the dawn.'

"Not exactly gallant, are you, son?" reproved the Judge, patting Polly's clenched fist. Andy flushed. Polly made a face at him. We all laughed.

I asked, "Do you think you will eventually marry Andy Hardy, Polly?"

"Well," whispered Polly, "I'm working awful hard at it!"

(Aunt Milly whispered in my ear, her eyes shining, "They really have gone out on dates together, you know—Ann and Mickey.")

"Aw," Mickey was saying, "you know she's playing in 'Gone With the Wind' with Gable."

"Not with Gable, silly, just in the same cast," purred Miss Polly.

"Just in the same cast with Gable is

CATCH YOUR BEAUTY AT NIGHT!

going far enough, Miss," said Andy, darkly.

"Children, children," said Ma Hardy. "Don't mind them," Ma Hardy was saying to me, "it's all in fun. I will say one thing for us Hardys, we really have very nice dispositions. I've never known the slightest unpleasantness in any one of us, not once during all the seven pictures we've made together. We have just as much fun, really, as we seem to have."

Even when actually on the sets, the Hardys are still themselves. Their director, "Woody" Van Dyke, told me, "I'm not directing them. I'm letting them be themselves. They don't need direction, they're folks." The script girl on the set, who has been with them for all seven pictures, told me that she has never once known one of them to go up on a single line. "That's because," she said, "they are all saying things that come natural to them." More than that, they ad lib. They don't have to say their lines just as they are written in the script. So long as what they say carries on the story, they can express themselves freely, in any way that comes natural to them.

They all sense, too, the slightest thing foreign to the pictures of the Hardy family as the Hardy family is. Ma Hardy told me, "On one occasion I was supposed to say, 'Run upstairs, now, every mother's son of you.' Ma Hardy would never express herself like that and—she didn't. Another time there was a small scene in which Andy was supposed to comb his hair at the dinner table with no protest being made. We changed that, or rather, added to it, because, while Andy Hardy would do that, one of us would certainly correct him. We corrected him. A line was added to take care of that."

Every bit of the material comes from the common touch of real family life. Everyone, from producer down to prop man, sits in on story conferences, and everyone scrawls marginalia as they discuss the story. Unsung and unbilled, the Hardy family's technical crew draw upon their own family experiences and contribute much of the whimsical humor, the life-likeness which goes into each Hardy picture.

Yes, indeed, it's all a family affair—that's the secret of the famous Hardys.



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HOLLYWOOD'S WAY TO LOVELY TEETH

(Continued from page 45)

in their appearance when we are along about seven to nine months old and leave us with wide open spaces in our little faces around the tender-age of six or seven years. By the time we get to be twenty-one, most of the thirty-two permanent teeth we fell heir to have put in their more or less eventful appearance—with the possible exception of a third molar or two, whimsically known as wisdom teeth. These temperamental little laggards are apt to appear almost any old time, or just as likely, not at all, for some people's jaws never do grow big enough to accommodate their third molars. Then the condition known as impaction exists. Impacted teeth may press on nerves or other nearby molars, but if they don't, their presence is entirely harmless.

The four front teeth, or incisors, were built to cut your food. The cuspids, on either side of these, were made to tear and shred it, the bicuspid beyond were grown to break or crush your victuals, and the molars are there to finish the job by grinding.

NOW, that we've got all that settled, how shall we care for what we have in our mouths? Strong, healthy, beautifully even teeth depend primarily upon good general health and a well balanced diet which nourishes and exercises them properly. But, close on the heels of these necessities, mark down cleanliness and skilled dental care. With these four formulae working for you constantly and in correct proportions, there's no reason on earth why you shouldn't have a set of ivories that will be an asset to your beauty as well as a safeguard to your physical health.

What are the foods that help build and maintain strong, healthy teeth? Those rich in calcium, minerals and phosphorus. And which ones are they, did you murmur? Milk and eggs and cheese and butter; tomatoes, citrus fruits (lemons, oranges, grapefruit, limes); meat and bread and cereals (especially those made from whole grains); leafy vegetables and greens; nuts and fish—and, let us repeat it over again, milk, milk, and more milk. If you don't like it raw, there are all those lovely sauces, desserts and beverages to disguise the stuff. But get it you should, not only while you're growing, but to the very end of your days, for milk is the best source of calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin A that ever hit your dinner table.

Dried peas and beans and cod and halibut liver oil preparations are good for teeth, too. So are all foods in which the Vitamin D content has been increased by irradiation. Some hard, coarse foods are absolutely essential to the health of teeth, because they exercise the gums and jaws and bony sockets that hold your teeth. Toast and crusts and ready-to-eat cereals, apples, celery and other raw vegetables are all just what the doctor ordered.

Sunshine is important, too, because it helps your body to produce its own Vitamin D, so essential to sound, beautiful teeth.

Well, so much for diet and such things. Now, what about the dentifrices, mouth washes, brushes and general oral cleanliness? My pets, you've got something there. A clean tooth is a healthy one, and a healthy tooth is very slow to decay. The object of brushing your

teeth is to remove bits of food that get themselves caught between, around and under tooth surfaces, and to break the gummy deposits that chewing or rinsing can not dislodge.

Your tooth brush should be small, with medium stiff but strong bristles, whose groups are widely enough spaced to allow for thorough cleanliness. Your dentifrice—whether paste, powder or liquid is purely a matter of personal taste—should be mild and free from an over-supply of soap, grit, starch or sugar. It should be the kind of dentifrice you like to use—in flavor, consistency and strength—for teeth should be brushed at the very least two times every day, night and morning and after each meal whenever possible. They should be brushed thoroughly inside and out and the whole process should require at least three minutes to accomplish its real cleaning purpose.

Brush your teeth in the direction in which they grow—up and down, away from the gums, toward the biting surfaces. Heavy, horizontal strokes fail, not only to remove all particles of foods, but they also injure the gums and necks of the teeth. To clean the grinding surfaces, force the bristles gently down into the grooves and use a backward and forward motion. And don't forget the inner surfaces. They may at first seem difficult to reach, but their cleanliness is of the utmost importance. Concentrate on two or three teeth at a time and brush each area thoroughly.

The directions on your tube or box of dentifrice will tell you how to apply the paste or powder. Some recommend a dry brush, others a slightly moistened brush, but all agree that between times your tooth brush should be hung in a clean, light, preferably sunny place, where air can get at it to dry the bristles thoroughly.

GUM massage is quite as important as tooth cleanliness and can be accomplished with either a brush or your finger wrapped in clean gauze. And, while you're at it, don't forget to brush your tongue—way back at the end, too—and all the walls and surfaces of your oral cavity.

Dental floss, used once daily, is excellent to clean between the teeth where brushes will not reach. Carefully used, it will break up many deposits of tartar before they have become solid. It will also dislodge food particles that can be reached no other way. Be sure not to jerk or pull the floss too hard lest it cut or injure the gums. However, used with normal care, it can be a decided aid to cleanliness, health and the consequent beauty of your mouth.

And that brings us up to mouth washes and the question of sweet breath. Of course, some unpleasant breath is caused by systemic disturbances or points of definite focal infection beyond the mouth, but a considerable lot of it comes from indifferently cleaned teeth and other oral surfaces. Because of the very delicate nature of the mouth tissues and structures, a strong, powerful disinfectant can not be used as a mouth wash. The damage might be irreparable. To attempt any such measures would be sheer folly. However, mild as they may seem, there are any number of excellent mouth washes available everywhere, and no dressing-table or bath-

room cabinet is complete without at least one kind.

Follow the directions on the bottle of your own favorite kind, throw your head back, and swish it around vigorously for two or three minutes—the longer, the more lasting the effect. Repeat this at least once a day and every time you have slightest doubt about the freshness of your breath. Done immediately after a good tooth brushing, it should safeguard your breath for at least several hours.

Some doctors recommend very tart drinks such as lime or lemon juices as excellent breath sweeteners. Certainly they are pleasant ideas, to say the least.

THERE are, as you know, many tooth conditions that can be cared for only by a competent dentist. Since the early 1920's the science of dentistry, especially in this country, has progressed by actual leaps and bounds. Valuable new knowledge, better technique, more skillful instruments, all have made it foolish and unnecessary for anyone to fear or dread regular and sufficient dental care. Some conditions, such as straightening, cleaning, filling, to say nothing of pyorrhea, abscesses, etc., can be treated satisfactorily only by your dentist.

You should make it an unalterable habit to visit him as often as necessary—some people require attention every few months, others may go along for a year or two. But keep checking to be sure. Many a costly, painful and even permanently disfiguring mouth condition, or the unnecessary loss of valuable teeth can be indefinitely postponed or prevented by a little forethought.

If you will give yours as much care and thought as do the celluloid Cinderellas who smile down at you from the silvered screens, you'll have no furrowed brows over dental difficulties. For, whether you're in the movies or just a very private citizen, the beauty of your face and mouth can be made or marred by the care you take of your teeth.

• • •

Have you often wished that you knew of some simple, reliable cream that would actually get at those unsightly blackheads and enlarged pores—flush out the former and close up the latter—and leave your skin clean and soft and clear? Well, there is such a cream. It works like magic, overnight, and if you haven't tried it, here is a real opportunity for you. Just fill in this little coupon, enclosing three cents, and we'll see that you receive a generous sample. We know that you'll be delighted with its quick, effective action. After you've tried it, you'll undoubtedly want to tell all your friends about it.

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1. GRANNIE: Land's sake, Millie, haven't you gone far enough? A body would think you had a grudge against the child.

MILLIE: But Grannie, I'm doing it only for her own good.

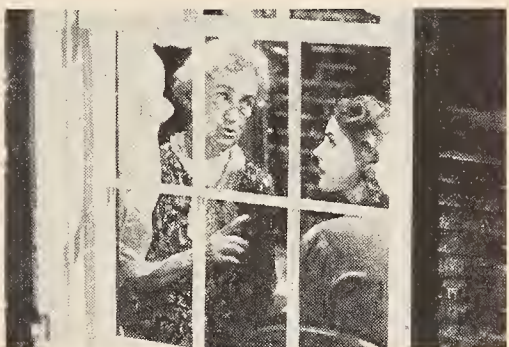


2. GRANNIE: My stars! Since when did using force on a child do any good? I heard the doctor tell your Cousin Sue that using force can throw a child's whole nervous system out of order.



3. GRANNIE: He said it's wrong to make children take *anything* they don't like. A child should get a *pleasant-tastin'* laxative...

MILLIE: That's easy. I could give her the one Uncle Joe takes...



4. GRANNIE: Hold your horses, dear. A laxative strong enough for Uncle Joe can be too strong for a tot. The doctor said a child should get a laxative made only *for children*. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



5. GRANNIE: He said Fletcher's Castoria meets every medical requirement for a child's laxative. It tastes nice. It's mild because it's made especially and only for children. It acts natural-like. And it's *SAFE*... How about getting a bottle now?



6. MILLIE: Grannie! Am I dreaming! Or is she really taking this Fletcher's Castoria without a peep?

GRANNIE: You're not dreaming, Millie. You'll never have any laxative troubles in this house again!

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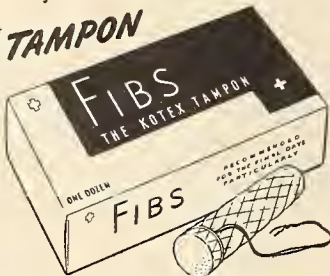
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GARY'S GOOD COMPANION

(Continued from page 33)

what he gets paid for. Not me. Anyhow, they get a kick out of kissin' him." Which makes it Coop's turn to squirm.

It's almost as hard to get Slim to talk about Gary as it is to get Gary to talk about himself. Coop mightn't like it. Jack Moss mightn't like it.

"Anyhow, there's nothin' to talk about. It's all been printed, sixteen times over. I knew him when a dollar looked as big to him as it does to me now. Well, today he's got more dough an' a swanky house in Bel-Air an' a wife 'n' baby. That's the only difference. He didn't do much talkin' then an' he don't now. He was a good scout then, an' so he is now. He liked horses then, an' he likes 'em just as well now. That's all I know."

HE edges away. You take hasty stock of your tricks and decide to try the waterworks. You pull your mouth down and wonder how the hell you can make your eyes look misty with unshed tears over the story you're not going to get. It seems to work. Slim gnaws unhappily at the straw in his mouth.

"Well, heck, I don't want to make you feel bad. Go ahead, ask me a couple of questions, an' I'll see what I can do. Only don't expect much.

"Sure, I guess I know the guy as well as anybody does, but I bet we don't average more'n five words a day. Say, Coop's not the kind you go askin' questions of, like 'what's on your mind an' how did you sleep last night.' He'd think I was crazy. Anyhow, where's the sense when I know how he feels just by lookin' at him."

You suggest that the daily five-word average doesn't hold good on the hunting trips they take together. He vetoes the suggestion.

"No, we don't talk any more on huntin' trips than any other time. We just hunt, why talk about it? We get up at three or four in the morning—you can't hunt lyin' in bed, you know, nor yet in a sleepin' bag. Coop cooks the breakfast—steak an' beans or something. I carry water an' wood an' wash the dishes. Does he like cookin'? How do I know? I never asked him. I guess he likes it all right, or he wouldn't do it. He doesn't have to, that's a cinch. Sure the stuff tastes good. If it didn't, I'd cook it myself you can bet!

"Well, then, after breakfast, we take our guns, he goes his way, I go mine, an' we hunt. Lunch?" A thoughtful gleam lights his eye. "Yeah, the whistle blows at noon, an' I yell, 'yoohoo, Coop,' an' he comes trottin', an' we fetch out the lace napkins an' the mushrooms on toast, then we play bridge with a couple of Idaho bears for partners. No offense, ma'am, but a cowboy never eats lunch.

"We get back about eight, an' one of us might have a deer an' one of us mightn't. Or both of us mightn't. Then we feed on bannock an' sourbelly, an' turn in. Coop might look up at the stars an' say it's a nice night, but we'd both be asleep before he got through sayin' it."

Sandra Cooper has been publicized as a socialite. Slim doesn't know her in that capacity.

"It's this way," he says. "Some women are all right an' some are a nuisance, no matter where you take 'em—huntin' or any place else. Coop's wife is okay. She can ride an' hunt an' shoot an' do everything he likes, an' do it good. She goes along on some of the huntin' trips, an' I

never heard her squawk or act otherwise than as if she was havin' a whale of a good time. An' she wasn't puttin' on, either. A woman might make believe to enjoy herself in the hills for a couple of hours an' get away with it, but not for days at a time she couldn't. Of course when we take to the real rough, rugged country, then she doesn't go. Too hard on a woman.

"Yeah, she's a good scout, Coop's wife. I'd know it if I never laid eyes on her, because if she wasn't he wouldn't like her. He don't go round with people unless they're good scouts.

"The baby? Well, I tell you. I've heard him talk to other people about her, but he never talks about her to me. I guess he thought I'd think he was a sissy, if he did. I know he likes her though, if that's any help to you." The sun is in Slim's eyes, and his face is straight, which doesn't alter your suspicion that he's getting his own share of entertainment from this interview.

"Well, if that's all you want, ma'am, I think I see Coop motionin'."

You point out that Coop is busily engaged lying on a bench in the sunlight (it's an outdoor set) with his eyes closed.

Slim has the grace to grin. "Yeah, I guess he don't need me right now. Looks like he's relaxin'. Relaxes easy, that guy. Sign of a good disposition, so they tell me. He's got that all right. I never saw him real mad but about twice.

"No, I couldn't tell you what about. None of my business." (He was too polite to add, "Or yours, either.")

I CAN tell you this, though. When he gets mad, he gets awful mad—like if somebody takes advantage of him, it gets under his skin. He don't storm around, like some. He gets mad way down inside, it changes the whole expression of his face. Then you just want to keep out of his way, that's all, for there's nothin' you nor anybody else can do. He goes about his own way of fixin' it up, an' then when it's fixed, he forgets it. No nine-day grouches for Coop.

"I'd certainly hate to have him mad at me. He never has been, that I know of. If he was—I'd sure feel like leaving the country. Why wouldn't I? Even my own relations never did the things for me Coop has. If there's been one guy after my job in all these years, there's been a dozen, but he kept it for me. Well, you might say, what's so wonderful in that, why should he fire me if I fill the bill? Sure, but you don't know the heat they sometimes put on, and Coop didn't always have as much say as he's got right now. But he'd go to bat for me when he wouldn't for himself, an' not in a way to make me feel any obligation either. No, sir, not Coop. Way that son-of-a-gun acts, you'd think I was doin' him the favor.

"Most of these guys, they do little things for you, they'd like you to get on a soapbox an' tell the whole world. If Coop wants to give you something, you wake up in the morning an' find it alongside your bed. You wouldn't even know where it comes from, except you know there's only one place it could come from. You can't even thank him. Try to say as much as 'Thanks, Coop,' an' he walks away. Says he don't like speeches. Once a guy asked him if he figured 'Thanks, Coop,' was a speech. Coop said, 'Anythin's a speech that don't need sayin'.'"



This cute trick is June Preisser, who with Pinky, her pet Pekingese, makes her debut in "Babes in Arms."

You inquire about their catalogue collection and its ultimate purpose.

"Those are to look at an' dream," Slim explains. "Sure, that's right. It's like this. Suppose you wanted to be a snake-charmer, an' what do you have to do for a livin'?" Write? O.K. Then you'd spend your spare time readin' books about snakes, an' maybe goin' to the zoo.

"Well, Coop likes everything to do with outdoors, but bein' in the movies, you can see how he'd have to spend considerable time cooped up. So he takes it out in circulars.

"Say, that's nothin', what you saw. His desk an' dressing table's jammed full—with high-speed bullets an' harmonicas an' bags of Bull Durham to take up the slack. If he spies any make-up, he chucks it out, an' sticks in another batch of circulars. We know every gun that's made, every bird that flies, every saddle that's ever been built, every damn cowranch between Mexico an' the Canadian border, how big they are, what they raise, an' when the last calf was dropped. Sure, he'll never stock any game birds an' you'll never charm any snakes neither, but there's no law to stop you from studyin' out how you would if you could.

"An' anyhow, it's not all dreamin'. For instance, did you see that saddle in his dressin' room? Some baby, huh? He didn't copy *that* from the circulars, no sir. But he doped out what was wrong with the ones he found there—for him, you know, they might be all right for somebody else. Then he took pencil an' paper an' went to work figurin' out a saddle he liked. He's got four now, but they don't suit him. He was workin' on this for a week, an' it took about a month to build. It's original all the way through, only one of its kind. Except—I woke up one morning an' found the exact duplicate by my bed," says Slim, his eyes shining.

"Well, now he's improvin' on it—buildin' one lighter for huntin' an' ridin' in the hills. Time he gets through, he'll be the best saddle-designer in forty states. Not bad for a cowboy."

Lunch is called. Slim's eyes turn toward Coop, rising from the bench to his feet.

"Well, you oughta have enough there for a book now, ma'am. Sorry I can't invite you to lunch, but I don't guess you'd like what we're havin', anyhow."

"What?" you call after him, for he's already on his way.

"Couple of catalogue sandwiches an' a glass of milk."

Then he joins the other tall figure, and together they lope off toward their mid-day daily fare of bread and dreams.



NO LONGER "SHY"

Now Betty's so popular

Made Over by Romance Make-up!

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- (2) Powder now Dramatizes her Coloring

FEAR of Shiny Nose often cramps a girl's style. Unnecessarily!

Science explains: "Oily nose is often increased by germ activity." But Woodbury gives you a face powder of *germ-free purity*. Gossamer-fine—it stays on! Doesn't give you that "powdered look", either—because Woodbury's 8 shades cleverly *dramatize* your own coloring.

From the Paris Style World—Mme. Suzy suggests the new Woodbury "Champagne" shade for gold-toned skins. The newest glamour shade, "Blush Rose" is for pink-toned complexions. Face your world with a charming face—wear Woodbury Facial Powder, like thousands of lovely girls. Enticingly fragrant! \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ at beauty counters. And, for extra sparkle, add Woodbury Rouge and Lipstick.



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Facial POWDER

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Please send me new Woodbury Beauty Make-up Kit containing smart, attractive metal compacts of exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick; also generous tube of Woodbury Cold Cream. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

CHAMPAGNE ☐
(For golden skin)

BLUSH ROSE ☐
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SHE'S TIRED OF BEING A WIFE

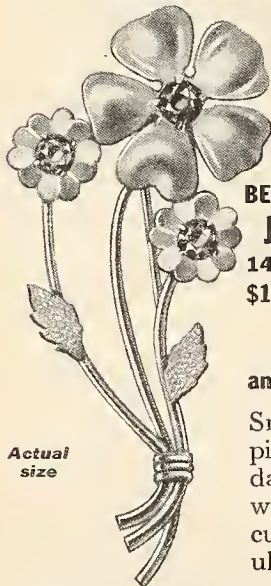
(Continued from page 27)



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cleaning with
**OLD DUTCH
CLEANSER**
Cuts grease quickly
Doesn't scratch!*

*As kind to your hands
as to surfaces!*

It's the ONE-TWO CLEANING ACTION of Old Dutch Cleanser that "zips" you through your work. 1, Cuts grease quickly; 2, Makes cleaning easier. That's why millions of modern housewives use it for bathroom, kitchen—all their cleaning. Have you tried it for cleaning painted surfaces? It works like magic!



**BEAUTIFUL COSTUME
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14 Karat Gold Finish
\$1.00 VALUE for only

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Smart for a lapel pin or brooch. Each dainty flower is set with a brilliantly cut, imported simulated amethyst.

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Please send me _____ costume jewelry pins. For each pin I enclose 25¢ and the windmill pictures from 2 Old Dutch labels (or complete labels).

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Offer good only in U.S. and limited to present supply.

planting in digging around in her flower and herb gardens. Oh yes, she's one of Hidden Valley's most ardent horticulturists, believe it or not!

She really knows the proper time to plant petunias, how to prune a tree and all that sort of thing. On the matter of herbs, she's just this side of being a specialist. If you happen to be one of her friends and confide that you feel a bit goutish, she knows just what slender little leaves to pluck out of her garden to brew into a tea that will make your pain disappear in three days.

Mainly, though, she encourages the luxurious and mysterious herb garden for the purposes of culinary experiments. Superb food is the watchword in the Loy-Hornblow household, and since the chef is Russian and the cook is French, the cuisine is never lacking in variety or imagination. If it were, Myrna would fix matters with her herbs! A bit of anise, a thread of thyme, a speck of tarragon, marjoram or basil—these under her guiding genius would change prosaic soup, salad and roast into epicurean masterpieces.

I remember with a certain nostalgia the delicate madrilene consommé she served me the day I lunched with her on the studio lot. We ate in the imposing bungalow originally built for John McCormack and then turned over to Myrna. She described it as "pretty swell-elegant" but vowed she wouldn't let it cramp her style.

IT certainly didn't. She mixed a green salad with a home-made dressing that would have made Oscar of the Waldorf livid with envy. "My special orgy," she said. "I adore mixing salads. Arthur, on the other hand, specializes in crepe suzettes."

(At this juncture Myrna accidentally dropped the wooden salad spoon into the dressing and it splashed a large drop of oil on the pink taffeta dressing gown she was wearing. She cast an eye in my direction and merely said: "Just pretend you don't see it" and went on blithely mixing more greens.)

Arthur is Mr. Hornblow, her distinguished husband. He is not only a successful producer but a man of meticulous taste, judgment and discernment in all matters, whether they happen to be books, interior decorations, music, food, or the flower which he invariably wears in his lapel. The latter is usually chosen by Myrna from their garden.

Myrna's home is a source of infinite joy to her, Mr. Hornblow, their families and friends. The best description I can give you of it, as well as of Myrna and her husband as hosts, follows. These words were expressed to me recently by a young man who is a friend of the Hornblows:

"There is no air of stiff formality about their home. If anything there is a leaning backwards the other way. The house has only two bedrooms! Imagine one of Hollywood's biggest stars having the nerve to build a house with less than six sleeping rooms, master quarters, guest dormitories, and servants halls!

"Dinner always has an accompaniment of soft Spanish or Mexican music. The guests usually number six or eight and are chosen with design and discretion, which means that they're pretty good at conversation. One thing you're never forced to do at Myrna's is play games!

She and Arthur figure that if people aren't congenial enough to talk to each other they won't profit from games.

"I've noticed that Myrna is faithful to her friends, particularly to those who encouraged her in the beginning of her career. She never appears bored or impatient, although she must often be. She never complains about the heat or the cold or the service in the hotel or anything else when she goes on a trip. She is amazingly modest about her position. She never talks shop. In fact, one wouldn't know that she was a film star from the general trends of her conversation or from her manner. She never knocks another player's performance.

"Besides all of these qualities, she has a grand sense of humor. Just one example of this is the time she talked Bill Powell into wearing a pair of shoes about a yard long when the two of them were supposed to leave their footprints in the cement lobby of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. All in all, I'd say that Myrna has the qualities which distinguish the perfect wife!"

Perfect wife! Oh, Myrna, what would you say to that? I almost heard her reply: "Is there no justice? Heaven help us!"

And then I remembered that Myrna also said to me recently when I asked her about her activities as a homebody, "There's no home in the world worth selling your soul to—and no condition in life to which you have to dedicate your entire spirit. Once I thought that a home represented complete fulfillment. I've shattered those old notions. I've even reached the stage of considering renting my house at some future time. Two years ago, even last year, I never could have brought myself even to debating such a move.

"However, today I feel restless—the urge for change. Maybe this is linked with my new ambitions in my work. I don't know. A home after all is material. You can always get a new one. I would not want to be sentimental about a home any more than about a certain kind of character in pictures. Both can tie you down if you're not careful.

"We find ourselves at times surrounded by barriers which are self-imposed and it becomes necessary for us to crash through and discover new paths. That's the road I'm searching for now. Fortunately for me, Arthur understands this and is a great help. Whether I'm going to get to any special new destination I can't say, but, anyway, it's lots of fun and excitement to feel, at least, that you've booked passage and are trying to get there."

So now we have Myrna Loy heading in a new direction—the perennial pioneer saying, "Sentiment! Stop that!"

STAR ADDRESS LIST

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope today for a new list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as no request can be complied with otherwise. Please send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

OUR MOVIE QUIZ

(Answers on page 97)

1. Which "Dead End" kid is married?
2. What actor received Academy awards for his performances in "Come and Get It" and "Kentucky"?
3. What picture was based on the revelations of a spy ring in this country?
4. Who recently made a trip to London and Paris in the interests of Sam Goldwyn, the Producer?
5. What gentleman kills distasteful scenes in pictures?
6. Who is responsible for the remark, "Woo, woo"?
7. What former Brooklyn girl with no screen experience won the leading feminine role opposite the star once selected as the "typical American man"?
8. Who is it whose real name is Eddie Anderson and who scored heavily in a famous comedian's picture?
9. Whose brother is one of the best sound engineers in Movietown?
10. What child star, known as a tomboy, recently received her first screen kiss?
11. What do the movie folks call the gold-plated statuettes presented to stars?
12. What blonde was voted top-ranking box-office star for the fourth time?
13. Are Joe Yule, Jr., and Mickey Rooney brothers?
14. What columnist appeared in a recent film?
15. What have Fred Astaire and Tommy Wonder in common?
16. What two stars are famous for their large mouths?
17. What female star does not use a surname?
18. Who wrote the story "Trade Winds"?
19. What does the director call to indicate the end of a scene?
20. What famous musician made his screen debut recently?
21. Who composed the song, "Have A Heart"?
22. What star flopped in movies and then made a sensational comeback in the Theater Guild Production, "The Philadelphia Story"?
23. What famous socialite will soon have her name on the theater marquees?
24. What are movies called in England?
25. Who is the little lady pictured below?

16 DIFFERENT SHADES... FROM ONE SINGLE TANGEE LIPSTICK

*Tangee's Magic Color-Change Principle Proved
on Blondes, Brunettes, Brunettes, Redheads*



The famous Radio City Music Hall Ballet and Director, Florence Rogge, photographed during Tangee test.



ARTHUR S. ALLEN, noted color expert, checks the particularly becoming shade Tangee Lipstick produced on Ludmilla, one of the thirty members of the famous Radio City Music Hall Corps de Ballet. Tangee produced 16 different shades ranging from blush rose to rosy red on the lips of the thirty girls.



DO YOU KNOW the most becoming shade for *your* lips...the shade that blends most naturally and beautifully with your own complexion? Thanks to Tangee's magic color-change principle, you can have *your individual shade*—just by applying Tangee to your lips.

Orange in the stick, Tangee "magically" changes to *your* most becoming shade of rose or red. Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee contains no "paint". Its transparent cream base helps make lips soft, exquisitely smooth and alluringly lovely. Get Tangee at your favorite cosmetic counter today. Notice how it magically changes color on your lips...how it seems made for you alone!

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TANGEE
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BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!

There is only one Tangee—don't let some sharp salesperson switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

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The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, matching Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also send Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Powder Desired ☐ Peach ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

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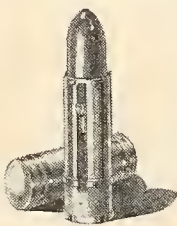
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MAGIC
HARMONY!

**Winx LIPSTICK
WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!**

CHECKING UP ON CHIPS

(Continued from page 37)

do with \$675. But the play ran for ten days and then quietly folded up and died, and young Robert Donat, though a popular figure in Lancashire and the Midlands, found himself jobless and almost penniless in a great and strange city.

When he had literally reached his bottom dollar, a stage producer offered him a three year contract. He was just about to accept it when his wife, red-haired and a fighter, said "No! If you're worth that to him, you're worth far more to yourself." So Mr. and Mrs. Robert Donat came perilously near to starvation.

BOB had always been a serious boy, but that was because a plan had to be evolved and followed, to lift him out of the sooty desolation that was Withington. If, even now, you find him looking serious at times, for no apparent reason, he is probably thinking of those nightmarish months when the plan seemed to be mis-carrying completely and there was not enough to eat.

He had plenty of fine roles to play, it's true and plenty of successes, if popular acclaim and much laudatory notice in the public prints count as success. But he did not seem able to strike the long run which was so important, and which was to put the family fortunes on a sound basis. One after another the plays came off and each time, before the next one, he had a "resting" spell which consumed his laboriously-stored savings.

Nine times this happened, until he was sick at heart and began to feel he was a jinx or Jonah or something equally unhealthy. But he kept his independence of spirit and it stood him in good stead when, on the strength of a particularly fine stage performance, he was offered a chance to go to Hollywood to play opposite Norma Shearer in "Smiling Thru."

He declined. Although everyone (except his wife) said he was crazy, he declared that as he had had no film experience, it would be suicidal to go straight into a responsible role, which, if he fumbled, might mean the end as well as the beginning of his screen career. He first must start, he said, in a smaller part, in

which he could learn the technique as he went. And he was hungry when he said it. That is the more romantic side of Robert Donat—his adherence to a lost cause until it is no longer lost his refusal to-compromise with failure, his gallant disregard of the dictates of his stomach.

After innumerable unsuccessful screen tests in England—unsuccessful partly through lack of sympathetic direction or photography and partly because you can't make successful tests on an empty stomach—Alexander Korda gave him a chance in a supporting role in a film of Oxford University life called "Men of Tomorrow." This opus was not remarkable for its faithfulness to University life; but it gave a strong hint of the screen capabilities of two of Korda's discoveries, Merle Oberon and Robert Donat.

Two more minor films for Korda, "That Night in London" and "Cash," paved the way for Donat's first big screen success—the role of Culpepper in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

After that he played with great success in the stage play "The Sleeping Clergyman," which actually enjoyed a long run, and at the end of which, in the early spring of 1934, he withdrew to Cornwall for a well-earned holiday.

KORDA summoned him back to London. "Like to go to Hollywood?" he asked. "I've been authorized to make you an offer. The film is 'The Count of Monte Cristo.'"

"What part?" Donat asked, conscious of his lack of experience, and expecting to be offered a supporting role.

"The Count of Monte Cristo."

As all the world knows, he accepted it, scored a great success and returned to England to star for Gaumont-British in "The Thirty-Nine Steps," and for Korda in "The Ghost Goes West."

Then followed a curious period in his career. Having now reached an enviable position in the film world, in which producers on both sides of the Atlantic were clamoring for his services, he apparently had great difficulty in making up his mind which offers to accept. It's understand-



Virginia Peine and George Raft, whose romance is of the on-again-off-again type, have made up once more, so everybody's happy!

SWEET ASSURANCE
FROM YOUR MAN—



Neglected Hands often Look Older
—Feel too Coarse for Love. Take
Steps that Help Prevent This!

ANNE's pretty hands were getting un-
attractively harsher and coarser.
Sun, weather and water tend to dry
nature's softening moisture out of your
hand skin, you know.

But—wise girl, Anne! She began to
care for her hands with Jergens Lotion.

Jergens supplements nature's moisture.
Quickly helps give back delicious soft-
ness, even to neglected hands.

Many doctors help roughened skin to
lovely smoothness by using two ingre-
dients Jergens Lotion gives you. Jergens
actually helps prevent unromantic
roughness when used faithfully. No
stickiness. No wonder thousands of
grateful women swear by Jergens! Start
today to use Jergens Lotion. Only 50¢,
25¢, 10¢—\$1.00, at beauty counters.



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Hands are more roman-
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New Beauty Aid! Jergens
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See—entirely free—how Jergens furnishes beautifying
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WHAT IS *YOUR SMILE* LIKE?



George Nicholls, Jr., Director of the Republic Picture "Man of Conquest" calls this the "two-dimple smile" — but its charm would be lost without lustrous teeth!



DENTYNE HELPS KEEP YOUR SMILE BRIGHTER

Dimples or no dimples, your smile is handsomer when you let Dentyne help keep your teeth brighter, more lustrous! Dentyne is the chewier gum recommended by so many dentists — it gives teeth healthful exercise not provided by modern soft foods — helps keep teeth clean and polished too! Chew Dentyne daily for healthier mouth, brighter teeth!

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You can't help being won by Dentyne's temptingly spicy taste! A flavor straight from the fragrant spice-groves of the Orient. Rich — long-lasting — delicious! You'll like Dentyne's unique, flat package too — slips so smoothly into pocket or purse. Just try Dentyne!



—and Irene Dunne wishes you'd please believe her

BY MARTHA KERR

THE NEXT person who calls me a lady," declared Irene Dunne, with a menacing gleam in her Irish blue eyes, "is going to let himself in for a libel suit! Yep, it's getting to be too much of a good thing. It's getting to where it's no longer a compliment. It makes me sound like a pain-in-the-neck, a spoiled-sport, a kill-joy and Graduation Day at a Young Ladies' Finishing School, to which, incidentally, I've never been. Was too busy earning my living, as a matter of fact, to go in for French or embroidery lessons."

Icey Irene, as well-meaning writers have dubbed her, was busy hurling lingerie into a trunk, while a very competent-looking maid stood by with an expression of dismay upon her very competent-looking features. Miss Dunne, you see, was getting set for her first vacation in months.

You may have heard that Irene Dunne has been married for nine years to a successful New York dentist, Dr. Francis Griffin, but we'll bet you've never known of any married couple treating each other with the formal deference this pair does. Emily Post, who wrote the Book of Etiquette, would surely feel that she had a couple of worthy disciples if she saw the Griffins in action.

"Darling," said Irene to Dr. G., right while we stood by as witness, "would you prefer to dine at the Waldorf or the

St. Moritz this evening?" And Darling answered right back at his beautiful wife, "You know, Sweet, that that is entirely up to you." And, whether or not it may seem strange after years of marriage, it all sounded very much on the level and nice to hear.

"Perhaps," confided Miss Dunne, "that the fact that I'm civil to my family and show as much consideration to them as to acquaintances, has given me this lady reputation. Well, if it is, I'm afraid it's a little too late to fix it up. I've just got to be polite. Anyway, shouting and throwing things takes too much out of one and I'm an indolent person by nature. Truly I am."

And the above statement should tend to refute the stories that this lovely lady can and does speak her mind on the set when things don't go as she thinks they should. And that, if mere speech doesn't suffice, she goes into a little action which the cameras are not permitted to record.

"I'm on my own now," she continued. "That is, cinematically speaking. It's best, you know. You may not have the power to select your own stories that way, but you certainly can reject them. And you do have a say as to the principals in your supporting cast, too. However, I usually give in on that point, especially since, long ago, I didn't want Randolph Scott in "Roberta." He even-

tually got it though, and when the picture was completed, he had done an excellent job and we were fast friends. He's so handsome and very sweet. Yes," she reminisced, "if I'm a nice lady, Randy's a nice gentleman."

When "Roberta" was finished, Irene Dunne decided to build a home in Hollywood. Before that she felt that any possessions anywhere would tie her down and, while she doesn't get the wanderlust often, when she does, she likes to pick up and go places and see things. The house, she claims, is quite small, but it has a secret stairway leading to her upstairs sitting-room. A panel conceals it from view and you've gotta know the ropes—or the panel—in order to make the grade upstairs. Sounds mysterious and early Tudor—eh, wot?

"I adore comfortable surroundings because I'm home so much. Maybe that, too, accounts for my lady-like reputation. Once in the traditional blue moon, I attend a night club. That comes in the nature of an event and not a habit. I really should be the answer to a press agent's prayer, for I naturally love books and pictures and playing golf and all the innocent amusements that bore many of the more colorful picture personalities.

"I watch my weight, too, and I'll bet you won't get many of them to admit that. Why is it that many women who have divine figures like to pretend that they're God-given? Gosh, I haven't had a potato since I played in 'Cimmeron', my first picture assignment. I have a masseuse, too. She sort of pounds me in a not-too-mild way. Well," Irene remarked resignedly, "it's all in a good cause—my career."

And to think we had always heard that Miss Dunne wouldn't talk! Truly, frankness seemed to be the motif of her entire conversation. She had a good one

to tell on herself, too, which is the acid test of a sense of humor.

Seems as if the Ladies of the Press in New York tendered the Lady of the Screen a luncheon at the very conservative Plaza Hotel. Miss Dunne decided, since it was a gala occasion, to go gay. Going gay for Irene Dunne means ordering lobster. She did. An hour after the shell fish had become a matter of memory, Irene stood up from the table swayed forward and staggered to the door. Her press agent accompanied her. In the waiting taxi, she passed out, but before doing so, had time to gasp, "Don't tell my husband I ate lobster. I promised him I'd never—"

The honor-bound p.a. delivered the star into the presence of her anxious husband, who wanted to know what had gone on, where they had been, what they had eaten and all the harrowing details that led up to the pass-out.

"All she's had," valiantly fibbed the press agent, "was a little lamb stew at the Hotel Plaza."

Dr. Griffin looked skeptical, to put it mildly. "It's a heck of a place to order lamb stew," he commented. Whereupon his wife opened her lovely eyes and said, "It was such an elegant lobster, while it was going down." Huh, who said that there is honor among stars!

Anna-hoo, the story proves at least a couple of things. One, Irene cannot indulge in lobster and, two, she stands a little in awe of her husband who says, "No lobster—but ever!"

Irene plans to stay in pictures as long as the fans want her and, from her recent succession of successes, it looks as if she is to be with us for some time. She has been in the movies for five years and during that time has had five major hits with several minor ones scattered pleasantly among them.

After the screen, she can always return to the musical comedy stage and light opera, where she was very much at home until the Celluloid City beckoned her. She would rather act than do almost anything else except sing and she is truly fortunate in having an individual type of cameo-like beauty to offset her natural talents. Her large film audience consists chiefly of men who set her up as an ideal. As one man recently explained, "Her appeal is provocative, yet definitely lady-like. There is nothing 'hotcha' nor sex-appealish in the Dunne make-up, which is a rare relief in these days of artificial beauties."

Miss Dunne is clothes crazy, but wouldn't be caught admitting it. Everything she wears looks as if it were casually purchased and more casually worn, but, believe us, there is plenty of time and thought put into each garment and accessory. She goes in for dark colors and conservative lines, which is a reason for her ultra-smart appearance at all times.

When she appears on the radio, she turns the extra money over to charity, though no one hears about it. She takes herself lightly and her work seriously. She is pleasant to everyone and if she encounters a bore, she may make a mental note never to see him again, but while he is in her company, he is treated with the utmost courtesy.

Irene's life is well ordered. Nothing is hit or miss, haphazard nor nonchalant. While her work may not be inspired, it is always thoroughly and very competently done. She is known as "even box office" among exhibitors, which means that, while she may not actually bring people into the theater, once in they are so completely pleased that she has collected them for her fan following. But is she a lady? We think so!

Career girl in the Movies...

Katharine Aldridge
tells how Lux helped her win success...

Watch this rising young star!

"Modeling in New York, I had to look immaculate always—stockings flawless—ready for a picture at a moment's notice. Lux was my stand-by."

1938

"In Hollywood, on a beginner's salary, I had to save. Luxing my stockings, undies—dresses, too—was my pet economy. They stayed lovely longer."

March 1939

"Featured in 'Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women,' I found that 20th Century-Fox uses Lux to keep all washables in condition—'a big economy,' they say!"

September 1939



HOLLYWOOD SAYS:
Don't trust to luck
—trust to Lux

DAINTY GIRLS everywhere keep dresses and lingerie new-looking longer—cut down stocking runs with Lux. A little Lux goes so far—it's thrifty!

Lux has no harmful alkali—eliminates cake-soap rubbing. Safe in water, safe in Lux. Buy the thrifty BIG box.

OUR PUZZLE PAGE

7 SECOND
MYSTERY
STORY

"PEGGY'S ON THE GO ALL DAY LONG...YET ALWAYS SEEMS SO RESTED. HOW DOES SHE DO IT?"



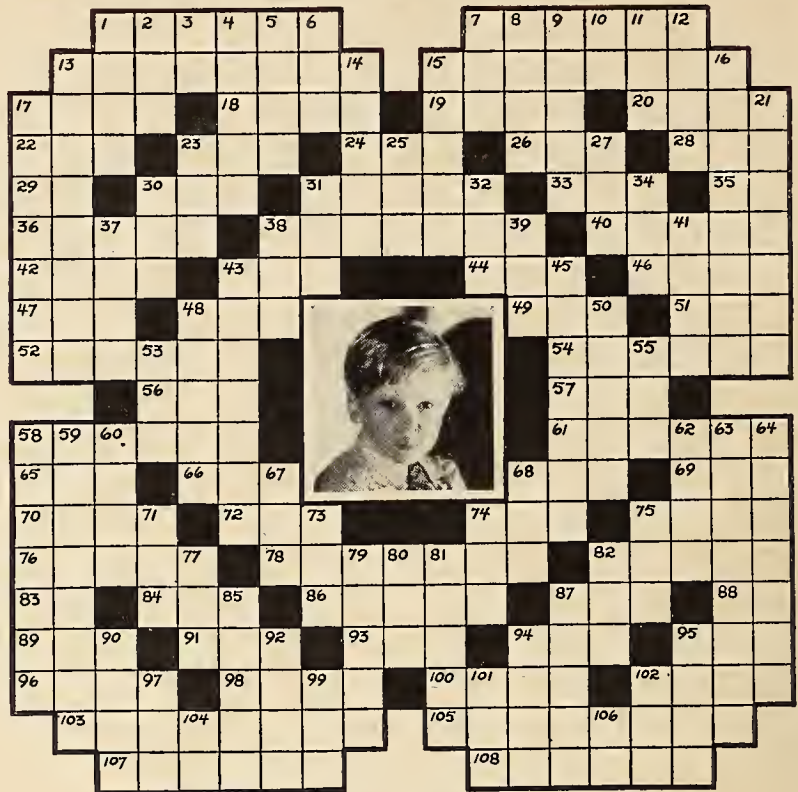
HERE'S HOW she does it. She's learned the secret many busy people know—this famous Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum. Carry a package around with you. You'll always find it refreshing and restful.



Beech-Nut

GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR?

We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. If you're driving, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.



Puzzle Solution on Page 101

ACROSS

- 1 & 7. First and last name of our star
13. Opposite Ronald Reagan in "Hell's Kitchen"
15. G-man in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"
17. Sisters in "Daughters Courageous"
18. Part in a motion picture
19. Actor Walter ----
20. Always
22. Indian
23. "Oomph Girl"
24. Dead pan comedian
26. Nevertheless
28. Sheep
29. 101: Roman Numeral
30. Our star was in "The Devil Is A --- sy"
31. Monster in "Son of Frankenstein"
33. Star of "Hollywood Cavalcade"
35. 1 across was in "-- irit of Culver"
36. Bring upon oneself
38. She's in "Cafe Society"
40. "Ninotchka" is her next
42. Comic with "rubber" legs
43. Boy
44. "---, My Darling Daughter"
46. 1 across never gets these
47. Dead End Kid in "Angels Wash Their Faces"
48. Norse goddess
49. Anything woven
51. Color
52. Caught sight of
54. Niche
56. Beverage
57. Vegetable
58. 1 across was in "White ---- s"
61. Glamorous stars wear this
65. Fuss
66. Trap
68. Some
69. Lair
70. "---- Of Washington Square"
72. He's in "Beau Geste"

74. Knack
75. Measure of length
76. Male lead in "The Old Maid"
78. Heroine in "Man of Conquest"
82. "---- Winds"
83. Article
84. Period
86. Mentally inclined
87. Newcomer in "Sergeant Madden"
88. Male lead of "St. Louis Blues": init.
89. Free
91. To cut grass
93. Organ of sight
94. "The --- Wife"
95. "--- Us Live"
96. J ---- Gaynor
98. Cereal
100. Storm at
102. Given quantity of medicine
103. Talented actor in "Juarez"
105. Where our star's films are shown
107. 1 across' girl friend in "That Certain Age"
108. Popular character star

DOWN

1. Star of "Boy Friend"
2. Exist
3. Hero of "Only Angels Have Wings": init.
4. Paramount comedian
5. "The Man With the --- Mask"
6. Slippery fish
7. Ear of corn
8. Submit
9. Lubricated
10. Silent screen siren: abbr.
11. Point of the compass
12. Wander
13. Afternoon showings of films
14. Kenny Baker is this
15. One source of movie talent
16. 1 across was in "----- Home"
17. Femme lead of "Panama Lady"
21. Rests
23. A tune
25. Go astray
27. Dress up
30. "The --- Never Sets"
31. Our star was "Peck's --- Boy"
32. Cunning
34. Seize
37. Pen
38. Birth state of 1 across: abbr.
39. Star of "Calling Dr. Kildare"
41. Was borne
43. Rich man in "Midnight"
45. Snake
48. She's in "Winter Carnival"
50. With 1 across in "The Champ"
53. Actor in "Tarzan Finds A Son"
55. Rotating piece
58. Heroine in "Union Pacific"
59. Ornamenting
60. Jimmy Durante's famed --- feature
62. Mental picture
63. Unnecessary
64. Understanding
67. Kind of dance
68. Noah's boat
71. Conclusion
73. Bark
74. The Wonder Dog
75. Cook with fat
77. Brother of "Big Town Czar"
79. Direction
80. Newest Western sensation
81. Sluggish
82. Director, --- Garnett
85. Genevieve's her first name
87. Husband of Shirley Ross
90. Inanimate
92. Bird
94. Row
95. Character actress: Pauline ----
97. "---- asure Island"
99. Southern state: abbr.
101. Exclamation of triumph
102. Dolores --- Rio
104. Musical note
106. "Invitation - - Happiness"

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 13)

★★ Career

"Career" is the picture Jesse L. Lasky provided as a training ground for the winners of his "Gateway to Hollywood" radio contest. The feminine winner of the contest, Alice Eden, is adequate enough in a role that requires very little in the way of talent, but handsome John Archer turns in a performance that shows remarkable ability.

Both new players are part of a deeply moving story concerning a small Iowa town peopled with ordinary but wholesome characters who little realize the drama in their lives. Dependable as always, Edward Ellis portrays one of Pitts-ville's leading storekeepers. His son (John Archer) is in love with Anne Shirley, daughter of the town banker (Samuel S. Hinds). Anne Shirley's brother, Maurice Murphy, is the spoiled and rum-swiggling son of wealth, and he's in love with Alice Eden, daughter of the town drunkard (Leon Errol).

There's a great deal of homespun philosophy narrated by Fletcher Wiley, but this does not detract from action or sentimental qualities. Anyone who has ever lived in the midwest will feel rushes of homesickness during many typical holiday-time scenes, and others will wish they had known these experiences. Other players contributing good support are Janet Beecher, Raymond Hatton, Harrison Greene, Hobart Cavanaugh and Charles Drake. The picture was directed by Leigh Jason.—RKO.

★★ News Is Made at Night

This is one of those breezy newspaper melodramas where managing editors, reporters and office boys turn into better mystery detectives than even the police department itself. Literally the "News Is Made At Night," and there's never a dull moment, including the last one when managing editor, Preston Foster, decides he wants reporter, Lynn Bari, for keeps.

The story is about the managing editor's determination that a condemned murderer who is going to be executed within 48 hours is not really guilty. At the moment, Lynn Bari is pestering him for a reporter's job on his paper, but he won't have women on his staff. She gets into a blackmailing spot, and he's forced to give her a job—at least until the murder is cleared up. Russell Gleason, playing the role of the publisher's son, is excellent in one of his best screen roles to date. In his father's absence, he attempts to tell Editor Foster how to run the paper, and his comedy relief adds much to the entertainment. Eddie Collins, as usual, is good for a laugh whenever he makes his appearance as Foster's butler.

There's very good support offered by such players as George Barbier, Minor Watson, Paul Harvey, Charles Halton, Richard Lane, Paul Guilfoyle and old-time star, Betty Compson. In fact, this capable line-up enhances the picture's value. Directed by Alfred Werker.—20th Century-Fox.

★★ Stronger Than Desire

"Stronger Than Desire," not making any pretense of being a "super-colossal," turns out to be one of those pleasant surprises. The story is a familiar domestic problem, but an unexpected climax gives the picture good entertainment quality.

Successful lawyer, Walter Pidgeon, is so busy being a success that he doesn't have time to provide other than material luxuries for his wife and baby daughter. He frees spoiled debutante, Rita Johnson, from a manslaughter charge then can't get the affectionate darling off his hands. Wife, Virginia Bruce, misunderstands, and sets out to do a little flirting of her own. This leads to blackmail and a shooting which she manages to cover up, but during the trial her conscience drives her to reveal the truth. Resulting courtroom scenes are highly dramatic, giving both Walter Pidgeon and Virginia Bruce opportunity to display their talents to advantage. Ann Dvorak turns in a remarkable characterization as the blackmailer's neglected wife. She is an excellent actress and it's good to see her again.

Additional acting honors are divided between Ilka Chase, Lee Bowman, Little Ann Todd, Richard Lane and Ferike Boros. Direction of the picture is so forceful that ex-actor, Leslie Fenton, is deserving of special mention.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

(Continued on page 102)



Seductive Fragrance THAT CAPTURES LOVE!

Be a gay enchantress! Lift up your spirits... lure Love to your heart... with Park & Tilford GARDENIA Perfume. This true fragrance of Gardenia flowers makes you the one girl men *always remember!* Drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Tempting, pulsating glamour is yours—when you use Park & Tilford vacuum-sifted "texture of youth" Face Powder. Park & Tilford Rouge and Lipstick shades are ultra-fashionable... for that enticing look! Guard daintiness with the double-acting *liquid* Park & Tilford Perfumed Deodorant!

Other famous
Park & Tilford
odeurs: No. 3;
Cherish; Lilac;
Adventure; and
No. 12.



10¢

25¢

\$1.00

PARK & TILFORD

Gardenia

PERFUME

FINE PERFUMES FOR HALF A CENTURY

HOLLYWOOD

Is your idea of Movietown a place of pink palaces?

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

EX-LAX MOVIES

"The girl who punished herself"



BETTY: I don't know which is worse... constipation or the remedy!

SALLY: You're silly to punish yourself that way. Why don't you try Ex-Lax?



BETTY: Ex-Lax? You expect that to work for me... a little chocolate tablet?

SALLY: Don't let its pleasant taste deceive you. Ex-Lax is a dependable laxative—thorough and effective!



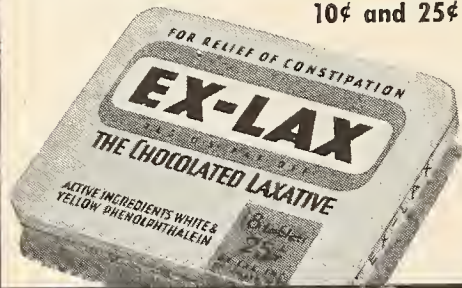
LATER

BETTY: No more strong, bad-tasting laxatives for me! That Ex-Lax was just the thing. It fixed me up fine!

SALLY: What did I tell you! We've used Ex-Lax in our family for over 30 years.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



START \$1260 TO \$2100 YEAR

Men—Women

Many Appointments

Yearly.

Qualify Now

Mail Coupon

Today

SURE.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE,

Dept. P258, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me (1) 32-page book

with list of many U. S. Government

Big Pay Jobs. (2) Tell me how to

qualify for one of these jobs.

COUPON

Name.....

Address.....

A LETTER on my desk from a swooning young relative in the East exclaims, "Oh, lucky, lucky you! You can walk right down that glittering Hollywood Boulevard and meet the motion picture stars shopping and having lunch. You may even talk to some of them. Oh, lucky you!"

I talked, a year or so ago, with a young bond salesman in Philadelphia. "How do you picture Hollywood?" I asked him. He became dreamy at once. "Oh, I think of Universal City with lots of big, pink stucco houses on hillsides, swimming pools and people in gay sports clothes, drinking and dancing and playing games. I think of limousines with the world's loveliest women in evening clothes and orchids." There was more, but you get the general trend of his remarks, don't you?

A novelist friend on Long Island remarked, "I love to think about your Hollywood because I hope it is as fantastic and as amusing as I think it is." (She had seen "Once in a Lifetime" and similar opera, but she had not seen Hollywood.)

I talked with a brakeman on an East-bound Santa Fe "Chief." "Lots of picture people ride on this train," he informed me, with some pride. "They always have drawing-rooms and stay out of sight, that's so they can go right on and on makin' whoopee, I guess."

Well, puncturing illusions is always a sad business and I didn't tell that brakeman that on that very train, shut away in a compartment, was King Vidor with a scenario writer and a stenographer whom he took right along as far as Kansas City, perspiring profusely over the final draft of an adaptation. I didn't tell him that Jeanette McDonald, who emerged now and then from her drawing room for a breath of air, wearing a magnificent fur coat, was spending most of her time in her berth nursing, rather anxiously, the cold which threatened hoarseness to that lovely and valuable voice of hers.

There was a writer from Paramount whose typewriter vied with mine through those three days in the club car. And three solemn Russian gentlemen, under contract, I believe, to Metro, conferred earnestly and constantly and covered dozens of sheets of paper with penciled notes.

Not a whoop in the entire trainload.

My Philadelphia friend was devastated when I admitted reluctantly that Universal City is actually a large, rambling, gray, rather dingy manufacturing plant with nary a pink stucco palace nor a swimming pool and that there are signs tacked up all about bearing the brisk admonition, "Let's make pictures!" Most of the people you see there, with the exception of actors in costume, wear slacks and sweaters and there is an atmosphere of swarming activity like that of a hive of extremely industrious ants.

There are, of course, limousines to be seen occasionally containing lovely ladies in evening clothes, but most of

the stars drive themselves to work in modest cars and the tendency, nowadays, is to have even the limousines as inconspicuous as possible. There is a practical reason for this. Fans and autograph hunters, recognizing a star's car, have been known to swarm all over it, ruining the paint job and some times even reaching inside to pull off wisps of the beauteous lady's garments or buttons from her escort's coat. Norma Shearer not long ago traded in a rococo imported car for an inconspicuous and sheltering domestic model. And Gary Cooper (after his marriage) had his famous yellow and black and chromium open job repainted a dull and dignified gray!

As for the Boulevard, I am obliged to tell my swooning young relative that I traversed its length four times only yesterday on various errands and not a celebrity did I so much as glimpse. But later in the afternoon, at a large open-air market in Brentwood, I encountered Myrna Loy, hatless and wearing a blue, pique house-dress, buying new peas and watercress and tomatoes, marketing right shrewdly, too.

Not that actors have ceased to appear in the glittering places. If you know where to look and can afford to pay the prices they ask for meals, there are numbers of smart restaurants and "clubs" where you may see lots of them, done up in their best bibs and tuckers, eating their cottage cheese and pineapple. As a matter of fact, they go there to be seen, so don't be shy about staring. And don't be alarmed if some of the girls appear to be suffering from serious anaemia. There are nearly always news photographers lurking about these places and since a certain type of make-up photographs better than most others, you will find most of the lovely ladies wearing dead white pans, heavily shadowed eyes and a splash of maroon where the mouth should be. Business is business... and you work at your job all the time in Hollywood.

Freddie March says that that is the hardest lesson an actor has to learn in Hollywood, that he works at his job all the time. That it is not only what he does on the set that counts but what he eats, how much he sleeps and exercises, where he is seen and with whom, what he reads and thinks, how he spends his leisure moments... all these things have definite and important bearings on his job.

So, when you see them being oh, so gay at the Vendome, the Derby, the Ambassador, the Russian Eagle or the Beverly-Wilshire, when you see them at the tennis matches or the polo games, sunning themselves at Palm Springs or yelling their heads off at the Hollywood Legion fights, they may be enjoying themselves but they are also working quite seriously at their jobs.

If you are patient and persistent you may possibly glimpse even Garbo at the puppet shows in the Mexican quarter or, if you want to take a long drive you may catch up with Clark Gable at mid-

IS REAL

Well, just guess again

night at a certain hot dog stand at the edge of the Mojave Desert, having coffee and doughnuts all by himself. You have to know where to look. That's all.

More and more of Hollywood's frolicking is done behind closed doors. There are a number of small "clubs" which are really restaurant-bars whose proprietors will not admit anyone who is not in pictures. There, if anyone imbibes too much and pokes a producer in the nose, the story will not get into the papers. They don't have to pose for photographers or work at being glamorous. The gals can wear slacks and everybody may behave like ordinary people. It's very comforting.

Even the premiere with spotlights and loud speakers and radio broadcasts and masters of ceremony (Conrad Nagel or Eddie Cantor) and crowds outside standing on soap boxes to watch and listen while Miss Irene Dunne said, "Hello everybody!" into the microphone is practically a thing of the past. Now-a-days we have the verra, verra exclusive preview a few days before the opening of an important picture. These are held in



True, there were the days when Carole Lombard used to throw a mean party. But Mrs. Gable is a rancher now.

Ronald Colman never has gone in for swank, and, since he's married, he and his wife are seldom seen around.

the day time, attendance is by invitation only and they are NOT announced in the papers, believe it or not.

People acquire large houses, barricade themselves behind corps of protecting secretaries and servants and private telephone numbers . . . and then they buy yachts or ranches or rent bungalows to get away from the large houses! Ronald

Colman, Freddie March, Joel McRea and any number of other luminaries have ranches with nary a telephone among them. There is a new and thriving week-end resort not too far from Hollywood reached by carrier pigeon.

But please don't think from the somewhat lugubrious foregoing remarks that

(Continued on page 96)



N. R. G. is energy—the pep and power to get going and keep going at work or play.

Baby Ruth—the big, pure, delicious candy bar is rich in food-energy because it's rich in Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Enjoy a bar of Baby Ruth today—and every day. It's fine candy and fine food!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

RICH IN
DEXTROSE
FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR

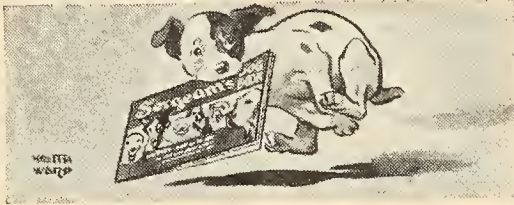
THEY ALMOST GOT OUR BROTHER!



Worms, I mean! We all had them, but brother nearly died — and were we scared! Then the Man of the House came in. "Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES for you," he said, and gave us some.



Boy, we certainly whipped those worms! And was the Man pleased! "With PUPPY CAPSULES now and SURE-SHOT when you're bigger," he says, "the worms will never get you!"



He's going to raise us by the new Sergeant's DOG BOOK. It's got an article by Albert Payson Terhune, too. The BOOK is free at drug and pet stores, or with this coupon. Don't miss it!

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. GR-10, Richmond, Va.

Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

BABY FEET RUINED in OUTGROWN SHOES

Effect of Outgrown Shoes

Don't let baby wear outgrown shoes. Baby feet grow so fast you *must* change to new shoes often. Baby doctors all over America tell mothers to buy Wee Walkers, those CORRECT baby shoes which cost so little.

Infants Wear Dept. of the following low-profit stores. Birth to shoe size 8.

W. T. Grant Co. S. S. Kresge Co. J. J. Newberry Co.
H. L. Green Co., Inc. Sears, Roebuck and Co.
Metropolitan Chain Stores, Inc.

G. R. Kinney Company

Schulte-United Stores

Isaac Silver & Bros.

Charles Stores

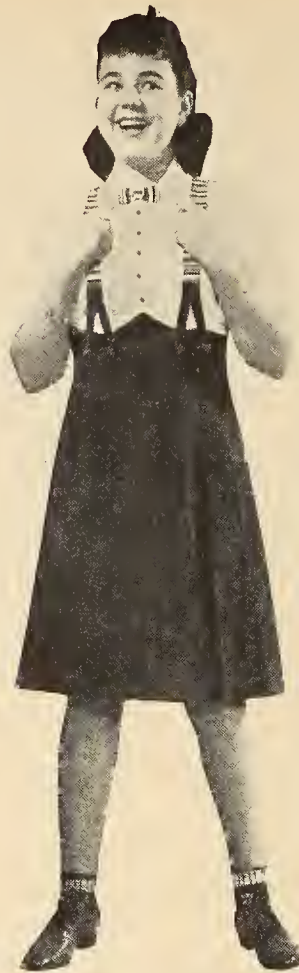
F. & W. Grand

MORAN SHOE CO.

CARLYLE, ILL.

WEE WALKER
Shoes

WEE WALKERS for the wee walker



Jane Withers gayly waved from the Christmas float, while behind Santa Claus hid her bodyguard.

ONE OF the prices Hollywood stars pay for their fame is fear—fear of kidnappers, extortionists, blackmailers, racketeers, gangmen, or crackpots who just want to take a shot to indulge some crazy whim. The stars fear for their lives, for the lives of those they love and some times they just fear for their pocketbooks.

You really can't blame them for being scared and tossing restlessly on their pillows. Although Hollywood has never had a major kidnapping and has never paid off in a major extortion case, threatening letters arrive daily. Despite all the precautionary burglar alarm devices, jewel thieves still force window catches and escape with fortunes, and there is no knowing when a really desperate criminal may push into a Hollywood home.

In order to soothe her nerves and give her a vocal outlet in case of prowlers, Barbara Stanwyck is having secret wall microphones installed in every room of the Taylor home. All Barbara has to do when she gets really frightened is to step to the wall, touch a button, lift her voice on high and her screams, amplified by a loud speaker contraption, will peal through ten miles of countryside.

One of the most modern protective devices recently received with great delight by Harold Lloyd and by other nervous stars is the radio beam. It is similar to that used to guide an airplane to a safe landing and throws an invisible light ray about the grounds. As soon as anybody crosses its line, the main watchman gets a flash. Thus, not even the milkman can come to call without, whether he knows it or not, announcing himself by radio.

Shirley Temple is probably the most guarded little girl in America. Shirley can't go anywhere without her bodyguard. I tripped over him one day in

NIGHTS

The price of film fame is

my dentist's office where Shirley was having her porcelain caps refitted. Think of it—not being able to go to the dentist without the company of a man with a gun!

Of all the movie stars threatened by kidnappers, the most frightened was Marlene Dietrich; the most nonchalant, Mae West, according to Harry Dean, Special Investigator for District Attorney Buron Fitts of Los Angeles. (Dean worked intimately on the West case, donning a blond wig, false eyelashes and a pair of Mae's own silk lounging pajamas to masquerade as the star in trying to trap the extortionist. He was also head man in the famous Dietrich scare.) He declares:

"Marlene was so frightened she immediately hired not one but three bodyguards at ten bucks a day to protect her, although we also had special operatives trailing her everywhere.

"Hers was one of our more interesting cases and although we never made an arrest, we had definite theories as to the identity of her extortionist. We figured that the writer was not after money, but wanted publicity! How could he (or she) get it in this way? Well, listen and I'll tell you a story which has never been printed to the best of my knowledge.

"At the same time Miss Dietrich received her threatening letter, a woman of German descent, recently arrived in Los Angeles from Chicago, received an identical threat to pay \$25,000 or else her small boy, a good-looking little fellow with curly blond hair, about the same age as the Dietrich child, would be snatched.

"Both women reported to us about the same time. Naturally, the similarity in cases was noticed. The notes were compared. Their phraseology was much the same, the handwriting was identical.

"Miss Dietrich heard, in the course of events of the plight of her fellow countrywoman. Her sympathy was aroused. When the woman asked to talk to her, she agreed. Long conversations on the 'phone between the two of them ensued. Eventually, a date was made for the woman to visit Marlene at the studio. She arrived, bringing her small boy, dressed up in a German sailor hat and trick clothes. It was obvious from her actions and conversation she wanted to get him in the movies, and she hoped to enlist the Dietrich help.

"Well, as I said, no arrests were ever made. No proof could be obtained, but after we had spent considerable time grilling the woman about her life and plans, she became hysterical and decided to return to Chicago. Nobody has since threatened Miss Dietrich."

Dictaphones play a big part in most arrests of would-be extortionists. They were called into use when Joan Crawford shook in her slippers from terror because of a series of letters from a youth who insisted in ominous phrases that he must see her to tell her something of vital importance.

Two investigators from the District Attorney's office in Los Angeles set up dictaphones and hid themselves in an adjoining room while the shaking and quivering Joan received the persistent youth in her dressing-room. It turned out he was harmless—just wanted her to

OF TERROR

BY JEAN SOMERS

often fear, so success can frequently come high

get him a movie job. Did he get it? I should say not. After being grilled by detectives, he was the most thoroughly scared youth in California and he'll write no more insistent notes. Joan? Well, she recovered too.

Constance Bennett handled an extortion demand in a typical Bennett fashion—quickly, and showing no nerves. Two men arrived on her front doorstep one night and pushed by the butler.

When Constance swept downstairs to see what the commotion was about, the pair informed her with polite impudence that they had come to save her from a blackmail plot; that they knew a man who was in possession of information about Miss Bennett which would precipitate an ugly scandal if released. Did not Miss Bennett wish them to take steps to stop this? Could she afford bad publicity?

Connie sized the men up with a cool appraising look.

"Certainly not," she replied, "and I do appreciate your coming right to me. If you will just sit down, I will call my friend, the Beverly Hills Chief of Police, and let you tell your story to him. I am sure he will be glad to hear it."

The men demurred. They did not think this necessary. They could handle the matter quietly.

Connie started for the telephone. The men remembered an appointment and left hastily. That was the last of them—

frightened off by a beautiful Bennett.

Crackpots or psychopathic cases, says Investigator Dean, are to be feared more than gun-toting, hardened criminals. You never can tell what a crazy man will do.

Ida Lupino had a terrifying experience with a crackpot. He was a Northern California carpenter who, with his tool kit, hitch-hiked south to Hollywood to warn Ida that her marriage to Louis Hayward was something of which the gods disapproved heartily.

He wrote her something like this: "You must not see any more of that man, Louis Hayward. He is persecuting you although you don't know it. I will kill him and I will also get you out of this world in which you are so persecuted."

Imagine how that made Ida feel. Obviously, the man was crazy, but his mental condition probably didn't affect his strong right arm and wouldn't deter him from whamming Ida over the head. A guard was thrown around the house and in due time, when Mr. Psychopathic Case showed up with his carpenter's tool kit over his shoulder—all ready for some kind of work—authorities grabbed him and carried him off.

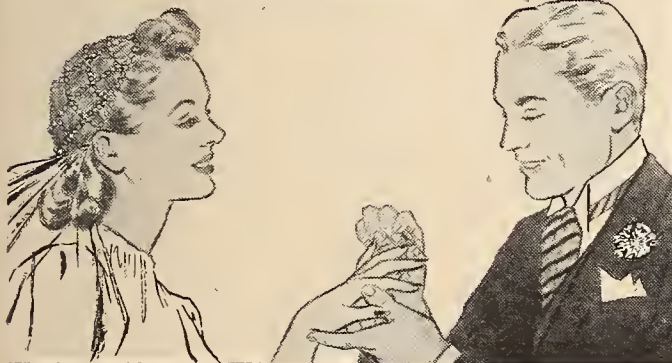
No number of threats keep the stars from going on with their jobs—jobs which toss them in the limelight and subject them to more risks than the ordinary individual going about his work.

I stood on the corner of Hollywood
(Continued on page 96)



Shirley Temple is perhaps the most guarded little girl in America. See the picture on page 47.

They thought Betty would never be a bride



I BEGAN TO USE LIFEBOUY IN MY DAILY BATH... I SOON FOUND I WAS MUCH MORE POPULAR



I KEEP MILLIONS Lovable—SAFE FROM OFFENDING



•Like women everywhere, Betty discovered it pays to keep lovable with Lifebuoy! Her daily Lifebuoy bath not only stopped "B.O."—it made her more sure of herself, gave her a new kind of charm and poise. Lifebuoy's different; contains an exclusive ingredient. Its lavish lather is lively and refreshing. Why should one risk offending when it's so pleasant to play safe!

THE HAPPY ENDING

IT WAS A HAPPY DAY FOR ME WHEN TED PROPOSED I CERTAINLY FOOLED THOSE TWO WHO SAID I'D NEVER BE A BRIDE!



Miriam Hopkins is a successful southern gal who, through thick and thin, has kept her eye on the tap rung of the ladder. She may not be popular personally, but professionally—yes, indeed.

THE LOWDOWN ON A HIGH-UP

She knew what she wanted and,
what's more, knew how to get
it! But then, Miriam is smart

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN



IF you knew what you wanted out of life, could you attain it? Few of us realize just what we desire, and if we did, few could fulfill that wish.

Miriam Hopkins is an exception to this rule. From the time Miriam was a very small girl living in Bainbridge, Georgia, she knew she wanted to be an actress. At the age of ten her desire to get what she wanted was often mistaken for stubbornness. Even at this early age, Miriam was so entirely wrapped up in herself that she found her young mind busily working out methods to attain these childhood dreams. She has retained this fight for success to this day. Although she has worked hard both on the stage and screen—and there were many unpleasant periods for Miriam—never has she let anything or anyone stand in her way to reach the success she now enjoys. To some people this may seem hard and unkind, but to Miriam it was the only way to reach the top.

She has not made too many lasting friends in the years she has been in the theatre and pictures, for not many people could understand the way she went after the things she wanted. But the few that have taken the trouble to understand this trait in Miriam's character realize that her work comes first and they respect her for her willingness to stick to her goal. Often puzzled, however, many of her most intimate friends find it difficult to understand the thoughts behind many of Miriam's decisions.

Like most of her sudden decisions, Miriam's frequent displays of extravagance and conservatism are often criticized by the people nearest to her. Although she does not have a reputation for giving elaborate parties, she maintains a house in the swanky Sutton Place section of New York City, an estate in Bel-Air, California, which she recently bought and has completely rebuilt. In London, Miriam's friends can expect to find her living in the fashionable Grosvenor Square section of the town.

Other sudden spurts of extravagance are typified by her many telephone calls from Hollywood to London. A London call from Miriam might be a little Mayfair gossip, or a choice joke she has just heard. Conservative in other respects, Miriam is very careful over how much she might spend for a small item in her wardrobe. Carefully chosen and always in good style, her clothes and jewelry never reflect extravagance. Maybe this accounts for her wardrobe never appearing as dramatic as most stars.

One of Miriam's hobbies is to have her fortune told. She will sit for hours listening to some obscure palmist and the price is never too high if she can be given some insight about her future. Often she will drive for hours to reach some new seeress she has recently heard about. She is also a great believer in Numerology and she sits by the hour pondering over numbers she has come across during the day.

LONG before Miriam had any idea of buying the late John Gilbert estate, she rented a beach house at Santa Monica. Her main reason for taking it, was Michael, her adopted son. The house was an ideal place for him. The sandy lawn was enclosed by a high board wall and Michael could play in absolute safety. Miriam bought him a St. Bernard for a playmate, but Esopé did not fancy his sandy home and was always on the run.

Miriam is completely devoted to her son and it amazes her friends to see how quickly he has copied his pretty mother's mannerisms. He does not look unlike her, with his fair skin, big blue eyes and blonde hair. Michael is called Mike by many people, much to the displeasure of Miriam. Miriam has given much thought and made many plans for his future. Many people tell Miriam that she will spoil him, but she laughs and says, "I love to see him happy and I can spoil him for a few more years, when he

must realize that life is not all play."

When Miriam is visiting London, her presence in theatrical and Mayfair society is in great demand. Always admired for her acting, English people also find her untheatrical mode of living and quiet but definite sense of humor pleasing. Two years ago, when in London, she was asked to attend their annual theatrical garden party. This event, sponsored by members of the London stage, is one of the outstanding spring social events, always patronized by some member of the Royal Family. Miriam was very gracious and arrived at the lovely "Queen Mary Gardens," where the party is held. There were many notable English personalities present and also several famous American movie stars. Miriam's job, with the other stars, was to sign autographs which were sold to anyone that cared to add them to their collection. La Hopkins was so charming and gracious that her autograph was sold in great quantities, adding many shillings to the English Actors' Fund, and establishing her more firmly in the hearts of the English, thus raising her English box office appeal.

Miriam enjoys going to the theatre in London, as one always dresses, and she is a great believer in evening dress. When in London working on a picture, she spends most of her week-ends in Paris. When you go to Hollywood, you will seldom see Miriam Hopkins. First, she spends every day she can in New York in her Sutton Place home.

She enjoys life more in the east than on the coast. When in New York the people she will see are most likely to be of the Social Register. Miriam seems to find in this group much more fun than she would with the Hollywood set. Second, Miriam is none too fond of café and night club life, and she dislikes being photographed in public. In fact, she insists that she is not. One night she was sitting in one of Hollywood's clubs when a camera man spotted her. But La Hopkins also spotted him. So the poor man



George Brent and Miriam Hopkins appear together in "The Old Maid," with Bette Davis as "the other woman."

had to break his photo plate and there was no picture.

On the other hand, Miriam does not mind having her picture taken if she has on screen make-up. She feels that unless she is properly made up she will not photograph to advantage. This is quite true, for she is freckled and her eyebrows and lashes are very light, so unless they are made up, her expression is pretty blank. She hates large parties and has a knack of slipping in and out of a place without anyone noticing her. Although, if she is spotted, she can easily become the center of attraction. If necessary she can turn her charm on and off like a light. Yet very few people ever see the light on. But since the motion picture industry is in Hollywood, Miriam is forced to spend most of her time there. She has always been her own greatest teacher and is able to establish each new role with the same casualness as her daily mode of living. After seeing Miriam Hopkins in a picture, one realizes that she has portrayed a very natural and convincing person. One of the greatest assets to her acting is her speaking voice. Although she has not lived in the South since she was a girl, she still retains much of the southern softness in her voice.

Miriam Hopkins' performance in "The Old Maid" is said to be so fine that her cinematic bids will be boosted sky high upon the picture's release. She has not been seen as frequently as she used to be, simply because she has been pretty demanding as to salary and roles. If that is a fault, it is perhaps a wise one. For, many stars have suffered because they have been forced to take mediocre parts. Miss Hopkins, consequently, has waited for what she considered something really worth-while. She has it now.



Miriam and Director Fritz Lang attend "Four Feathers" preview. 'Tis said that Mr. L. will direct the star's next.

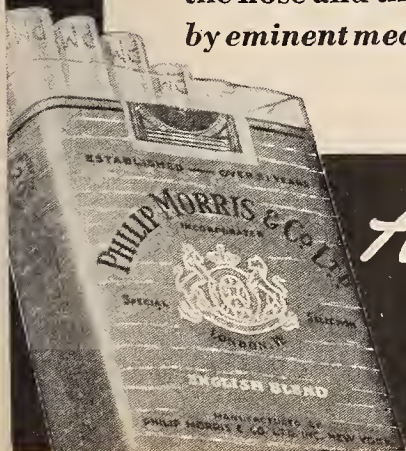
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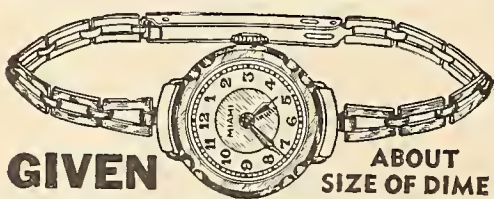
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Here are "the Women." And you'll have to admit that you'd travel a long way before you'd meet as handsome a trio as Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford at one sitting. Further, can you imagine the histrionic competition in this picture? You're right! It was sumpin'. And so, we can hardly wait to see it, can you? The private previewers claim that Miss Russell does plenty of scene stealing. We shouldn't be at all surprised!



CINDERELLA CONFESSES

(Continued from page 39)

That was one thing I couldn't conquer. I not only kept burning food; I kept burning myself. I'm ashamed to admit it, but that's the way it was. And I had to cook, because our budget didn't allow us any kitchen help. I began to think of going back to work, just to be able to have someone else do the cooking.

"From the first, Fred was sympathetic about how I felt, but he thought I'd get over it. I thought maybe I would, too. Instead, my cooking became worse. I'm not joking. Finally, one day I gave up and Fred said understandingly, 'I guess your place isn't in the home.'"

"I looked up Demarest. I said, 'You used to think I should be in pictures. Do you still think so?' He said, 'Yes,' and took me down to Paramount for an audition. And they signed me to a stock contract. I don't think they'd have signed me if I hadn't been willing to take a cut in salary. The usual starting salary is \$75. I started at \$50." That was in May, 1936.

"The contract was for seven years, with options every six months for the first two years, then options every year. Contracts like that let studios out cheaply and quickly if you don't click. And if you do click, they have you where they want you—unless they feel like tearing up your contract and giving you a new one. But there isn't much to feed your hopes in a stock company.

"There are fourteen or fifteen of you in a company. But not the same fourteen or fifteen for very long at a time. The faces keep changing. New ones appear, and others disappear, without ever getting a chance on the screen. Once in a while

they get 'bit' roles, but those don't count. Nobody is going to notice you as a dress extra, or get any idea of what you can or can't do. I know. I played 'bits' in eleven pictures before 'Sing, You Sinners.' And that break didn't come from any of them.

"I was in that stock company for two years, and in that time I saw a steady stream of young hopefuls come and go. The only explanation for my lasting is that I signed on at a low salary and I didn't ever get a raise.

"When I signed, Phyllis Loughton was the talent coach. She was very helpful. I learned about self-improvement from her. That's something else about a stock company. Your life is a daily barrage of criticism. I had to learn all over again how to walk, sit, light a cigarette, open a door, and countless other things, all in the cause of greater poise. It wasn't easy.

"I had to learn how to have control of myself—in every gesture, every facial expression, every inflection of speech—no matter how nervous or upset I might be. I had to learn how to seem at ease when I wasn't. I had to learn how to pace my voice to milk the last bit of meaning out of a line. My transformation into an actress wasn't simple and miraculous. It was long, hard work.

"Meanwhile, I had to pose for leg art and not let anyone think I was embarrassed about it. I had to face the fact that this was the only way an unknown could get her picture in the paper, which might somehow, sometime, lead to a movie break. We fed our lean little hopes on such things—fantastic as they were.

"Oliver Hinsdell succeeded - Phyllis Loughton. He believed that one way to make professionals out of amateurs was to put them on a stage in front of an audience. He had us do a scene from some play every two weeks in the studio Little Theatre, with producers and directors for our audience. I don't know how many we did—a dozen, at least—before we did the scene from 'Golden Boy.'

"I played the little trollop from Brooklyn. I had to yell and scream and otherwise be volcanic. They hadn't expected I could. Once I had asked Artie Jacobson, Wesley Ruggles' assistant, if he couldn't help me in some way. His answer at the time was, 'Not till you're an actress.' That afternoon, he came backstage and said, 'You're ready to meet Mr. Ruggles now. And he's looking for a new girl for the lead in 'Sing, You Sinners.' I met Mr. Ruggles. That was a Friday. He gave me a script and asked me to come back Monday and read a scene for him. On Tuesday I had a silent film test and on Wednesday I got the role.

"Right after that, Frank Lloyd, who had also been in that Little Theatre audience that Friday afternoon, picked me for a role in 'If I Were King.'

"I didn't think, 'Cinderella, thy name is Terry Ray!' What I thought was, 'At long last—a chance!' Ironically, when my big thrill came, I didn't get the full spice of it. I had been tested for so many roles I didn't get that, when I actually got one, I had used up part of my excitement."

It was St. Patrick's Day that the Front Office called her in to tell her that, while giving her a new life, they wanted to give her a new name to go with it.

"They picked 'Drew' out of the telephone book. Then, because I was Irish and it was St. Patrick's Day, they decided



Jeffrey Lynn's a grass-cutter as well as a rug-cutter. He's mowin' it down on his San Fernando lawn.

on 'Erin' for a first name. I was 'Erin Drew' for two weeks. Then the New York office thought the 'Erin' part sounded phony. They substituted 'Ellen.' I didn't like 'Ellen' at first, but now I do."

Most of the people who-knew-her-when still call her Terry, but her husband calls her Ellen. And when "Skipper" feels like being real cute, he will say, "Hello, Ellen Drew." Speaking of "Skipper" and names, Ellen thinks that she and Fred are on the verge of giving him a Christian cognomen.

"We're rather inclined toward 'Michael,' which isn't the name we'd have chosen if we had named him when he was born, before he had a personality of his own. He'll be called 'Mike,' of course."

When Mama has to work, a girl takes care of him, when he isn't in kindergarten school. And, very definitely, Mama's cooking days are over. "We hired someone the first week I went to work," Ellen says, with a chipper smile.

They live in a small rented house, miles from the swank of Bel-Air. They "hope to build next year." They'd like a small ranch among some rolling hills. They're demon horse-back riders. Aside from swimming, badminton is Ellen's only other form of exercise, as she has such a terrific time keeping her weight up. Her one hundred and ten pounds are spread very scenically over five feet, three and a half inches.

She has a dimple in her chin. Her mouth is what the character-analysts call generous. ("It's a little too generous in the lower lip," she says, self-critically.) She has a quick, friendly smile, grey eyes with an Irish sparkle, and a pert nose with an Irish tilt. Her hair is light brown.

And there you have, up to date, the salient statistics about Ellen Drew, who says, "Please—I'm no Cinderella."

This New Lipstick will never dry your lips



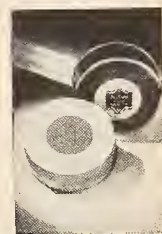
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Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Picture

General
Rating

Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (M-G-M)	C 3 1/2 ★
Adventures of Jane Arden (Warners)	2 1/2 ★
Ambush (Paramount)	2 ★
Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever (M-G-M)	C 3 ★
Arizona Wildcat (20th Century-Fox)	2 1/2 ★
Bachelor Mother (RKO)	C 3 1/2 ★
Back Door to Heaven (Paramount)	C 2 1/2 ★
Beachcomber, The (Mayflower Picture)	3 1/2 ★
*Beau Geste (Paramount)	C 3 ★
Beauty for the Asking (RKO)	2 1/2 ★
Big Town Czar (Universal)	2 ★
Blackwell's Island (Warners)	3 ★
Blind Alley (Columbia)	3 ★
Blondie Meets the Boss (Columbia)	C 2 1/2 ★
*Blondie Takes a Vacation (Columbia)	2 ★
Boy Friend (20th Century-Fox)	C 2 1/2 ★
Boys' Reformatory (Monogram)	2 ★
Boy Slaves (RKO)	2 ★
Boy Trouble (Paramount)	2 ★
Bridal Suite (M-G-M)	2 ★
Broadway Serenade (M-G-M)	C 2 1/2 ★
Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police (Paramount)	C 2 1/2 ★
Bulldog Drummond's Bride (Paramount)	2 ★
Burn 'Em Up O'Connor (M-G-M)	2 ★
Cafe Society (Paramount)	3 1/2 ★
Calling Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)	3 ★
Captain Fury (United Artists)	C 2 1/2 ★
*Career (RKO)	2 ★
Charlie Chan in Honolulu (20th Century-Fox)	C 2 1/2 ★
Charlie Chan in Reno (20th Century-Fox)	C 2 1/2 ★
Chasing Danger (20th Century-Fox)	2 ★
Climbing High (Gaumont British)	2 1/2 ★
Clouds Over Europe (Columbia)	2 1/2 ★
Confessions of a Nazi Spy (Warners)	3 ★
Dark Victory (Warners)	4 ★
Daughters Courageous (Warners)	3 ★
Disbarred (Paramount)	2 1/2 ★
Dodge City (Warners)	3 ★
Each Dawn I Die (Warners)	3 ★
East Side of Heaven (Universal)	C 3 ★
Everybody's Baby (20th Century-Fox)	2 ★
Ex-Champ (Universal)	2 ★
Family Next Door, The (Universal)	2 ★
Fast and Loose (M-G-M)	3 ★
Fisherman's Wharf (RKO)	2 ★
Five Came Back (RKO)	2 ★
Fixer Dugan (RKO)	2 ★
Flying Irishman, The (RKO)	C 2 1/2 ★
Forged Passport (Republic)	2 1/2 ★
Four Girls in White (M-G-M)	2 1/2 ★
Gambling Ship (Universal)	2 ★
Girl and the Gambler, The (RKO)	2 ★
Girl From Mexico, The (RKO)	2 ★
Goodbye Mr. Chips (M-G-M)	C 4 ★
Good Girls Go To Paris (Columbia)	2 1/2 ★
Gorilla, The (20th Century-Fox)	2 1/2 ★
Gracie Allen Murder Case (Paramount)	2 1/2 ★
Grand Jury Secrets (Paramount)	2 1/2 ★
Great Man Votes, The (RKO)	3 ★
Gunga Din (RKO)	3 1/2 ★
Hardy's Ride High, The (M-G-M)	C 3 ★
Hell's Kitchen (Warners)	2 1/2 ★
Heritage of the Desert (Paramount)	2 ★
Homicide Bureau (Columbia)	2 ★
Honolulu (M-G-M)	C 2 1/2 ★
Hotel Imperial (Paramount)	2 ★
Hound of the Baskervilles (20th Century-Fox)	3 ★
House of Fear, The (Universal)	2 ★
Ice Follies of 1939 (M-G-M)	C 2 1/2 ★
Idiot's Delight (M-G-M)	4 ★
I'm From Missouri (Paramount)	3 ★
Indianapolis Speedway (Warners)	2 1/2 ★
Inside Story (20th Century-Fox)	2 ★
Invitation to Happiness (Paramount)	C 3 ★
*I Stole a Million (Universal)	3 ★
It Could Happen to You (20th Century-Fox)	2 ★
It's a Wonderful World (M-G-M)	3 ★
Jesse James (20th Century-Fox)	3 1/2 ★
*Jones Family in Hollywood (20th Century-Fox)	C 3 ★
Juarez (Warners)	3 ★
The Kid From Kokomo (Warners)	2 ★
Kid From Texas, The (M-G-M)	2 ★
King of Chinatown (Paramount)	2 1/2 ★
King of the Turf (United Artists)	2 ★
King of the Underworld (Warners)	2 ★
Lady and the Mob, The (Columbia)	2 1/2 ★
Lady's From Kentucky, The (Paramount)	2 1/2 ★
Lady Vanishes, The (Alfred Hitchcock)	4 ★
Last Warning, The (Universal)	2 1/2 ★
Let Freedom Ring (M-G-M)	3 ★
Let Us Live (Columbia)	3 ★
Little Princess, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 4 ★
Long Wolf Spy Hunt (Columbia)	2 1/2 ★
Long Shot, The (Grand National)	2 1/2 ★
Love Affair (RKO)	3 1/2 ★
Lucky Night (M-G-M)	2 1/2 ★
Made for Each Other (United Artists)	3 ★
Magnificent Fraud (Paramount)	2 ★

Picture

General
Rating

Maisie (M-G-M)	3 ★
Man About Town (Paramount)	3 ★
Man in the Iron Mask (United Artists)	3 ★
Man of Conquest (Republic)	3 ★
Mickey, The Kid (Republic)	2 ★
Midnight (Paramount)	3 ★
Mikado, The (Universal)	C 3 ★
Missing Daughters (Columbia)	2 ★
Mr. Moto in Danger (20th Century-Fox)	C 2 ★
Mr. Moto's Last Warning (20th Century-Fox)	C 2 1/2 ★
Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation (20th Century-Fox)	C 2 ★
My Son is a Criminal (Columbia)	2 1/2 ★
Mystery of Mr. Wong (Monogram)	2 1/2 ★
Mystery of the White Room (Universal)	2 ★
Mystery Plane (Monogram)	2 ★
Nancy Drew—Reporter (Warners)	C 2 1/2 ★
Naughty But Nice (Warners)	2 ★
Never Say Die (Paramount)	2 ★
News is Made at Night (20th Century-Fox)	2 1/2 ★
North of Shanghai (Columbia)	2 ★
North of Yukon (Columbia)	2 ★
Off the Record (Warners)	2 1/2 ★
Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners)	3 ★
On Borrowed Time (M-G-M)	3 ★
One-Third of a Nation (Paramount)	2 1/2 ★
Only Angels Have Wings (Columbia)	3 ★
On Trial (Warners)	2 1/2 ★
Pacific Liner (RKO)	3 ★
Panama Lady (RKO)	2 ★
Paris Honey Moon (Paramount)	2 ★
Persons in Hiding (Paramount)	2 1/2 ★
Pride of the Navy (Republic)	2 ★
Prison Without Bars (United Artists)	2 1/2 ★
Pygmalion (Pascal)	3 1/2 ★
Return of the Cisco Kid, The (20th Century-Fox)	2 ★
Risky Business (Universal)	2 ★
Romance of the Redwoods (Columbia)	2 ★
Rose of Washington Square (20th Century-Fox)	C 3 ★
Saint Strikes Back, The (RKO)	2 1/2 ★
Second Fiddle (20th Century-Fox)	C 3 ★
Secret Service of the Air (Warners)	2 1/2 ★
Sergeant Madden (M-G-M)	2 1/2 ★
6,000 Enemies (M-G-M)	2 1/2 ★
Smiling Along (20th Century-Fox)	2 1/2 ★
Society Lawyer (M-G-M)	2 1/2 ★
Some Like It Hot (Paramount)	2 ★
Son of Frankenstein (Universal)	2 ★
Sorority House (RKO)	C 2 ★
SOS—Tidal Wave (Republic)	2 ★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2 1/2 ★
Stand Up and Fight (M-G-M)	2 1/2 ★
Star Reporter (Monogram)	2 ★
St. Louis Blues (Paramount)	2 1/2 ★
Stagecoach (United Artists)	4 ★
Stolen Life (Paramount)	2 1/2 ★
Story of Alexander Bell (20th Century-Fox)	C 3 1/2 ★
Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The (RKO)	C 3 1/2 ★
Street of Missing Men (Republic)	2 ★
Streets of New York (Monogram)	2 ★
Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M)	2 1/2 ★
Sudden Money (Paramount)	2 ★
Sun Never Sets, The (Universal)	2 ★
Susannah of the Mounties (20th Century-Fox)	C 3 ★
Sweepstakes Winner (Warners)	2 ★
Tail Spin (20th Century-Fox)	2 1/2 ★
Tarzan Finds a Son (M-G-M)	2 1/2 ★
Tell No Tales (M-G-M)	2 1/2 ★
They Asked For It (Universal)	2 ★
They Made Her a Spy (RKO)	2 ★
They Made Me a Criminal (Warners)	3 ★
They Shall Have Music (United Artists)	C 3 1/2 ★
Three Musketeers, The (20th Century-Fox)	C 2 1/2 ★
Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal)	C 3 ★
Topper Takes a Trip (Hal Roach)	3 ★
Torchy Blane in Chinatown (Warners)	2 1/2 ★
Torchy Runs for Mayor (Warners)	2 1/2 ★
Twelve Crowded Hours (RKO)	3 ★
Undercover Agent (Monogram)	2 ★
Undercover Doctor (Paramount)	2 1/2 ★
*Unexpected Father (Universal)	1 ★
Union Pacific (Paramount)	3 1/2 ★
Waterfront (Warners)	2 ★
While New York Sleeps (20th Century-Fox)	2 1/2 ★
Wife, Husband and Friend (20th Century-Fox)	3 ★
Wings of the Navy (Warners)	3 ★
Winner Take All (20th Century-Fox)	2 ★
Winter Carnival (United Artists)	3 ★
Within the Law (M-G-M)	2 ★
Wolf Call (Monogram)	2 ★
Woman Doctor (Republic)	2 1/2 ★
Women in the Wind (Warners)	2 ★
Wuthering Heights (United Artists)	4 ★
Yes, My Darling Daughter (Warners)	2 ★
You Can't Cheat at a Honest Man (Universal)	3 ★
You Can't Get Away With Murder (Warners)	2 1/2 ★
Young Mr. Lincoln (20th Century-Fox)	C 3 1/2 ★
Zaza (Paramount)	3 ★
Zenobia (United Artists)	C 2 ★

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

HEIGH-HO, SCARLETT!

(Continued from page 35)

existed between herself and Clark Gable.

"Who could quarrel with Clark Gable?" she asked. "We got on well. Whenever anyone on the set was tired or depressed, it was Gable who cheered that person up. Then the newspapers began printing the story that Gable and I were not getting on. This was so ridiculous it served only as a joke. From that time on the standard greeting between Clark and myself became, 'How are you *not* getting on today?'"

Because everyone was curious to meet the woman who was playing Scarlett O'Hara, she received many invitations, but accepted few of them.

"I did meet Norma Shearer," she told me, "and she was very gracious. Even before I met her, she sent me a wire congratulating me on being chosen for the role of Scarlett."

There was no congratulatory wire, however, as has been reported, from Paulette Goddard, who was considered the likeliest candidate until Vivien came along so unexpectedly.

Though she made no new friends in Hollywood, Vivien did renew one of the greatest and finest friendships in her life, with Laurence Olivier, the English actor who played Heathcliff in "Wuthering Heights."

These two handsome and dynamic young people have been rumored to be in love with each other. And if a novelist were trying to choose a hero and heroine for a tale of romance, he couldn't do better than to choose the violent Englishman with the shock of dark hair

and the tiny girl from Darjeeling, India, whose eyes are greener than tea. They would make a grand story.

Just to look at these two together—and they were constantly together in Hollywood—is enough to cause romantic rumors. They are as like each other as Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler were. Both are theatre people, and both are equally determined that regardless of what laurels they gain in Hollywood, they will continue acting on the stage part of the time.

Laurence Olivier is the more explosive of the two. The violence you sense in Vivien Leigh is a suppressed violence. But Laurence Olivier, in the past, has not hesitated to express his contempt for Hollywood. He has said with ill-concealed impatience, "No actor, you know, would be here at all if it were not for the money there is in it."

YOU won't catch Vivien making a crack like that. If you ask what she thinks of Hollywood, as I did, she will flutter her long lashes helplessly and say, "But I really didn't see Hollywood. I spent five months working in 'Gone With the Wind,' with only five days off, and during those days I was too busy catching up on my sleep to get any reaction to Hollywood."

They both have a touch of the devil in them. When Laurence was in a small English company, where wreaths were used to hide the holes in the backdrop, he once tore the wreaths down in the middle of a scene. What was exposed

to the horrified public of England was plainly scandalous—women behind scenes in the company dressing-rooms, in various stages of dress and undress. Laurence was promptly fired.

Again, you wouldn't catch Vivien indulging in any such obvious tactics as this. But the touch of O'Hara in the girl comes out in other ways.

Take, for instance, the matter of her first role in a small picture. It seems that somebody's sister's husband was writing a motion picture script for Cicely Courtelledge, the English musical comedy star, and promised Vivien a small part in that. When she came forward to claim the role, she discovered that she wasn't really getting a part at all, but instead was expected to play one of many school girls. Those girls wouldn't even have a line to say. Vivien was bitterly disappointed.

But she must have brightened up later, when she learned that there would be six special girls, each of whom would have about three lines.

"I squeezed myself in among the special girls," she told me, "instead of just appearing with the others." When I asked her how she managed this feat, she said, "I just squeezed myself in."

Laurence has been known to antagonize interviewers by telling them out and out that he is allergic to them. Vivien just outwits them. If you ask her a question she doesn't want to answer, she tells you wistfully she really wishes she could remember, but her memory for personal things is outrageously bad.

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—Lovely

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NU-NAILS
Artificial Fingernails

And then there was that memorable interview with the reporter who asked her if any of her mother's people had ever settled in the South.

"No," she admitted.

"Have you ever been in the South?" the reporter went on.

Vivien got the idea. "No," she said. "But maybe this will help you. My last name is pronounced just like that of General Robert E. Lee."

Oh, yes, they're a lot alike, this Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. They even have similar backgrounds. Laurence is the son of an English priest, descended from the French Huguenots who fled to England to escape persecution. Vivien, you'll remember, is also of French descent. Both Vivien and Laurence are fond of French foods and wines.

But before you begin getting ideas about them, it's only fair to say that at the present time Vivien is married to Leigh Holman, a prominent English lawyer who is as fair as Laurence is dark. And Laurence Olivier is married to Jill Esmond, an English actress with whom he came to America a number of years ago, and with whom he scored a Broadway success in the stage play, "The Green Bay Tree." Vivien has a daughter, and Laurence a son.

Rumor has it that Vivien Leigh is estranged from her husband, and that Laurence Olivier and Jill Esmond have come to the parting of the ways. The rumor mongers would have you believe that it is only a matter of time before Vivien and Laurence are divorced from their present mates.

If that's true, then Vivien is indeed in a spot more dangerous than any in which Scarlett O'Hara ever stood, for right now Vivien's career is so important to her that it is questionable if she will risk it for any man, no matter how much she loves him.

The friendship—or romance, if you accept the rumors—between Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh began a little over two years ago when they were both cast in the English picture, "Fire Over England." Vivien was playing her first important role on the screen, as a lady in waiting at the court of Queen Elizabeth. What more natural than that Laurence, with his wealth of experience on the screen, should find the ambition of this young woman, with the face like a flower, touching and should try to help her in every way he could? With his help and encouragement, she made good.

Afterwards, they appeared in several plays together. When Laurence Olivier, who had distinguished himself in Shakespearean plays at the old Vic Theatre in England, was asked to play Hamlet in ancient Elsinore Castle in Denmark, the original scene of the tragedy, she was chosen to play Ophelia.

In the love scenes they clung together like two people who could never let each other go. Laurence's face was dark with brooding, and his eyes wild with a hopeless passion. There was a bewitching, haunting quality about Vivien's performance.

AT that time she was an experienced stage actress. Because of her eagerness to act, she had burst through the cocoon of her early training in convents in England and Italy, where she moved like a small but vital young ghost through the simply decorated rooms with their medieval walls. Even then the knowledge that she wanted to act was stirring in her, and she would whisper to Maureen O'Sullivan, her classmate, "I'm going to be an actress some day. Watch and see."

In the convent in Italy the restraint under which she was put was even greater than in the English convent. She learned that it was not considered decorous to wear pajamas; instead she was poured into long linen night dresses especially made for the students, and when she went swimming in the late afternoons, she had to wear specially made bathing suits which had so much calico on them that it was all she could do to keep from sinking.

"I felt as if there were tons of lead weighing me down," she laughed. And no doubt, she felt as if those ancient traditions were also weighing her down.

Still, her resolve to act was a bright, shiny, almost tangible thing. After years of formal education, when her parents asked her what she wanted to do next, she didn't hesitate. "I want to become an actress. I'd like to go to a good dramatic school."

They sent her to the Academy of Dramatic Art in London.

Certainly she didn't mean to fall in love. But living the quiet, constrained, sheltered life she had all during her girlhood, was it any wonder that she should be swept off her feet by anyone so good-looking, so worldly-wise, so altogether charming as Leigh Holman, the fair-haired young barrister?

They met at a hunt ball in South



When "Lady of the Tropics" was privately previewed, Gloria Franklin proved so good, additional scenes with her were inserted in the picture.

Devon. It seems that in England, the various counties give balls of this type, to which all male members of the hunt come in pink coats that resemble their hunting coats, save that they are more formal, like our own tails for evening. And the women come in bright colored evening gowns.

Free for the first time from the restraints imposed by the various schools she had attended, Vivien proceeded to fall madly in love with Leigh. He found her exquisite and charming. A few months after they met, he proposed to her, and within a year they were married.

Five years ago, Suzanne was born to them, and for a time Vivien was content. But the desire to act didn't die, and after a few months, Vivien found herself tormented with restlessness. She knew then that much as she loved Suzanne, there was a need in her to act and that this urge couldn't be denied.

After arranging for a governess to take care of Suzanne, she appeared in two insignificant pictures whose names she has forgotten. But David Horn, an actor who worked with her in one of them and who had been signed to play in "The Green Sash," asked her if she would care to appear with him. This gave her that first cherished opportunity to go on the stage.

"The Green Sash" ran for only two weeks in a suburban theatre," she told me, "but it was a magnificent play for me. It dealt with Italy in the fourteenth century, and believe me, everything that could happen happened in that play. Everybody died or went mad. My lover in the play disappeared, after letting me down badly. Oh, it was a grand play for me."

Later came her success in the stage



Mickey Rooney and Ann Rutherford play together both in and out of the "Andy Hardy" series.

play, "Mask of Virtue," and in the moving pictures, "Storm in a Teacup," "Dark Journey" and "Yank at Oxford," in which she played the college vamp.

Cecil B. DeMille burned up the wires trying to get her for "Union Pacific," but she turned up her pretty nose at that. When she came to Hollywood on a vacation, she told reporters she had no intention of making pictures in the United States. And she swears she didn't.

"But who could turn down a role like Scarlett O'Hara?" she said. "Such a part comes along once in a lifetime."

American audiences will soon have the chance to see Vivien and Laurence Olivier together in a picture. For if present plans go through, she will play the quiet, timid second wife in "Rebecca," while he will play the husband.

"I'd been up for twenty-four hours when I made the test," she told me. "We'd had a dawn shot to make the night before for 'Gone With the Wind' and I hadn't had more than two or three hours of sleep. So, as you can imagine, I was not exactly bright for the test. When I saw it, I was beyond judging what things were like."

However, she is very anxious to play the part.

"It will be such a complete contrast to the role of Scarlett O'Hara," she told me, "that it will keep me from being typed."

Her hobbies are collecting old china and playing the concertina. So far she can play only two numbers, "Banjo On My Knee" and "Sidewalks of New York," but any day now she will get around to "Marching Through Georgia" and "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia."

"When you see Vivien on the screen," a press agent told me, "believe me, you will be seeing Scarlett O'Hara." Now, I do.



**IF YOU'RE ASHAMED
OF YOUR SKINNY FIGURE
LISTEN...**

*Posed by
professional
model*

**HOW THOUSANDS OF THIN,
TIRED, NERVOUS PEOPLE**

GAIN NEW POUNDS, NEW STRENGTH Quick!

HERE'S grand news for many of the thousands of thin, tired-looking, jittery, discouraged girls who have never seemed able to add an ounce, and seldom attract friends and have the good times they deserve.

For thousands of other girls have easily put on 10 to 25 pounds of naturally attractive flesh—have gained wonderfully improved health and pep and, with these, many new friends and enviable social success—by simply taking these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets for a few weeks.

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The reason is easily understood. You see, scientists have discovered that great numbers of people today are thin

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HOLLYWOOD IS REAL

(Continued from page 85)



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Hair that has been abused...

made Soft and Lovely again

• Don't put up with "apology" hair any longer. Nobody believes you when you say, "I can't do a thing with my hair." Because thousands know you can! Just a few simple treatments at home will work wonders with hair that's been abused. You can restore natural softness by using the same method professional hairdressers use... the alkali-free, latherless Admiracion Oil Shampoo!

Don't confuse Admiracion with soapy shampoos. Admiracion Shampoo contains no alkali or harsh chemicals. With a single application, the film that hides the beauty of your hair is washed away. Unruly hair is left so soft and manageable, it sets beautifully after washing. Ask your druggist for Admiracion Oil Shampoo. There are two types... "no-lather" in the red carton and "lathering" in the green carton. Use either and see the new luster in your hair—the new spring in your curls. Admiracion Laboratories, Harrison, New Jersey.

Hollywood has lost all her fantastic aspects! Joan Crawford *does* drive that black and chromium roadster... only not along the Boulevard. Alice Brady *did* take five dogs to a pre-view and the subsequent party at the Ambassador. There really is a men's club in Hollywood to which no one without at least three inches of chin whiskers is admitted. Some of our biggest stars have belonged to it temporarily. There are club rooms and the members amuse themselves with checker games and beer.

Bill Fields *did* start to juggle plates and knives and forks in a small restaurant, to the proprietor's horror, as a protest against slow service. Honestly and truly, Anna Sten kept baby chickens in her living room and a jack rabbit actually lived in a box on the balcony outside her bed room. (It had a most unpleasant disposition and was polite to no one but Anna.) Hollywood's *creme de la creme* really *did* slide down things at Carole Lombard's beach concession party that time, with resultant, painful bruises. And, speaking of bruises, the Countess di Frasso had difficulty going up and down stairs for days after she arrived at a party riding on a camel. I really *did* see a lady, wearing red satin pajamas, taking a huge Dalmatian for his exercise in the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel.

What I am getting at is this. Hollywood still had her idiosyncrasies, always will have. But they are not as apparent to the casual passer-by as they used to be. The whole atmosphere of the place

is changing. The making of pictures is no longer a glorious romp. It is a serious and some times heart breaking business. The present generation of actors has been sobered somewhat by the spectacle of former big shots taking nose dives to ignominious ends. Clara Kimball Young who made, and spent, a million. Francis X. Bushman. Valentino, who was practically bankrupt when he died. More recently Noah Beery who, after years of successful work upon the screen, found himself nearly penniless.

Sables and orchids and solid gold plumbing are no longer considered necessities in Hollywood, although they have not entirely disappeared. Hard work and investment in government bonds are becoming downright fashionable.

When I first met Alison Skipworth I asked her how, with her ripe experience of stage tramping, Hollywood impressed her. Was she amused or irritated by it?

"I see nothing fantastic or amusing about it," quoth Miss Skipworth. "Hollywood is filled with earnest, talented people, working harder and more intensely than people do anywhere else in the world. Some of them are doing fine things. All of them are striving to do fine things. Hollywood is an agonizing community!"

Hollywood still glitters in spots. It still cuts capers which make you wonder whether you are living in some Lewis Carroll land of fancy. But Hollywood works at its job now... and fantasy gives way gradually to reality. And perhaps that's as it should be.

NIGHTS OF TERROR

(Continued from page 87)

Boulevard and Vine Street one evening shortly before Christmas and watched the Santa Claus parade wind up the street. In the first float, sitting beside Old Nick himself was Jane Withers—smiling, bowing and waving to the folks on the sidewalk. She looked as if she were having a grand time.

The woman who stood next to me, with her own little girl by her side, said, "My, aren't her parents lucky to have a child to make all that money for them!"

"She worked for it for quite a number of years," I replied.

"What of it?" said the woman. "She's got it now and nothing to worry about!"

Nothing to worry about. Behind Jane, covered by a mass of red bunting, crouched into cramped positions, but still on the alert, and with their hands on their gun holsters ready for the draw, were two husky bodyguards. What the petulant mother who envied Jane's parents didn't know was of the danger that even then confronted the small star. Of the sleepless nights Mrs. Withers had spent, wondering, worrying, fearing that the "finger had been put on her daughter, repeating over and over to herself the contents of the extortion note which read: "Have \$5,000 ready and wait until you hear from us. If you don't, we will get your daughter, Jane. Don't tell police. If you do, we will get Jane. You know what will happen if you talk too much. We will take her for a ride. (Signed) 'Ace.'"

And, yet, because her job demanded it, Jane rode down Hollywood Boulevard

that night in full sight and gun range of anyone who wanted to take a pot shot. Nothing to worry about—!

A few weeks after the Santa Claus parade, the man who wrote the threat letter and who penned a similar one to Freddie Bartholomew asking "\$25,000 or it will be just too bad for Freddie" walked into the Los Angeles police station and gave himself up. He signed a full confession and inside of three days was on his way to prison to serve a twenty-five year sentence. Yes, he was caught and sentenced, but he'd done his work—frightened Mrs. Withers and Aunt Cissie so that they will never sleep quite as soundly again.

Shortly after her marriage to Roger Pryor, and when Roger was in Chicago, Ann Sothern received a series of strange 'phone calls. Her telephone would ring. She would answer and no one would answer her, although she had the strange feeling that someone was listening. This happened several times before she notified authorities and was informed that often this was the way burglars checked to find when people were at home. Very startled, Ann installed an alarm system, bought herself another dog and left word that one of the servants was to stay on the premises all of the time.

Al Jolson was the victim last year of a telephone fiend, who called him in the dead of night, and informed him that Ruby Keeler, who was in the hospital for a minor operation, had died suddenly. Imagine his feelings, until he found out the truth. What an experience!

SUNNY SIDE UP

(Continued from page 31)

for them. Last year I not only didn't feel like working but I couldn't have worked if I had felt like it. Last year everything was upside down. I was upset and unhappy about everything.

"This year everything is right side up. Now I feel well. Now I am free of my RKO contract. Now I am free-lancing. I am terribly happy about 'Union Pacific.' I love my part in 'Golden Boy.' I like the script of my next picture at Paramount.

"I want to feel really free again. I don't want to be tied down to the responsibilities of the two ranches, mine and Bob's. I don't want us to settle down. And that settling down business is more dangerous for men, I believe, than for women. Out there, it's too easy to come home, get into old clothes (you know, the black tie and all) and then say that it's too much trouble to drive back into town again. We want to go places and do things. At least, we want to be where we can. I don't know what places, specifically, or what things. We just want to be near, to be in everything! We'll keep Bob's ranch, keep the horses there and use it for week-ends. But we'll have a place in Beverly Hills where we can stay when we're working.

WE haven't any plans," said Barbara, flippantly, positively flippantly, I assure you. "The only plan we may be said to have calls for our being together as much as possible. As it is now, I leave the ranch at 5:30 in the morning in order to get to the studio, get my make-up on, be on the set in time. Bob, not having to use any make-up, doesn't have to leave until 7:30. Result: we never have breakfast together, seldom lunch together, though Bob has rushed over here to Columbia a few times to lunch with me. Only sure date we have is for dinner and that's at odd hours.

"But as I was saying, the plan is that we haven't any plans. We haven't planned where, or even whether we shall have a permanent home. We haven't planned for a family, one way or the other. We might take another child, we

might have a family of our own. We haven't bought a single new thing since our marriage, not even a piece of furniture. Why, I didn't even plan a trousseau. I got married in a little blue dress which just happened to be new. When we got half way to San Diego I realized that I'd forgotten my hat! I had to borrow Holly's (Holly is my secretary and good friend) to get married in.

"Not that I was too haphazard about it, don't get me wrong. We didn't, for instance, get married on the spur of the moment, as has been said. People asked us why we pulled a fast one, a surprise. But we didn't. They must have forgotten that 'way last February we said that we'd be married sometime in May. Well, we were married sometime in May. And I did conform to sentiment, too. I wore 'something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue.' Old shoes, the dress was new and blue, the hat was borrowed and there was I, the old couplet come to life.

"I am sentimental about it all," confessed Barbara, again confusing me. "I must confess that I always have remembered all of our anniversaries, such as the anniversary (commemorated each month) of the day we first met, the music we first danced to, the first flowers Bob ever sent me (they're pressed in the family album at home)! You needn't look so distraught, it isn't a change in me to be sentimental. I've always been a sentimentalist, at heart. But I've never dared to admit it before, that's the change. For unless you're happy and feel secure in your happiness, it's a dangerous thing to admit to, sentiment.

"Anyway, we haven't any plans. I know that if you make plans and they don't work out, they break your heart. So we haven't any and don't intend to make any. 'Plan for nothing and be prepared for everything'—that's the Taylor motto. I'm so thrilled, so absolutely happy right now, this very day, this very hour, that I'm simply not concerned about the next hour or the next day." Never did I think I'd live to see the day

(Continued on page 103)

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Answers to Quiz on Page 77

1. Leo Gorcey.
2. Walter Brennan.
3. "Confessions of a Nazi Spy."
4. James Roosevelt.
5. Will Hays.
6. Hugh Herbert.
7. Susan Hayward.
8. Rochester.
9. Narma Shearer's.
10. Jane Withers.
11. "Oscars."
12. Shirley Temple.
13. No, Yule is Roaney's real name.
14. Ed Sullivan in "Big Tawn Czar."
15. Both are dancers.
16. Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye.
17. Annabella.
18. Tay Garnett.
19. "Cut!"
20. Jascha Heifetz.
21. Mickey Rooney.
22. Katharine Hepburn.
23. Elsa Maxwell.
24. Cinema.
25. Hedy Lamarr.

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(Continued from page 41)

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similar situation, to get ahead. It would not occur to her to copy.

She never planned to get into pictures. She didn't scheme and study. She hasn't suffered, nor outwitted an inferiority complex. Lana mixes easily. People aren't fearsome strangers to her. She has an innate poise. When she was dancing in a grammar school performance she came down upon a splinter suddenly. Without batting one of her big blue eyes, she switched into a toe dance which didn't involve the hurt heel.

Never having heard of an inhibition nor, so far, of a consequence, she has never experienced a worry. This is rather hard to believe at first, but it's so. Her objective was, and is, to have a good time. She expects to live vividly, to be kind when she can be, and she is so full of youthful vitality that she makes you wonder how any other goal could seriously appeal to anyone.

LANA was happily having fun, when, at fifteen, she found herself in the movies. She and her mother resided in several inland California towns before settling in San Francisco. Mrs. Turner persuaded a woman friend to share their apartment with them, so Lana would be looked after when she came home from school. After a year at a convent, Lana returned to a public school as a junior high student. She was so exuberant she was elected girls' yell leader.

The other memorable event of her youth happened the same year. She set forth alone on a trip half-way across America. She was fourteen and it was summer, so she informed her mother she wanted to go to Missouri to visit grandma. Mrs. Turner said yes, and next day Lana was downtown turning the shops inside out for bargains in new ladies' wear. She says she didn't have many close friends, because she'd moved so much—not that she minded. In the next breath she recalls how eighteen chums saw her off on the bus.

"After two weeks in Webb City, I decided I'd visit an aunt in Chicago. I was tired of sitting up in a bus, so I took the train. No," she added with a patient smile, "I wasn't afraid to travel by myself. I told everyone I was seventeen and got away with it. But when I got to Chicago, my aunt had moved and left no new telephone number. So I went over to the Travelers' Aid counter in the depot. 'Here I am to see my aunt. She's gone and I've only a little money left. What am I supposed to do?' Well," Lana sighed, "when I asked them that, they phoned around until they found her. I had a marvelous week! One night I stayed up all night! The rest of the kids back in San Francisco had never done that. Their dates weren't so hot!"

Her aunt agreed with Lana that it would be more fun if Lana flew back to grandma's, so there was an airplane ticket as a parting present.

After a brief sojourn with grandma again, Lana entrained for San Francisco via Albuquerque, to see the southern route. "When I got to New Mexico I discovered I had no money left. I was hungry, so I said to the conductor, 'I don't know how to send a telegram from a train. Will you wire my mother for me?' He was awfully obliging about it. But at Needles I only got five dollars from her! So I stuffed myself with candy and peanuts.

"Then I got off at the wrong time in

Los Angeles, and missed the train north. I didn't know a soul, and the next train didn't leave until morning. I just went to the Travelers' Aid again. They took me over to the Y. W. C. A. for the night. When they called me in the morning I certainly hated to get up so early. 'How do I get over to the station?' I asked. They got me a taxi and sent me over.

"When I got to San Francisco I supposed somebody would at least meet me with a car. I was so mad, having to lug all my baggage in a street car! Half way home I dragged my poor mother off; I just had to stop in at Jack 'n' Jill's. That was the drug store where all the kids collected. I was so disappointed when they weren't there that night that I just cried and cried."

Half the time Lana is thoroughly naive, and so amazingly frank and good-humored that you laugh with her as she tells on herself. Then you are conscious of her beauty, of her exquisite grooming, and of the smart way she wears her attractive clothes.

Her mother learned of a better beauty parlor job in Hollywood. That was their only motive in coming where the studios are. Lana enrolled at Hollywood High, and didn't enjoy it because classes had begun to be boring routine to her. She had celebrated her fifteenth birthday, and had been at Hollywood High only two months, when fate selected her for fame and fortune. Temporarily disgusted with the intricacy of typing, Lana was cutting the class to have a coke at the nearest drug store fountain. The publisher of Hollywood's leading movie trade paper had noticed her in there before, and this day he gave her a card which he explained was an entree to Zeppo Marx, the agent brother of the acting Marxes. She should, he maintained, be in pictures.

THE "you oughta be in pitchers" insinuation was just a line to Lana, but a visit to the Marx office would be a swell excuse for omitting classes all the following day. So next morning she trotted over to call on Zeppo. En route she kept forming a spicurl on her brow, why she doesn't know. She hadn't worn one there for ages, and hasn't worn one since that day.

She was so evidently photogenic that Zeppo rushed her out to Warners. The casting director wasn't a great deal more than lukewarm, so she was guided in to see Mervyn LeRoy, who was seeking a new leading lady. The clever little producer recognized her potentialities. "But I promised Zeppo not to admit I was only fifteen until after I'd signed the contract with Mervyn LeRoy," Lana confessed. Three days after the signature on the dotted line, she was before the cameras acting a lead. Lana, who'd never bothered trying out for a junior high play, who'd only bothered to have fun, skipped the customary training that easily.

I questioned her as to what she did with her first paycheck. "I really didn't know what to do with it, so I carried it around with me for a week. Then my mother took it. She said we had a few bills to pay, and I'd get it back." Lana harbors absolutely no desire to be a business woman about her career. Her mother officiates in that capacity, and when Lana marries she'll let her husband do the budgeting. "When I earn more money," she revealed, "the first thing I'm

going to buy is a limousine. Then I want to send my mother on a trip, and build her a house. After that I'll quit working."

When Mervyn LeRoy left Warners for M-G-M, Lana went along and Metro realized her valuable assets could make a mint for them. Each time her option has been taken up, Lana has moved to a more expensive apartment, until now she is at home in a swanky building overlooking the elegant Sunset Strip. There are stars to the right and left of her, and a wonderful swimming pool for the tenants. She wants to take flying lessons, but Metro shakes its head sternly.

"I suppose," I said, "that you are studying with the studio drama coach." (We were lunching in the commissary on the lot. Lana eats whatever she wants and her figure remains superb. She hasn't adopted caviar tastes, either. After asking me to suggest something, she decided on a choc malt, a tuna sandwich on rye, and a huge piece of chocolate layer cake. But first she begged my permission to get rid of her gum, under the table. "Otherwise," she remarked earnestly, "I'll have to swallow it!")

A languid look filled her beautiful big blue eyes at my mention of the drama coach. "I should be studying with her. But I haven't started—yet."

Her candor hit even more of a new high when I wondered if she and her handsome boy friend, a Hollywood attorney of twenty-seven, had marriage in view for the near future. For two years Lana has been going steady with Greg Bautzer. Neither her mother nor her studio wishes her to marry this young.

But she's no puppet! "Yes, I've thought of getting married. A lot. We've almost eloped a number of times. But we got into fights instead. Sometimes I can't get



Remember Ben Lyon and Bebe Doniels? Well, they're back from London for a Hollywood holiday.

to sleep for hours after Greg's aggravated me."

The more indifferent a man is, the more fascinated Lana is liable to be. Greg was aloof, she declared. "We carried on the most terrific flirtation this town has ever seen before we ever spoke. I saw him everywhere I went. Finally I had to smile, so then he broke down. We were introduced. Still he didn't ask me for a date. However, a girl I know was to be guest star at the Biltmore Bowl, and she invited me to join her party and invited Greg as my escort. He answered, 'Certainly. Only I was hoping she'd call herself!' When I heard that, I muttered, 'Wait a minute, do they all call him first?'"

"When he drove me downtown that night we instantly got into a glamorous conversation. He began by announcing he'd never fall in love or marry again. I thought, this is where Turner steps in, this is my opening scene! That," she amplified, "was away back during the Big Apple. And in three weeks things were going too calmly. That wouldn't do, so I broke off, and went with someone else for a month." Then she reconciled, and it's been kisses and quarrels ever since. With accent on the former.

"I can't lie to the man. Back during the Lambeth Walk I tried it. Greg was east on business, and I did step out with someone else. I took the precaution of renting a black wig, as disguise. But the papers got it, and when Greg returned he gave me the devil." She shuddered contentedly.

Lana is one aspiring actress who adores night clubs and says so. Fortunately, Greg is an excellent dancer as well as a prospering lawyer. She is very proud of his progress. "I'm always there at his office when I have free time, talking

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about styles or the races to his secretaries. We're having more fun until he comes roaring in and shoves me out, but fast!"

They weathered a crisis when he forgot about her parking ticket. "Greg forgot to appear for me, and I had to go down to juvenile traffic court! That was the week before my eighteenth birthday. I was all decked out in my silver fox and asked the judge what would happen to me. That was the wrong approach. 'You'd better get a lawyer, young lady!' the judge barked. 'I've got one, somewhere,' I replied. And when I caught up with Greg was he sorry!"

When they aren't rhumbaing at La Conga, they're playing tennis at the Westside Tennis Club, or waltzing on roller skates at a public rink.

Lana's case illustrates once more that sex appeal and hundred per cent femininity are still the surest aids for a woman. She hadn't diligently prepared for this break. They didn't give her the traditional Hollywood treatment for be-

ginners; no one had to show Lana how to stand or walk interestingly. She got that down pat, on her own. The studio's fashion experts, used to browbeating amateur Crawfords, grin with glee when Lana enters their domain. She buys glamorously, without any instruction, and in a jiffy she poses for their fashion spreads in the ideal manner. The studio's coiffure king has little to do, because Lana instinctively knows how to make the locks lie loveliest. She's been made a golden blonde, but she didn't scream in haughty indignation at the bleaching, as arty young imports from the theatah do. At fourteen Lana marched down to a beauty parlor herself and had her brown hair died a brilliant red. So if it's still better blonde, why not, she muses, be blonde?

She is driving a bright red car and she's knitting a striking green sweater for her pet Pekingese between scenes in her newest picture. Lana describes herself as "strictly Hollywood." That's why she stands out above the crowd!

THE HAPPINESS BOY

(Continued from page 29)

Recently, when he appeared in "The Three Musketeers," a new legend grew up that Don was one of the greatest fencers who had ever come to Hollywood, and that if he had lived in the time of D'Artagan, he would have put all the fencers of France to shame. His fencing teacher is supposed to have said that until Don Ameche came along, Douglas Fairbanks was the best fencer among the actors, but that Don Ameche had outstripped even Doug Fairbanks.

When this was mentioned, Don turned slightly red. "It is news to me," he said. "I studied fencing for three weeks. To become an expert fencer requires at least three years."

Don and Tyrone Power are said to be rivals. Their feud is supposed to have started when Tyrone first came to Chicago at the time of the World's Fair and applied for dramatic roles on the air. Every time he asked for a role, he was told Don Ameche had been selected. Finally he was given a small part in a radio play in which Don was to be the star. But even that didn't help Tyrone, for while Don continued to be the most sought-after dramatic actor on the air, Tyrone got nowhere. Finally, when he was asked to read funny papers to children over the air, Tyrone quit.

YEARS later, they met again in Hollywood. When Tyrone came to Hollywood, he found that Don Ameche had already played a dual role in "Sins of Man." For a while it was nip and tuck between the two men. Don Ameche created a stir as the Indian in "Ramona," and Tyrone Power was very effective in a small bit in "Girls' Dormitory." Both men had parts of equal importance in "Ladies in Love." Then the tide turned. Given the lead in "Lloyds of London," Tyrone became even more popular than Don was.

Today Don is extremely popular at the box-office, but Tyrone is even more so. Don was announced for Sonja Henie's last picture, "Second Fiddle," but Darryl Zanuck changed his mind. He took Don out of the cast and put Tyrone in.

"Tyrone and I are the best of friends," said Don. "I'm not at all hurt when Tyrone is put into a role for which I've been considered, and I know Tyrone isn't hurt when I'm put into a part for which

he's been considered. We've often laughed about our 'feud.'"

I asked Don if he objected to such stories. Many actors do resent faked items but Don is merely amused. "There must be a demand for such stories," he said, "or the papers wouldn't print them."

You would imagine that all the myths that have been published about Don Ameche were invented because nothing really dramatic ever happens to him, yet that isn't true. In some respects his life has been ultra-dramatic, but he talks about the highlights very matter-of-factly. He plays his big moments off the screen, just as he plays scenes on the screen, without a trace of ham.

LET'S look at the record. He was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, the son of an Italian father and a mother in whose blood was mixed the strain of many nationalities. When he was fourteen, Father Sheehy, a man who is still his friend, introduced him to Honore Pendergast, and for three years they were madly in love with each other. "Of course it's only puppy love," their parents said. "It isn't possible for two people that young to know their own minds."

Don Ameche was sent off to a university. It wasn't until many years later that he met Honore again, and found it hadn't been puppy love after all. With Honore to encourage him, he acquired a firm faith in his own destiny. Gambling on that faith, he went to Hollywood and took a test for M-G-M. The test was so bad that the director told him, "Look, I hate to give advice, but you're a nice guy, and I'll break my rule for you. Honestly, if I were you, I'd stay with radio, where you've got a name and a reputation. If you go into the movies, you'll ruin that reputation. You have a funny chin and you're not the handsome hero type."

Completely discouraged, Don went back to Chicago. But an agent, who was a friend of his, upon hearing about the failure of his movie test, said, "It doesn't prove anything. Plenty of actors have flopped on half a dozen tests and then made good. Twentieth Century-Fox wants to test you at their expense." This time Don's test was successful, he was assigned a dual role in "Sins of Man." For one role he was his brunette self, for the other he wore a blonde wig.

It was while he was playing the role of the Indian in "Ramona" that the most unbelievable incident of his Hollywood career occurred. One day, while swimming out at LaJolla, Don felt something suddenly sting the bottom of his foot. On having it examined, he learned that he had been stung by a sting ray, and that he would probably be in some pain for several days. The next day he was sitting in a chair on location with the company at Warners Hot Springs and discussing the incident. "All I need now," he said, "is for a rattlesnake to come along and bite me." Suddenly he saw a snake edging along the side of his chair, and was almost transfixed with horror. At the same time one of the workmen saw the snake and killed it.

"That sounds as if it couldn't possibly have happened," I told Don.

He shrugged his shoulders. "It's true," he said.

Another dramatic thing which happened to Don was his appearance with Mae West in the famous broadcast in which Mae shocked the country by playing Eve to Don's Adam, in a very suggestive manner. In one scene Don was supposed to kiss Mae's eyes and lips. Then there was a moment's silence. It was broken by Mae's voice saying insinuatingly, "Oh, so that's what you want!"

"How did you happen to appear on that broadcast?" I asked Don. "Did the script read all right?"

"I suppose," said Don thoughtfully, "it didn't, but none of us realized it. I just didn't think. It did not occur to me that a burlesque of Adam and Eve would give offense to many people. If it had occurred to me and I had had any choice about the matter, I certainly would not have appeared on that program. Of course, as a matter of fact, I have no choice about the lines I read. But if I had realized that the script might be offensive, I should certainly have said something to the director about it. Nearly always when an actor does object to a line, the director will try to have it changed. That is the only time anything like that ever happened to me," said Don gravely. "I hope nothing like it ever happens again."

The silliest of the legends about Don is that with success he has become a dull, prosaic person, without a spark of fun in his make-up. The opposite is true. When it comes to playing practical jokes, he is the holy terror of the Fox lot. "At one time or another," he confessed, laughing, "I've wrecked the dressing-room of almost everyone on my lot. I throw all their belongings on the floor. I tear up all the lamps, and fling the contents of the make-up kits about the room."

Recently when Tyrone Power was elected king of the movies in a newspaper poll, Don Ameche and Henry Fonda worked out a plan to rib the new king. When Tyrone came down to the studio commissary that day, he found a huge throne awaiting him with his name in large letters across the back. Grouped around the throne was a staff of courtiers, who bowed mockingly. The waiter who came up to take his order was dressed in regal attire, and addressed Tyrone as "Your Majesty." By the time the lunch was over, there wasn't the slightest danger that Tyrone would let the new honor go to his head.

Every month Don is enthusiastic about something else. One month it is golfing; another, it is horseback riding; a third, it's swimming. Right at this moment it's brood mares and baby colts. Don and Chester Lauck have a racing stable near Hollywood, where they breed their own colts, more as a hobby than for profit, and Don will talk about colts for hours to anyone who will listen. When one of his horses wins, he is in seventh heaven. When one loses, he shrugs his shoulders. He is a good loser.

HE is very moody, on the heights one day and in the depths the next. Any sad story or hard luck tale depresses him, and he will stay depressed all day. He very often forgets appointments and often shows up at the wrong place. He has gotten into innumerable jams through his inability to remember appointments. But when he does remember them, he always arrives on the dot. That's the result of his radio training.

When he answers the 'phone or calls up a friend, he never says, "This is Don Ameche." No, first he must pretend to be an Italian, a Chinaman or an Irishman. Not until he has thoroughly confused and bewildered his friends, will he admit who he really is.

He detests formality, and prefers a simple picnic to an elaborate banquet. In Hollywood, where a star never speaks to a featured player, and a featured player never speaks to a bit player, and a bit player never speaks to an extra, Don pals around with Bob Melton, a stand-in.

He hates to dress up in formal clothes. Once he was invited to a formal dinner by Chester Lauck, who is Lum of the famous Lum and Abner radio skits. "You mean I have to wear a dinner jacket?" he asked.

"Yes, and a silk hat and white tie." "You know how I hate them," groaned Don.

"You shouldn't," said Chester. "If you only knew how grand you look in tails, you'd love formal dinners."

"All right," said Don. "I'll come."

When Don and Mrs. Ameche arrived, Chester Lauck breathed a sigh of relief. He'd half expected Don to pull something. But there was Honore, in a stunning white gown, with an ermine wrap. And there was Don, looking grand in a topcoat and silk hat. Of course it was just like Don to be carrying an awkward-looking package in his hand. For a moment Chester wondered what the bulky package could possibly be.

As he helped Don off with his coat, all the men and women at the party gasped. For under the topcoat, Don had on nothing but a bathing suit! As they all looked on, Don calmly began unwrapping the awkward-looking package, which turned out to be a picnic lunch, containing sandwiches, hot dogs and a soft drink. Then Don sat down on the floor in the living-room, and very much at ease, proceeded to dispose of his picnic lunch, while the other guests filed into the dining-room.

Solution to Puzzle on Page 82

J	A	C	K	I	E		C	O	O	P	E	R	
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City _____ State _____ Age _____

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 83)

★ Magnificent Fraud

Akim Tamiroff aided by Lloyd Nolan, Robert Warwick and George Zucco perpetrate the "Magnificent Fraud," which is one of the most fabulous, super-colossal hoaxes yet inflicted on a mythical South American country. Tamiroff is really a cafe actor fugitive from a French murder. When the president of the republic is bombed, Tamiroff steps onto the executive throne through a plot carefully planned by Messrs. Nolan, Warwick and Zucco. Nolan is from Chicago, and has become a power behind the government. Warwick is the army chief. And Zucco is a politically ambitious schemer.

Complications develop when Nolan falls in love with Patricia Morison, an American visiting the country with her fiancé (Ralph Forbes). With them as chaperon is Mary Boland, a fading opera star, who repeatedly reminds Tamiroff of days when she and the president made ardent love between operas. An operative of the French police (Ernest Cosart) suspects the status of the fake president since he's been on the actor's trail for seven years, and the climax speeds to a quick but satisfactory exposé.

Love scenes between Nolan and Patricia Morison are torrid, and the tropical background with revolutionists behind every palm tree has an exotic appeal. Steffi Duna and Barbara Pepper contribute their share of native beauty, and good support is offered by Abner Biberman, Frank Reicher, Robert Middlemass and Donald Gallaher. A one-sentence

criticism of this picture would be that there is too much Tamiroff. Directed by Robert Florey—Paramount.

★ Unexpected Father

Sandra Henville, otherwise known as "Baby Sandy", takes the spotlight again, but this time with justification for she's starred in the picture. Unfortunately, the studio was so anxious to capitalize upon the charms which Sandy showed in "East Side of Heaven" that they rushed her into a picture without proper attention to story or direction. The result will not prove entertaining to most audiences but many will find Sandy's gurgling activities ample compensation for their time and ticket.

In the acting department, Mischa Auer is responsible for most of the highlights. With a group of down-at-the-heel theatrical people, he falls heir to the orphaned Sandy. The plot concerns the frantic and understandable efforts of the group to keep the baby for themselves, in spite of the attempts of an unsavory relative of Sandy's and the law to foil their efforts. Shirley Ross and Dennis O'Keefe, two other vaudevillians, are also in on the deal. In love with each other, but constantly bickering over one thing and another, they are finally brought together by Cupid Sandy and all ends happily. Joy Hodges, Mayo Methot, Jane Darwell and Paul Guilfoyle are others selected for pretty thankless roles. Directed by Charles Lamont.—Universal.

INFORMATION DESK

(Continued from page 15)

role in "Union Pacific." You will see him next as one of the three heroic brothers in "Beau Geste," soon to be released. Preston is six feet one inch tall, weighs one hundred seventy-five pounds, has dark brown hair and grey eyes. You can write him in care of Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Helen Brown, Newark, N. J. We agree with you that John Garfield is one of the most popular picture personalities of the year. His real name is Jules Garfinkle and he was born in New York City, N. Y., March 4th, 1913, of poor parents. He received his education at the Theodore Roosevelt High School and the Angelo Patri School for Boys. His start came at the age of fifteen when he got a stage role in "Lost Boy." Innumerable stage assignments followed and it was his performance in "Golden Boy," a Group Theatre production, that brought him to Warner Brothers' attention. He got off to a fine start in the company of the Lane Sisters in his first movie assignment, "Four Daughters," and has been kept very busy ever since. His last picture was "Daughters Courageous," and he will soon be seen in "Dust Be My Destiny." John is married to Roberta Mann, a non-professional, and they have a baby. You can write him in care of Warner Bros., Burbank, Cal.

Rea Steele, Baltimore, Md. Henry Fonda was born at Grand Island, Nebraska on May 16th. He graduated from the University of Minnesota where he studied Journalism and various other writing courses. When he was unable to find a newspaper job, he became interested in the Little Theatre group, though his interest was mostly in the technical end of production. He was a scene designer and painter for three years in Omaha. Then he went to New York hoping to find

professional stage work there. After some work in a summer theatre, he understudied in several plays in New York. His first break was in the stage version of "The Farmer Takes a Wife," and the movie of the same play was his first Hollywood role. He is six feet, one inch tall and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. His hair is black, and his eyes blue. You'll see him next in "Drums Along the Mohawk" with Claudette Colbert.

Mrs. Al Strouf, Niagara, Wis. The two brothers in Barbara Stanwyck's picture "His Brother's Wife" were played by Robert Taylor and John Eldredge.

Rita Barisic, New York City. Gene Reynolds is thirteen years old and five feet, five inches tall. He has hazel-eyes, brown hair and weighs eighty pounds. Before he entered the movies three years ago, he posed for commercial posters, advertisement photographs and commercial motion pictures. His latest picture is "They Shall Have Music."

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MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

SUNNY SIDE UP

(Continued from page 97)

when I'd hear Stanwyck make this profession of perfect happiness. It couldn't be more revolutionary if Garbo talked!

"Bob is keen about his work," Barbara was going gaily on. "You know how crazy I am about mine. Talk about our work at home? Of course we do. Why not? Next to each other, next to Dion, it's the main interest in our lives. I'm interested in everything Bob does, as he is about everything I'm doing. We discuss the scenes we've done or are going to do, but we never talk about what we may be doing next year, five years from now. How does anyone know what they'll be doing or what they'll want to be doing next week?"

"Perfect happiness. No plans. That's why there isn't anything much to say, nothing to plan. Did you ever stop to realize that when you're really happy, you don't talk much? It's because when you're happy, you just don't seem to have anything to say. It's the same about plans. It's only when you are unhappy or dissatisfied that you make plans, plans for changing whatever conditions are making you unhappy. You don't make plans when things are perfect as they are. Why should you? You don't want to change anything. I," said Barbara, this new, startling, shining Stanwyck, "I don't want to change anything now. For the first time in my whole life I'm completely, absolutely happy. And if there is anything to add to that, it's on the other side of Heaven—and I can wait."

I murmured, "Well, marriage has certainly turned you upside down, Miss S.!"

Barbara laughed, that new, bright ringing laughter which seems, for the first time in her life, to well up from her heart. . . "No, right side up" she told me. "Sunny side up!"

DOLLAR FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

(Continued from page 17)

"Wuthering Heights"

Never before have I seen a picture which impressed me as deeply as "Wuthering Heights." For weeks after seeing it, I found myself thinking back over its exquisitely portrayed characterizations and subtle shadings of moods.

The contrast it presented after a cycle of hilarious comedies was refreshing—it gave one something to think about after he left the theatre. A love so powerful that it swept all before it was not a new story, but was presented in a new way—cruelty and tenderness all at once.

Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier, who were magnificent and really did the story justice, should be in line for the Academy Awards. So should the director and photographer for their beautiful work. "Wuthering Heights" is a gallant tribute to the genius of Emily Bronte and to the art of motion pictures.—Mary Slaughter, Philadelphia, Pa.

Allan Jones

Do you realize that Allan Jones has not made any pictures since "The Firefly?" I think that it's a shame because he is a fine actor and a marvelous singer. I feel sure he deserves to be starred.

Please give him a break because he is tops with me. He is my favorite so I think I have a right to complain. Won't someone do something about Allan Jones and make me and other Jones fans happy? Isabella Capotosto, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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Enclosed find 10¢ for set of 4 latest shades of MINER'S LIP TIPS (little lipsticks) and color chart.



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Address _____
Try MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP For Lovelier Face Neck & Arms

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No need now to risk dangerous home paring

Now it's easy to get rid of ugly painful corns for good, without the risk of dangerous home paring.

1 Here's how: fit scientific Blue-Jay pad (C) neatly over corn. It relieves pain quickly by removing pressure. Special medicated formula (D) centers on the corn, gently loosens it so it can be lifted out—easily, painlessly.

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Morning Rarin' to Go

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BILE

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 57)

DID YOU KNOW?

That Zorina's real name is "Bridgett" and she hails from Sonja Henie's home town of Oslo, Norway? . . . That while Annabella was in her native France honeymooning with Tyrone Power, she sent gifts of the country's best perfume to all the girls in the studio wardrobe and make-up departments? . . . That Alice Faye's birthday present to her hubby Tony Martin was a colossal diamond and star sapphire ring? . . . That Errol Flynn and Fred Perry are plotting a nationwide exhibition tennis tour? . . . That Kay Francis really is going to marry the German Baron Barnekow and soon? . . . That Wayne Morris and his bride (Bubbles) spent their vacation at Fawcett's Lodge, Minn. just to be near Wayne's kid brother who's now one of the most publicized bell hops in America? . . . That the studio make-up departments have to fluff dusting powder on bald heads to cut down the shine for the camera? . . . That the Basil Rathbone "Bus Service" was started during filming of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes?" The actor filled up his station wagon with members of the cast every morning en route to the studio. . . . That Eddie Norris and Margaret Lindsay are really a serious romance, and her young sister Jane Gilbert has fallen for Hedda Hopper's son DeWolf, Jr.? And that the damper's been put on the Eddie Albert-Jane Bryan amour? He's dating Helen Wood and she's seeing the night spots with Bill Lundigan. . . . That Donald Crisp is including Germany in the itinerary of his European tour even after that stirring performance in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy?" . . . That Myrna Loy had a tough time dying in "The Rains Came?" It took 10 days with Myrna vowing she'd please the director if she died in the attempt. . . . That the handsome young boy visiting on the set of "Our Neighbors—The Carters" with Fay Bainter is her son Reggie? . . . That Martha Raye says she's going to let her hair go

"au naturel" as soon as she finishes her "blonde" role for "\$1000 A Touchdown?" . . . That "Golden Boy" William Holden has hung up his gloves and tucked away the violin, and is now biting his finger nails awaiting public reaction on his first picture?

ANN'S ECONOMY NOTE

One of the best-dressed girls in the younger set is Ann Rutherford. In spite of just inheriting a neat additional income from an aunt, the dark-eyed actress believes in sticking to her economic clothes budget. Here it is, girls. A good-looking suit for daytime wear, a black crepe dress for afternoons and informal evenings. And five hats to go with each costume. Before you say five hats aren't your idea of economy, consider more of Ann's advice. Make 'em! With a fifty-cent felt shape, blocked with the aid of your own nimble fingers and the kitchen tea-kettle, and adorned with a bunch of flowers from the five and ten, you can have chapeaux that will leave the other girls drooling with envy. Ann even wore a Rutherford original in a recent picture—so it can be done.

ROMANCE NOTES

Ken Murray has fallen head over heels for Mary Healy . . . Joan Bennett still thinks Woolly Donahue has that certain something, but she's dating Lee Bowman and Walter Wanger—with emphasis on Wanger . . . Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan continue to be the town's warmest romance . . . Arleen Whelan is back with Alex D'Arcy after everybody thought that was all over . . . Binnie Barnes has put Cesar Romero on the good friends list and has given her heart to radio announcer Mike Frankovitch—at least until ex-husband Mr. Joseph comes back to town . . . Andrea Leeds prefers Bob Howard and Rita Johnson is smitten with Lin Howard, and we mean smitten. Both are of the "horsey" Howards family,



They don't come any busier than Baby Sandy, who, between shots of "Unexpected Father," revises the script! She's a glamor girl, too, what with that little curly top-knot and mascaraed lashes. Cute?



A bevy of beauties snapped at the beach. Gale Page and the Lane sisters—Lola, Rosemary and Priscilla—are the comely quartette.

owners of Seabiscuit, Ligarotti, etc. . . . Virginia Field is dividing her time between young Hal Roach and Richard Greene . . . the Ann Sheridan-John Conti romance looks like wedding bells in the near future . . . Mary Beth Hughes is consoling Tom Brown's heart these days . . . Bonita Granville is sporting Bobby Jordan's school pin over her heart . . . Baby Sandy has all of Hollywood wrapped right 'round her little finger . . . the Chuck Laucks (he's Lum of the Lum and Abner radio team) are buying baby clothes . . . Odds are ten to one that Connie Bennett will marry Gilbert Roland after she gets that divorce from the Marquis De La Falaise in Paris . . . Rochelle Hudson is keeping her new romance a secret, but friends say she's planning marriage soon!

A NEW PHOTO!

At the Trocadero the other evening, Marie Wilson borrowed our photographer's camera to take a picture of her escort, Nick Grinde. Joy Hodges wandered past just then. "I wouldn't do that, Marie," she said seriously, "the Screen Actor's Guild will be after you. You don't have a photographer's card, you know." Marie dropped the camera like a hot cake, and Nick Grinde put his head in his hands, moaning. "Don't tell her that," he said, "Don't tell her ANYTHING." "Don't you worry, Nick," put in Marie at this point, "Maybe I can get a card."

SHORT SHOTS

Jeanette MacDonald's birthday gift to her mother was a season ticket to the Hollywood Bowl symphonic concerts . . . Joe Penner has joined the race track crowd and has seven nags in training for the Santa Anita season . . . Richard Greene gained 16 pounds while he was in the hospital recuperating from that tonsil operation . . . Jimmie Cagney was practically shell-shocked after the first day of shooting those old-time firearms for "The Roaring Twenties" . . . Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were that curious to meet Hedy Lamarr, and stared like a couple of the towns best tourists . . . One

of the funniest sights in town is the wide circle Dr. Joel Pressman cuts when the photographers start flashing bulbs at wifie Claudette Colbert. He doesn't like the ribs he gets from his professional pals . . . Anita Louise lets her finger nails grow to an inch and a half, and gives them a new paint job daily . . . Wally Beery and daughter Carol Ann have had all the tourists gaping at the night clubs. Daughter has a real ermine wrap and a frilly party dress that continually takes all the attention away from the glamor gals . . . Captain Frank Morgan slipped on a wet deck and broke three ribs. The director on his picture has ordered no more week-ends on the yacht . . . Martha Raye says she likes wearing screwy hats. It brings out her personality . . . Freddie Bartholomew is taking jitterbug lessons . . . Errol Flynn commutes between La Conga in Hollywood and the new La Conga on Catalina Island . . . Baby Sandy's daddy, Roy Henville, has been promoted from milkman to salesman. Practically everyone at Universal is buying milk from his company, which makes him their star salesman.

SEEN ALONG SUNSET STRIP

Garbo in the back seat of her ancient limousine studying her script for the next day as the chauffeur supervises filling of the gasoline tank . . . Gracie Allen handing nut-burgers into the back seat to little Sandra and Ronnie who watch mama Gracie with big eyes from behind voluminous white paper napkins tucked under their chins . . . Joan Blondell on the sidewalk getting a big greeting hug from Bing Crosby when she pays a visit to the crooner's very informal office which nestles next door to Brother Everett's swank agency . . . Paulette Goddard climbing out of her shiny town car and stopping to pull on her heelless slippers as she pays her weekly visit to Marglen's Beauty Shop which she owns . . . Joe E. Brown depositing the weekly pay check at the bank and grinning broadly at every one who turns to stare . . . George Raft parking his maroon roadster in front of his tailor's and waving to a beautiful blonde.

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A single wash with this amazing new type shampoo instantly removes the dull, dingy oil and dust-laden film that leaves blonde hair lifeless, mouse-colored and "old" looking, and enables you to keep that "JUST SHAMPOED" look, all week. Done in a few minutes and at a cost of but a few pennies. New Blondex gives your hair that glorious, lustrous, shimmering radiance that usually comes only in childhood. All shades of blondes find New Blondex leaves their hair lighter—lovelier. Start BLONDEX today. Sold at all stores.

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Esther Bonney Pads do not dry out before you are ready to use them. Get them at any 10c store.

Also try Esther Bonney Polish Remover Pads and Esther Bonney Hand Cream.

80 Esther Bonney Ever-moist Facial Pads in handsome boudoir container; 20 pads in compact purse container.



80 Pads 25¢ 20 Pads 10¢

Mischa Auer, ever the prankster, slips a piece of ice down Shirley Ross' back. Shirley doesn't look too grateful for the cooling off and we can't blame her.

A FISH STORY

Edgar Bergen often uses his own experiences to liven up the radio routines on his weekly programs. But it's not likely that Charlie McCarthy will have much to say about fishing for some time. Bergen's been deep-sea fishing every Saturday for the past four weeks with his pal, Don Ameche. Between them they have caught exactly nothing.

JUDY'S DATE

That six weeks' personal appearance tour did Judy Garland a lot of good professionally, but not socially. She hasn't been able to have a single date since returning home, due to making up her school-work. She couldn't even graduate with her class from Beverly Hills High School. With her daily work at the studio in "Babes In Arms" and all her home-work at night, Judy was easily the busiest girl in town. But her final exams have been passed with flying colors and now that the diploma's in the top dresser drawer and the picture's in the cutting-room, Judy's a free woman and making up for lost time. A No. 1 date in her opinion is Artie Shaw.

EUROPEAN VACATIONS

War scares can't stop Hollywood stars, once they have their minds set on European vacations. Edward G. Robinson is taking his wife and son, Manny, for a trip abroad, Madeleine Carroll has left for France and her new chateau, George Raft and Mack (the Killer) Gray are enroute, Norma Shearer is going to spend a month at Cannes with the Charles Boyers, Cary Grant is in London with Phyllis Brooks, who may be Mrs. Archie Leach by now and Gene Autrey is going to show the folks abroad what an honest-to-goodness cowboy looks like.



CITIZENS ALL

Becoming American citizens is the aim of foreign glamor girls these days. Marlene Dietrich recently crashed headlines when applying for citizenship papers and Sonja Henie has announced her intentions of following suit in the near future. Hedy Lamarr has just revealed that she quietly obtained her first United States citizenship papers six months ago, under her real name of Hedwig Kiesler.

HONOLULU COMMUTER

The Paul Munis are planning to buy property in Honolulu and settle there permanently. If they do so, John Halliday will have to share his title of "Honolulu to Hollywood Commuter." On the set of "Intermezzo" he disclosed that he has just sold his Hollywood home and will keep his island place as his only residence from now on. Halliday's spending all his spare time trying to sell Hawaiian real estate but to date the Munis are the only ones interested in commuting 2566 miles for studio calls.

PAULA'S WEDDING

Paula Stone made one of the prettiest brides in Hollywood history, at her recent marriage to Duke Daly, the orchestra leader. Just before the ceremony, it was found that she had something old and something blue but she hadn't borrowed a thing and couldn't go up the aisle flaunting tradition like that. So Anne Shirley, one of the bridesmaids, and Paula exchanged shoes on the spot. Anne admitted that she was glad to get her slippers back, because the bride's foot size put her own to shame. We can't report on who caught the bouquet because Paula sent it to her mother in New York. Mrs. Stone had been unable to attend the wedding, but got a long and garbled account of it when all the bridal party long-distanced her from the reception.

ANDREA'S "EXPRESSION"

After the preview of "They Shall Have Music," a girl was overheard raving about Andrea Leed's performance. Her companion wasn't so enthusiastic. "She was good in 'Stage Door,' all right," he admitted, "but I'm tired of that 'going up the staircase' expression."

DICK'S BACK

Richard Greene fans will be glad to hear that he is back at work again on the set of "Here I Am A Stranger." Production was held up five weeks awaiting his recovery from a serious automobile accident, in which the English actor suffered a badly injured knee cap. Dick is still wearing an iron brace on the injured knee, which prevents him from standing over half an hour at a time in front of the camera. But it doesn't prevent him from doing the night-spots almost every evening with Wendy Barrie. They have to enjoy their swing music from the side-lines, but Wendy's satisfied with the situation.

Deanna Durbin, Jackie Cooper and Helen Parrish, a trio of youthful players, stage an informal get-together. They're certainly attractive youngsters.



Thanks a Million!



I'll Never Forget

the wonderful relief from that unbearable bulky feeling when I changed to Kotex Sanitary Napkins with patented pressed ends that fit flatly. No more discomfort or embarrassment... those special pressed ends put Kotex in a class by itself!



I'm So Grateful

for the extra safety and comfort that Kotex Sanitary Napkins give because they're made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue. One after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the pad and so check damp, chafing edges!



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for 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary-Napkins—Regular, Junior and Super. Never again need I cut and adjust my napkins because 3 sizes of Kotex make it a simple matter for *every woman* to meet her individual needs from day to day.

All 3 Types at the
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KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS
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Easy on Your Throat—
Because **"IT'S TOASTED"**

"The U.S. Government has helped farmers raise finer tobacco—and the better grades go to Luckies!" says Earl Forbes, auctioneer. He's been "in tobacco" 22 years; has smoked Luckies for 13 years.

Have you tried a Lucky lately? Luckies are better than ever because the U.S. Government, the States and Universities have

experimented with soil, seed, and plant foods. They have developed new methods that have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years.

As independent tobacco experts like Earl Forbes point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these tobaccos, better than ever, are in Luckies

today. So Luckies are better than ever.

Try Luckies for a week. Then you know why sworn records show them among independent tobacco experts, auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined! **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO**

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

MODERN SCREEN

EMBER

10

ENTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION
OF ANY SCREEN
MAGAZINE



AN
DELL

ILL BETTE DAVIS MARRY GEORGE BRENT OR HER "EX"?

BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



Irresistible

A thrilling new enchantment is brought to you by Irresistible RED OAK make-up . . . whose rich shade was created to bring out the beauty of your coloring and match your fall and winter costumes! ~ Wear it with green—it's dramatic! Wear it with brown—it's exotic! Wear it with black—it's exciting!

Remember ~ there are other fashionable Irresistible fall shades for your make-up wardrobe, too! And ~ there's an Irresistible rouge and face powder designed to match each lipstick shade all scented with the same haunting Irresistible Perfume that you adore.

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YOUR LIPS INVITE ROMANCE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK



Her evening frock said "Stop and Look" but her lovely smile added "Stay"

Your smile is precious, priceless—it's YOU! Help guard it with Ipana and Massage



Romantic gown of change-able taffeta with deep square neckline and new puff bustle.

Don't ignore the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter smiles!

ANY MAN with an eye for beauty will always admire the girl in a glamorous gown. But how soon he turns away if her smile is dull and dreary!

For a girl can be dressed in the latest fashion and *still* win pity instead of praise—if she ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush"—if she lets her smile grow dingy.

Don't let this happen to *you*! Don't risk your looks—the winning appeal of a lovely smile—by neglecting the proper care of your teeth and gums. "Pink tooth brush" is a danger signal. Heed it promptly!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist. It may mean nothing serious. The chances are he'll tell you that modern, soft-cooked foods are depriving your gums of

vigorous chewing—denying them enough healthful exercise. He'll probably suggest "more work for lazy gums" and, as so many dentists do, he'll often add, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to keep teeth clean and sparkling but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Circulation is aroused within the lazy tissues—gums tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to flash its warning. Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, sounder gums—a smile that wins admiration!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

OCT 16 1939



MODERN SCREEN

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"Camay is so gentle — it's a Real Treat for My Skin!"

SAYS THIS LOVELY OHIO BRIDE

Camay's lather seems different to me . . . for while it's thorough, I find it's easier on my skin than the other soaps I've tried. Each beauty cleansing is a treat—and leaves my skin so gloriously fresh!

Middletown, Ohio
August 1, 1939

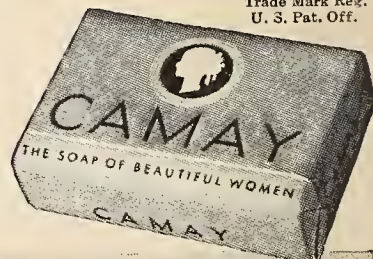
(Signed) HELEN ANDERSON
(Mrs. Townsend G. Anderson)

BEAUTY—ROMANCE! When a girl has *both*—doesn't it seem wise to follow her beauty advice? Charming Mrs. Anderson says, "Camay helped me keep my skin lovely—Camay can help *you*!"

Camay has that priceless beauty cleansing combination of *thoroughness* with *mildness*. It gets skin completely clean... is gentle, too. Time and again, we've tested Camay against several other famous beauty soaps on many different types of skin. Repeatedly Camay

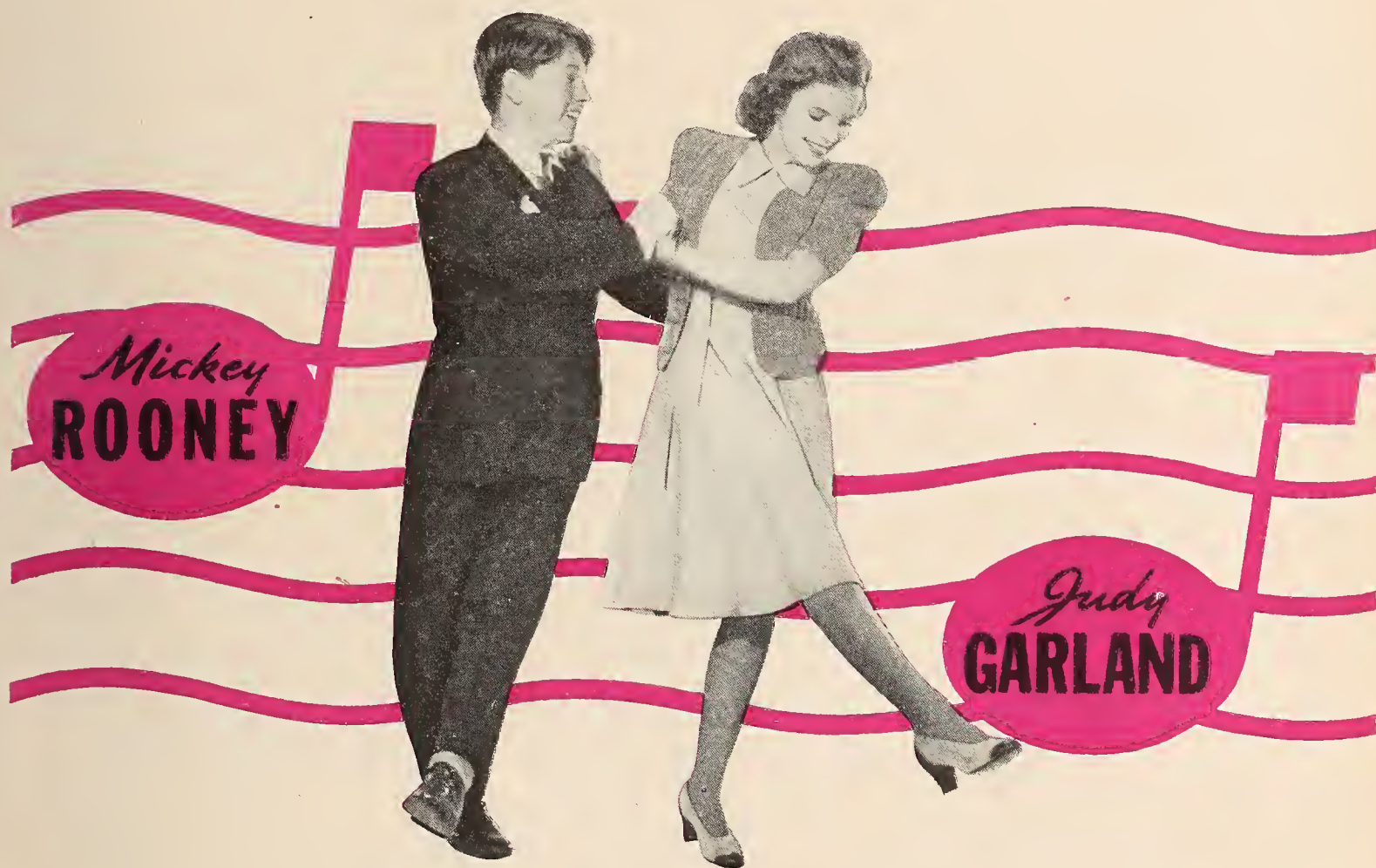
proved definitely *milder*! Try Camay for your beauty *bath*, too! It helps keep back and shoulders lovely—is a fragrant aid to daintiness. And Camay's price is amazingly low. Get three cakes of this fine soap today—use it regularly!

Trade Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

**A PROPHECY: "HERE'S THE GREATEST FUN AND
MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT YOU EVER SAW!"**



BABES IN ARMS

with CHARLES WINNINGER • GUY KIBBEE
JUNE PREISSER • GRACE HAYES • BETTY
JAYNES • DOUGLAS McPHAIL • RAND
BROOKS • LENI LYNN • JOHN SHEFFIELD
Screen Play by Jack McGowan and Kay Van Riper.
Directed by Busby Berkeley • Produced by Arthur Freed
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



... and the best of music! Hear:
"BABES IN ARMS" and "WHERE and WHEN" by
Rodgers & Hart, "GOD'S COUNTRY" by Arlen & Harburg,
"GOOD MORNING" by Nacio Herb Brown & Arthur Freed.





You'll see Shirley in "Unexpected Father" with the adorable Baby Sandy.

ANOTHER SHIRLEY

Her name is Ross, and when it comes to talent, she is right in there gaily singing



SHIRLEY ROSS, after five years in the land of stars, is at last coming into her own cinematically.

Three years at a major studio didn't help further Shirley's career, but as she said, "I didn't do much in pictures, but I learned a *grand* game of golf!" And, after two years at her present employer's emporium, Shirley has at last the opportunity to make fans Ross conscious.

Smartly attired and looking more the pet model of some French coutourier, than the excellent comedienne she is, Shirley laughed as she confessed her weakness, "Now don't let me tell you the story of my life! Once I'm off on *that*, I'm good for a couple of hours at least. I love to talk, so if I get wound up just give me a poke under the table and change the subject.

"Y'know," she continued in a strictly confidential vein, "I just can't seem to get my pictures in these movie magazines. Do you suppose they're as bad as I sometimes think? Of course, my eyes may be too big for pictures," she chided, "but I'm not silly enough to use it for an excuse!"

Reticent though she admits herself to be, we managed, with one little question, to get Shirley started on her early training. For, a gal who was born in Omaha and reared in the sunny climes of California, needs a little schooling to combat the elements!

"All my life," Shirley confessed, "I'd wanted to go to a

small school where you do the things that make college life fun. But, not me! I end up at U.C.L.A. where there're about seven thousand other inmates!

"As a result, I lost interest and played hooky. I'd fixed myself up with courses in music that I knew backwards. All I had to do to pass the course was take examinations. When I cut classes, I'd look for a job. I finally landed one, on a commission basis, at the Roosevelt Hotel. Some weeks I'd get a dollar seventy-five, but often it was 'thanks for the memory!' I'll never forget Gus Arnheim. He played there at the time.

"He doesn't have an orchestra regularly any more. But, each time the Orange Festival rolls around, they call Gus. He gets fourteen quick men on the phone, and leads his band! Gee, I'll never forget those days. That was

when Mother thought of nothing but my becoming a concert pianist. And me at the Roosevelt! What a shock when she found out!

"Her baby entertaining in a night spot? *Unthinkable!* But, little Shirley had the fire of ambition burning in her soul. So much so, in fact, that I had visions of playing before great audiences whose applause was deafening at the close of each of my dream concerts. Wasn't long before I realized what a tough job I'd chosen. The thing that *did* it was one night when the orchestra (Continued on page 73)

BY HUGH
ROBERTS

A ROARING ERA becomes A ROARING HIT!

Here's more screen excitement than ever you've seen before!
America at its maddest! America at its merriest...
the land of the free gone wild! It's the heyday
of the hotcha — the shock-crammed days
G-Men took ten whole years to lick!

By far the biggest of all
Jimmy's big hits!

JAMES CAGNEY • PRISCILLA LANE

Hollywood's Thrilling New Team! What a Treat for Their Fans!

THE ROARING TWENTIES



Warner Bros.' Newest Dramatic Success, with
HUMPHREY BOGART • GLADYS GEORGE
FRANK McHUGH • JEFFREY LYNN • PAUL KELLY
Directed by Raoul Walsh
Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay and Robert Rossen
From an Original Story by Mark Hellinger



MOVIE REVIEWS BY LOIS SVENSRUD



★★★ Golden Boy

"Golden Boy" rates raves on several counts. Besides action and suspense to recommend the story, it has a stirring and heart-warming philosophy that will provide food for thought long after the picture has faded from the screen. First and foremost credit is deserved by Bill Holden, the widely publicized "Golden Boy" who here makes his screen debut.

His acting has strength and sincerity, and the versatility shown in his characterization of the boy, who is torn between a love of music and the desire for fame and fortune, should mark Bill Holden as the "find" of the year. A truly beautiful performance is that of Lee J. Cobb, as the boy's father. Rarely indeed does a movie audience have the opportunity to see such fine acting as Mr. Cobb's. Then there is Barbara Stanwyck, who is perfectly cast, and the sympathetic insight which she brings to the role makes it a standout.

Adolphe Menjou, as a fight manager, is very good. Joseph Calleia's performance could have been improved by some judicious soft-peddling. Except for the abrupt ending which is somewhat unbelievable, the picture is very good film entertainment. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian.—*Columbia*.

(Additional data on Wm. Holden on page 12)



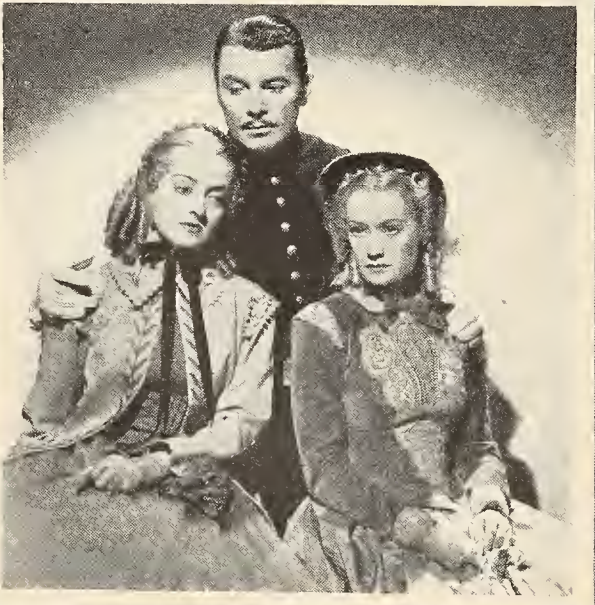
★★★ The Wizard of Oz

Audiences will fall under the spell of "The Wizard of Oz" just as does Dorothy, the heroine of this story, when a Kansas tornado blows her into the wonderful land of Oz. Remarkable technical effects and beautiful photography create an air of sheer magic throughout the picture.

Judy Garland, as the Kansas farm girl whose adventures have been enjoyed by two generations of "Oz" readers, makes a thoroughly believable and lovable "Dorothy." The good and beautiful fairy queen is well characterized by Billie Burke, while the loathsome old Witch is expertly done by Margaret Hamilton. Dorothy's pals, the Scarecrow, the Tin Woodman and the Cowardly Lion—are played by Ray Bolger, Jack Haley and Bert Lahr. So sympathetic are the portrayals that when the Scarecrow finally gets a brain, the Tin Woodman a heart, and the Lion gets over his timidity, there's rejoicing by everyone in the audience. Bert Lahr's performance of the King of Beasts is the highlight of the picture. Others in the cast who give excellent accounts of themselves are Frank Morgan, as the Wizard, Charley Grapewin and Clara Blandick as Dorothy's aunt and uncle.

The entertainment value is due not only to clever handling of the fantasy but also to the heart-warming aspects of the story. Directed by Victor Fleming.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*.

(Ray Bolger biography appears on page 12)



★★★ The Old Maid

Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins with the assistance of Jane Bryan, George Brent, Donald Crisp and Louise Fazenda turn this picture into a memorable account of a family tragedy during the Civil War era, and each performance is praiseworthy.

Fans will applaud the transition made by Bette Davis from the gay, light-hearted girl into a sharp and critical old maid, but Miriam Hopkins comes in a close second on the acting honors. The Hopkins performance, with Academy Award winner Davis for competition, is never overshadowed and she gives depth to a difficult role. The story concerns the lives of the unwed mother (Bette Davis), known to her child as "Aunt Charlotte," her sister (Miriam Hopkins) who loves the child because she's the daughter of her spurned lover, and the subsequent turmoil caused in the life of the child. Jane Bryan gives an interpretation of her role that is well-nigh perfection.

George Brent, in the romantic lead opposite Bette Davis, has little opportunity for his usual good acting. Donald Crisp is splendid as the family doctor, counselor and friend. James Stephenson, Jerome Cowan, William Lundigan and Cecilia Loftus complete the cast. Edmund Goulding directed.—*Warners*. (Cont'd on page 15)

(More about Jane Bryan on page 12)

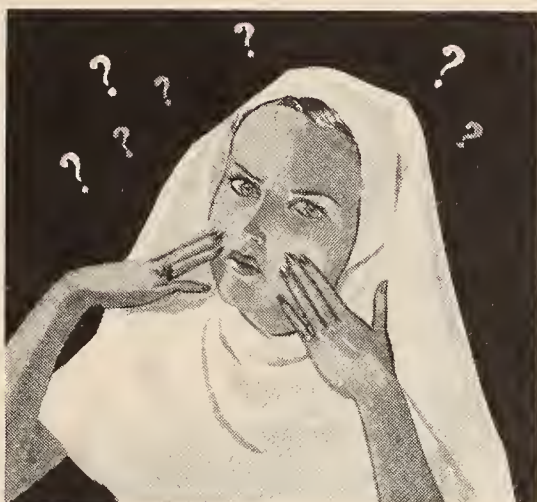
LADY ESTHER SAYS—



"To keep your Accent on Youth— Join this Revolt against Heavy, Waxy Creams!"



Go get the facts and you'll never use a heavy cream again! Young America knows a thing or two. In schools and colleges you'll find a revolt against heavy creams... and a swing to Lady Esther Face Cream!



Heavy creams demand heavy-handed treatment...tugging at delicate facial muscles. Whether you are 18, 28 or 38—why chance looking *older* than you *really* are? Get the facts about my 4-Purpose Cream and give up old-fashioned methods.



The speed of life today puts *new* demands upon your face cream and calls for a cream of a *different* type. For heavy creams can't fit the tempo of 1939 and modern girls know it. They were the first to pass up heavy, greasy creams.



Lovely skin brings its own reward—every minute of the day. For no charm is more appealing than a youthful looking skin. So give yourself "young skin care"—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and you will see that life is gay and romantic. Yes, that life is fun for every girl who meets each day with confidence in her own beauty.



Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one and only cream for you?

Convince yourself . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

ARE YOU sure your face cream really cleanses your skin? Is it making you look older than you really are? Find out with my amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test."

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Wipe your face with cleansing tissue, and look at it.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with tissue and *look at that!*

Thousands of women are amazed...yes, shocked then and there...to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own

eyes that my cream removes pore-clogging dirt many other creams **FAIL TO GET OUT!**

For, unlike many heavy, "waxy" creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a *thorough* cleansing job without harsh pulling or rubbing of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense*. Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a more appealing skin—to keep your Accent on Youth!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (49)

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7110 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, **FREE** and postpaid.

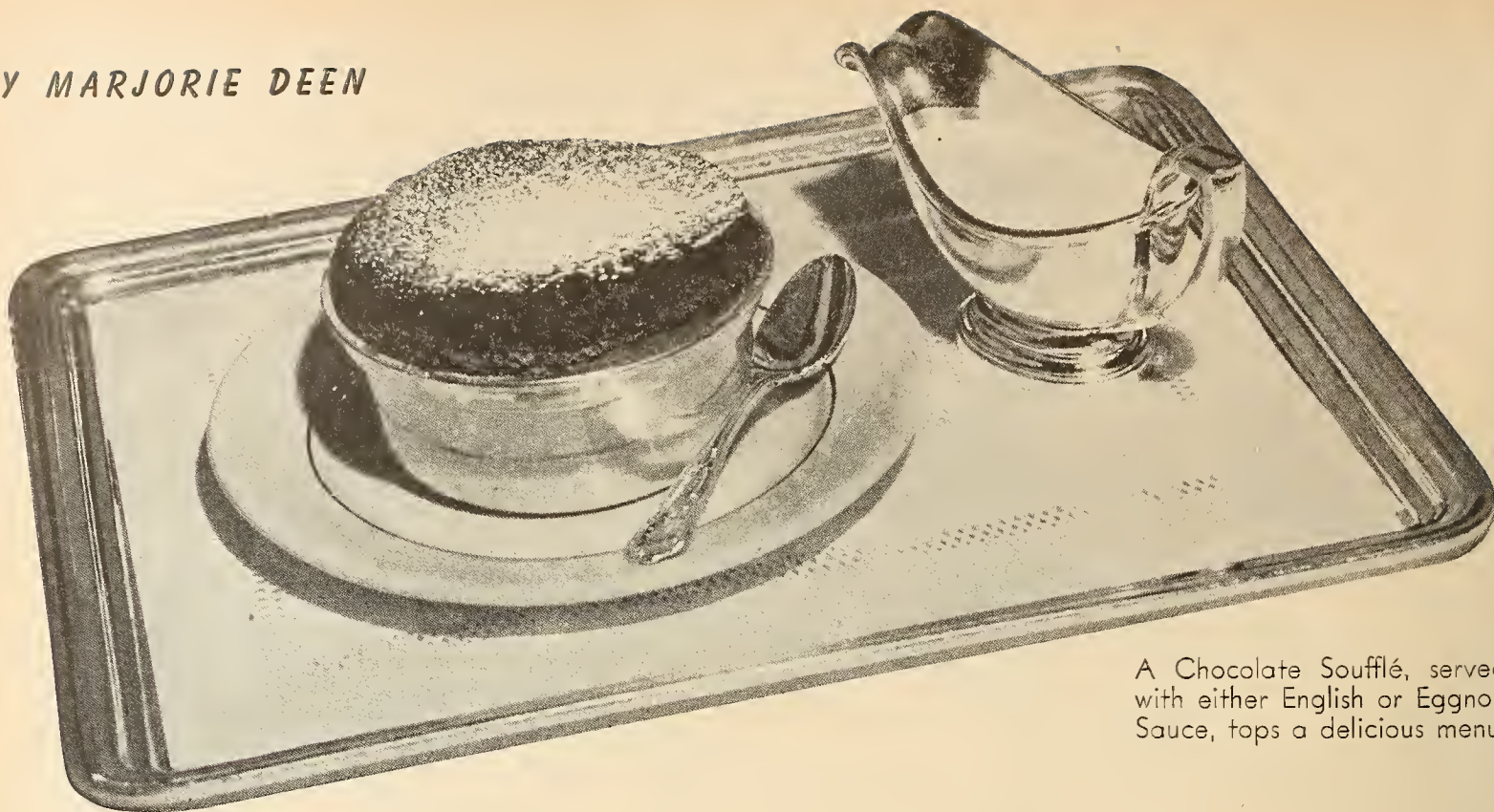
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

BY MARJORIE DEEN



A Chocolate Soufflé, served with either English or Eggnog Sauce, tops a delicious menu.

TIME was when the editor of a department such as this—dealing as it does with the favorite dishes of movie celebrities—concerned herself not at all with culinary specialties prepared anywhere east of the California State Line. But, so air-minded have our cinema stars become that the flight from west to east coast and back again is looked upon as a fine jaunt for a week-end. And, as a result, their tastes as well as their travels must be viewed from a more national angle.

Most debonair of these recent New York visitors was Walter Pidgeon, who as is his custom I understand, arrived without benefit of press agent, registered in at the Hotel Gotham and proceeded to do the town. Doubtless the fact this Fifth Avenue hostelry is the headquarters of the British Club is one important reason why Canadian-born, English appearing, Mr. Pidgeon chooses to stay there while in Manhattan. But to the Gotham's steward and chef should go some of the credit—as you will agree after tasting some of the same things that Walter ordered and enjoyed while there.

However, unlike our star, you will not have to pack an airplane bag, nor become a visiting Gothamite, in order to enjoy these extra-special foods. Not that that wouldn't be a fine idea but most of us would also like to know how to prepare these tempting dishes in our own homes for our own "star boarders." So, on page 78, you will find recipes for menu delights which not only have had Mr. Pidgeon's enthusiastic endorsement, but also can boast of that certain indefinable something which suggests their chef-inspired origin.

Because so many dishes owe so much of their distinction to the sauces that accompany them, I'm glad to say that these are an important feature of every dish given here for you to try. As a result of leading questions as to just what Walter Pidgeon liked with fish, on salads, with vegetables, with meats and as accompaniment to a dessert, note the menu below, which incorporates the Pidgeon favorites.

Does it sound too dressy, too difficult for your modest capabilities? Not a bit of it. Starting off with the first course

there is, on our recipe page, a Cocktail Sauce—highly seasoned as it should be and served icy cold over a suggested combination of oysters, shrimps and crab meat. Even those of you who live inland can start your meal in this fine fashion, you know, by using canned and quick-frozen sea foods.

The main course dish derives its inspiration and name from the Gotham's Swiss Grill. Note the suggestion of adding Hollandaise at the very last of this recipe. This is not strictly necessary, I discovered, when I tried it both with and without. However, I was glad to learn how chefs make their Hollandaise—a sauce which is a terror for most housewives! But it goes so well with so many things that you really should know how

to make it too. You'll notice it is also called for as a cauliflower accompaniment—in fact the maitre d'hotel assured me that they wouldn't think of serving cauliflower without a side-order of this golden dressing.

The Lorenzo salad dressing that goes with the Mixed Greens is nothing but a novel version of familiar French Dressing; but a mighty fine one it is! Use it not once but all year, with this particular combination and with others.

Finally we come to the dessert and here,

with this delectable Chocolate Soufflé, two sauces are given.

Haven't you often wanted to know how to make a really successful sweet soufflé? Well, here you have easy directions right from the large and efficient kitchens of a Fifth Avenue hotel. Small wonder that I feel safe in predicting that you will be as enthusiastic over this and the various other items on the menu as was the popular star whose food tastes we are featuring—and applauding!

GOTHAM DINNER

Sea Food Cocktail

Veal à la Suisse

Parsley Potato Balls Cauliflower, Hollandaise

Mixed Green Salad, Lorenzo Dressing

Chocolate Soufflé, Sauce Speciale

Coffee

Turn to page 78 for recipes for Walter Pidgeon's favorites.



Walter Pidgeon is a fine food connoisseur.

DINING-GOTHAM STYLE

Flash! Walter Pidgeon heads east to enjoy a delectable New York dinner

OUR MOVIE QUIZ

(Answers on page 93)

I wished the floor would open up and swallow me!



1. Who portrayed the role of Beau Geste in the old film version of the same name?
2. What does the F. in Darryl F. Zanuck's name stand for?
3. What movie columnist terminates her column with, "That's all for today. See you tomorrow?"
4. What picture is constructed around the life of Gus Edwards?
5. What player used to work in a department store and behind a soda fountain before Hollywood noticed her?
6. Whose father is a famous band leader and composer?
7. What famous character actress recently celebrated her seventy-fourth birthday?
8. Who is responsible for entrusting a highly important role to an ex-college student without any screen experience?
9. What is the name of the irrepressible pooch appearing in the "Blondie" series?
10. Who was introduced to America in "Wings of the Morning?"
11. What actor was involved in a wife and husband swap?
12. In which production did Marlene Dietrich first attract Hollywood's attention?
13. What actor is always associated with the town, Waukegan, Ill.?
14. What picture has one of its characters spending most of his time up an apple tree?
15. What is the name of Gene Autry's horse?
16. Which stars were the first to return from Europe on the Dixie Clipper?
17. Which glamorous star now finds herself in a western?
18. What young star is said to be secretly married to an assistant director?
19. What actress, who once shared an apartment with Hedy Lamarr, has at last gotten a break?
20. In what picture was it necessary to produce rain similar to India's?
21. Who was once known as "Ukulele Ike?"
22. Guess who's below—before glamor set in? You'll be surprised!

Wednesday, September 6th



We were playing "tell-the-truth" at our Wednesday club meeting. It was Joan's turn and they asked her whose wash line had the worst case of tattle-tale gray in town. The next minute, I wished the floor would open up and swallow me. Joan was pointing straight at me!

Thursday, September 7th



I swore I'd never forgive her—but the very next day Joan dashed over with a peace offering. She said she hated to hurt my feelings, but it was time somebody told me to quit using lazy soaps that don't take *all* the dirt out of clothes. She said her washes looked messier than mine till she discovered Fels-Naptha Soap—and she gave me some to try.

Wednesday, September 27th



Well, the club met at my house a few weeks later—and am I glad I tried Fels-Naptha! I'll tell the world there's nothing like its grand combination of richer *golden* soap and gentle *naptha* for getting clothes honestly clean! My linens and things looked so gorgeously white, the girls were simply dazzled! You bet it's Fels-Naptha and me for life—and no more tattle-tale gray!



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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Sunday evening. See local paper for time and station.

INFORMATION



Here are the biographies of the stars whose pictures



WILLIAM HOLDEN: Yesterday he was a college student, and today he is a star. To go back some, Bill was born in O'Fallon, Ill., on April 17th, 1918, of non-professional parents. His family moved to California when Bill was a small child. Here the boy attended public and high schools with a dramatic career in view. Upon graduation from high school, Bill registered at the Pasadena Junior College where he studied dramatics and various other courses, carrying off nearly all the honors in his class. While attending college, he became interested in the Pasadena Community Playhouse and appeared in several amateur plays. At school he received an assignment as the senior Curie in a play called "Manya." This production was quite successful and so three of the "Manya" players were asked to take screen tests. Holden was

one of the three. About this time, Director Mamoulian was searching for the "Golden Boy" for his picture of the year and, while going through thousands of screen tests, came across Holden's. He immediately sent for him, gave him another test and the contract soon followed. Strangely enough, Bill knew of the year-long quest for the "Golden Boy" but, modest as he was, he felt he couldn't make the grade. Surprisingly, William can both play the violin and box—a hoped-for qualification for the "Golden Boy" role. He resides in California with his parents and two younger brothers. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. His favorite dish is anything his mother cooks, and his most prized possession is a clipping from a college paper with his picture and a little story about him as being in line for a great future as an athlete. Address him at Columbia Studios, Hollywood, Cal. See the review of "Golden Boy" on page 8.



JANE BRYAN: Jane is one of those destiny girls who had fame thrust upon her. Her real name is Jane O'Brien—a name which she changed for picture purposes—and she was born—of all places—in Hollywood, California, on June 11th, 1918. Her father is an eminent attorney and, oddly enough, there is nothing at all in her family background to indicate the strong predilection for the stage which she showed from school days. Jane was educated in grammar school, then Marymount Convent and University High. Her yen for the stage cropped up during her schooldays when she played her first role of Puck in "A Midsummer's Night's Dream." And, before long, Old Lady Fate led her toward the stage. She joined Jean Muir's Theatre Workshop in Los Angeles and learned all the essentials there. The Bryan gal immediately showed unusual acting ability and later was

awarded the feminine lead in the stage play, "Green Grow The Lilacs." Her appearance in this brought her immediate success and a nice movie contract. Since her screen career has begun, Jane credits Bette Davis as being the most helpful person around the studio to coach her in acting and screen technique. She also feels that the training she got at Jean Muir's little theatre is wholly responsible for her instant success. Jane keeps her perfect figure by playing tennis and badminton, and she likes to go to polo matches and champion tennis matches, but abhors prize fights. She is five feet, three inches tall, weighs one hundred and thirteen pounds, has grey eyes and light brown hair. Her hobby is reading books and she has a huge library of her own which she is very proud of. Jane is now currently appearing in "The Old Maid" with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins and George Brent. You can write her in care of Warner Bros., Burbank, Cal. You'll find a review of "The Old Maid" on page 8.



RAY BOLGER: He started out to conquer the world with vacuum sweepers, but his ability as a salesman was hampered by his awkwardness. Ray was born in Boston, Mass., January tenth, and as an infant showed rhythm in his feet. He was educated at the Oliver Holmes grade school and the Dorchester High School and, during his childhood, showed decided ability in dancing. He made the street corner his stage and the passersby his audience. After his school years, he found employment in insurance offices and banks. Then he got a job dusting the studio of a ballet master. Before long, he tired of the latter job and started to peddle vacuum sweepers to the farmers of Maine. However, his feet would not behave, so he went into traveling repertory with Bob Ott, specializing in ballet and tap dancing. He was a tremendous hit in the small industrial towns, and later

decided to go into vaudeville with a member of the Ott company. They organized an act called "A Pair Of Nifties" and got bookings in all of the favorite night clubs. His real break came in 1934 when he substituted for Bert Lahr in "Life Begins At 8:30." That led him to the movies. He's appeared in "Yours And Mine," "Hats In The Air," "The Great Ziegfeld," "Rosalie" and is currently appearing in "The Wizard of Oz." Ray Bolger is over six feet tall, thin and has sandy hair. He is modest as he is talented. Ray not only dances all day long at the studio, but he then takes a busman's holiday and spends the evening dancing with his wife, for fun, of course. Ray's favorite sport is golf and he also plays the guitar and sings. He's been happily married for eleven years and answers to the nickname of "rubber-legs." He isn't particularly interested in clothes, and would just as soon buy them in Hollywood or any other place. Write him at M-G-M, Culver City, Cal. See the review of "The Wizard of Oz" on page 8.



Instead of coating your lips with greasy artificial paint, Tangee uses the natural tint of your lips as a base. Orange in the stick, it actually changes when applied, to the shade of rose or red most becoming to you—gives you the warm, soft, alluring lips Nature meant you to have.

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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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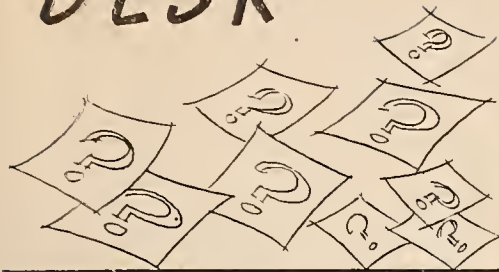
- ☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ MM119

DESK



are reviewed for you

Leslie Lambert, Hollywood, Cal. Vera Zorina is now appearing in "On Your Toes" and dances to the choreography of her husband, George Ballanchine.

Sylvia Warren, Buffalo, N. Y. Gloria Jean's history is short. She was born in Buffalo, New York, where her father was a welding instructor. Gloria was reared in Scranton, Pa., where her father became a piano salesman. She attended public schools in that city. She has three sisters—Nancy Ann, Sally and Lois, who is Gloria's stand-in. Her theatrical experience amounts to a few "local talent" shows in Scranton, Pa. Deanna Durbin is her idol. No doubt, you have enjoyed seeing her in "The Underpup," in which she makes her debut. You can write her in care of Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Robert Stutz, Marion, Ind. Spencer Tracy portrays the role of Major Robert Rogers in "Northwest Passage." In it he sings his first song since "Captains Courageous."

Sarah Peterson, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Bob Steele's real name is Robert Bradbury and he was born in Portland, Oregon, January 23, 1906. He isn't as tall as you might think, measuring 5 feet 10 inches in his stocking feet. Nice and slim at 158 pounds, he has blue eyes of the twinkling type and brown hair.

Milton Beroff, Mountindale, N. Y. Kay Francis was born in Oklahoma City on a Friday, the 13th. When she was a year old her parents moved to Santa Barbara, Calif., then to Los Angeles, and then to Denver. Her early education was received in convents. Later she attended Miss Fuller's school at Ossining and from there went to the Cathedral School in Garden City, L. I. She began to have a leaning toward the theatre. By a lucky chance she secured the role of the "Player Queen," which was a New York success. Then came the movies. Her last picture was "In Name Only," with Cary Grant and Carole Lombard. Address her at RKO-Radio Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Readers:

You've been swamping us with requests for information of the stars appearing in ★★★ and ★★★★★ pictures currently playing in your neighborhood theatres. And so, we have decided to change our policy and print their biographies each month. Remember that questions of general interest will be answered here as usual. If you desire a personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

No job for Mary, not while she's Marked—



EVERYONE knows Mary is a whiz for work. She's quick, she's clever, she's attractive-looking, too. Why, then, can't she get a job—why can't she *keep* one?

If Mary only knew! It seems a *small* thing...yet many a capable, charming girl loses out in business, yes—and in romance—because others haven't the heart to tell her she needs Mum. Why take the needless risk of underarm odor? Mum so *surely* guards your charm!

Wise girls know a bath alone isn't enough for underarms. A bath removes *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come*. More business girls—more

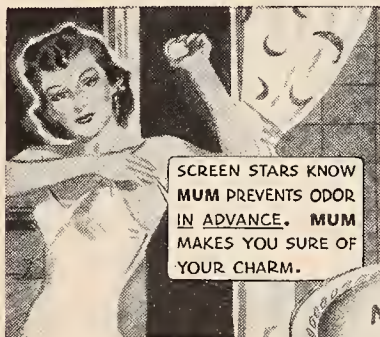
women *everywhere*—use Mum than any other deodorant. It quickly, safely makes odor impossible through a long day.

SAVE TIME! Busy girls find Mum takes only 30 seconds.

SAVE CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics—so safe you can use Mum *after* dressing. Even after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate skin.

SAVE POPULARITY! Without stopping perspiration, Mum makes underarm odor *impossible* all day long! Get Mum today at any druggist's. In business...in love...guard your charm!

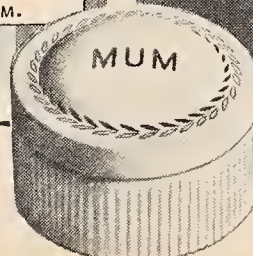
MUM IS FIRST CHOICE IN HOLLYWOOD



SCREEN STARS KNOW
MUM PREVENTS ODOR
IN ADVANCE. MUM
MAKES YOU SURE OF
YOUR CHARM.



TO HERSELF:
IT'S HOURS SINCE I'VE
HAD MY BATH, BUT
THANKS TO MUM,
I KNOW I'M SWEET.

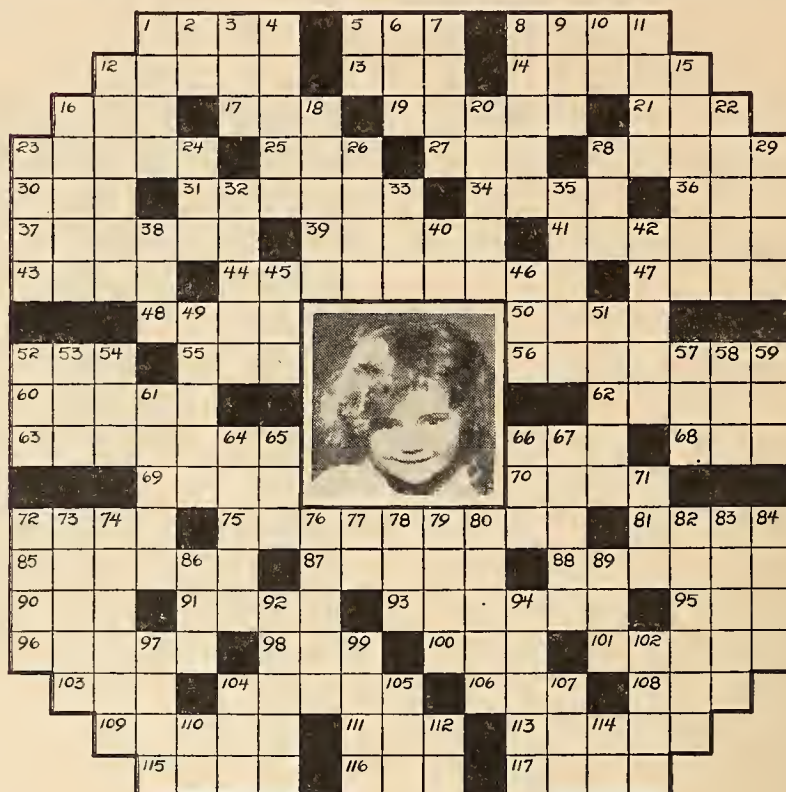


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Thousands of women use
Mum for sanitary napkins
because they know that it's
safe, gentle. Always use
Mum this way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 92

ACROSS

1. Star of "The Chicken Wagon Family"
5. The star pictured played in "z"
8. One of the "Daughters Courageous"
12. Star of "Goodbye Mr. Chips"
13. "Fast - - - Loose"
14. Ventriloquist in "You Can't Cheat An Honest Man"
16. Afternoon party
17. "Dinner At - - - Ritz"
19. Heroine in "The Gorilla"
21. Motion picture stage
23. "Blondie"
25. H---an Bing, comedian
27. Exist
28. Stern
30. Place of dwelling
31. Merited
34. Deanna sings this
36. Exclamation of amazement: colloq.
37. Directs
39. Choose
41. Leaped
43. Gaelic
44. Without flavor
47. Busy insects
48. A short jacket
50. Comic in "Unexpected Father"
52. Lair
55. "Wings Of The M - - - ing" starred 75 across
56. He's in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"
60. Use
62. She's in "It's A Wonderful World"
63. Heroine in "The Man in the Iron Mask"
66. Hawaiian dish
68. Dead-pan comic
69. "Let - - - dom Ring"
70. God of war
72. With John Garfield in "Dust Be My Destiny"
75. Lovely star pictured above
81. Held
85. Worships
87. - - - - Borden
88. Opposite "Lady of the Tropics"

90. Conjunction
91. Ogle
93. "Bachelor Mother"
95. Is indebted for
96. Shirley Temple's birth-month
98. One of the "Little Women" played by Joan Bennett
100. He roars for M-G-M
101. Wigwam
103. Metal
104. "----- Of The Lone-some Pine"
106. Bobby Breen's producer: - - - Lesser
108. Ever: poet.
109. Pilfer
111. Row of church seats
113. Heroine in "The Sun Never Sets"
115. Gown designer for Warners
116. Visualize
117. Desires

DOWN

1. Comedienne in "Good Girls Go To Paris"
2. Article
3. Dumb comic in "Calling Dr. Kildare"
4. Atmosphere
5. "It": abbr.
6. She's in "On Borrowed Time"
7. Sonja's aunt in "Second Fiddle"
8. Star of "Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation"
9. Girl's name
10. Initials of the star who played "Camille"
11. Point of the compass
12. Male lead in "Unexpected Father"
15. Star of "Code of the Secret Service"
16. Trend
18. Sea eagles
20. Angry
22. He's in "Tailspin Tommy"
23. Ronald Reagan smokes one
24. Nevertheless
26. Dwindle away
28. Juice of a plant
29. Barrels
32. Beauty in "Midnight"
33. Heroine in "Coast Guard"
35. Send out
38. By birth
40. Wife of Clark Gable: init.
42. More unusual
45. Our star's real name: Suz --- e Charpentier
46. Salt
49. Star of the Charlie Chan series
51. Rochester in "Man About Town"
52. Small portion
53. --- Arden
54. Femme lead in "The Underpup"
57. Sped
58. Piece out
59. Our star was in "Under The --- Robe"
61. Deduce
64. Annoy
65. Number
66. Friend
67. Make a speech
71. Heaven
72. Glamor girl: - - - - Turner
73. Take as one's own
74. Male lead in "The Gorilla"
76. One of "The Women"
77. 75 across was in Brid--- Suite"
78. Large
79. Bad
80. Unaspirated consonants
82. Fled
83. He recently married our star
84. Woody plant
86. Measure of length
89. Craft
92. Soon
94. Walt Disney's comic dog star
97. Preposition
99. Yelps
102. Slippery fish
104. Sailor
105. "Fixer Dugan"
107. Tell a falsehood
110. Hesitating word
112. Personal pronoun
114. Printer's type



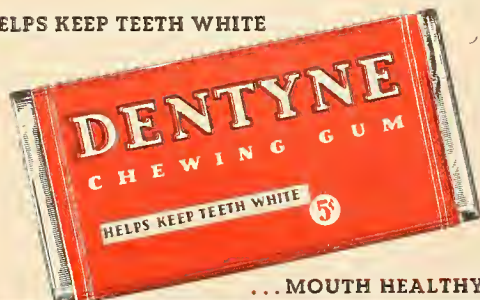
First time I ever met my father-in-law, he was riding his favorite hobby.

"We moderns have lazy mouths!" he declared. "Our teeth get no real exercise on soft, modern foods. We all need Dentyne!"

"Yes sir—Dentyne's special firmness provides the tough chewing we need! Stimulates active circulation of the blood in oral tissues. Helps the gums keep firm and healthy. Also—it flushes the teeth with an increased flow of saliva—and polishes them by gentle friction. Great gum, Dentyne!"

I started the Dentyne habit then and there! It's fine for my teeth. And that flavor's delightful! "Sugar and spice"—a rich, tempting spiciness that takes your taste by storm. Always fresh and luscious. Notice how handily Dentyne's flat package fits into your pocket or purse. Try Dentyne today. It's great!

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE



... MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 8)

★★★★ Nurse Edith Cavell

A powerful message against war and hatred, "Nurse Edith Cavell" is a timely and engrossing picture offering. Anna Neagle, the English star, portrays Nurse Cavell in a beautiful manner. The characterization is noteworthy for the understanding with which Miss Neagle has invested the role of the calmly courageous nurse.

Important roles are taken by May Robson and Edna May Oliver. As two women who aid Nurse Cavell in her "underground railway" service for getting wounded soldiers out of the country, they give excellent accounts of themselves. Another worker for the cause is Zasu Pitts, a Belgium woman who runs a river barge and is able to sneak soldiers across the frontier. As always, Zasu Pitts leaves little to be desired in the way she tackles an assignment. Producer-director Wilcox has managed to make every character credible, even to the minor roles. Noteworthy is the performance of Rex Downing, who plays the grandson of May Robson and who is called upon to testify at the trial of Nurse Cavell. Lionel Royce, as the German official who is responsible for the unjust proceedings, makes his role a stand-out, and George Sanders, H. B. Warner, Mary Howard and Sophie Stewart are also highly commendable.

The fact that the story is based on actual events adds to the tremendous suspense of the picture. From the opening sequence through the inevitable death scene of Nurse Cavell, every audience will be spellbound with the picturization of the unnecessary brutalities of war. Again the director is to be commended for the sympathetic characteristics which some of the enemy soldiers show and which brings a genuinely humanitarian note to the picture. Directed by Herbert Wilcox—RKO.

★★★ Fifth Avenue Girl

"Fifth Avenue Girl" is commendable screen fare, but it doesn't come up to the grand entertainment afforded by Ginger Rogers' "Bachelor Mother." Director Gregory La Cava has gone to great pains to contrast the trials and tribulations of today's poverty-stricken and ultra-wealthy classes. The result is a story that provides considerable food for thought as well as many hilarious moments. But the clever situations and brisk dialogue, which get the picture off to a spirited start, give way to trite sequences that make the story pall long before the climax.

This is in no way the fault of Ginger Rogers or Walter Connolly, however. They give excellent characterizations, with Ginger in the role of a girl down to her last five dollars, who is befriended by Millionaire Walter Connolly. Though he's been able to provide them with all the comforts of life, Connolly's family regard him as pretty dumb. So the astute gentleman takes good-natured Ginger Rogers into his home to show up his spoiled wife (Verree Teasdale), his daughter (Kathryn Adams) and his polo-playing son (Tim Holt). Another important character is the chauffeur (James Ellison) who loathes the possessions of the rich, but finally decamps with the daughter of the house. With

Young "Lovely" of 1939 says—

"Pond's New Rosy Powders are Divinely Romantic"



Hard and Shiny

With old-fashioned pole powder—Miss Betty Rochester's delicate blonde loveliness would harden under harsh electric lights . . . her nose would quickly develop o most unromantic "shine" and need frequent powdering.

Loft, Romantic

With Pond's Rosy "Glore-Proof" Powder, Betty's skin looks romantically "pink and white" and fragile under the brightest light. She doesn't have to cope with "shiny nose" every 5 minutes, either.

New Rose Shades are "Glare-Proof"... shine-resistant ... because they reflect only the softer rays

DEBUTANTE "lovelies" are giving half the credit to Pond's new rosy "Glare-Proof" powders! Even under bright lights, over their after-the-dance bacon and eggs, clever debs can still look heartbreakingly sweet and romantic—with one of these new rosy shades.

Pond's Rose shades reflect only the softer, pinker rays . . . lighten hard shadows... combat unromantic "shine."

See if one of these more flattering, shine-resistant rose shades doesn't increase your glamour—make you look more fragile, more thrilling!

Send for free samples today of Pond's 3 glamorous, shine-resistant Rose shades—Rose Dawn, Rose Cream, Rose Brunette. Pond's, Dept. 9MS-PL, Clinton, Conn.



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Choice of 4 shades

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the exception of Ginger Rogers, Walter Connolly and Franklin Pangborn, as the butler, the performances are really only passing fair. Directed by Gregory La Cava—RKO.

★★★ Sherlock Holmes

Guaranteed—not one dull moment! This latest picturization of Sleuth Holmes' activities has enough thrills, chills and suspense to satisfy the most avid mystery-story fiend.

It's full of hokum—but such suavely presented hokum that any audience will take it and love it. The role of Holmes is again in the capable hands of Basil Rathbone, who seems to have such an elegant time himself snooping out incredible clues, that it would be an impossibility for any on-looker not to join in the spirit of the fun. Nigel Bruce as the blundering, jovial Dr. Watson is another happy choice. In the cast this time are also Ida Lupino, Alan Marshal and Terry Kilburn.

A murderous gentleman, George Zucco, determines to perpetrate a crime that will make Sherlock Holmes the laughing stock of London. Nothing could induce us to tell you the maniacal plans which Mr. Zucco conceives, but we can tell you this—he doesn't outwit the Holmes' super intelligence for very long. There's a romance, too, to give the customers their money's worth. Ida Lupino is the beautiful heroine who is shadowed by the fact that she will meet death any moment in the same gruesome manner which ended the lives of her father and brother. In short, "Sherlock Holmes" is a blood-curdler of the first order and mighty good entertainment—if you can take it! Directed by Alfred Werker—20th Century-Fox.

★★★ Stanley and Livingstone

A powerful picture has been made by 20th Century-Fox from the famous story of Stanley and Livingstone. Spencer Tracy's portrayal of the reporter who is sent to find Livingstone ranks with the best screen performances of all time. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, in the role of Livingstone, acquits himself admirably, while Henry Travers, Charles Coburn and Walter Brennan give highly commendable characterizations. Nancy Kelly, as the romantic interest in the story, has her best role to date and handles it with distinction. Richard Greene, as her fiancé and later her husband, is quite satisfactory.

No small part of the picture's interest lies in the authentic African background, which was photographed under the technical direction of Mrs. Martin Johnson. The matching of sequences filmed in Hollywood is so smoothly accomplished that one is never conscious of the technical tricks employed for the breathtaking effects.

From the time Tracy receives his assignment to track down Livingstone, the missionary who has disappeared into the Dark Continent, there is never a dull moment. The almost insuperable obstacles which are in the reporter's path, the final discovery of the missionary and the heart-breaking reaction of the public to Stanley's news on his return to England, make a story which is full of suspense and is completely engrossing. The deft handling of the spiritual quality of the picture is another strong point in its favor. Indeed, here is a picture that can be reissued time and again to everyone's complete satisfaction. Directed by Henry King.—20th Century-Fox.

★★★ Four Feathers

A colorful and engrossing story of high adventure, "Four Feathers" will find both young and old among its admirers. The picture was made in England and is a credit indeed to its producer, Alexander Korda, and Director Zoltan Korda. Besides the intensely interesting story, a capable cast and beautiful photography are further recommendations for this film. Technicolor shots in this have not been surpassed by anything on the screen.

The story deals with Lord Kitchener's campaign to win back the Sudan for the Empire, and into that exciting bit of history has been woven the story of a young Englishman who is branded as a coward when he refuses to go with his regiment into the Sudan. His three pals each send him a white feather, and the fourth badge of cowardice is given him by the girl he had planned to marry. The young man then proceeds to prove his courage by going to Egypt, having himself branded so he can pass as a native and finally becoming the hero of Khartoum and the talk of London. The harrowing adventures which befall him as he makes the perilous trip to the Sudan keep audience interest at truly fever pitch.

In the cast are Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, John Clements and June Duprez. But there are thousands who perform in the battle scenes and in the remarkable action sequences along the Nile who deserve mention, also. A really stupendous moving-picture was undertaken here and the results are praiseworthy throughout. All in all, a swell evening's entertainment. Directed by Zoltan Korda.—United Artists.

Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR

"MEN HATE THE TOUCH OF SCRATCHY, CHAPPED HANDS"



EVEN ONE APPLICATION—SO SOOTHING!

YES! Even one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream helps dry, chapped hands feel smoother. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening! Every soothing drop brings comfort to your work-abused skin. Coaxes back the dainty look-and-feel that harsh cleansers, hard water, cold weather, and housework take away. Makes hands look nicer, feel better right away! Now contains 2 vitamins—A and D. In 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, \$1 sizes at toilet goods counters. New! Hinds Hand Cream. Ask for it too.



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BURNS AND ALLEN

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Chapping • Dryness
Roughness • Weathered skin
Hangnails • Calloused heels
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After-shaving lotion

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★★★ Hotel for Women

There's plenty of pulchritude and lots of laughs to recommend "Hotel for Women." You may be unfamiliar with many of the names in the cast but having seen the picture you're not likely to forget the line-up of newcomers. First and foremost is Linda Darnell, whose screen debut is marked by an extraordinary performance. She's prettier'n the proverbial picture, too. There's Elsa Maxwell, who will never win any beauty contest but will garner many fans as a result of the excellent screen personality she shows in this picture. Then there are Jean Rogers, June Gale and Katharine Aldridge, all comparatively new faces to movie audiences, and each one of these girls gives a commendable account of herself. Lynn Bari has her best role to date and Ann Sothorn gives another one of her swell performances. Jimmy Ellison is the lucky leading man in this bevy of beauties and handles the assignment nicely. But another gentleman in the cast, John Halliday, steals the acting honors in every scene in which he appears.

The interesting plot concerns a New York hotel where working girls live. The many types assembled under one roof and all their trials and tribulations make a lively, colorful and always entertaining story. Directed by Gregory Ratoff.—20th Century-Fox.

★★★ In Name Only

Thanks to a capable cast, this picture has turned out to be passable entertainment in spite of the mediocre story. Supposedly based on that excellent novel, "Memory of Love," the script turns out to be something that its author would never recognize. But movie-goers won't have any trouble that way. From the first scene to the last it will be familiar—that old, old story of a man in love with another woman, a wife who doesn't understand him, and what to do, what to do!

Cary Grant is the gentleman in the case, Carole Lombard the girl he wants to make his wife and Kay Francis the woman who unfortunately already occupies that position. Cary Grant can always be depended upon to play the handsome hero with zest, and this role is no exception. Carole Lombard looks lovelier than ever and in several tensely dramatic scenes she rises to the occasion in a noteworthy manner. But we wish Miss Lombard would kick up her heels and have a swell time like she used to do in the good old days before she felt called upon to prove her versatility. Kay Francis draws a rather thankless role, but carries it off satisfactorily.

Helen Vinson, Charles Coburn, Katharine Alexander and Jonathan Hale are others in the cast worthy of comment. Directed by John Cromwell.—RKO.

★★★ Dust Be My Destiny

The melodramatics are laid on pretty thick in this picture, but it's good entertainment in spite of the heavy accent on tough prison life. Priscilla Lane comes through her first serious role showing definite acting talent, but John Garfield, still the cynical, embittered character, doesn't fulfill the promise he gave of great ability in earlier pictures.

The boy and girl are fugitives from justice, on the "lam" because the police think Garfield killed the county work farm superintendent, father of Priscilla
(Continued on page 79)



The Amazing Story
OF
JEFFERSON SMITH

FRANK CAPRA'S
GREATEST
ACHIEVEMENT

Out of the hearts of its people
... out of the very soil of America ... a
great director creates his most stirring, human drama ... of an unsophisticated young man with a dream in his heart ... of a woman who helps make his dream come true ... and of the laughter, the love, the pain, and the joy they share in this everyday business of living! Stirring ... in the seeing! Precious ... in the remembering! Enacted by one of the most perfect casts ever assembled!

FRANK CAPRA'S
"MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON"

co-starring
JEAN ARTHUR ★ **JAMES STEWART**

Claude RAINS • Edward ARNOLD • Guy KIBBEE • Thomas MITCHELL • Beulah BONDI
Directed by FRANK CAPRA • Screen play by SIDNEY BUCHMAN
A Columbia Picture

THE ROMANCE OF
HOLLYWOOD FROM
BATHING BEAUTIES TO
WORLD PREMIERES!

IN
TECHNICOLOR

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE

*The most brilliant new
note in entertainment!
A heart-warming drama
of today filled with 1001
thrilling yesterdays!*

starring

**ALICE DON
FAYE • AMECHE**

**J. Edward BROMBERG • ALAN CURTIS
STUART ERWIN • JED PROUTY
BUSTER KEATON • DONALD MEEK
GEORGE GIVOT • EDDIE COLLINS**

Directed by **IRVING CUMMINGS**

Associate Producer **HARRY JOE BROWN** • Screen Play by
Ernest Poscal • Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes
Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslow

A 20th Century-Fox Picture





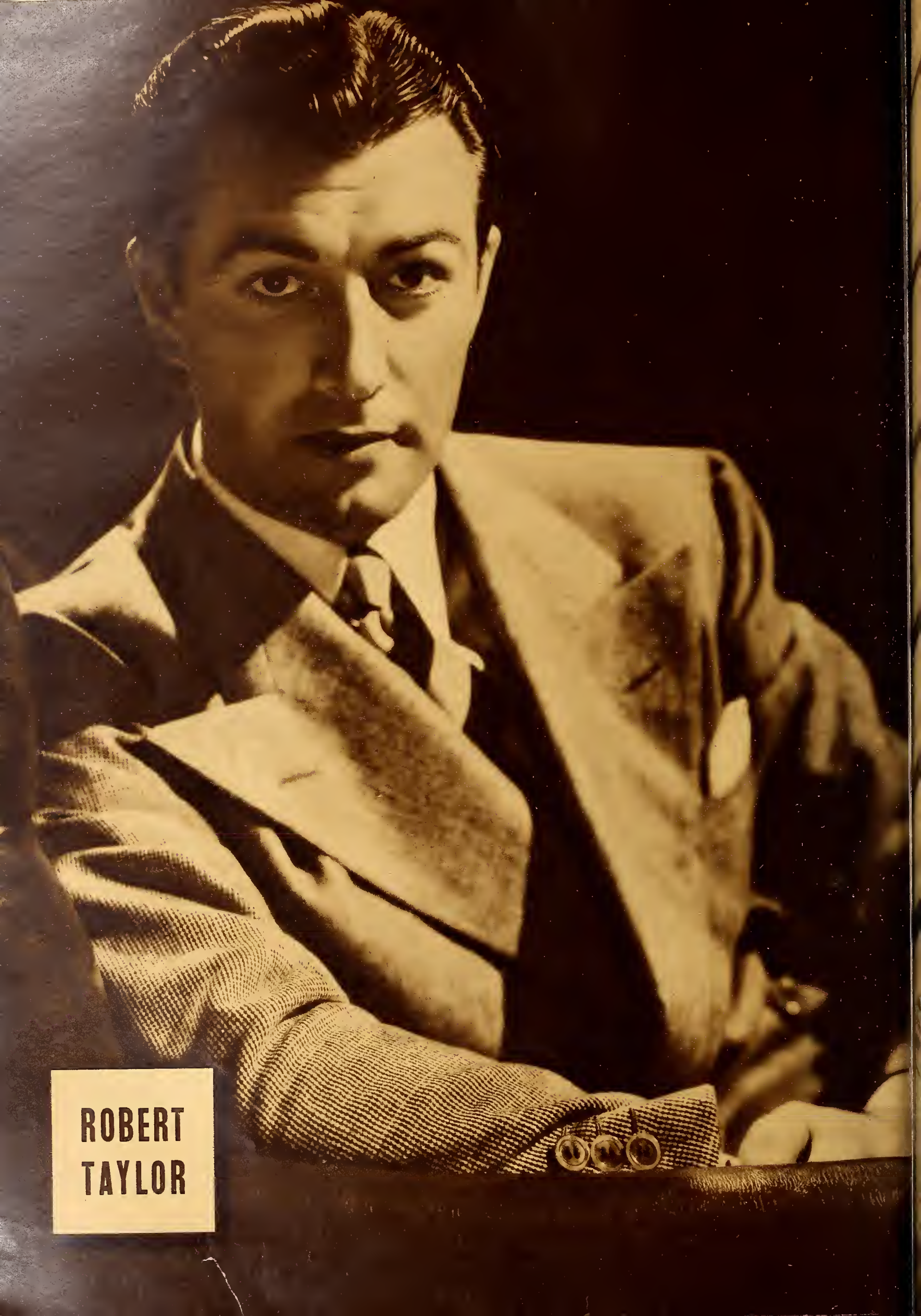
PAULETTE GODDARD



RONALD COLMAN



MADELEINE CARROLL



**ROBERT
TAYLOR**



**LORETTA
YOUNG**



MYRNA LOY

A HOLLYWOOD DIARY by *Jane Grant*



"JAMAICA INN"

Your bright young correspondent's hands are quite black and blue from pounding on the Paramount doors, begging for a preview of "Jamaica Inn," the new Paramount release starring our special screen favorite Charles Laughton, and directed by the one and only Alfred Hitchcock. But every black and blue mark is a cherished possession now.

For I've seen "Jamaica Inn" and it is all that I'd hoped for. Laughton has an even grander role than his Captain Bligh, or Javert, as Sir Humphrey Pengallan, a glorious rogue in a top hat, who directs the thrilling activities of a crew of cutthroats who wreck ships on the English coast and turn over their spoils to Sir Humphrey. Maureen O'Hara, Laughton's own discovery, is all he claims her to be. In short, Pommer-Laughton Mayflower Productions have made this exciting Daphne du Maurier novel into an even better screen drama.



"WHAT A LIFE"

If you've seen the stage play "What a Life," or listened to the adventures of Henry Aldrich on the radio, you're prepared for the treat Paramount has in store for you in the new picture, "What a Life." Jackie Cooper is, of course, the perfect choice for young Henry. And Betty Field is so delightful as Henry's Best Girl that Paramount has already signed this young Broadway actress for the lead in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." Frankly, I haven't had so much fun since my last high school dance as I had watching Henry, his mother, and all his teachers tangle in the true-to-life schoolday adventures of "What a Life." Jay Theodore Reed deserves a lot of credit for making the finest school comedy brought to the screen in years.



"HONEYMOON IN BALI"

Suppose you were a very beautiful and very successful young New York career woman, with plenty of social and economic independence; would you think a husband necessary? Madeleine Carroll, as such a young lady in Paramount's "Honeymoon in Bali," gives a very definite "no" to that question. Even charming Allan Jones, as an opera singer who can make most girls' hearts go pit-a-pat, gets a cold shoulder from Madeleine. Then along comes Fred MacMurray, the adventurous charmer from Bali, boasting of the five Balinese beauties who love to mend his socks, gives Madeleine a Balinese kiss . . . and whammmmm! P. S. Little Paramount starlet Carolyn Lee, under the expert direction of Edward H. Griffith, is wonderful as that wonderful Babe from Bali.



Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Grant, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.



Propinquity! Everywhere that Bette goes, George Brent is sure to be!



**WILL BETTE
WED BRENT
OR HER "EX"?**

BY GLADYS HALL

WELL, I can say that I haven't been a fool on two counts, anyway," said Bette, "for if I were planning to marry George Brent or if he were planning to marry me, whichever way a gal speaks of such matters, we're not coy people and we'd say so!

"Likewise, if Ham and I had any plans for what people are pleased to refer to, so very brightly, as a 'reconciliation,' I'd say that, too. I've never been known for my shy evasions. I say what's on my mind. Why not?

"I'm saying what's on my mind now: George and I are not contemplating matrimony. Ham and I are not planning a 'reconciliation.' Which adds up to this: If ever I've been a fool, it's not been the quivery, quaily, hide-my-head-in-the-sand species of simpleton, anyway.

"The newspaper columns, the air-waves, keep up a constant chirping about how George and I will be married 'in October,'" continued Bette, with rare relish. "Well, Ham and I don't get our final decree until December. Hence, should I marry Breetie in October, I would be a bigamist. And I'm not such a big fool as that!

"I've also read, with morbid interest, that George has bought 'the little bride' (me—don't you love it?) a several hundred acre ranch somewhere near Eureka! If George has bought a ranch somewhere near Eureka, he has done so without consulting his friend, Miss Bette Davis. And if, having bought a ranch at all, he has bought it for 'the little bride,' that little bride is not, to the very best of her knowledge, this same Bee-tie Davis!

"As for the reconciliation rumors—no! I did go out with Ham a couple of times when he was in Hollywood last summer. Which was a mistake

on my part, I suppose. Maybe this was one of the instances where the question, 'Have you been a fool?' should be answered in the affirmative. Anyway, I just went—Ham and I, and a couple of other couples. I never gave it a thought. I never think that people will pay any special attention to me, where I am, or with whom.

"We're still friends, Ham and I. And this in spite of the fact that a few years ago I gave out a story which stated that I did not believe in 'friendly' divorces; that I did not, indeed, believe that there are such things as friendly divorces. I said, if I remember correctly, that people do not divorce, if the truth be known, unless they hate each others' innards, unless they are fighting, cat and dog, tooth and talon, claw and fang.

WELL, THAT'S one of the times when I was a fool. I didn't know what I was talking about. I still say that people don't divorce if they are all cozy and chummy and 'at one' about everything. But I also amend my previous rash statement by saying that neither do people divorce because they can't stand each others' faces. I know better now. Ham and I enjoy being together. You can't be married to a man for ten years, most of them completely happy years, without having accumulated interests and experiences in common which you want to discuss. All I can now say, truthfully and honestly, is this: I have no plans at all where my 'private life,' as I'm pleased to call it, is concerned.

"I hold the quaint theory, too, that during the year of divorce, you should say nothing, see nothing, hear nothing and do nothing about personal plans. You don't know your own mind. I don't know my own mind yet and that's about all I do know. It's a wrench, both hurting and confusing, this breaking up of a marriage. And I wouldn't

dream of taking any steps in an altarly direction until I am better oriented than I am now.

"I'm not making one of those well-known, classic statements such as 'I will not marry for five years,'" laughed Bette. "You know as well as I do that no one can make such a statement. Or rather, no one *should* make such a fool statement. How do they know they're not going to marry for five years? Since when have the emotions been done in calendar years? Another common pronouncement is this: 'I'm going to retire in five years!' Asinine! At the end of that neat five years the bank account may well 'forbid the banns.' I've even read of some famous person quoted as saying, 'I'm going to have a baby in a year!' Well, *really!* Isn't this all rather tempting Fate, Biology, Economics or some of the forces over which no puny mortal has much control?

"I do say this, this and no more: I hope I don't marry for at least two years. I have a lot of work to do and I want to do it, my mind as free, my emotions as uninvolved as possible. Besides, why should I inflict myself on anyone, the way my life is now? Do you realize that I've made five pictures in twelve months?

"It's because of the kind of life I lead that Ham and I separated. It was no kind of a life for a man who is a *man*. Seeing Ham now, how fit he looks, how sort of challenging and up-standing and on his own feet again, I know how good this break has been for him." (Really, I thought, the 100 per cent "un-vain" honesty of Davis is breath-taking, for you know as well as I do that nine out of every ten women would be painting their "exes" as practically suicidal because of the loss of them, as wan ghosts haunting the old haunts . . . not 'Bee-tie!' Ham looks better since the break, feels better, is his (Continued on page 69)

Habit! Bette was married to Harmon Nelson for ten long years.



Bette Davis herself

answers this very

personal question

here for you—which

at last puts an end

to all those rumors



Boyer's in debt to his mother, who taught him honesty.



Then, there's Pat Paterson, his wife, who brought romance.



Too, the lovely lady who dropped her glove.

HE'S IN DEBT!

Yes, Charles Boyer readily admits that he owes about everything but money

BY MARTHA KERR

CHARLES BOYER is in debt. Oh, not financially, but in other ways, and to such extents that it will take him the rest of his life to write his debts off the books of his remembering and grateful heart.

Mr. Boyer is, especially, in debt to the ladies. He is in debt, in very special ways, to his mother. He is in debt, also in very special ways, to his wife. He is in debt to a lovely lady who once dropped her glove. He is, admittedly, in debt to all the women he has ever met, all women who have given him, whether deliberately or not, the ingredients of the charm, the subtlety, the rich-toned tenderness which he now gives back to all women, making all of us who see his face and hear his voice, his fans.

Mr. Boyer is in debt to books . . . to Lucien Guitry, who gave him his vision, his ideal of what the theatre should be, to a wise and seasoned man who, when he was sixteen, gave him a new outlook on life . . . to the War, the repercussions of which made of him, then an adolescent, older than his years, wiser, a little sadder . . . to music . . . to Lady Nicotine for her solace and her gift of meditation . . . to America . . . to a school teacher who, many years ago, laughed at his passionate love letters and by so doing, gave him his modesty which is one of, if not his greatest, charm . . . to all the girls and women who, and especially since "Love Affair," write him "so very flatteringly."

"Such letters give me," said Mr. Boyer, "a confidence. They show me that I am on the right track. Flattered? Of course, I am!" He is in debt to his first stage director, M. Gemier, who "rid me of all phony conceptions of acting"



Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Paterson, who helps to keep him very young.

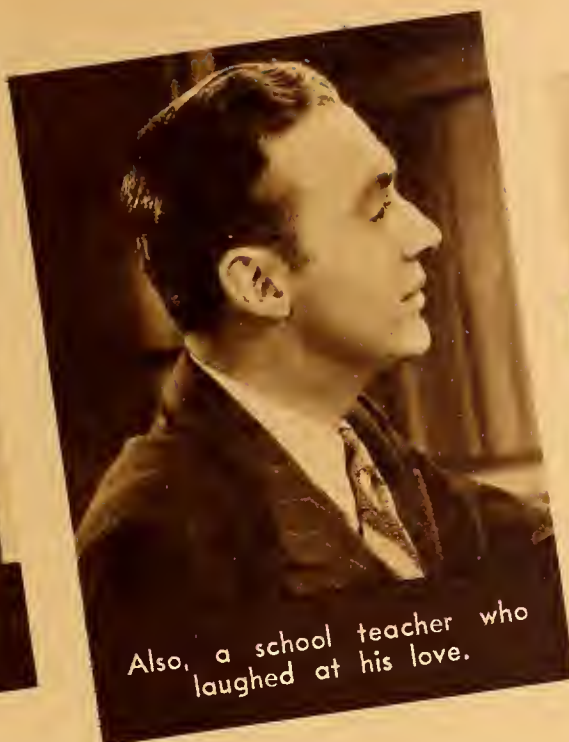
. . . to Henri Bernstein who gave him a sound sense of values in the selection of material . . . to an old extra in whose patient eyes he read a lesson that not even the years could teach. "Every person I have ever met has given me something," Mr. Boyer told me. "Every one of them taught me something so that I am forever, and deeply, in their debt. By telling about some of them, permit me to try, a little, to repay a few of these debts I owe."

And so, in his portable dressing-room on the set of "When Tomorrow Comes," in which, happily again, he and Irene Dunne will co-star, Mr. Boyer attempted to discharge some of his "debts." He walked up and down the narrow space as he talked, smoking, sitting now and again on the edge of his dressing table . . . very smart in a sleekly tailored dark blue suit with a white pin stripe.

"I owe a great debt to my mother," he said. "Not only because of her love for me. But because my mother did her best to give me, also a sense of personal honesty. She talked to me honestly. She did not permit her love for me, her only son, to be blind to my faults. I owe her a great



And Lady Nicotine gave solace
and meditation.



Also, a school teacher who
laughed at his love.



And all girls who write him so
very flatteringly.



Boyer and Irene Dunne are together again in
"When Tomorrow Comes."

debt for not allowing me to take myself too seriously. Often, an only child is permitted to get a very magnified, flattering opinion of himself and of his own importance. My mother saved me from this distorted viewpoint. She taught me to weigh carefully the 'praising' things that people said to me. She made me question, 'But what are they saying about me, when not to my face?' She taught me to discriminate between flattery and truth. When, as a small boy, I would play in theatricals in our little school in Figeac, France, and when I would win prizes, she would remind me that others won prizes, too. Thanks to my mother's wisdom, I am now forever conscious of how I am but one of many. I think I have no delusions of any kind. I realize that if I am so fortunate as to give a pleasing performance in a successful picture, there are also many others who are giving pleasing performances in successful pictures. We all fail sometimes, my mother made clear to me, and we all succeed sometimes. It is therefore folly to be too depressed about the one or too elated about the other.

"I am next in great debt to Dr. Mouchet. I was about

sixteen when I first knew him. He was a man of thirty-five. I had the opportunity of translating some of his notes into German for him and so spent many hours in close contact with him. Having lost my father when I was a very young boy, it was of inestimable benefit to me to come into contact with this seasoned, very wise man. It was an awakening for me. Dr. Mouchet was a brilliant surgeon who also did research work on the heart. And for me his patience, the endless hours he would work, his forgetfulness of self, was a lesson for which to be grateful. He gave me a standard, this Dr. Mouchet, of what a man should be. He gave me, suddenly, a lot of maturity. Living, as I did, in a small provincial town, having lived the last years of my youth through the War, if not in it—I was thirteen and a half when it began, eighteen and a half when it ended—I was living in the midst of many confusions, my own adolescence, the chaos of the world around me. Dr. Mouchet gave me what you call the 'right steer.'

"And once," said Mr. Boyer, "on the set of one of the pictures I was making, there was an extra, a very old man who, when he was young, had had ambitions to be a great actor. He had never in his life got so much as a credit line. But in his eyes was such patience, such an acceptance of his destiny, such a fine pride in doing his humble job to the best of his ability, as to make him of heroic stature in my mind. Remembering him, I must laugh when I read stories about the 'Hardships of the Stars.' Remembering him, I would not dare to complain about my lot, wherever it might fall.

"And once, in London, I came upon an old charwoman, on her knees, scrubbing the stone steps of a hotel which was frequented by titled ladies. She happened to look up at me and I have never seen such beauty, beauty of such a rare quality, in the eyes of any 'international beauty' I have met. To her I owe the debt of realizing that Beauty does not always wear orchids and sables nor ride in limousines.

"I am also greatly in debt to M. Gemier, my first stage director after I had gone to Paris. He took me just at the end of my dramatic school training. All I know of acting I got, originally, from him. He rid me of any phony conceptions of acting I might easily have had. He taught me to feel whatever I was doing, to *honestly* feel what I was doing, not to be satisfied with a pretense, however showy it might be. So that, now, when I play a love scene, I am feeling in love. When I am playing a tragic scene, I am feeling, in my heart, whatever that character is feeling. For five years I worked with M. Gemier and today I can honestly say that if ever I am stuck with a line, a scene, a mood, I think back to what he would have told me to do.

"I owe an immeasurable debt to the late Lucien Guitry, to his uncanny ability which made those who were with him on the stage not to exist at all. I went to see Lucien Guitry, sometimes twenty times in one play. (Continued on page 94)

SUGAR AND SPICE

yum, yum, and everything nice—
that's what Olivia is made of!

BY NANETTE KUTNER

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND had invited me to tea. I sat there in that exclusive restaurant, so exclusive that nobody else was in the place, and, as she was quite late, I had ample opportunity to think.

Tea on a hot day like this, thought I, means no Tom Collins for Miss de Havilland, no Cuba Libre, no cool drinks, just because she must be a little girl who is "sugar and spice and everything nice" . . . for, isn't that what little girls are made of?

I thought of things I had heard about her. Not many, but, although I didn't know it at the time, they certainly were indicative of the contradictions to come.

One writer, a most discerning lady, had sworn that among the scores of stars she interviewed, Olivia proved most brilliant, giving her a wealth of intelligent copy.

Then again, an editor, just as discerning and also a lady, had said Olivia was gooier than a marshmallow.

And a gentleman I know, after only a few minutes spent in her company, told me he found Olivia so attractive she could have his last fifteen cents.

And only two nights before I met her, I talked to a foreign correspondent, here on vacation from Olivia's birthplace, Tokio. He described the lonely life he led in Japan, the dearth of white women, and how he spends his evenings playing chess with Olivia de Havilland's father.

"They say his daughters never mention him," said the correspondent. "Their mother's been divorced for years."

"Divorce is no crime," said I.

"The father remarried," said he. "A Japanese."

"Maybe that's it."

"Maybe," he said. "But don't get me wrong. She's a charming woman."

So that's the background on her father's side. In this instance, I would say more spicey than sweet.

As for her mother? Well, Hollywood may be an entertainment factory to the world, but underneath, it's a small town with a small town's flair for gossip. And there's a little hotel near its center, not far from the Boulevard, and in this hotel you can get a room and two meals a day (breakfast and dinner) for fifteen dollars a week. And, if you won't be too fussy and are willing to share a shower,



David Niven is one of Olivia's army of escorts. She used to be scared of dates, but no more! Perhaps she figured that with the scarcity of eligibles, it's no cinch to bag a good one! And she's right.

you need only pay twelve. The majority of people who live there are either at the beginning or at the end, of things—has-beens or going-to-bes.

It was here that Olivia and Joan Fontaine and their mother lived when they first came to California. The hotel has never forgotten. For, of all its ambitious guests, Olivia de Havilland and her sister, Joan, really landed some place. So now, whenever the ex-actresses sit around the lobby (which is practically every day), they talk about this miracle. And newcomers listen and feel encouraged. To those old-timers, the de Havilland-Fontaine combination is a race set apart with a sort of halo around it. Of the three, they rave mostly about Olivia's mother, what a dear kind person she is, what a lady, and how she is supposed to have worked unceasingly teaching Olivia elocution.

That I can believe. Especially after hearing Olivia's apology for being late. She rang it out, fairly smeared with elocution. Such veddy, veddy dramatic, almost out of hand, noises issuing from the slender throat of a fragile-

Questioning Olivia is like facing a wall of prune whip! She simply won't give.



looking, one hundred-and-eight-pound girl, as she stood in the open restaurant doorway, wearing a print dress of daintiest cotton crepe, were more than startling. They nearly knocked me off my pins.

After she was seated and had stopped rolling her brown eyes—which seemed to work right along with the voice—she became a mortal again. Her tones were pleasant, well modulated; her expressions not so convulsive.

I wondered if in those first few moments, Olivia de Havilland had been an actress doing her stuff for the interviewer or just a self-conscious human, unsure of herself and afraid of the ordeal.

She did confess she is dreadfully shy.

"That's what I have in common with those little girls behind counters," said she.

There was even a time when Miss Olivia was so scared that if she did have a date she got sick at her stomach and had to cancel it.

"I'd go to bed for two days."

But now, she assured me, she has mastered those qualms.

I figured that perhaps Miss de Havilland discovered, what with the scarcity of Hollywood eligibles, that it's not such a snap to bag a good date, and a girl who goes around losing hers by growing panicky, is just an awful little fool.

She ordered hot tea and muffins and cooed to Sam Goldwyn's press agent that she was glad he had succumbed to the tea habit, too.

On his part, the Goldwyn representative regaled us with an incident about Gary (I take it he meant Cooper) and how that gentleman began by being sheepish concerning tea served on the set, and then, after becoming accustomed, advanced to an indignant demand of "Where's my tea?"

Olivia laughed long and loud. She was that amused.

While we waited, I studied her face. The skin is a young and rosy skin, the eyes clear. Her hair was done simply, pinned up for the hot day, with a pink ribbon tied around her head.

The muffins arrived, the waiter (*Continued on page 96*)



Dick says, "I shudder to think what might have happened to me without these set-backs. In spite of all the pain, danger, mental agony and lost time I've suffered, I'm grateful that it all happened."

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

DICK'S LUCKY ORDEAL

SOMETHING HAD to happen to Richard Greene. He was too lucky. Something has happened. More, in fact, in the way of bad breaks—accidents and illness—than has ever ganged up on a young Hollywood star with as shining a future.

"And I'm tickled to death!" Dick told me the other day on the set of "Here I Am a Stranger." I shudder to think of what might have happened to me without them. I might easily have gone under in Hollywood. I might have lost myself. As it is, in spite of all the pain, the danger, the mental agony and the lost time I've suffered, I honestly believe I've found myself. I'm grateful that it all happened!"

If there is one virtue this unbelievably handsome twenty-two-year-old Britisher possesses it is straightforwardness. When you meet him, you take his black evenly waved hair, his chiseled nose, his slashed dimples for granted. What strikes you so you'll never forget them are his honest, gray eyes and his frank mouth. There are little lines about them both now, because his face is leaner. There is force behind his manner and what he says in a confident level voice makes solid, satisfying sense.

He believes that the last few months of personal trials have let him catch up with himself. "I've got a grip on my life again at last," he said. "I've had time to work out a sense of values, a new philosophy. I think I've acquired a maturity—a character I didn't have before. I know more now what I mean to myself."

"I didn't all my first year in Hollywood. Things happened to me so fast—success, money, fame, a new world, a new future—that I couldn't evaluate myself. Nothing seemed real to me. I had a sense of futility. My life was full—of people and parties, fun as well as work—but my point of view had vanished in the froth. I was lost to myself."

If all of that sounds unduly introspective, for a lad of twenty-two, consider what happened to Dick Greene overnight, and put yourself in his place:

Suppose that, two years ago this December, on Christmas Eve, an emissary of Darryl Zanuck's had come to you in far-away London and signed you on a contract to come to Hollywood.

Suppose you were a green, young stage extra and bit player, as Dick was, nice looking but still a kid.

Suppose you had looked into a movie camera lens only once, and said but three words, "I don't think

so." You had never been to America. You'd dreamed about New York, and Hollywood, but you'd never thought you had a Chinaman's chance of getting there.

Suppose you had been hustled on board a transatlantic steamer the very next day and met at the Manhattan dock by nervous men who whisked you through town, without even time to shave, shoved you into an airplane and sent you rocketing alone across a vast, unfamiliar continent to Hollywood. Suppose there you were bundled into an automobile at the airport and rolled to a dentist to have a tooth capped, to a barber to have your hair trimmed in proper Hollywood camera style, and on to the studio.

Then suppose on that same day you were hustled on the set of a picture already in production two weeks, shoved into the lovely arms of Loretta Young and told to make love to her, while strange people stared and disconcerting cameras whirled!

All that happened to Richard Greene. All that happened in less than a week. No wonder he was dizzy and stayed dizzy for months afterward.

I remember the criticisms of Richard when Hollywood got a first look at him in "Four Men and a Prayer." "Handsome but hollow," they agreed. It was just when Beautiful Bob Taylor was at his zenith and a great many people groaned at the prospect of another too pretty boy without any punch.

I reminded Dick of this and ducked. But he just grinned disarmingly. "I expect I deserved them," he said. "I was as green as my name, and all mixed up to boot. It showed through, that's all." Then Dick made one of those surprising statements that shows how he observes—and thinks.

"A man has to store up life, before he can give it out," said Dick. "Have you ever met a man or a woman who has lived, loved, had adventures, suffered Hell-fires maybe, but done things and felt things? There's something in people like that that is an inalienable part of their personalities, their conversation, even their looks. I used to run into them, true cosmopolites, in London, or on trips to the Continent. They always intrigued me and they still do. But you can't put on that (Continued on page 86)



So you feel sorry for the Greene
gent and his recent bad breaks? Well,
he has a unique slant on trouble,
so suppose you save your sympathy

Richard Greene with Katharine Aldridge in
"Here I Am a Stranger." Six days after
the shooting of this picture had started, Dick
landed in the hospital!



No more long-distance marriage for Ann and her orchestra-leader hubby, Roger Pryor. He gave up his band and is trying the picture game again.



There's no end to the bouquets Ann Sothorn's been receiving these days. Here she's with Jean Rogers and Linda Darnell in "Hotel For Women."

THE COME-BACK QUEEN

Ann Sothorn's on the crest of the wave—and yet she's worried! Why?

BY CAROLINE S. HOYT

I AM more worried now than I have ever been in my life." Thus, astonishingly, said the white-slacked, golden-tanned Ann Sothorn, "at home" to me on her chaise longue in a bedroom of her new home.

What did the girl mean? I didn't get it, and said so. I said things about how here she is with a brand new, long-term, gilt-edged contract in her jeans—the "come-back" triumph of "Trade Winds," the follow-up triumph of "Maisie" still sparkling like dew on the Sothorn laurels.

She has a new home and Husband Roger Pryor, who has disbanded his orchestra for love of home-life with Ann, right there. He's working, too, in "The Man They Couldn't Hang." What nonsense is this about being worried?

But I might have known that there would be no "non-sense" outta Ann. (It's an awful temptation to call her Annie—she's that kind. But she once confided in me, "To be called Annie is my pet hate, it's tops, dear, in my hates. It goes through me like a knife.") Ann was saying, "Yes, more worried now than I have ever been in my life for what am I going to do now? It's one thing

to fight a good fight and win. It's another thing to keep on fighting. I know, now," said Ann, "that there's no such thing as a finished fight. Not in life. Not in Hollywood. You may finish and win one round of a fight, the next round and the next, but there are always more rounds to go.

"Sure, I've got a long-term contract, and a very pretty piece of paper it is, too, with the studio where I most want to be. I've got my home and Roger in it with me at last. We've got our adopted son, David, and he's fit as a fiddle. I'm sitting on the crest of the wave, we both are, Roger and I. We're terribly happy—we fight about furniture all day long and it's wonderful!

"But I'm also sitting in the corner of the ring, fitting that rubber bit into my mouth, taping my hands, pulling on the gloves. I'm getting ready, and well I know it, for the stiffest round I've fought yet. I can't keep on being Maisie. And yet Maisie had the one outstanding quality I have to sell in my work—humanness. I could, of course, play honky-tonk girls, taxi dancers, girls who work as waitresses—their words in the wrong syntax, their hearts in the right place. That's the kind of parts



Stung by B's for years, in "Maisie," Ann at last had a chance to show 'em some acting with a true Sothern accent. Yet she has the jitters!

I want to play. They're the kind of girls about whom everyone will say, "There's an awful lot of people just like that in the world. Why, you remember Sadie, she . . ." I'd love to play the girl in 'Of Mice and Men.'


"Well," said Ann, with an expressive gesture achieved by one size three foot describing a question mark, "so here I am on the crest of one wave, but fully aware of the fact that there are other waves a'rolling in. The thing for me to do is to take stock of myself. I was thinking the other day that my insane curiosity about medicine, my interest in psychoanalysis (I take the most violent interest in people's ills and ailments. I always have a remedy for everybody—'Dr. Sothern,' that's me) should work on my own behalf, too. Why, not, I thought, turn the Freudian eye on myself and find out now, as I enter on the next round, just what materials I have to work with, just what kind of a person I am?

"One thing is sure—this past year has left me with one tool, knife-edged, an indomitable will. You don't fight for five years as I have, fighting "B" pictures, fighting being cast as a simpering simpleton, without changing. I have changed. I won't say I'm hard. I cer-

tainly won't say I'm soft. I used to be. I always used to think of other people, turn-the-other-cheek-Sothern, that was me. No more. For now, right now, I'm thinking about myself as I've never thought about myself before. It's given me a spirit, the fight I've fought. I've got the hard-wrung courage of knowing that everything I did this past year has been right—for me."

There was a brief silence in the room as there seemed to rise, before our eyes, the spectre of that seemingly sterile year through which Ann has marched. Yes, she was right to step out of her RKO contract, as she did, risking oblivion rather than mediocrity. She was right to stay among the unemployed for a year, taking, chin up, the terror she often felt, the doubts, the awful boredom of idleness, the peculiar embarrassment one feels in Hollywood when one is "out of things." She was right to say "No" to such parts as were offered her, even though every time she did, she pulled in her belt.

She was right to accept the part she did in "Trade Winds," right not to sign a contract again until after she'd made "Maisie." She had told me, I reminded her, that she would never sign (Continued on page 92)



Frank admits, "I am one of those three-o'clock-in-the-morning singers, but I never know what I'm going to sing or in what key it will be."

No less an authority than

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

BY FAITH SERVICE

FRANK MORGAN started out in life as a brush salesman. From selling brushes (Frank got tired of ringing door-bells—"such an un-adult occupation," he says) he went to the Boston Traveller to try his hand at selling advertising. His right hand never knew what his left hand was doing so that gave him up. Next, he sold real estate, "or something," and then went to Las Vegas, New Mexico, to be a cowpuncher. Mr. Morgan had not, he felt, found himself. Until you find yourself, you're lost, or something.

Born in New York City, on June first, he was the baby of the Wupperman family of Angostura Bitters fame and fortune. He attended private and public schools and then Cornell University. He was once known as the best soprano singer in the city, singing, blue-eyed and cherubic, at St. Thomas' and All Angels churches. The time came when his admired brother, Ralph, made the Bitters family bitter by going on the stage, though he did salvage some of the family pride by changing his name from Wupperman to the more esthetic Morgan. Frank had always enjoyed a good game of Follow the Leader with brother Ralph. And so, when his good friend, Edgar Allen Woolf, wrote a vaudeville sketch for him, Frank made his first appearance on a stage. In the dark, romantic recesses known as "back-stage," Mr. Morgan, delightfully, found himself.

All right, so what has this thumb-nail sketch of Mr. Morgan got to do with being the Life of the Party? I'll tell you: there is no living thing so boring as the chronic, typical Life of the Party *homo sapiens*. The successful Life of the Party cannot be a fool. If he is, his party options are not renewed. He may ring doorbells, pull chairs from under formal fannies once or twice, and then no more of him.

Frank Morgan is the Life of any party he attends (and hostesses in Hollywood, New York, Paris, Rome, write the name of Frank Morgan first on their guest-lists, if they know what's good for them) because he is not a fool; because he is a man of sense and sensibility; because he is a man of breeding, family, culture, taste, varied experience; because he can turn from doing his imitation of Al Jolson to talking with tired men who ring acid-painted doorbells for a living; because he has that touch of nature which makes him kin with truck-drivers or savants. In other words, Frank can go out of his tale-spinning and into a serious mood at will.

Mr. Morgan, on the morning I talked with him, wore blue pajamas, a beige wool dressing gown, brown leather slippers and a harassed expression. Probably because it was ten o'clock in the morning, a "death-knell-hour," he said, to any Life of the Party. Also because

that garrulous guy, Frank Morgan himself, tells you how to become



Frank Morgan with his wife. They have celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary.



Virginia Weidler and Frank in "Henry Goes Arizona." Mr. M. is Henry.

he was flying to New York that night and there might be sandstorms and things. Worst of all, he was afraid his wife mightn't go with him, because she was not air-minded. Right here is a good place to tip you off to the fact that a Life of the Party need not be a Casanova at heart. Never have I seen a more devoted husband than our Mr. Morgan. He admits, quite amorously, that he married not to settle down, but because he "went crazy in love." Well, he's still in love. Anyway, although Frank doesn't think that a good, durable Life of the Party can be too domestic, he does prove, in his own life, that a Life of the Party can be, quaintly, entirely, in love with his own wife.

So, Frank was slightly distressed, in his eyes was that puzzled petulance such as only Frank Morgan's eyes can give forth. Frank talks, in real life, exactly as he talks on the screen and air, ending. Every other sentence with "or something." At first you think that that's Frank being vaguer than usual, but you soon perceive that it's quite diabolically clever, it leaves him so many loopholes.

ANYWAY, we got on "how to be the Life of the Party" and I made a flattering little quip (as bait) about how Mr. Morgan is just that, his name heading every guest-list on four continents, and Mr. Morgan rose from his chair to make me a graceful, sort of Barrymore-ish bow. Then he said that was very nice of me, of course, but guest-lists are the obituaries of parties. Then he took the bait and gave me what I believe is the first and only complete and scientific analysis of the Life of the Party type.

He said, "To my mature mind, there are three prime requisites for any party: informality, no plans and foreigners." Asked to make himself at least reasonably clear, Mr. Morgan said, "Oh, dear" and then sort of looked around the dusky beige and rose library in which we sat as though he expected all good men to come to his aid. Finding himself beached on my note-book, he said, "No plans come first, or something. Of course we have to talk about parties, you know, if we are to analyze the Life of the Party species because if there were no parties there would be no Lives of the Parties.

"So I say that a party should be both planless and

unplanned. The best parties happen like the one last night," (ah, there, that's why the bathrobe and slippers, methought) "when I just dropped in at Chasens and there was Jimmy Cagney and Charlie Chaplin and Bob Benchley and Leo McCarey and Mike Romanoff. Get a gang like that together and you always have fun because they're all Lives of the Party and no one man has to carry the whole show. Just drop in at a place like Chasens, that's my recipe. You're bound to see another fellow whose wife's away, or something. But don't misunderstand me, wives are swell nowadays. The wives of most of the men I know are Lives of the Party in their own rights, maybe its protective coloration, or something. So I say, make no plans, just drop in and your party problem is there, already in solution. The stronger the solution, the better, of course, you know.

"And then there are foreigners. Every party should have a flavoring of foreigners, because foreigners have no inhibitions. Foreigners know how to cut loose. Look how they sing in the streets in Italy and all. 'Santa Lucia,' or something. We'd be locked up here for doing what they do as a matter of course, out of the sheer exuberance of their spirits. Exuberance, that's a prime ingredient in the Life of any Party. Exuberance of spirit or exuberance and spirits, if necessary. Russians are very helpful. There is something so wild and cossacky about a Russian. You never know what a Russian is going to do. Neither does the Russian.

"And this is another secret of success if you would be the Life of the Party," said Frank, "never let them know what you are going to do. Better still, never know what you are going to do yourself. Of course" Mr. Morgan admitted, blushing (he does blush), "I myself am one of those three-o'clock-in-the-morning-singers, but I never know what I am going to sing, or in (Continued on page 90)

SETTING YOU STRAIGHT ON JUDY



You've heard this, and you've heard that, so—the rhythm gal's family gives you the real lowdown on how the little Garland grew

THE WAY the press agents tell it is this: "With the firm conviction that she wanted to be a moving picture actress, Judy Garland walked onto the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot one day and announced to all and sundry, she was looking for a job. She got it. Judy was twelve years old at the time."

And what led up to that fateful day? The official press agent version continues: "For some unexplained reason, Judy's early ambition was to be an attorney rather than an actress. But, instead, she became a member of a singing trio composed of herself and her two elder sisters. The act worked at the World's Fair in Chicago and in several big theatres in the Mid-West. Suzanne married and that broke up the act."

"So Judy wasn't bluffing when she told studio officials she had stage experience, eight years of it. Her claims got her an audition, and her performance brought her a contract."

That is the accepted story of how Judy broke into films. It's a good story. Maybe it does suggest that Judy, at the age of twelve, wasn't short of brashness, but it also suggests that she couldn't help being unusual on the screen, having taken an unusual method to get there.

There is just one thing wrong with the tale. It isn't true.

Lately, another story, the "real" story of how Judy landed in films, has been going the Hollywood rounds. According to the new version, one of her sisters was the member of the family who had film ambitions. The sister had a chance to make a screen test and Judy tagged along just to keep her company. The studio hired Judy, and didn't hire the sister.

That, too, is a good story. It suggests that Judy, without willing such a thing, was fated to have a screen career. And, implying that it was the sister who wanted the career, it has

a fine little touch of irony about it. There is just one thing wrong with it. It isn't true, either.

You can take this from both Judy's sisters, not to mention their mother. I got it from all three of them the other day, when I went out to Judy's house to see what kind of home life a sixteen-year-old movie star might have.

At the moment, Judy wasn't enjoying life in her brand-new home, a white brick Colonial, set on a three-acre plot in Bel-Air's prettiest canyon. She was at the studio, making an added scene for the picture, "The Wizard of Oz."

So, instead of talking with Judy, I talked about her—with her sisters and her mother. And they set me straight not only about what Judy is like, and what her life has been like from the beginning up to now, but also about what it is like to be the sisters and the parent of a Judy.

MRS. GUMM (the family's real name is Gumm) and her other two daughters all have, like Judy, brown eyes and brown hair. Mrs. Gumm is shortish, plumpish, jovial, young-looking—the kind of mother accepted by her daughters and her daughters' friends as "one of the gang." Both of Judy's shapely sisters look younger than they are. Perhaps that's because laughter runs in the family.

Suzanne, called Sue, is the taller and the older. Virginia, called Jimmie, looks a great deal like Judy. Neither of them has Judy's pep. They're more easy going.

Sue was eight, and Jimmie six, when Judy arrived on the scene on June 10, 1922. Sue doesn't remember what she said at the time. Jimmie remembers that she said, "Is she an Indian?" Judy was that red an infant.

The event took place in Grand Rapids, Minnesota, a town of about four thousand people, most of whom

worked for a big paper mill. But Frank Gumm worked for himself. He and his wife had seen vaudeville dying, and had got out of it while the getting was good. Looking around for a small-town movie theatre for sale cheap, they found one in Grand Rapids. Settling there, he had put the theatre on a paying basis and had acquired other theatres nearby. There they expected to stay the rest of their lives. But Fate decreed otherwise.

Sue and Jimmie, conscious of their distinction in having parents who had been on the stage, were forever putting on neighborhood shows of their own. Their earliest mutual memory of Judy goes back to one of these. Judy was a year and a half old at the time. "We let her get up on the stage to sing 'Jingle Bells,'" said Sue. "And then we couldn't get her off," finished Jimmie, with a grin.

Some time later, they put on a circus in a garage. They let Judy be in the side-show. She and another youngster were tied to each other, back to back. "They were the Siamese Twins. But that didn't have enough action to it, for Judy," said Sue. "She wanted to sing again," added Jimmie. "So we let her sing 'Tie Me to Your Apron Strings Again.' She knew it from hearing us do it. We thought that was kinda cute."

The summer Judy was two years old, Mr. and Mrs. Gumm, who had been settled down a long time for show people, decided to take a trip. For years, they had been hearing his mother rave about California, so they decided to drive out and give it the once-over. They would make the trip pay for itself by reviving their old singing-and-piano act, playing in small towns along the way. A booking agent friend would arrange dates.

"We hadn't planned to take the girls with us," Mrs. Gumm said. "But while packing, the night before we were to (Continued on page 81)

Bert Lahr, Judy Garland, Jack Haley and Ray Bolger as the Cowardly Lion, Dorothy, the Tin Woodman and the Scarecrow in the fantasy, "The Wizard of Oz."

Johnny Downs, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville celebrate Judy's sixteenth birthday. Mickey's right in there pitching, as usual.

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN





Priscilla Lane and John Garfield are together again in "Dust Be My Destiny." They are a fine film pair.

BY

MARY PARKES

It's a long way from
"rags to riches!" So,
has the rebel John Garfield
"gone Hollywood?"

John Garfield's smile holds a sadness for the human race. His wife calls it "Julie's orphan look," and it dates back to his childhood and accounts for his sense of pathos.

LITTLE ORPHAN JULIE

WHEN JOHN GARFIELD and his wife, Robbie, went to Dodge City, like the rest of the Warner guests, they rode around in an open carriage. On one of their rides they were suddenly surrounded by a crowd of fans, mostly men, who pointed to Robbie and screamed, "There's Hedy Lamarr!" Although the only resemblance Mrs. Garfield bears to Hedy is that both of them have black hair, she rose to the occasion and smilingly took her bows.

But the fans weren't satisfied. They crowded about the carriage, demanding autographs. So Robbie wrote away until her arm was tired and she pointed to her husband, crying, "Look! Don't you want his? He's John Garfield!"

Taking this cue, slightly mixed, the leading fan somewhat astounded the Garfields by shouting to his companions, "Hey, fellahs! It's Jack Gilbert!"

And Mr. Garfield found himself besieged for the late Gilbert's signature. He sweetly obliged. There was nothing else he could do.

"You see, they believed so," he said, in the voice of one who hates to give pain or disillusionment.

He smiled as he told the story on himself. His smile held a sadness for the human race. Fans have noticed it, commenting in their letters. The Germans have a word for it called "weltschmerz," meaning "world hurt." His wife calls it, "Julie's orphan look."

This probably dates back to the time he went to school and all the other boys wore white shirts, but Julie Garfield's father made him wear a blue one, gave him trousers much too big, and shaved off most of his hair. So his schoolmates, with the insatiable cruelty of youth, dubbed him, "Julie, the orphan boy."

A Dr. Freud might tell you that such an incident partly accounts for his sense of pathos.

Not that this is the story of John Garfield's life. Right from the beginning, when he made that hit in "Four Daughters," he was interviewed continually. Each time he faced his press agent and plaintively said, "Must I tell the story of my life again?"

"Indeed you must," was the answer. And indeed he did.

So this, instead, shows how the rebel Garfield, after nearly a year spent in Hollywood, is reacting to the big money, to an established position, to his wife of several years and his daughter of several months.

This is a picture of the way he lives and what he does and what he thinks about, a picture of John Garfield . . . now, or rather of Julie. For no matter how often the Warner Brothers see fit to christen him, he is Julie, not only to his friends, old and new, but to every co-worker on the lot. In spite of rigid orders shouted from the top . . . the name is . . . and always will be . . . Jules, familiarly shortened to Julie.

He can't help that. There is something about him which makes for naturalness, for nicknames. Understand, his is not an offensive palsy-walsyness, the kind so frequently encountered in Hollywood. No, he is made up of friendly spontaneous little habits, of resting a hand across your shoulders, of calling you by your first name, of trusting implicitly.

No matter how busy he is, he reads. "Reading is important," he announces in all seriousness.

According to his wife, he is inclined to be moody. If he is dissatisfied with the day's work at the studio, he comes home cross, like any other man. Now his worry is that he seems to be losing perspective.

"He claims he can't judge the rushes any more," says his wife. "But," she adds, "this never affects his appetite."

He loves to eat more than anything else, more than the tennis he has always played, or the riding he has learned since living in California. To prove this, in the middle of my studio lunch with him, he leaped from the table and followed the waitress who escorted him to a sideboard where he could pick the biggest and fattest dessert. He chose a lemon meringue pie, which he brought back himself, bearing it triumphantly in mid-air.

"This will probably kill me," he said. "I've been working in the sun all day." But he ate it anyway, on top of an enormous plate of shrimps and lobster Creole.

When his friends want to annoy him, they tell Julie he is going Hollywood. Actually, his complex about *not* going Hollywood has developed to such an extent that it is a phase of going Hollywood. For what does "going Hollywood" mean, except a form of extremes?

Mr. Garfield took pains not to live where other picture people live. No Beverly or Westwood or Brentwood or San Fernando or Santa Monica for him.

"I know a playwright with a forty-thousand-dollar house in Beverly and he's miserable."

So Mr. Garfield lives in Hollywood proper because he likes to be near crowds and noise and lights and city things. He didn't buy his house. He rents it. However, the house is a nice rambling place with lots of porches and a swell mountain view. It was designed by a man who used to build boats. The Garfields are very proud of the bar which is built in the wall, like a yacht.

"A bar already! That's Hollywood," tease his friends. And Julie turns green.

"But there won't be a swimming pool," he swears.

Still, his wife confided to me that she would like one. "So our poor friends could enjoy it."

When he heard about this, Julie gritted his teeth in mock anger. "So she wants a swimming pool, does she? Well, she'll never have one."

Not that Mrs. Garfield is at all Hollywood. She wears simple linen slacks and is utterly natural and talks to you about Julie, how he gets up earlier than necessary just to play with the baby, how he and the baby both have small feet and how he calls during the afternoon to see how things are going.

Mrs. Garfield frankly tells you she used to be a salesgirl at Macy's, and that she arrived in Hollywood with exactly two maternity dresses and a pair of shoes.

SHE AND Julie feel alike about most things. They love the idea of no permanence. Even when they were poor and living in Greenwich Village, they used to move every three months "just for the fun of it."

Together they possess an inarticulate silence, the sort that Vina Delmar portrayed so expertly in "Bad Girl." For example, it was only a couple of months ago that Mrs. Garfield went to the studio for the first time. When I asked her why this was, she said Julie had never mentioned her going and she didn't like to ask.

And how are they reacting to money? Well, Julie says, "Now that I'm making it, I haven't the time to spend it."

They spend like average young folks would spend. There is a nurse for the baby, who is as brown as a chocolate pudding and the image of Julie.

And there is a cook. And there is Julie's brother.

"He's one of the unemployed," says Julie. "Thinks he can write." Then, with a characteristic shrug of the shoulders, "Who knows, maybe he can."

They did all the things people do with their first big money, little human things. Robbie took her girl friends for cocktails at a smart hotel, and the cocktails were too strong and didn't make them feel so good, so she never did it again.

And she went to a very good milliner and must have bought a hat because I saw her autograph in the milliner's showroom along with Baroness Somebody-or-other and Gladys Glad and Myrna Loy.

On his part, Julie blew himself to a lot of books and victrola records. He still orders records by the dozens over the telephone, and plays them while he learns his lines.

They also went to San Francisco and made one flying trip to New York. There they bought tickets for a hit musical comedy. Before, they had to save their pennies for the dramatic shows.

Julie is as loyal to his original discoverers, The Group Theatre, as the average man is to his college.

While in New York, he saw their Saroyan play.

"I didn't know what it was about," he admitted, "but I loved it, it was so exciting. I can't imagine working for any other theatrical managers. The biggest kick in my life was when they made me a member."

His second biggest kick was (Continued on page 72)

WISHING MAY MAKE

"I'd love to have babies," says Jean. "Not just one baby, but three or four. So, I'll simply have to take time off, now and again, to have them."



IT SO

Jean Arthur, who you'd think has just about everything, tells you the things she's hoping hard for

BY JEAN SOMERS

SO MANY of my wishes have come true," Jean told me, the gratitude she feels roughening her voice. "I've 'stuck in my thumb and pulled out a plum' so many times that I feel greedy and selfish even talking about any more wishes and plums for myself. I'd rather talk about wishes-come-true and plums for other people."

But of course I hadn't come to talk about "other people" and I said so quite firmly. I also remarked that if other people's wishes were in order, however, one of mine would be that I might have tea every day or so with Jean Arthur. Even though she has no talent for dramatizing herself, even though she is not what we writers call "good copy," still you do know that what she says she means. Yes, there's something uniquely charming about being with her.

Jean curled up on the divan and served tea and we talked, and she was saying, "I've got so many of my wishes—everything you dream of—you know. Things you want to do for your mother, for instance, when you are a child and see her over the cook stove or over the mending basket or worried about something. And you dream of how the day will come when she'll 'sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,' and never have to worry any more. Well," sighed Jean happily, "I don't want to sound too Pollyanna, but that dream has come true. For now my mother has everything she wants. Of course I'm not the only one in pictures for whom this particular wish has come true, not by any means."

Then we talked about how the biggest plum the picture industry has to offer is that it enables its favorites to make their money while they are young, which enables them to make their parents comfortable while *they* are young, too.

"So, that's one plum," Jean ticked off. "And then, of course, there's the plum of working in pictures that are being made the best the studio can make them, with the best stories available, the best directors, the best cast. I like the 'best of everything,'" smiled Jean. "I don't care particularly whether my part is great or small so long as the finished picture is the best that can be produced. I'd rather own a little, teentsy diamond, flawless, than great hunks of diamonds, second best. I like to have a few really fine books in my library rather than shelves of snowy trash. I'd rather do one thing exquisitely well,

be long remembered for doing just *one* thing as beautifully as Maude Adams did everything she did, as Lynn Fontanne and Katharine Cornell do what they do, than be the glamoriest Glamor Girl in the world.

"I have my home life," said Jean, then, and there is no mistake nor misnaming her happiness when she speaks of her home. "It is," she was saying, "the perfect plum. I can only hope and pray that we may go on, always, as we are now."

"So many things in my life are right, you see, that I do hesitate to express any more wishes. I really don't think I ought even to stick my thumb in the pie at all any more. But just the same I do know of one plum I'd like to pull out! It sometimes sounds so silly, though, when you try to put into words the things you think to yourself. At the risk of sounding frightfully sappy or goody-goody, I do have a wish and it's this: that there would be no more fighting in the world. No more fighting between nations, no more fighting between individuals. I do think that such a state of heaven-on-earth, for that's what it would be, can only come through education. Not book-learning only, but educating people how to live with one another. I want to learn how to live with people and love them because I understand them. I do think that one of the very finest things money could do would be to supply this kind of humanistic education. If there were no fighting, think of what the world might be!" And I thought of it. I found myself thinking up several new alleys in the course of that tea hour with Jean.

"So that's one wish," Jean was saying, "that the world and all the people in it might cease fighting."

"Where my work is concerned—well, I'd like very much indeed to do a big *woman's* story. I have never made a woman's picture. I have always played leading lady to some man. I should like to make a picture where the woman's character motivates the story. Something like 'The Old Maid,' for instance, which Bette Davis did. I should like, particularly, to find a story which would have some practical connection with the world as it is today. I think the day is long since past when we can have stories built around a 'personality,' however great or glamorous. I should like to find a story dealing with the problems of women today, and their solution."

"Well, a third wish is that I might be able to meet the great people of my generation. I am a born hero-worshipper, you know. I'd love to (Continued on page 68)



Frank Ross, Jean's husband, and the star dine out rarely. They're definitely home bodies.



James Stewart and Jean in "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington," their latest.



Bette Davis' eyes show spirit.



Joan Blondell's are vivacious.



Jeanette MacDonald's are friendly.

Eyes

The stars show you how to have
those great big beautiful optics

by Carol Carter

BEAUTY LIES in the eyes of the beholder, says the idealist. Don't you believe it, say those more practical mortals, the talent scouts, models' agents and casting directors—whose opinions, after all, reflect the tastes and desires of millions of your potential friends, employers, sweethearts and husbands. These canny connoisseurs of feminine charm all agree that the lion's share of any girl's beauty



A saline and soda solution makes a safe and refreshing eye wash. Use with either eye cup or dropper.

If your lashes are thin or short, a good lash conditioner will help them to grow longer and stronger.

Lashes that curl upward make eyes look larger, brighter and younger. This handy gadget does the trick.

Mascara applied heavily to the top, lightly to the bottom lashes, adds depth and expression to the eyes.

The current fashion brows is to keep a natural looking, plucking only a few stray hairs.



June Lang's brow arches gracefully. Below, pretty little Ann Rutherford illustrates eight simple steps to eye loveliness.

is contained in her own two eyes. Next to interesting facial planes—which are a matter of basic, structural lines—a pair of strong, clear, beautiful and expressive eyes are what these merchants in the marts of beauty constantly look for—and demand.

Eyes may or may not be windows to your soul, but they certainly shed a heap of light on the status of your mind and body, to say nothing of your character and disposition. Fact is, they reflect the condition of everything else that is a part of you and, in turn, are affected by your general condition, physical, mental, spiritual and all the rest.

You've noticed, haven't you, what spirit, fire and vitality speak in the eyes of Bette Davis? What hearty, wholesome spontaneity radiates from the eyes of Joan Blondell? Jeanette MacDonald registers friendliness, good sportsmanship and determination in her flashing eyes. And what delectable deliriums little Ann Rutherford can create in the hearts of her cinema boy friends with one look from her gay and mischievous eyes! The luscious, sloe-eyed Hedy Lamarr is another who weaves a pretty spell with her deep, expressive eyes. In fact, every girl in the movies knows very well not only how to use, but how to care for, groom and protect her precious pair of orbs. How do they go about it? We'll tell you.

First of all, one word of explanation. An eye is a delicate, intricate three-layered organ, resting in a bony depression of your skull, padded with fat and operated by six muscles. It

is divided into two chambers, the front containing a crystalline lens, the second holding the iris and the pupil. At the very back of said second chamber is a layer of pigment which gives your optics their individual coloring. Rays of light enter the eye, produce a chemical change on the retina, affecting it in exactly the same way that light affects a sensitized plate or film in a camera. In other words, your eye is a wonderful camera which takes pictures and then relays them to your brain via the optic nerve. So much for that.

Now, for the comfort and efficiency, as well as the beauty of your eyes. You must take care of them. First of all, see that they have proper light. Glaring sun or lamplight and rays reflected from large, flat or glossy surfaces can be harmful and injurious. Close work done by dim or flickering light also may do irreparable damage. Light should come from above and behind, when you work or read. And the object you look at should be held fourteen to sixteen inches away, unless your eyes are a bit off normal.

When using your eyes for close work, sit in a comfortable, upright position. Hold the book or whatever it is up in front of you. Don't fold up like a jack-knife with your chin on your chest and your book on your lap. When your eyes get tired from use or strain, look off in the distance to the furthest visible object. This simple exercise rests and strengthens the muscles. Blinking is another excellent stunt to relieve eye strain. Move and (Continued on page 75)



pencil to match arch accents and shape, especially small, inexpressive or light eyes.

Eye shadow should start at the lash-line and blend upward toward full part of your lid, shading off gradually.

Squint and laugh lines should be warded off by the regular use of rich, oily creams which help considerably.





BENNY, INC.

The other stockholders are three damsels who run Jack's life! Yet he's glad to sit on this Exchange

BY MARY MAYES

THERE IS an unknown woman in the life of Jack Benny. Her name is Thalia and she is said to be of Greek origin. Mary Livingstone is not jealous of her—at least, not in the ordinary sense. Thalia is the Muse of Comedy, folks, and Jack has been crazy about her all his adult life. The other women in the Benny scheme of things are, as you well know, the aforementioned Mary L. Benny and Miss Joan Naomi, the adored, adopted charmer of five, who winds Pop around the little finger and selects the daily neckties. These two ladies shall be mentioned in their places, but it is the laughing muse to whom we shall give our first attention.

Jack Benny has been consistently funny on the radio for a long, long time. He has been tops in all kinds of radio polls for a greater length of time than Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis have been winning Academy Awards. Now, with the happy release of "Man About Town," it seems that Benny has learned how to be equally funny in pictures. His previous movie operas haven't been nearly as good as his radio programs. The reasons for this heretofore sad state of affairs will become apparent as we go on talking about him and the gentle art of "how to be funny."

"How to be funny." I'm quite sure that, by actual statistics, there are nine million people in this country who would like to know the trick. Being naturally funny isn't enough. Belly-laugh jokes, sly puns, sophisticated wit—these are not enough. A comical voice (what is professionally known as good delivery) is a help, as witness the laughs Jack's Mary can get by merely opening her mouth. But it isn't all. Material—is that it? It's exceedingly important, and Jack Benny employs two smart gents named Ed Beloin and Bill Morrow, paying them salaries which aren't chicken-feed, babe, to help him whip up good material. But that isn't all, either. Let's listen to the Old Master himself, who seems to have the recipe.

"Why is Rochester funny?" he asked. "Rochester is funny because he has a God-given delivery. That asthmatic, smarty-pants, untutored, Aframerican voice is marvelous! But that's only part of it. Then, too, Rochester is gymnastically funny. His dancing has some comic sense; it isn't merely a series of gyrations. But he is funny chiefly because he is my servant and treats me with no respect whatsoever. Now how can he get away with this? He, a lowly colored boy, and me, his boss, and a member of the superior white race. Especially how can he get away with it in the South? We can get away with it because I, in my radio character and to a lesser extent in my movie character, am a combination of all the unattractive, small, nidgy-nadgy, laughable, ridiculous characteristics which Mr., Mrs., and Miss America run across

daily in friends, relatives, ex-boy-friends and neighbors. I'm a tightwad. I fancy my violin-playing, when actually I'm incapable of mastering Little Nellie's First Music Book, let alone 'Love in Bloom.' I'm a braggart about physical and romantic prowess or else I'm the type that all girls are safe with. I'm not grotesque, nor villainous, nor idiotic. I'm merely a combination of small, unattractive traits, slightly exaggerated. And that's why I'm funny, or at least I think so."

You get the point—do you not? J. B. sits down and figures out how to make people laugh in the same way that the soup, tomato juice and bean tycoons sit down and figure out how to make people buy soup, tomato juice and beans.

"None of us would be funny," continued my favorite comedian, "if there were not a situation into which our various characters and cracks would fit, nicely and comfortably, without dragging gags in by the ears. Because a joke alone is not enough. We've left many a tasty joke on studio and cutting-room floors. An audience knows when a joke has been forced upon it and is apt to keep a very straight face about it.

"Once we cut a marvelous joke from a program—a joke about Eddie Cantor. I'm not going to tell it for we shall find a use for it some time. I ran into Eddie the following week and I said, 'Eddie, I had a swell gag in Sunday's program about you. Then, I dunno, at rehearsal, it didn't quite seem to click, so we left it out. But I think I'll put it in next week.' And Eddie said, 'Jack, when in doubt—remember that sterling word, "don't." A gag that is never told never lays an egg.'"

YES, J. B. certainly knows his stuff. His weekly radio program goes into work along about Tuesday of each week. In the meantime, Benny has been worrying ever since the preceding Sunday. Was the last program as good as the previous program? Maybe they shouldn't have made this crack, maybe they should have made that one. Oh, well, to work, now, to work! And Benny, Beloin and Morrow sit down with plenty of coffee, cigarettes and nice new pencils to chew.

They engrave doodles on nice white paper. They ejaculate "Lousy!" at intervals. They stay up all hours. They finally get a rough idea. Wednesday, they bring their erasers and shape things up. They scribble down the sides of the pages and get a little bit enthusiastic. Thursday they get a little bit depressed.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday, they cut and change and rewrite and rehearse and take aspirin. Benny watches the cast like a cat. The cast is (Continued on page 85)



AROUND TOWN

Bob Taylor cuts his birthday cake. Ann Dvorak, Barbara Stanwyck, Jack Benny and Fred MacMurray were guests at his party.

Our cameraman, Jules Buck, camera catches celebrities at play



Here's a picture of old-timers for old-timers. Richard Barthelmess, Lillian Gish and D. W. Griffith dine at the Troc, which certainly turns the movie clock back a quarter of a century. Do you remember them?



Hedy Lamarr poses for our cameraman, to Margaret Sullivan's amusement. Hedy likes publicity—and admits it—while Maggie pretends to resent it. At any rate, this is certainly an interesting study.



"The Wizard Of Oz" rated one of Hollywood's spectacular premieres. L. to r., you see Harold Lloyd, Jr. and Sr., Mrs. Lloyd, their two daughters and Edgar Bergen with a pretty young friend. The "little people" are the Munchkins, who live in Oz.





Stuart Erwin attended with the prettiest young woman in Movietown—June Callyer, his wife. They're inveterate first-nighters.



And here is Ann Rutherford with Mrs. Frank Baum, widow of "The Wizard Of Oz" author. Ann was truly honored by such company.



Carol Ann with her daddy, Wally Beery. Although she's only nine, she sports a grown-up dress, a fur coat and her hair piled high.



That excellent actor, Terry Kilburn, is old enough to have a girl friend. She is Leni Lynn, a pretty Miss, who accompanied him to "Oz."

TROUBLES!

Actors, like all of us, have their troubles. But when they come, the thespians have a way of unfailingly sticking together. James Cagney, Wayne Morris, Mischa Auer and Emily Holt attend a labor meeting.



The Screen Actors' Guild hold their mass meeting at the Shrine Auditorium, where labor problems were discussed. Hugh Herbert, Pat O'Brien, James Gleason, Frank McHugh and Boris Karloff seem to approve.



Left, George Murphy, Roger Pryor, Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan were "among those present" at the Guild meeting. When it was over, some members planned to Atlantic City, N. J., for further conferences.



Adolphe Menjou, Lawrence Tibbett and Eddie Cantor are strong Guild members. They all believe in the "all for one and one for all" adage. And, perhaps, that's why the Guild is a strong and prosperous league.





Rosalind Russell and Burgess Meredith are constant companions. Note Roz's unusual necklace.



If you've seen "Golden Boy," Bill Holden needs no introduction. Here's his girl, Dagmar Smith.

PARTIES!

The Fred MacMurrays at the Troc. Fred is about to present a cup to winners of a dance contest.



Speaking of necklaces, Gracie Allen's doing all right! She and George Burns are dining at the Troc.



Wherever there are stars
to see, our cameraman
is sure to be! So, here
he makes the rounds



Andrea Leeds and the fella whose ring she's wearing, Bob Howard.



The Lucille Ball-Director Al Hall romance is truly long-standing.



Charles Laughton and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, make merry at the Troc.



The gent with the feather in his cap is Brian Donlevy; the lady, his Missus.



Autograph seekers interrupt Marsha Hunt's and Richard Carlson's chat.



Attractive Hope Hampton and Hubby Jules Brulatour attend a preview.



Cute young-marrieds, Anne Shirley and John Payne, never miss a thing.



Fred Perry, Helen Vinson and Mr. Napier table talk at the Troc.



Newlyweds in a gay mood—Jockey Jackie Westrope and Nan Grey.



Well, looks as if Cesar Romero and Ann Sheridan are together again!



Two swell troupers—Burgess Meredith and Norma Shearer.



Jane Wyman beams! 'Cause she's engaged to handsome Ronald Reagan?



Dorothy Lamour and Danny Danker. Like la belle's two-piece gown?



Very definitely "on again" are Arleen Whelan and Alexander D'Arcy.



The Errol Flynn's dine out. Lili's wearing the symbol of peace for jewelry.



Must be a good trick Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are watching.



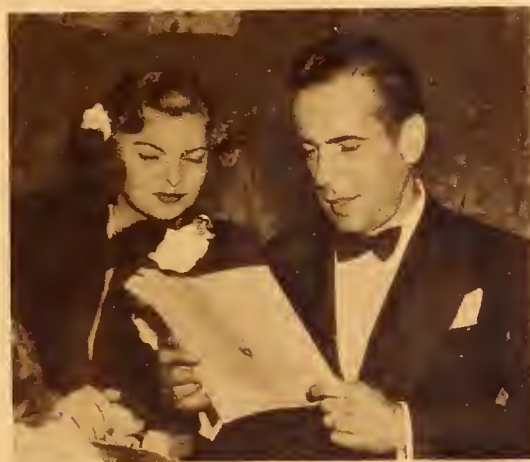
The Edward G. Robinsons step out before leaving for a European vacation.



With Sir Stork expected, Wayne and Bubbles Morris look very happy.



Edgar Bergen and starlet Marjorie Reed. Paging Mr. McCarthy!



The Humphrey Bogarts—she's Mayo Methot—peruse a premiere program.



At the Trocadero, Joan Fontaine listens to Pat de Cicco's philosophizing.



Comedienne Martha Raye and Hubby David Rose get snapped, too.



A genial couple at Victor Hugo's were Ralph Bellamy and his little woman.



Greer Garson—Mrs. Chips to us—sacrificed her long hair for "Remember." She was brave, but her mother wept.

Charles Laughton, the Hunchback of Notre Dame, was so lonesome in Hollywood, he sent for Wife Elsa Lanchester.

Myrna Loy brings beautiful gifts to her co-workers each morning. She's always been noted for her thoughtfulness.

Lois Svensrud, our indefatigable news gatherer, visits the stars at home,

STRICTLY BUSINESS

Those rumors of romance between Sonja Henie and her agent, Vic Orsatti, don't make sense according to one of our sleuths. It's strictly business between the two. And the fact that with Sonja business begins at 9 A. M. is not what's called conducive to romantic feelings on the part of Mr. Orsatti. The Norwegian lass calls her agent's office every single day. A special switchboard arrangement allows the secretary to transfer the call, unbeknownst to the star, to the phone at Vic's bedside. "What's new this morning?" is Sonja's greeting—and in an invariably cheerful voice, since she has a habit of going to bed with the birds. We understand that if anyone mentions the words "what's new" around Mr. Orsatti, he's liable to start throwing things.

BRENT MOVES IN

George Brent is the latest to inherit the Marlene Dietrich dressing-room on the Paramount lot. Brent had everything moved out of the room but some comfortable chairs and smoking tables. A book-case from home is crammed with current history books, which are the actor's chief relaxation between scenes. The room's only adornment is a beautiful picture of Bette Davis. If she could see George Brent in his dashing uniform of the Royal British Flying Corps, required in his present role, Bette might stop her hemming and hawing.

HEY, WHAT'S WRONG?

If an unpopularity poll should be taken in town, no one would have a chance against Artie Shaw. On the "Dancing Co-Ed" set, Artie made himself thoroughly disliked by arguing over every direction given him and proclaiming to the youngsters on the set that

jitterbugs made him sick. The swingster is easily spotted around town, since his chauffeur drives the Shaw convertible coupe with Artie sitting on a jump-seat behind.

HE CAN TAKE IT!

And a gentleman around town who's getting undeserved cracks is Mickey Rooney. If you discounted half the stories now at large, you would still have an exaggerated account of Mickey's actions. He's anything but shy and backward, but neither is Mickey the incorrigible and conceited lad some people would have you believe. Any studio worker—and they are the boys that know—will tell you Rooney is strictly okay and a regular fellow.

SHE'S CAMERA SHY

Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland may have many interests in common, but posing for candid camera shots isn't one of them. Roland will always oblige with a smile when the photographers ask him to pose, while the girl friend continues full speed ahead. Which resulted in an amusing spectacle at the Troc the other evening when the two arrived arm in arm and were met by a battery of cameras at the door. Gilbert waved a greeting to the boys and paused an instant for a picture. He was promptly jerked off his feet and swept along by la Bennett who never released her grim hold on him.

CHINS UP, MIRIAM!

Miriam Hopkins is another of the actresses who doesn't like having her "pitcher took." A flash-bulb will set her off like a startled jack-rabbit. But the other evening when a cameraman begged her to give him a picture, the lady took him aside and said she

honestly wouldn't mind, but her candid pictures always looked so awful and she would appreciate it if he could tell her why. Not bothering to go heavy on the tact, the photog told her. "All right," said Miriam, "you just yell 'chins up' from now on, and I'll pose." Miriam Hopkins is a glamor girl, but what's far more rare in this town, she's a good sport.

PA MEETS BOSS

At the Trocadero one evening with Flynn, Sr., Errol beckoned Jack Warner over to his table and said he wanted to introduce his father. "What's this," said Mr. Warner jovially, "a gag?" "No, sir," said Flynn, "it's no gag, it's my father." The ensuing moment of embarrassment was covered up hastily by Pere Flynn, who grasped Mr. Warner's hand and said, "I've always wanted to meet my boy's boss."

DICK'S IN LOVE

Warmest romance in town is between Richard Greene and Virginia Field. Dick looks really ardent this time and Virginia—well, girls, how would you look under the circumstances? A Greene romance that never hit the news was the one just prior to this, between Dick and Margaret Roach, Hal Roach's daughter. But a nice friendship has developed out of that. For Dick and Virginia are spending every afternoon playing badminton on the courts at the Roach home. So, all's well!

MAISIE AND BLONDIE

One of the most popular girls in town right now is Ann Sothorn. Everywhere she goes people cry "Hi, Maisie!" Ann says the recognition is the most flattering thing that ever happened to her. The other day when



Eleanor Powell's desire to dance with Fred Astaire has been fulfilled. They're in "Broadway Melody of 1940."

Donald Meek says he was once engaged to a girl named Mabel Milde. Now, Donald, stop that!

Beverly Roberts is such a talented actress, she should be very busy. The fact that she isn't is a pity.

Janet Gaynor will now be Hollywood's best dressed woman, or Hubby Adrian will know the reason why.

the movie studios and social gatherings, and takes you right along with her

she was getting a cup of coffee at a drive-in stand, a small boy came up to Ann's car and asked for her autograph. Ann obligingly signed "Maisie Sothern" and handed back the book. The boy looked at it, and then at her. "Shucks," he said, "I thought you was Blondie Singleton."

AN APPLE A DAY

Ann Sheridan had so many dates with a successful young physician whom she recently met that Cesar Romero didn't get a chance to see her for two weeks. Beginning the third week, he figured something should be done, so he had a big red apple delivered to Ann's home every day. Whether that's what kept the doctor away isn't definite, but anyhow the Oomph girl's favorite escort is again Mr. Romero.

SHAME ON GALE

Gale Page isn't afraid of death, taxes or seeing her own previews, but she's in mortal terror of dentists. Recently she decided to stop procrastinating and have all her dental work done in one fell swoop. So she made appointments for every day in one week. "I walked bravely into the building every day," Gale relates, "but just couldn't open the door to the dentist's office. So I'd sneak into the building drug-store and drink cokes for half an hour before going out to my car. I didn't want the chauffeur to know my shame." Why, Gale!

MEET DR. TEMPLE

Shirley Temple, on the other hand, takes care of the dental problem with neat dispatch. She pulls her own teeth when they get to the wobbly stage. Other day seven-year-old Virginia Avery, daughter of Supreme Justice Avery, visited Shirley on the set and ex-

hibited two loose teeth. Shirley promptly offered to tie a thread around them and pull 'em pronto. And so she did, with Virginia so enchanted at having teeth yanked by America's No. 1 box office attraction that she didn't let out a whimper.

ANNA'S RECIPE

Anna Neagle, in Hollywood to play "Nurse Edith Cavell," was one of the most cooperative stars that ever came to town. She granted interviews right and left and delighted the news gatherers with her straightforward answers to their questions. But the English star didn't waste any time on the flatterers. A female writer had an appointment with her one day and gushed, "What a lovely complexion you have, Miss Neagle, and such gorgeous hands. How do you keep them so beautiful?" "I wash my face with soap and water," replied the star. "My hands, too. Don't you?"

NICE QUALIFICATIONS

You have undoubtedly marvelled at the way May Robson keeps hard at work on her screen career, in spite of those seventy-five years to her credit. But don't think Miss Robson relaxes after a day at the studio. She devotes her evening to her other business—real estate. Right now she has plans under way for a group of apartment houses which will be built in a middle-class residential section of Los Angeles. The apartments are going to be attractive and rented at as low a price as possible. The only qualification that Miss Robson will insist upon from her tenants is that they have either dogs or children!

HEAP BIG POW WOW

On the set of "Geronimo," an off-screen

battle waged one day between the Cherokee Indians hired for the picture and Director Sloan. Chief Thunder Cloud refused to have Sloan's make-up men apply the grease-paint on him or his warriors. The Chief, a University of Arizona graduate, said he had brought along clay pigments for the tribe and they would apply their own war-paint, since it's an art not understood by the pale face make-up men. "Okay, okay," said Sloan, "let 'em paint themselves." Whereupon the second siege of the battle started, for the make-up men insisted the redmen had no union cards. Followed a pow wow with Director Sloan, Chief Thunder Cloud and union representatives. The outcome was that the Indians could make themselves up—provided the studio paid regular union make-up men to stand by.

NANCY'S LOVES

Nancy Kelly used to wangle permission from her studio at every opportunity to take a trip to New York. She "just loved" the big city and no place on earth, including Hollywood, could take its place. After completion of "Stanley and Livingstone," Nancy was notified by the studio that she had three weeks vacation and could hop right out of town for New York. "But I don't want to go," said Nancy, "I just love Hollywood." To her intimates she adds, "Hollywood and Edmund O'Brien." The former New York actor is now playing in the "Hunchback of Notre Dame" and, they say, doing a fine job.

HELEN'S GLAMOR

Helen Parrish says it really must be love this time. She's not found anybody to take Jimmy Corner's place and it's been three whole, long months since she met him. So on the set at Universal the other day, Helen was staring in wide-eyed admiration



George Murphy is another talented player you should be sending fan mail to.

at Sigrid Gurie. She told us that becoming a siren type was her fondest aim in life. "But I haven't a chance to develop any glamor," Helen said gloomily, "not with two big brothers at home waiting to pounce on my false eyelashes."

'SCUSE IT, PLEASE

Rosalind Russell dropped in at the popular Schwab's Drug Store for a sandwich and malt the other noon. She had just seated herself at the counter when a woman came rushing in. "Excuse me," she said pushing the actress aside, "but I left something here." And reaching under the counter she produced a wad of gum. To Rosalind's astonished gasp, the woman said courteously, "I'm sure it's mine."

ROGERS' RETAKE

Ginger Rogers was called back from Honolulu for an hour's work on "Fifth Avenue Girl." The studio had sneak previewed the picture in a suburban town and found the audience didn't like just one line of dialogue exchanged between Ginger and her leading man, Tim Holt. So back came Ginger from her vacation and Tim Holt rushed over from the hospital for his line. Tim and his wife are momentarily expecting to make a grandpa out of Jack Holt.

BINKIE'S MAKE-UP

On the set of "The Light That Failed," we noticed that every time Ronald Colman had his make-up repaired he took Binkie, his Scotch terrier, over to the make-up table with him. Binkie was working in a scene with Colman that day, it developed, and he had to wear grease paint and a dash of ochre powder on the end of his nose. It was too shiny, if you please.

OBITUARY NOTE

Bernice, baby elephant affectionately known as "Baby Bea," aged 22 months. Bernice is survived by her trainer George Emerson, and mourned by the entire Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. She was starred in the picture "Tarzan Finds A Son" with Johnny Weismuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and John

Sheffield. Baby Bea's now stuffed and will have permanent interment at the studio property department.

WOTTA PET, JANE!

On the set of "High School," Jane Withers was entranced with a new pet. It was a four-foot gopher snake which has a role in the picture, too. Jane developed such a lik-



When Annabella returns from France, she will bring her seven-year-old daughter.

ing for the creature that Ada Morris, the snake's trainer, said she could take it home after the picture. Prattling happily about her gift at supper that night, Jane was overheard by Samantha, the Withers' colored cook. "Miss Jane," said Samantha, "if you all bring that snake home, I go. And," she added, "you all let me know WHEN it's coming so I'll be gone BEFORE it comes." The snake will continue making its home with Ada Morris.

SWEET REVENGE

From an RKO wardrobe girl comes the story of a certain famous star who was being given a fitting. The girl accidentally stuck a pin into the star and the infuriated actress grabbed a cup of coffee from a table and flung it into the girl's face. This particular "lady" seldom makes a picture at that studio, but she should know that the wardrobe department intends to make a pin-cushion of her on her next assignment.

BINNIE, BEHAVE!

The Americanization of Binnie Barnes is now complete, for she's given a weiner bake. The party took place at the beach the other evening and each guest was asked to bring along a musical instrument and be prepared to give an impersonation of some prominent Hollywood actor. The music wasn't exactly good, since all the guests brought combs and saws, but the impersonations were grand. Binnie herself won the most acclaim, with her take-off of Mr. Slapsy Maxie Rosenbloom. It's so good that you may see it yourself in Binnie's next picture.

FOSTER'S "WIFE"

It could only happen in Hollywood. Preston

Foster and his wife walked into a preview the other evening and were stopped by the cameramen. "Just one moment," yelled the photogs, "hold it!" But in that one moment, Preston's wife was spirited from his side and he found himself standing with his arm around a complete stranger as the cameras snapped. It was Patricia Morison who had come up behind them and found herself pushed into the actor's arms, while Mrs. Preston obligingly stepped out of the picture. For fast action, Hollywood cameramen have the all-time record.

SOME SEDUCTION!

Speaking of Patricia Morison brings to mind the preview of "Magnificent Fraud." In one scene, Pat was standing beneath a moonlit palm tree with Lloyd Nolan. She looked up at him and drawled, "Keess me."



Gary Cooper is an inveterate dinner guest. He's welcome simply everywhere.

There was an audible sigh and a chorus of envious "hmmms" from strong men all over the theatre. Dorothy Lamour, with her sarong thrown in for good measure, never got an audience reaction like the one accorded Paramount's newest glamor girl.

CLARK'S COAT

In Santa Maria, California, the men get into the spirit of the town's annual Fiesta by growing beards. So an auto court manager there was not surprised to have a bearded man and his blonde wife rent a cabin from him one evening. Next morning he found an overcoat left behind with Clark Gable's name in it. Word got around and soon every youngster in town had dropped by for a look at it. The manager had many an offer of a dime if the sight-seers could snip off a souvenir, but when the Gables stopped two days later after their fishing trip to pick up the forgotten coat, they found not so much as a thread of it missing.

DEANNA'S FIRST KISS

That much-publicized "First Kiss" of Deanna Durbin's in her current picture ran up to dozens of kisses before the scene was completed. Robert Stack and Deanna started out by being scared of each other. Having got

over that, they still couldn't get the right camera angle to their osculations. Then Robert's nose would get in the way or Deanna would open one eye to see what was going on and spoil the take. At the end of the day, Deanna admitted that kissing wasn't the romantic sylvan sort of thing it was cracked up to be, but Robert had no objections whatever to the work.

TY'S NEW BABY

From Bill Gallagher, Tyrone Power's secretary and pal, comes news that Ty's met all Annabella's folks in France and that he couldn't ask for a nicer selection of in-laws than the Charpentiers. Those rumors that the Powers will add a nursery to their home on returning to Hollywood are not without foundation, but Bill claims the addition to the family will be Annabella's seven-year-old daughter.

DICK'S DAUGHTER

There may be another famous Barthelmess in movies one of these days. For Mary, Richard Barthelmess' daughter, is determined to be an actress. She has been studying at the Henry Duffy school, and recently made her first appearance in their production of "Brother Rat." Her father was so proud of her that orchids arrived from him on opening night of the play, and following the performance a party for the entire cast was given at the Barthelmess home. Mary's prettier'n a picture, and has plenty of that Barthelmess charm.



Randy Scott has taken a new lease on movie life, so you'll be seeing him often.

HUH, THAT'S NOBODY!

At a recent preview, an autograph seeker noted that a woman coming into the theatre was getting a good deal of attention. "Who's that?" she asked a bystander. "Mrs. Farley," was the answer. "Is she in pictures?" asked the girl. "No," was the answer, "Mrs. Farley's the wife of the postmaster general of the United States." Whereupon the girl turned to her companion and hissed, "Nobody!" How do you like it?

ROMANTIC RICHARD

On the "Dancing Co-Ed" set, Richard Carl-

son was having a bad time remembering his lines. After several futile attempts to get through his three sentences for a scene, Director Simon said, "Look, Carlson, take the advice of an old-timer and stay out of night clubs while you're in a picture." "Good advice, all right," agreed Richard, "but I haven't been in a night club since I was married. And as a matter of fact my wife rehearses me in my day's lines every morning before I leave for the studio. But gosh," he added, "every time I start my lines I think of how she looked when I was saying them to her and I guess I get kind of dreamy." It's been all of ten weeks since the Carlsons eloped to Las Vegas, so let it never be said that love doesn't last in Hollywood.

IN LIEU OF LUNCH

Because of Jane Bryan, Leroy Strine is now the envy of every man on the campus of the University of Southern California. During a recent rush season, Leroy put over a stunt that had whole fraternities turning green. Leroy asked Jane to be the guest of honor at a luncheon at his Pi Kappa Alpha house. She accepted the invitation, and so did every rushee accept the P.K.A. luncheon invitation that day. The result was that there wasn't enough lunch to go around, but there weren't any objections from the starving collegians who had a look at Jane.

NICE GIRL, LINDA

Linda Darnell's the current rave of the town, but you'd never suspect it from the way she acts. With her mother and two younger sisters, Linda lives in a modest Beverly Hills apartment, drives a second-hand coupe and still keeps steady dates with Robert Shaw, the 20th Century-Fox contract player whom she met on the lot.

UNINVITED GUEST

The Trocadero was thoroughly enjoyed the other evening by a shaggy airdale. The pooch wandered through the door when



Alice Faye is busy furnishing a new home, she and Tony are that happy!

no one was looking and then, attracted by the sweet music or the smell of the chef's famous steaks, he bounded into the dining-room. By that time several waiters were hot on his trail. But to Priscilla Lane

goes credit for his capture. She held out a juicy chop when the dog headed down the aisle towards her table. Then she personally conducted the dog to the door and sent him on his way with her chop.

HOW ABOUT BETTY?

Jackie Coogan's had his share of hard luck, all right. But the fact that Betty Grable's path hasn't been strewn with roses seems to have slipped most people's minds. Now with the divorce proceedings under way, she is coming in for a new deluge of criticism. The truth of the matter is that Betty worked harder at keeping her marriage off the rocks than she did at her career. And her picture record in the last year will attest to how hard she worked at that! Then there was trouble in her parent's home, too, with Betty getting the brunt of that. How about giving the little girl the big hand which she justly deserves?

THE HAPPY MARTINS

Alice Faye and Tony Martin spent all their spare time recently shopping for furniture, draperies and kitchen gadgets for that new home in the San Fernando Valley. Formerly belonging to Jack Haley, the house is a rambling comfortable one which the Martins knew was home, sweet home from the moment they spotted it. Furthermore, the man of the house is footing all the bills for the place. His salary, since that sensational personal appearance tour, now exceeds Alice's earnings, so that obstacle to their happiness is now no more.

SHE'S NO TIME-WASTER

For "Vigil In The Night," Carole Lombard went through ten coiffure tests to find an appropriate and becoming style of hairdress for her nurse's role in the picture. A style had still not been settled upon when she was whisked off to the hospital for that appendicitis operation. But Carole didn't waste her time as she lay in bed. She studied the nurses' simple, smart coiffures and had a most becoming one all arranged when she was well. (Continued on page 98)

Dot Lamour gets her name in the papers more than any one—but she's not bragging!



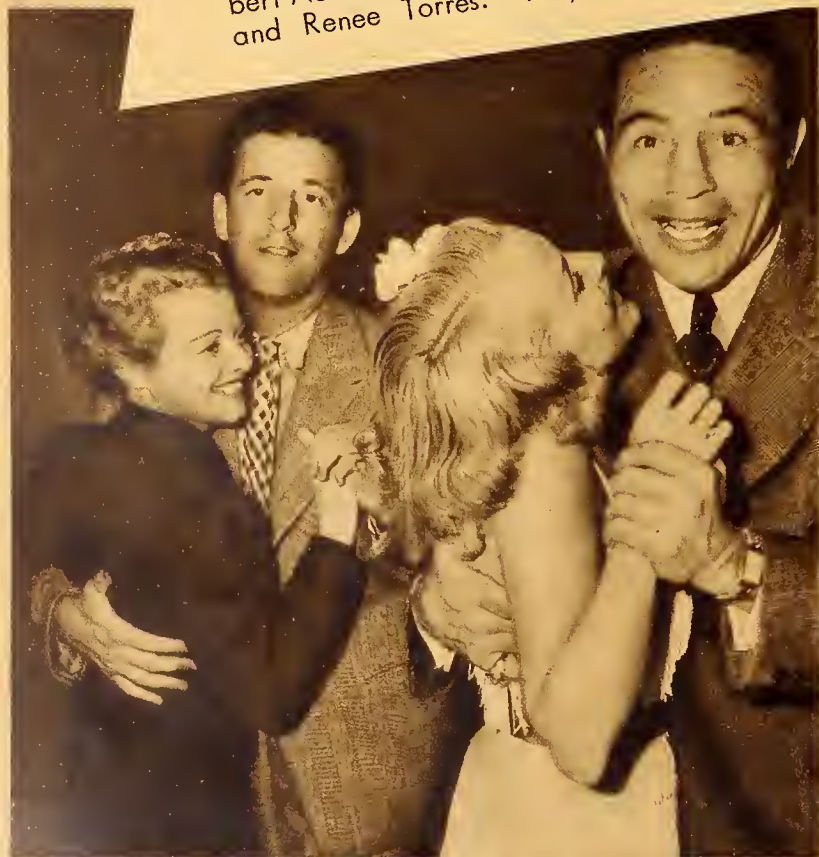


Sigrid Gurie is another happy bride. Here she is with the man of her choice, Dr. L. C. Spangard. You'll soon see the bride in "Rio."



Some newcomers! Robert Stack, Deanna Durbin's hero in "First Love," and lovely Linda Darnell, who makes a hit in "Hotel for Women."

Janet Gaynor dancing with her groom, Gilbert Adrian. The other couple are Max Baer and Renee Torres. They're at the Troc.





"Camels mean a lot to me...true mildness, grand fragrance, and *longer-lasting pleasure!*"

—MRS. CURTENIUS GILLETTE, JR.
OF NEW YORK

YOUNG Mrs. Curtenius Gillette is known as "Tania" among her friends in New York and Nassau society. She speaks five languages...excels in housekeeping...wears clothes with faultless distinction. A vivid, glowing person, she enjoys life to the full...says she "loves" the theatre, music, casual entertaining—and Camels.

"Oh, you'll always find Camels on hand in our house," she says. "I've smoked Camels for about seven years—and I like them best. They're mild—delicate—and have such nice fragrance. Then, too, Camels burn *more slowly*—so, you see, each Camel cigarette lasts *longer* and gives me that much more smoking pleasure!"

By burning 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—CAMELS give a smoking plus equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK

Here are facts about cigarettes recently confirmed through scientific laboratory tests of sixteen of the largest-selling brands:

1 Camels were found to contain *more tobacco by weight* than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 Camels burned *slower* than any other brand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largest-selling

brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 extra smokes per pack!

3 In the same tests, *Camels held their ash far longer* than the average time for all the other brands.

Try Camels today. Notice that costlier tobaccos *do* make a difference. Better smoking—and more of it—with Camels!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR
BEST CIGARETTE BUY



Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMELS—LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

DURA-GLOSS



This is the polish that swept the country in *6* months!

*You simply must
try it!*
BECAUSE
*it makes
finger-nails
more beautiful*



YES, every woman that uses Dura-Gloss loves it! Millions of them have adopted this new polish. Never will they use ordinary polish again! Dura-Gloss makes your nails look lovelier than ever—because this new polish is made with a richer color and more “body.” And its high gloss makes your nails more lustrous—as brilliant as jewels. Ask any woman whose finger-nails you particularly admire, and you’ll undoubtedly find she is wearing Dura-Gloss. You simply must try it!

Choose your color from the *PATENTED “FINGER-NAIL” CAPS* which show you each of the following style-approved colors exactly as it will look on your own nails:

Blue Pink	Heather	Laurel	Jungle
Clover	Hunter Red	Rose	Old Rose
Deep Orchid	Natural	Cream	Thistle
Formal	Cream		Tropical
Fuchsia	Natural	Rose	Tulip
Gypsy Red	Transparent	Transparent	Colorless

The “Finger-Nail” Cap on each bottle is coated with the actual polish itself. Dura-Gloss wears longer, goes on better, makes nails smooth, dries faster.

HUNTER RED—
Fashion’s new shade for Fall
Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J.

10c

DURA-GLOSS

*The New and Better
Nail Polish* BY LORR



YOUNG LOVE

William Henry and Ellen Drew supply the romance in "Geronimo," a story of the young West, packed with color and adventure.

Active in Society—Busy Keeping House

—BUT
they're both
quick to
grasp this
Exciting
new
"SKIN-VITAMIN"
Care*!

In Cartier's—Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr., looks at a magnificent collection of diamond bracelets. Mrs. Mellon is popular in New York and Long Island society.

Shopping for the week end—Mrs. James W. Moore, of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., takes advantage of the Friday food bargains. Her two young children have healthy appetites!

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON:
Do you find it difficult to protect your skin against sun and wind when you're traveling or outdoors a lot?

ANSWER: "Oh, no—my regular use of Pond's Vanishing Cream helps take care of that. I can smooth little roughnesses away with just a single application!"

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?

ANSWER: "Yes. Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly important to know."

On return from Paris, her favorite of European cities, Mrs. Mellon on French Line dock. Customs inspector goes over her luggage.

Everybody out! Big game of the season to Susy, Bill and their parents is between Pittsburgh and West Virginia, where Mr. Moore studied engineering.

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Does using more than one cream improve the general effect of your make-up?

ANSWER: "Yes. When my skin is cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream—make-up goes on evenly—sparkles longer!"

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your face cream?

ANSWER: "I studied about vitamins in feeding my children. That's how I learned there's one that's especially important to the skin—Vitamin A. Skin lacking it gets rough and dry. And now I can cream it right into my skin with Pond's Cold Cream!"

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods. Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

After the Theatre—In Mrs. Mellon's lovely New York apartment, friends often gather for a late supper.

Icebox raiding—Climax to an evening of ping-pong. Mrs. Moore pours coffee, while her husband slices ham.

TAKE 2 THRILLING STEPS TO FLATTERY
for the cost of only ONE

Exciting
POND'S OFFER
for You!
Pond's Face Powder
FREE
WITH PURCHASE OF
POND'S COLD CREAM

Thrilling Offer—limited time only! Choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous box) with your purchase of a large-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Two famous beauty aids for the price of one. Get yours today!

BUY THIS

Get this FREE

POND'S
COLD CREAM
FOR THE
FACE



VINCENT'S PRICELESS HAT

Being the revelations of a very gay Fedora on his even gayer boss

I HADN'T been on the shelf very long and I wasn't really worried, for I knew I was young and good looking. I'd even been called handsome by a blonde who walked by with a guy and looked fleetingly in my direction. But I wasn't to be had—cheap.

Then Vincent Price walked in. Six feet four in a tweed suit which draped from his lanky frame, and a lazy walk like molasses in January. But, you could tell—*this* was a guy! He glanced at me, raised his eyebrows questioningly and passed seven bucks across the counter. He flipped me into the air and stepped casually beneath me. I landed cock-eyed and I liked it. I knew I'd found a pal, rain or shine. I was positively prophetic.

For a brown Fedora, I've lived some life. Price and I have been around. Yale was just the beginning. But Yale was also the end—of my youthful figure. Day by day Vincent squashed me a little more. A feather from a zoo in Budapest, a stub from a ticket for Hamlet, a number of other priceless (no pun intended) relics all found their place under my trim brown band—and sent it bulging until I resembled chocolate mousse on a bender.

Yes, we were inseparable, Price and I. To a point where I even joined him in his shower. He seemed to see nothing illogical about that, but I had my pride. Of course, it left me flat after a few such ablutions, dispelled any hopes of ever holding my crown high again.

Don't get me wrong. I could take it, and did, and liked it. There was our first trip to Europe, when a gust of wind knocked me off my perch on the boss's bean and spun me into the ship's swimming pool. That was when I found out how much Price really cared.

To be honest, he made a damned fool of himself, pacing up and down the deck, shouting for the steward, the skipper, the *Captain* if neces-

sary. As he began to tear off his coat and shoes and shirt, a bald-headed gentleman came to the rescue unwittingly. He simply arose to the surface after a springboard flop, and I came up with him, drooping and dripping from a cock-eyed position on the back of his head. By now, Price had stopped his strip tease to gesticulate even more madly from the sidelines.

"My hat, sir, it's my hat . . . here . . . me . . . mine!"

My bewildered rescuer got the point. Puffing and splashing, he handed me up to my owner. "Sorry, old man," he gasped. "I'm afraid it's the worse for wear. My name's Price."

Vincent started. "But that's my name too, sir. Thanks. Nice of you! We're a prolific lot, aren't we?" he added plaintively.

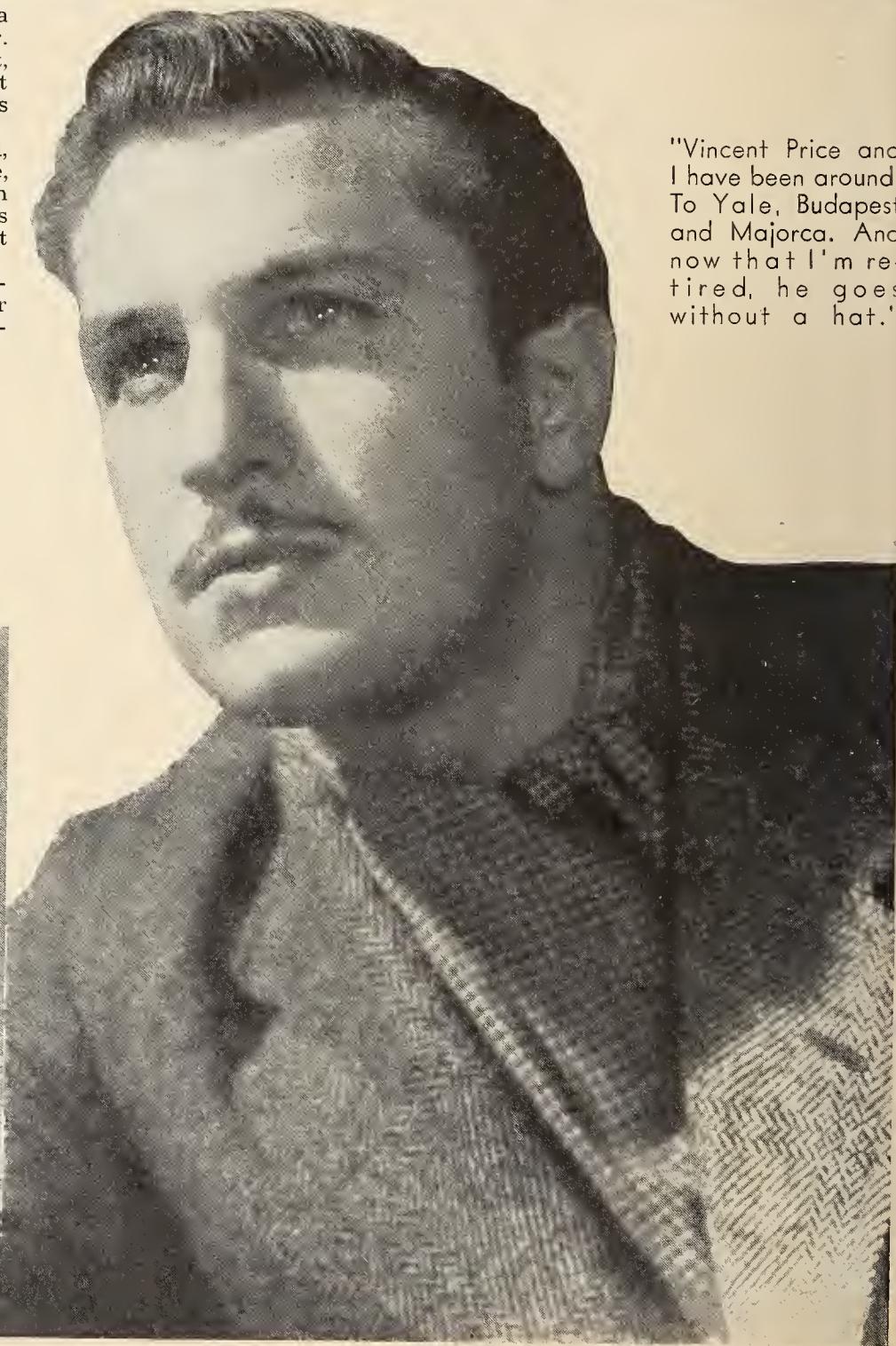
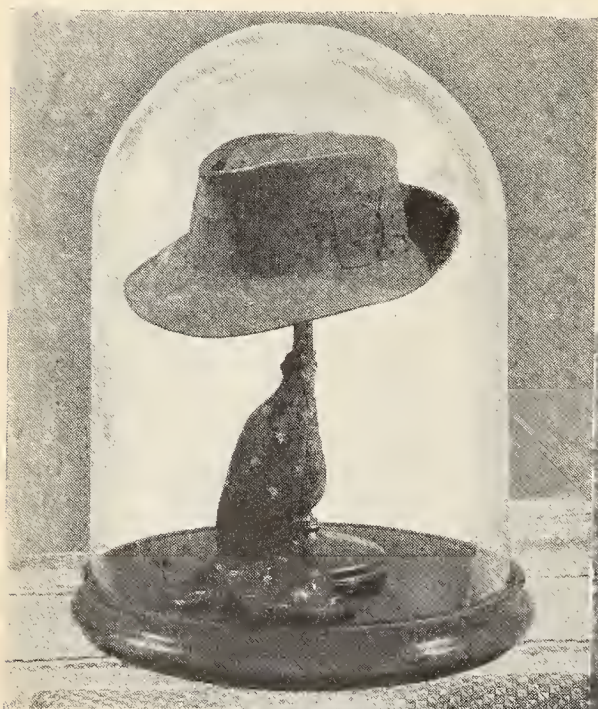
Ordinarily, after an experience like this, one of my class would be relegated to the closet or the attic or the ash heap. But you don't know Price. He treated me even more tenderly now, and together we toured the capitals of Europe with the Yale Glee Club, singing concerts in all the most fashionable places.

One day, during a lay-off period (*Continued on page 66*)

"Vincent Price and I have been around. To Yale, Budapest and Majorca. And now that I'm retired, he goes without a hat."

BY MARTHA KERR

"They put me under glass with a tie Price had loved in school—and we seem to get along all right."



Want a rosy, thriving baby? Study Martha!

First Year: A GRAND START...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS



4 MONTHS



12 MONTHS



17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce • Peaches and Pears

Cereal—Baby Cereal

"Doctors speak so highly of them—that's the best reason for choosing Clapp's Foods," Martha Michener's mother says. "But it was nice, too, that Martha was just crazy about the flavors!"

"You can see why Clapp's are so good—the Clapp people have 18 years' experience. They were the first to make baby foods, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else."

"Weighing day was great fun! Martha always made a splendid gain—one time she put on 4 pounds 3 ounces in 3 months! She was so active and sturdy, too, the picture of health. Plenty of vitamins and minerals in her Clapp's Strained Foods, all right."

"Her baby book shows that she started to feed herself the day she was a year old!"

Runabout Years: DOING BEAUTIFULLY...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS



2 YEARS



3 YEARS



12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soup—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Dessert—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

"Never any of this won't-eat business with Martha. Lots of babies get fussy as they grow older—don't take kindly to coarser foods. But Martha went on to her new Clapp's Chopped Foods without a bit of trouble."

"They have the nice flavors she was used to in her Strained Foods, of course, and they're so evenly cut, just the texture doctors advise for older babies."

"Martha likes variety—she has 3 toy elephants of different colors—and she's the same way about food. Clapp's gives her a wide choice—she still gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods, including the substantial Junior Dinners and that grand new Pineapple Rice Dessert."

"Yes, we're very proud of Martha's health record. If you want a baby to have the best, I'm sure it pays to insist on Clapp's!"



CLAPP'S BABY FOODS



STRAINED FOR BABIES...CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

HIT OF N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR BUDGET HOUSE



35¢ CLOPAY Washable WINDOW SHADES

CHOSEN BY BUILDERS FOR
No. 1 DEMONSTRATION HOME

● Builders of the N. Y. World's Fair No. 1 Demonstration House had the same window shade problem millions of women face each year: How to get beauty and durability at low cost?

These decorators found 35c CLOPAY Washable shades a perfect solution!

CLOPAY Washables are made of a remarkable cellulose material processed to look like linen. Coated both sides with oil-paint finish that soap and water cleans in a jiffy. CLOPAYS are not clay filled—won't pinhole or crack. Cost only 35c each, 36"x6", complete on roller with Edge-Saver brackets and shade button. (Larger sizes at slight extra cost.) See CLOPAY Washables in 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores everywhere. For color samples send 3c stamp to CLOPAY, 1296 Clopay Square, Cincinnati, O.

Also 15¢ CLOPAY Lintone

For even less money, get CLOPAY 15c shades. Same famous Lintone material (not washable). Only 15c each, full 36" x 6" size, ready to attach to rollers without tacks or tools. CLOPAYS hang straight, roll evenly, wear for years. Many smart colors and patterns at 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores. Send 3c stamp for color samples.



in Vienna, he left me in a little bar. The Kaiser Bar, it was called. Later, I learned he didn't miss me until the next day, when he woke up a hundred miles away with a head as big as a stratosphere blimp.

He travelled all the way back, searching for me, and finally found the Kaiser Bar. I had remained where he had tossed me that night. It was a bull's eye. The nail had gone through my crown. The management apologized, and offered him a job singing. (They remembered he was a damned good tenor. But they said they wanted him to stay because they loved his hat.) Price said he had to take the job, since they put it that way, and we stayed for three months.

I KNEW something was up when he sang Mexican songs in his sleep.

But I had no idea he'd gotten as far as Majorca. We sailed for the Island the next day on our Kaiser Bar earnings—which weren't sufficient to buy a cabin, so he bought passage only. Price slept on the deck, using me as a pillow. I could see now how his foresight was justified—it would have been too bad if I hadn't been well broken in.

We had a hard time getting off. There was a little revolution going on in Spain and we looked like suspicious characters—especially me and the junk secreted away under my band, and specifically the theatre tickets. It was all pretty harrowing. They slit my brim, poked about for hours, scanned stubs and match folders, even feathers, and stared, but suspiciously, at the hole in my crown.

The inspectors were devoid of all feeling when they returned me to Price. They were tempted to run us both in for misrepresentation. There was simply no mysterious message or code to be unearthed in any of the "Hamlet-first-row-balcony-lefts."

We vagabonded gaily—inseparably. Finally, back to England, then to America to complete the boss' senior year in college and then on to a summer camp in the Adirondacks, which stands out for sheer wasted effort. But I served another purpose. Along the exterior of my band, a heterogeneous collection of hooks, spinners and flies now dazzled all comers—except the boss, none of whom were sucker enough to fall for this glamor stuff the boss fed them.

When we returned to New York, the boss took a chauffeur's job and I went along incognito. I hardly recognized myself after Price's fine hand-turning. So help me, I *did* look like a chauffeur's cap. Two extremely momentous events occurred about this time. Price used a whisk broom on me for the first time since my ready-to-wear days—and romance came into our lives.

She was very beautiful, very tall, very blonde—a Swedish girl. Price took her boating one day, but promptly discovered he was no navigator. The boat jammed into a sand bar and stuck. He and I parted company for the first time since the Kaiser Bar episode. Retrieving me again from a watery grave, he tossed me to his gal, while he struck out for help. She must have loved him very much—for she put me on.

Except for a few trips to Bermuda, where we met a number of the world's most beautiful girls, and another trip to Europe, where we stayed for two years, life was mildly eventful in comparison to our past.

Back in America, Price got his first big break in "Victoria Regina," playing opposite Helen Hayes. And, instantaneously, he became Broadway's favorite matinee idol.

It would have been too disillusioning had his new public ever noticed me. And fortunately they didn't. That is, they simply didn't recognize Price when he went out with me. We were stopped just once after a matinee by an elderly lady who said, "You poor man! Here's a dollar. Go get yourself a good meal."

HE was a loyal pal, wouldn't give me up regardless. When we went to the coast for his first picture, "Service de Luxe," and Constance Bennett called me a museum piece, he still stood by. Joy Hodges was in that one, too, and she was more sympathetic. She used to borrow me to run across to the commissary, for the rainy season was on during that production.

But when it comes to real sympathy and understanding, Bette Davis was the young woman who showed it. Price played with her in "Elizabeth and Essex" and he enjoyed it. She seemed to, too. And, of course I did, for Miss Davis remarked that I was younger than the slacks that (Continued on page 68)

Gloria Jean, who is only eleven, is destined to be as big a star as Deanna Durbin. Gloria made a great personal hit in her first picture, "The Underpup." Both she and Deanna work at Universal, which means that lightning can strike twice in the same place.



SHE THOUGHT: **"ANOTHER WOMAN"**
SHE SHOULD HAVE BLAMED HER **ONE NEGLECT** *



She was a Perfect Housekeeper. Certainly nobody could say she neglected her home. She kept *that* always fragrantly clean.



... a Wonderful Cook. She never neglected to have her *meals* tempting, dainty—and she always served them piping hot.



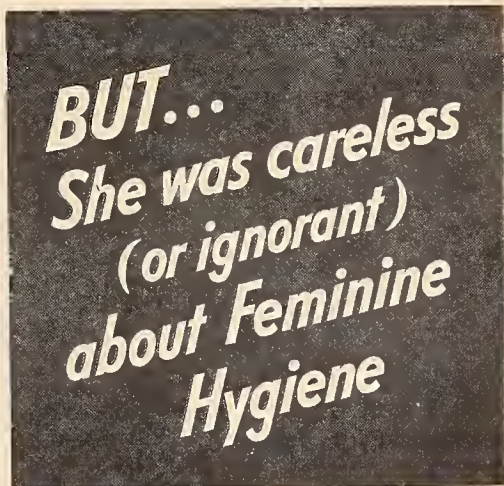
... an Ideal Mother. Her youngster was always clean, sweet, immaculately cared for. No one could say he was unkempt.



Yet he became Indifferent. Yes, it seemed as if the only neglect was on *his* side. She sought vainly for the reason.



She thought: "Another Woman"... the first and natural thought of every "neglected" wife. But in this instance she was wrong.



***She neglected her person.** The ONE NEGLECT no husband can ever forgive. She should have used "Lysol" for feminine hygiene.

Let "Lysol" Help YOU to Avoid this One Neglect

IF YOU yourself are in doubt on the important subject of intimate feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol".

For half a century "Lysol" has earned the confidence of many doctors, nurses, clinics, *and wives*, as a clean, wholesome preparation for feminine hygiene use. Some of the reasons are...

1—Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading... "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy... "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the

1889—50th ANNIVERSARY—1939



Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.

Dept. M.S.-911, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



"Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW *Winx*

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store — today!

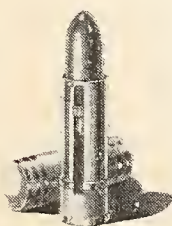
Money-Back Guarantee!

Amazing new WINX is guaranteed to be the finest you've ever used. If not *more than satisfied*, return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.



Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour... makes them appear youthful, moist... *the appeal men cannot resist!* Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. For a new thrill, wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, today!



MAGIC HARMONY!

Winx LIPSTICK
WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

she was then wearing, no matter how old I was. There's a gal that tries to put you at your ease. And that quality makes for gratitude.

I was looking forward to going into "Green Hell" with Price, and I think he'd have liked it, too. "Love me, love my hat," he used to say, and grin, knowing all the time I couldn't keep up with him much longer.

It was after he met Edith Barrett, and his family met her, and things began to look serious between them, that somebody must have planted the idea back home that I should be retired.

One day Vincent's dad wrote saying how much he missed me, that he couldn't help thinking of the boss' college days, how proud he was of his success today, and how he wanted something to re-

member him by—"how about that old hat you wore at Yale?"

I guess Edith must have known I'd like to rest with my memories, for it was after they were married that Price sent me home. I prefer to think that her motives were of the highest.

Anyway, Vincent's dad meant what he said all right. He was sentimental, and he realized I'd been through a lot, but mother's nostrils were sensitive. They finally solved the problem neatly by putting me under glass. They put a tie he had loved in high school with me, and we get along all right. But just the same, it's awfully quiet and awfully lonesome. Still—I can take it. I was darned proud when Price came to St. Louis on a visit from Hollywood and—he wasn't wearing a hat! That's what I call devotion.

WISHING MAY MAKE IT SO

(Continued from page 43)

meet Toscanini. No, not just meet him, but really get to know him. I'd love to meet George Bernard Shaw and be able to talk with him because I adore him. I'd love to know Maude Adams. There is so much I could learn from her.

"My fourth wish," said Jean, reflectively, "sort of ties in with the third one, I guess. For I wish that I had the kind of a brain which could retain everything I've ever read. I'd like to be impressively brilliant and well-informed. I admire Dorothy Thompson enormously, by the way. I'd like to be 'well up' on politics, national and international. I think it's stupid not to know what is going on in the world. I'd like to be in the very center of world intrigues, dynasties in the making, empires falling and all that. I'd love to be a spy," laughed Jean. "I'd love to live dangerously, and know that I never will, because I haven't the aptitude for it, nor the courage.

"I'd love to have physical courage, too. And I haven't an atom. I'd love to be able to ski and swim and ride and fly my own plane. I'm not even flying to New York. I wouldn't have the nerve. These bruises now," said Jean, and she uncurled herself from the divan and came over and showed me, with positive pride, a sizeable black and blue spot on one arm, another of the same on one knee. "My husband doesn't beat me, I promise you," she laughed again. "I got them horseback riding!" Really, if she had said, "I swam the Hellespont," she couldn't have sounded prouder of herself! "I've got to learn to ride, you know, for 'Arizona.' And so I am learning.

OF course I wish, too, that I could get over my shyness where the public and publicity is concerned. I would like to enjoy being recognized by people. But I don't. I still have the feeling that a private citizen would have if she suddenly found herself the center of a crowd of people, all staring at her. She'd wonder what was the matter with her, wouldn't she? She'd wonder whether her face was dirty, her clothes coming off her. Well, that's just how I feel.

"Speaking of how I wish I could go everywhere and never be recognized," said Jean, amused, "reminds me of another wish of mine, a silly one, you may think. It's this: I'd love to be able to go into a big shop and just shop around and look. You know, the way women love to do. Buy a comb, perhaps, a piece of soap, a length of ribbon. Try on all the hats. Just sort of sniff at things, to my heart's content. And I have another silly wish

to be a ballet dancer. That's what I should have been. I mean it.

"And in my private life?" said Jean. And something very tender happened to her eyes, to her face now. "I'd love to have babies," she said. "Not just one baby—three or four. I wish I could have them all the same age so that they'd be racing and romping about our house, all at the same time. Oh, yes, it's a wish of mine. I know that I am fast getting to the place where I'll simply have to take time off, now and again, and have babies. The other day—do you know George and Julie Murphy, by the way?"

I said that I did, though but slightly.

"Well," smiled Jean, "I went to see their baby. When I got there, they took me in to see him and he was so beautiful I wanted to pick him up, but I couldn't because he was laughing and I was crying. I knew then, for sure, how much I want to have babies of my own.

AND we want a home of our own, too. That's another wish. A sort of a farmhousy place, with lots of trees around it so that no noise can come in. I've never been very possessive. I've never thought that I cared much about owning things. But we've bought a couple of things lately, that old Dutch sewing table over there, some pieces of china and I do love them. So maybe I'm more possessive than I thought I was.

"And if ever I stop working, I should like to be the best-dressed and most charming hostess any husband ever had. For if I were out of the profession entirely, I'd make a profession of being a wife. I would do all the things I have so little time to do now. For there's no use in making wishes you *know* can't come true. There's no use my wishing that I could be different than I am, while I am working. I don't want *not* to take my work seriously. And taking it seriously, I can do very little else. Frank and I stay at home a lot. He's working so hard, too, that he's as glad as I am just to stay home and talk. Or we go to the neighborhood movies or we have a few friends in for dinner... just quiet things. We never seem to go night-clubbing.

"Here is a wish, too. We want to travel. I haven't been anywhere except Nassau! We want to go to Europe, to the Orient, everywhere.

"I can't think that I could have anything else to wish for," sighed Jean. "The things I have told you... and that Frank and I may have our home and children and each other and tomorrows as rich in contentment and happiness as today."

WILL BETTE WED BRENT OR HER "EX"?

(Continued from page 27)

"own man" again and she's glad of it and says so! And if this isn't the exception which breaks every Narcissus rule, I'll put in with you!")

"It hurt him, of course," Bette was saying, "as it did me. We aren't the kind of people, either of us, who were born or raised to such a situation. Things though," said Bette, "they are the devil. They are the things that hurt. They are reminders, like fingers constantly prodding a wound so that it cannot heal. I'd be willing to bet that a lot of people stay married more because of that coffee pot out of which she's poured his coffee every morning for twenty years, because of that chair in which he's sat for eleven years, than because of any less tangible tie between them.

"Of course, I am sentimental—revoltingly so. I'm the we-used-to-have-dinner-here, we drove-along-this-road-one-Spring-night type. But even if I were not a sentimentalist, even if both Ham and I were hard-'berled' as bedrock, I'd have a devil of a time forgetting him. Music makes it impossible for me to forget Ham for any length of time. You can't escape music. Every piece of music I hear now, every song sung on the air, I've heard Ham play or sing. And how can he forget me, with my face plastered over billboards, in newspapers, in magazines? Mr. and Mrs. Joe Zilch from Iowa might divorce, take up their residences in different parts of the country and, in time, forget the color of each others' eyes. But not people situated like Ham and me.

IT'S because of this sort of thing that we're divorcing now. You can't have any married life when you do the work I'm doing. I wouldn't have children, living as I do now. I'm not the type who could produce a child, turn it over to a starched nurse and say, 'Now I've had you, dear, so run along while I wash my hands of you.'

"I know now that I was a fool to marry so young. Not only for my sake, but for Ham's. Which brings us back," said Bette, "to the original premise. Have I been a fool, or haven't I?"

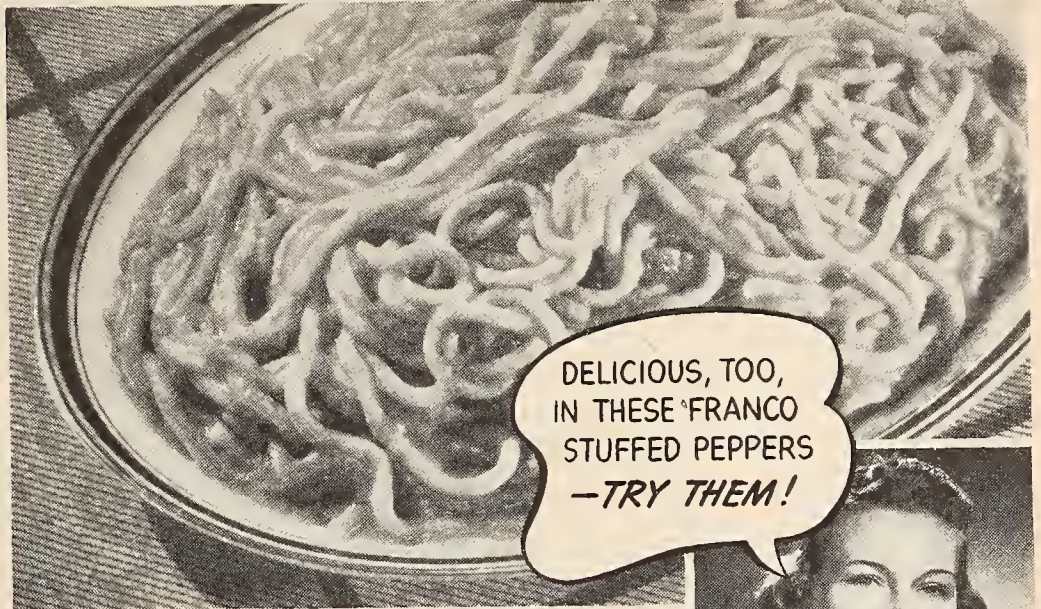
Bette and I, by the way, were spending the afternoon in Bette's home down Brentwood way—a rented house. But somehow Bette and her mother always manage to make any house they live in look and feel as though they had lived in it practically all their lives. Maybe it's because they create comfort and not "decor." Maybe it's because there are always lots of books in the little library in which we were sitting, the windows open to early autumn's twilight, eucalyptus logs flaming against the scented chill. I thought, "It's always New England where Bette is."

Our talk began when Bette showed me her shaven forehead and how the soft, fair hair is growing in again now, a smooth and shining and curiously child-like cap of gold after her role of Elizabeth in "Elizabeth and Essex," when she said, "It was when I was playing Elizabeth that I began to talk to myself, to ask myself, 'Davis, my good girl, have you been a damn fool or haven't you?'"

Over the book shelves where the child Bette's "Oz" books stand, the two Oscars seemed to blink sardonic eyes. They were saying, "The greatest actress in



NO WONDER I'M
WILD ABOUT
THIS
SPAGHETTI!



DELICIOUS, TOO,
IN THESE FRANCO
STUFFED PEPPERS
—TRY THEM!



"Far better sauce
than I can make
so quick and easy, too!"

"THE MINUTE I tasted Franco-American I said, 'Here's where I give up cooking my own spaghetti and struggling over the sauce!' Mine never was as good as this. And oh, the work I had making it! Now all I do is heat and serve."

Eleven different ingredients go into Franco-American's famous sauce. Tomatoes—specially grown for the tomato purée. Cheese so delicious people beg to know where we get it. Spices and seasonings deftly blended to savory goodness. Serve this tempting spaghetti as main dish or side dish. Combine it with other foods. Order a supply today. A can holding three to four portions is usually only 10 cents—less than 3 cents a portion and you get a "millionaire's dish"!



SAVORY STUFFED PEPPERS

4 green peppers	½ teaspoon salt
1 can Franco-American Spaghetti	¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 cup chopped, cooked ham or left-over meat	2 tablespoons buttered bread crumbs

Cut top from green peppers, remove seeds and parboil 5 minutes. Drain. Combine Franco-American Spaghetti, meat and seasonings. Stuff peppers and sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) 25 minutes. Serves 4. Delicious with buttered squash and cabbage salad; cherry cobbler for dessert.

Franco-American Spaghetti



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Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

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Hollywood, the star of 'Jezebel,' of 'Dark Victory,' 'The Old Maid,' now 'Elizabeth and Essex' a fool? Well, how would you answer her question? Yeah? Us, too!"

"This business of playing Elizabeth," Bette was saying, "may have been a very foolhardy thing. For there's no fooling possible about this part. Either I'm Elizabeth or I'm not. Too many marvellous actresses, with far more experience than I've had, have been Elizabeth—Lynn Fontanne, Pauline Fredericks did an incomparable Elizabeth, Flora Robson." Bette quite shuddered. She said, "If critics look at me and say, 'That isn't Elizabeth,' the Queen will be in the hoosegow, not in the parlor eating bread and honey!"

"Loving acting so," she said, "it was a terrific temptation to me to play the part. I succumbed to the temptation without a struggle. But not without asking myself some questions. Frequently while we were making 'Elizabeth and Essex,' I'd look at my (Elizabeth's) fifty-year-old face in the mirror (I'm fifty throughout the picture, you know) and I'd say, 'You know, dear, this is ridiculous! You should have waited ten years.' I recalled the horrid cases of actors who, after a few successes, get to the point where they think they can do anything. 'Well, Bess,' I'd say to myself, 'are you getting to that point?' And the answer was, and is, 'I honestly don't believe that I am.' I do honestly believe that my ego is right where it belongs."

"I don't think I've been a fool about succumbing to a belief in my own publicity. I can't believe this 'Greatest Actress In Hollywood' stuff. I'm still amazed that my career has worked out as it has. It's just been a job to me. I don't feel any differently about myself than I did



Movie fans will see Zorina, the toast of Broadway, in "On Your Toes," a gay musical. Yes, she dances in it.

before the twin Oscars came to my house to live. As my work has gone along, I have not gone along with it. I've never yet reached the stage where I've sat on the chair called Complacency and said to myself, admiringly, 'You're kind of good, Miss Davis.'

"That dangerous time, for me, might have happened about two years ago. I passed the crisis and here I am, still myself as ever was! My family, my New England birth and background, have probably saved me from that brand of foolishness. New England is considered a kind of queerish place, I know. But if you are born and raised there, you do inherit some of the integrity of the place, of people who have never lost their balance and never will."

"I don't think I've been a fool about succumbing to some of the more common 'temptations' of Hollywood either. More from observation than anything else, I should think that it might be a great temptation to be a little bit lazy about your work once your bank account is fairly solid. I haven't been a fool that way; in reverse, if anything."

"But to get back to 'Elizabeth' and a little proof I had that my 'inferiority' is still with me, and still in good health, Blanche Yurka came on the set one day. I could have fallen to the floor from sheer inferiority, remembering, as I did, the punk kid, me, who played on the stage in 'The Wild Duck' with her."

"Charles Laughton made me feel a little easier in my mind about 'Elizabeth.' He came on the set one day and I told him how I felt about it, my qualms, and how I was even talking to myself and-you-know-what-that-means! He said, 'It's very good for you to do a thing too old for you when you are young. Even if it turns out badly, it's good for you.'

SH-H-H! NOBODY MENTIONS BAD BREATH!



THAT'S WHY CAROL WAS UNPOPULAR

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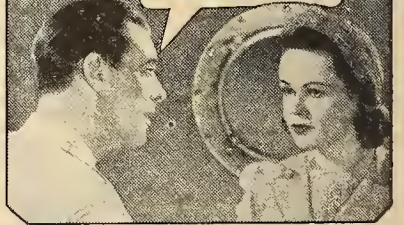
NO, THEY AREN'T, CAROL -- REALLY!



BUT YOU MAKE IT HARD FOR PEOPLE TO LIKE YOU, CAROL. I KNOW NOBODY MENTIONS BAD BREATH, BUT--WELL--WOULDN'T YOU TALK TO THE SHIP'S DENTIST ABOUT IT?



TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!



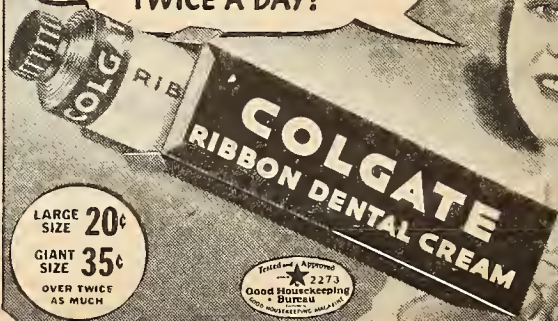
"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth ... helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

COME ON, TED--GIVE THE REST OF US A BREAK! EVERY MAN ON BOARD'S WAITING TO DANCE WITH CAROL, YOU KNOW!



BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!



LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

Tested and Approved
2273
Good Housekeeping
BUREAU
OF HOUSEKEEPING

Maybe he meant that I was stretching some mental muscles or something.

"It was Elizabeth, anyway, who started me playing Professor Quiz with myself, asking myself whether I've been a fool all my life, whether, if I had everything to do over again, I'd do as I have done, or not. And like the answers to all such sweeping questions, the answer is 'yes and no.'

"If I had it to do over again, I know one thing, I wouldn't have come to Hollywood when I did. I would have given myself three more years in New York on the stage, thus saving myself three years of agony out here. I wouldn't, if I had it to do over again, allow myself to be as much *myself* as I was."

(There, I thought, she's wrong. She couldn't have helped being herself then, any more than she can help being herself right now. The metal rings true; there's no alloy. Only alloys masquerade.)

"There I was," Bette was sort of yelping, "no make-up, hair in a bun, New England as hell. Nothing Hollywood would ever look at, much less understand. I was a fool there, I'm sure. It doesn't do any harm, in the beginning, anyway, to do the glamor stuff. When in Rome do as the Romans do is an old cliché but, like most old clichés, it survived because there's good sense to it.

ON the other hand, had I gone glamor, I might not have been picked to be a character actress. Because I was neither a pretty miss nor the sex appeal type seething with seduction, I did escape typing. But I've played appallingly unpleasant characters. I've dared to be hated. And there, again, I ask myself, 'Have I been a fool?' (The Oscars winked, both of 'em. 'Would we be here,' they seemed to whisper, 'if you had been a fool?')

"Why," said Bette, feet planted on the floor, knees wide apart, "why, they couldn't hire an actress in this town to play the part of Mildred in 'Of Human Bondage.' When I all but got down on my knees and begged my studio to allow me to do it, they said to me, 'If you want to hang yourself, my dear, go and hang yourself, my dear.' It's a wonder I didn't. It's a wonder I didn't convince everyone, for all time, that I was the most disagreeable young woman on earth. In my very first picture I played a wall-flower, and I was one! People must have said, 'This is a hopeless young woman!' Yes, I think I was a fool to be quite that Spartan about myself. It never does any harm to sugar-coat the pill a bit. I set myself back at least a year.

"I don't think I've been a fool, or have I, about living as I have? I mean, in small houses, unpretentiously, as I would have lived at home in New England. When Ham and I had our little house on what might be called 'the wrong side of the tracks,' I lived there because I wanted to live there. Rather annoying it was, though, to read that I was living there as a 'pose.' People who work as hard as I do may put on a screwy hat, drive around on stripped gears, do little,



Revive your skin's Glamour while you Sleep!

Leave on a film of this invigorating cream overnight, to help keep skin active; overcome unlovely dryness.

ALL day your skin combats fatigue, exposure, strain—influences that tend to make it sluggish and dry.

To help your skin regain its fresh vitality while you sleep, use the fragrant beauty cream by Woodbury, faithfully.

Woodbury Cold Cream, as thousands of women have reported, cleanses and refreshes tired skin. Its fine oils help overcome unbecoming dryness. A skin-invigorating Vitamin in this cream promotes the skin's vitality. And Woodbury's germ-free purity assures immaculate protection.

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Please send me new Woodbury Beauty Make-up Kit, containing generous tube of Woodbury Cold Cream; smart attractive metal compacts of exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to cover packing and postage.

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(For golden skin) ☐

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IS JUST THE NOUN,
THAT BEST DESCRIBES
YOUR FLAVOR-TOWN"**



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One of America's GOOD habits

TRY ALL 6 OF OUR DELICIOUS FLAVORS and see which you like the best. Besides the popular Peppermint, there are Beech-Nut Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of Beechies — Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin.

fantastic things for the sake of a 'pose,' but they don't live for twenty-four hours out of the day in a house they don't want to live in just in order to pose.

"When I come back from my vacation," said Bette, "I'm getting out of this house. Yes, it's charming, but it's too big for me. What do I want with all these rooms, living alone as I do? I'm going to buy some land, build myself a little, white brick three-room house. In it I will have all the things I love most, my old things, my books, my dogs and no responsibility. I'll be able to close the front door and go away whenever and for as long as I please and have no big overhead eating my head off.

PEOPLE have asked me, 'What have you left to want?' As far as living comforts are concerned, I answer, *nothing*. I'm of the school of thought which holds that you can only sleep in one bed at a time, wear one dress at a time, eat one meal. I've got all the material things I want and a good many more than I want. But I've got intangible things left to want, and want badly. The kind of things you can't see or touch or hear. Time in which to dream. Oh, the kind of things you can't put into words. I want, especially, to get to the point where I can play and have fun. Never in my life, not since my childhood, have I had such a time. I've always been something of a Mrs. Atlas. Well, Mrs. Atlas is about to revolt and rebel. Mrs. Atlas is going to shove the world off her shoulders and go gay!

"For, I've been completely a damn fool, working as hard as I have. . . . Five pictures in twelve months! Asinine!

Partly my own fault, of course, because I have fun when I work. It's obvious that I'm having fun so no one feels sorry for me. Also, I'm the kind of a person who, dead tired though I may be, give me ten days rest and I'm all right again temporarily. Even now, as I'm about to depart on what I may aptly describe as 'a much needed vacation,' I'm thinking that I'm kinda anxious to do a remake of 'One Way Passage,' with Brentie. That interests me.

"But I know that I am a fool, indeed, if I don't take more rest, learn how to relax, take lessons in leisure. That's why I'm holding out for a two-picture-a-year contract. You know, women won't face anything. All too few of us say, 'I'm going to get old. And then I'm going to get older.' No, we say, 'It happens to other people; it can't happen to me.' And so we don't conserve anything, neither our strength, our looks, our time or our money. I've been among those who haven't faced things. I'm facing things now.

"So," said Bette, "I am going on a vacation. When I come back I am going to build me a little, three-room house. I am going to keep on screaming for a two-picture-a-year contract until I get it. And then, come 'lurve' again, the wish to marry again, I may be able to function like a normal human being, a wife and a mother for six months out of every year, anyway. Until that time comes, I have no personal plans—neither marriage with Brentie, reconciliation with Ham nor my eyes on other horizons. I guess," grinned Bette, "it all adds up to this: If it's being a damn fool to be a human being, it's just too bad, isn't it?"

LITTLE ORPHAN JULIE

(Continued from page 41)

when Warners sent for him after "Four Daughters" was released. He had already returned to New York, thinking his part would be cut.

"But he was kind of hoping it wouldn't," says Mrs. G.

She is very honest about him. She doesn't know why, but she thinks "he's lousy in pictures."

And she never went to a preview until "Juarez." Then Julie invested in a tuxedo and she, in her first evening dress, and, incidentally, they sported these fine raiments three times that very first week. She was disappointed in "Juarez" because "they showed so much of Julie's back." She would love him to do bigger parts, "but Muni always gets them."

He worships Muni. On the stage he played the office boy to Muni's "Counselor At Law."

"You can learn from him," he says. "And Cagney. I'd like to do a picture with Cagney. And Bette Davis. I could learn from her. I'd like to make 'The Outward Room' with her." He would also like to do 'Jean Christophe' and the life of the young poet Heinrich Heine.

"He was an exile from Germany. It would be just like today. Now I'm making 'Dust Be My Destiny.' It's a swell idea, proving that the nobodies are as important as the somebodies."

He went on to talk more about his work. He talks fast, excitedly, and lets grammar go hang. He hopes they won't give him any more prison pictures. He gives them "hot" ideas all the time, "but it goes in one ear and out the other."

At present he would love to take time

off to jump on a boat to Mexico or even to his old home port, New York.

"I've never been on a boat," he says.

We walked over to the set. His is a workman's walk. You see it on sailors and bricklayers and sometimes a farmer going home, a walk starting from the hips and sort of hiking itself as it slouches along, while one hand rests in a back pocket. It is not a graceful walk. But it is altogether likable.

AND then there is his grin, which is sudden, honest and lightens his whole face. And most of all there is his laugh. You see people shake their heads over it. They say, "You've got to like a guy with a laugh like that." You do. It starts low and it suddenly shouts and seems to catch on to everybody else's laughter.

I think it's because of those traits that he'll never lose the name of Julie.

His grin and his laugh do not mean he isn't serious. He is—very. Scratch any liberal organization on the coast, organizations like "The Motion Picture Guild," whose first picture will be Erika Mann's "School for Barbarians," or "The Motion Picture Democratic Committee," and you will find, head first, among the sponsors—John Garfield.

I said goodbye on the set. And he sank down into his chair and I saw him pause to do a typically Hollywood act. Now, don't get sore, Julie. He sat in that chair holding a big photograph of himself, and began a requested autograph. "To One of the Dead End Boys," he wrote, and then chewed the end of his pen as, like any conscientious star, he thought of what to say. I left him figuring it out.

ANOTHER SHIRLEY

(Continued from page 6)

asked me to fill in for their singer. When I finished my number I heard, for the first time, the applause I'd been working for since I began in the place. Right then and there I gave up the piano as a career.

"To make a long story short," Shirley continued, "one of those ever-present gentry known the world over as 'talent scalpers' had a look at me and signed and shipped me to the studio. Well, I didn't do a darn thing there; that is, nothing worth while. About the best I learned was to scam when someone yelled, 'Fore' on a golf course. That, and those well-known movie epics called, B's. Y'know, those programmers figuratively whipped up after breakfast, shot after lunch and previewed that night after dinner!"

This was Shirley's first, and biggest, disappointment suffered at the hands of that unpredictable industry known the world over as "moom pitchers." All this, if not forgotten, is in the past and la Ross gets the raves now. At least, movie fans have been given the opportunity to see Shirley at her best and become Ross-conscious.

Appearing in New York recently at the Paramount Theatre, she knocked 'em for a loop.

AS KEN DOLAN, the affable gent who allows his wife to entertain us on the screen, explained, "I shouldn't say this too loud and have Shirley getting the big head, but she really came through. Figures don't lie. When I looked over the box-office returns, the boys told me they frankly hadn't expected more than breaking even. To their surprise they've been standing for every show, which is a record at this time of the year. Fact, darling, on the strength of it I might even get you another booking."

"Ah gee, you're sweet to me, honey," Shirley teased, as she snuggled up to her favorite person. "You couldn't make it six-a-day could you? 'Cause right now the only thing I've time for around here is big feet. If they aren't enlarged, it's no fault of mine 'cause I've been on 'em enough with five shows a day."

Just then, however, as Miss R. gave a yank at one corner of that bit of nonsense atop her head, known to stylists as the last word in feminine headgear, a friend arrived. From the sparkle in Shirley's eyes, we knew she was off again, for this weary worker left himself wide open as he said, "Gosh, but I need a pick-me-up! What's good?"

Cocking her head on one side in mock sincerity, Shirley announced, "In your case, I think a couple of elevators might do the trick." After the appreciative guests quieted down, a slight duel ensued between Mr. and Mrs. Dolan, each topping the other with witticisms. Finally Shirley countered with, "What are you going to give me for my birthday, darling?"

"A split week in Chicago, my sweet," Ken replied.

"Swell, darling, and I'll give you a split commission!" Shirley tossed off, proving that it's the woman who has the last word! It was evident to see, from the smiling face of Ken Dolan, that in this case his Shirley was the woman—and worthy of it, too.

You'll next see Miss Ross co-starring with that delectable young picture-stealer, Baby Sandy Henville, and Mischa Auer in "Unexpected Father."

"I'm the child's mother NOT YOU!"



How Mary D.
raised her baby
the modern way, in spite
of a well-meaning friend



1. MARY: Look here, Mrs. G. . . I know you mean well, but I'm going to raise Peggy my own way.

MRS. G: Oh well, if you insist on spoiling her . . . she's *your* child, after all.



2. MARY: But I'm *not* spoiling her.

MRS. G: Oh, no? Then why all the special care . . . special soap, special powder, special this, special that. If that isn't pampering, what is!



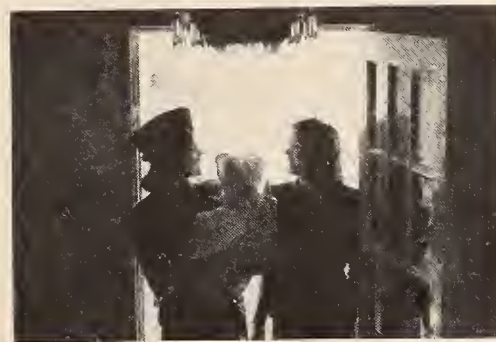
3. MARY: My doctor says the reason why babies thrive better today is because of all this *special* care. He says even her laxative should be made *especially* for her.

MRS. G: What! A special laxative, too?



4. MARY: Certainly! If Peggy's system is too delicate for "adult" foods, it's too delicate for "adult" laxatives . . . even in small doses.

MRS. G: W-e-l-l, maybe there's something in what you say.



5. MARY: Of course, there is! My doctor recommends Fletcher's Castoria. He says it's a modern laxative made *especially—and only—* for children. It's mild, yet you couldn't ask for more *thorough* action. It won't gripe. And above all, it's *SAFE*.



6. MRS. G: She certainly takes it without a fight.

MARY: Oh, she loves it! Every time she spies the bottle, she thinks she has a treat coming. I don't see how any modern mother can get along without Fletcher's Castoria.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The modern — *SAFE* — laxative made especially for children

A Lady Talks about Tampons



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HERE'S WHY...

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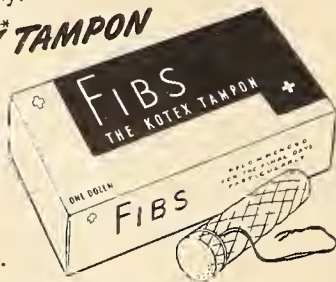


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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

(200 pictures rated this month)

Picture	General Rating	Picture	General Rating
Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (M-G-M)....	C 3 1/2 ★	Man in the Iron Mask (United Artists).....	3 ★
Adventures of Jane Arden (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★	Man of Conquest (Republic).....	3 ★
Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever (M-G-M)....	C 3 ★	Mickey, The Kid (Republic).....	2 ★
Arizona Wildcat (20th Century-Fox).....	2 1/2 ★	Midnight (Paramount).....	3 ★
Bachelor Mother (RKO).....	C 3 1/2 ★	Mikado, The (Universal).....	C 3 ★
Back Door to Heaven (Paramount).....	C 2 1/2 ★	Million Dollar Legs (Paramount).....	2 ★
Bad Lands (RKO).....	2 ★	Missing Daughters (Columbia).....	2 ★
Beachcomber, The (Mayflower Picture).....	3 1/2 ★	Mr. Moto in Danger (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2 ★
Beau Geste (Paramount).....	C 3 ★	Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2 ★
Beauty for the Asking (RKO).....	2 1/2 ★	Mr. Wong in Chinatown (Monogram).....	2 ★
Big Town Czar (Universal).....	2 ★	Miracles for Sale (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★
Blackwell's Island (Warners).....	3 ★	Mutiny on the Blackhawk (Universal).....	2 ★
Blind Alley (Columbia).....	2 1/2 ★	My Son is a Criminal (Columbia).....	2 1/2 ★
Blondie Meets the Boss (Columbia).....	C 2 1/2 ★	Mystery of Mr. Wong (Monogram).....	2 1/2 ★
Blondie Takes a Vacation (Columbia).....	2 ★	Nancy Drew—Reporter (Warners).....	C 2 1/2 ★
Boy Friend (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2 1/2 ★	Naughty But Nice (Warners).....	2 ★
Boys' Reformatory (Monogram).....	2 ★	Never Say Die (Paramount).....	2 ★
Boy Slaves (RKO).....	2 ★	News is Made at Night (20th Century-Fox).....	2 1/2 ★
Boy Trouble (Paramount).....	2 ★	North of Shanghai (Columbia).....	2 ★
Bridal Suite (M-G-M).....	2 ★	North of Yukon (Columbia).....	2 ★
Broadway Serenade (M-G-M).....	C 2 1/2 ★	*Nurse Edith Cavell (RKO).....	4 ★
Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police (Paramount).....	C 2 1/2 ★	Off the Record (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★
Bulldog Drummond's Bride (Paramount).....	2 ★	Oklahoma Kid, The (Warners).....	3 ★
Cafe Society (Paramount).....	3 1/2 ★	Old Maid, The (Warners).....	4 ★
Calling Dr. Kildare (M-G-M).....	3 ★	On Borrowed Time (M-G-M).....	3 ★
Captain Fury (United Artists).....	C 2 1/2 ★	One-Third of a Nation (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★
*Career (RKO).....	2 ★	Only Angels Have Wings (Columbia).....	3 ★
Charlie Chan in Reno (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2 1/2 ★	On Trial (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★
Climbing High (Gaumont British).....	2 1/2 ★	Our Leading Citizen (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★
Clouds Over Europe (Columbia).....	2 1/2 ★	Panama Lady (RKO).....	2 ★
Coast Guard (Columbia).....	2 ★	Persons in Hiding (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★
Confessions of a Nazi Spy (Warners).....	3 ★	Prison Without Bars (United Artists).....	2 1/2 ★
Dark Victory (Warners).....	4 ★	Pygmalion (Pascal).....	3 1/2 ★
Daughters Courageous (Warners).....	3 ★	Range War (Paramount).....	2 ★
Death of the Champion (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★	Return of the Cisco Kid, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★
Dodge City (Warners).....	3 ★	Risky Business (Universal).....	2 ★
*Dust Be My Destiny (Warners).....	3 ★	Romance of the Redwoods (Columbia).....	2 ★
Each Dawn I Die (Warners).....	3 ★	Rose of Washington Square (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3 ★
East Side of Heaven (Universal).....	C 3 ★	Saint Strikes Back, The (RKO).....	2 1/2 ★
Everybody's Baby (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★	Second Fiddle (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3 ★
Ex-Champ (Universal).....	2 ★	Secret Service of the Air (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★
Family Next Door, The (Universal).....	2 ★	Sergeant Madden (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★
Fast and Loose (M-G-M).....	3 ★	*Sherlock Holmes (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★
Fifth Ave. Girl (RKO).....	3 ★	6,000 Enemies (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★
Fisherman's Wharf (RKO).....	2 ★	Society Lawyer (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★
Five Came Back (RKO).....	2 ★	Some Like It Hot (Paramount).....	2 ★
Fixer Dugan (RKO).....	2 ★	Sorority House (RKO).....	C 2 ★
Flying Irishman, The (RKO).....	C 2 1/2 ★	SOS—Tidal Wave (Republic).....	2 ★
Forged Passport (Republic).....	2 1/2 ★	Spellbinder, The (RKO).....	2 ★
Forgotten Woman, The (Universal).....	2 ★	Spirit of Culver, The (Universal).....	C 2 1/2 ★
Four Feathers (United Artists).....	3 1/2 ★	Stanley and Livingstone (20th Century-Fox).....	3 1/2 ★
Frontier Marshal (20th Century-Fox).....	2 1/2 ★	Star Reporter (Monogram).....	2 ★
Girl and the Gambler, The (RKO).....	2 ★	St. Louis Blues (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★
*Golden Boy (Columbia).....	3 ★	Stagecoach (United Artists).....	4 ★
Goodbye Mr. Chips (M-G-M).....	C 4 ★	Stolen Life (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★
Good Girls Go To Paris (Columbia).....	2 1/2 ★	Story of Alexander Bell (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3 1/2 ★
Gorilla, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2 1/2 ★	Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The (RKO).....	C 3 1/2 ★
Gracie Allen Murder Case (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★	Streets of New York (Monogram).....	2 ★
Grand Jury Secrets (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★	Stronger Than Desire (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★
Great Man Votes, The (RKO).....	3 ★	Sudden Money (Paramount).....	2 ★
Gunga Din (RKO).....	3 1/2 ★	Sun Never Sets, The (Universal).....	2 ★
Hardy's Ride High, The (M-G-M).....	C 3 ★	Susannah of the Mounties (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3 ★
Hell's Kitchen (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★	Sweepstakes Winner (Warners).....	2 ★
Heritage of the Desert (Paramount).....	2 ★	Tail Spin (20th Century-Fox).....	2 1/2 ★
Honolulu (M-G-M).....	C 2 1/2 ★	Tarzan Finds a Son (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★
Hotel For Women (20th Century-Fox).....	2 1/2 ★	Tell No Tales (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★
Hotel Imperial (Paramount).....	2 ★	*These Glamour Girls (M-G-M).....	2 ★
Hound of the Baskervilles (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★	They All Come Out (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★
House of Fear, The (Universal).....	2 ★	They Asked For It (Universal).....	2 ★
Ice Follies of 1939 (M-G-M).....	C 2 1/2 ★	They Made Her a Spy (RKO).....	2 ★
Idiot's Delight (M-G-M).....	4 ★	They Made Me a Criminal (Warners).....	3 ★
I'm From Missouri (Paramount).....	3 ★	They Shall Have Music (United Artists).....	C 3 1/2 ★
Indianapolis Speedway (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★	Three Musketeers, The (20th Century-Fox).....	C 2 1/2 ★
In Name Only (RKO).....	3 1/2 ★	Three Smart Girls Grow Up (Universal).....	C 3 ★
Inside Story (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★	Torchy Blane in Chinatown (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★
Invitation to Happiness (Paramount).....	C 3 ★	Torchy Runs for Mayor (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★
I Stole a Million (Universal).....	3 ★	Twelve Crowded Hours (RKO).....	3 ★
It Could Happen to You (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★	Undercover Agent (Monogram).....	2 ★
It's a Wonderful World (M-G-M).....	3 ★	Undercover Doctor (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★
Jesse James (20th Century-Fox).....	3 1/2 ★	Unexpected Father (Universal).....	2 ★
*Jones Family in Hollywood (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3 ★	Union Pacific (Paramount).....	3 1/2 ★
Juarez (Warners).....	3 ★	Waterfront (Warners).....	2 ★
Kid From Kokomo, The (Warners).....	2 ★	When Tomorrow Comes (Universal).....	2 1/2 ★
Kid From Texas, The (M-G-M).....	2 ★	Wife, Husband and Friend (20th Century-Fox).....	3 ★
King of Chinatown (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★	Wings of the Navy (Warners).....	3 ★
King of the Turf (United Artists).....	2 ★	Winner Take All (20th Century-Fox).....	2 ★
Lady and the Mob, The (Columbia).....	2 1/2 ★	Winter Carnival (United Artists).....	2 1/2 ★
*Lady of the Tropics (M-G-M).....	2 ★	Within the Law (M-G-M).....	2 ★
Lady's From Kentucky, The (Paramount).....	2 1/2 ★	Wizard of Oz, The (M-G-M).....	C 4 ★
Lady Vanishes, The (Alfred Hitchcock).....	4 ★	Wolf Call (Monogram).....	2 ★
Let Freedom Ring (M-G-M).....	3 ★	Woman Doctor (Republic).....	2 1/2 ★
Let Us Live (Columbia).....	3 ★	Women in the Wind (Warners).....	2 ★
Little Princess, The (20th Century-Fox).....	C 4 ★	Wuthering Heights (United Artists).....	4 ★
Love Affair (RKO).....	3 1/2 ★	Yes, My Darling Daughter (Warners).....	2 ★
Lucky Night (M-G-M).....	2 1/2 ★	You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (Universal).....	3 ★
Made for Each Other (United Artists).....	3 ★	You Can't Get Away With Murder (Warners).....	2 1/2 ★
Magnificent Fraud (Paramount).....	2 ★	Young Mr. Lincoln (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3 1/2 ★
Maisie (M-G-M).....	3 ★	Zaza (Paramount).....	3 ★
Man About Town (Paramount).....	3 ★	Zenobia (United Artists).....	C 2 ★

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and the authoritative newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on film not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

EYES

(Continued from page 45)

shift your eyes often and, whatever you do, avoid a fixed stare. Eye doctors will tell you that an eye to be strong, must be full of motion.

Remember, too, that the smaller the area upon which you fix your gaze, the longer those eyes of yours will retain good vision. Don't try to see everything in sight all at one look. Focus your eyes on one object at a time, then move and shift them often. Make a conscious effort to relax your eyes before going to sleep. Let them go loose and soft and imagine that they are "looking at" a fluid, velvety black.

Eye strain is often due to causes far from local. Worry, fear, nervous strain, emotional upsets, shock, exhaustion, wrong food, poor elimination or unhappiness will raise all kinds of havoc with your eyes. Just as likely as not, if you have a headache or apparent eye strain, what you need is a change of habits and scenery as much as a new pair of glasses. Loss of sleep won't help a bit, either. Your eyes won't look like limpid pools of light or anything else exciting if you insist on keeping them working day and night.

On the other hand, a few "setting up" exercises may be just what your eyes need. Here are several good ones. First, without turning the head, roll your eyes to the right as far as they'll go, then again to the left. Still holding the head steady, roll your eyes up to the ceiling; then look down to the floor. Open your eyes as wide as you can; then close them tightly. Closing your eyes is a simple but very effective means of resting them. Do all of these things as often as you have a chance.

THOSE specially prepared eye pads are wonderfully refreshing to tired eyes. Pads of cotton, soaked in boric acid solution, witch hazel or just cold water, then placed over each eye while you relax for five, ten or fifteen minutes, are all right, too. Bathing the temples and forehead in icy water, mixed with a skin freshener or cologne, is another soothing trick. And, of course, a massage that starts over each eye near the nose, continues across the lids to the outer corners, then on to either temple, is an old stand-by for relaxing tired eyes.

We don't like to always be talking about food, but Vitamin A, which is present in butter, eggs, cream and fresh vegetables, is absolutely a "must" for strong, healthy, beautiful eyes. So, don't ever say we didn't warn you.

One more point about eye care before we get into this business of make-up. If, at any time, you find yourself with an apparent boulder in your eye—"foreign body" in professional lingo—here are a few tips we think will help you. First, do not rub your eye! Hold both eyes wide open as far as you can, without blinking, until tears begin to come. Tears are Nature's perfect eyewash and, if they can, they'll float the thing out for you. If not, get yourself to a mirror, take the small corner of a clean kerchief or soft tissue and gently try to dislodge the offending object. Don't ever use a pencil, match, toothpick or other rigid implement, inside or outside said kerchief. It is likely to do your eye a permanent injury. And don't moisten your kerchief with saliva, either.

If the particle is under the upper lid, grasp the upper lashes between your



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fingers, pulling them—but gently—down over the lower lid. If all this goes for nought, see what you can do with an eyewash in a dropper. This will probably mean hieing yourself to the nearest drug store, home or doctor's office. Be sure that the dropper and the fluid are clean and mild—then go to it. Squirt the eye wash into your eye with enough force to dislodge what, by this time, no doubt feels bigger than the Rock of Gibraltar. But if, after all this, the object of your industry is still present, stop puttering and get to the best doctor you can without further delay. You can't afford to take chances with your eyes.

Now, let's switch to the lighter things in life and talk about eye make-up. No cosmetics you ever applied can be more satisfactory or more disastrous than the make-up you use around your eyes. If you have time, taste and skill, the effects you produce can enhance your beauty almost beyond belief. But if you don't have the time—and the knack—you'd better acquire them as fast as you can.

THE shape of your eyebrows, for example, makes a great difference in the appearance of your face. A perfect eyebrow begins just above the inner corner of your eye and conforms pretty closely to the shape of your eyelid. An eyebrow which slants ever so slightly upward gives your face a young appearance, because upward lines are always youthful whereas downward lines suggest age. An extreme arch to the brow makes your eyes look smaller, a straight brow with a downward droop at both ends looks harsh and masculine, a "flying arrow" brow, starting above the nose and pointing abruptly upward exaggerates the size of your nose, and a brow which dips and slants decidedly downward toward the temple looks frightfully sad and dejected.

As to width, the current fashion in brows is fairly wide and natural looking. Thin, narrow lines above your eyes look harsh and artificial. Unless your brows are a distinctly unfortunate shape, pluck only the wild stray hairs that grow outside any possible line of march. However, if you go in for plucking, here are some helpful hints: soften your

brows with cream before you start and follow with a dab of astringent, alcohol or toilet water, for antiseptic purposes and to close the pores. If your eyes are wide and too far apart, accompanied by a too short nose, begin your brows a little nearer the center of your face, accenting them at that end, tapering them off gradually. If your eyes are close together and your nose long, pluck a few hairs from the inside ends, pencil only lightly at the beginning of the brow, then accenting the centre, fade off with a light, upward stroke.

Your brow pencil should be sharp and clean and its strokes should be short and broken like natural hair lines, not one hard, continuous line. Brows should be brushed often, up first, then down and out, following the natural line in which they grow.

After brow make-up comes eye shadow to define the eye and give contrast. This should be applied lightly, blending from the lash line up over the eyelid. A foundation of eye cream under the shadow will help to soften the delicate skin and give it a subtle, glossy texture. Concentrate shadow on the center of the lid, shading it off gradually and delicately toward the outer corners. Of course, we hope we needn't tell you not to use any shadow *under* your eyes. Stick to natural tones that match your eyes, such as blue, gray, gray-blue and browns. If shining lids don't become your style of beauty, use a powdered eye shadow, or powder ever so lightly over your cream shadow.

A brow pencil, drawn across the crease of your eyelids gives that deep-set, limpid look to certain types of eyes but, if yours are already deep-set, skip this or you'll look old and haggard. You may pencil lightly above the upper lash line but never pencil along the lower lashes.

NOW, for the lashes themselves. If yours are few and far between or short and stubby, by all means get yourself a little spiral brush and a supply of lash conditioner and make a ritual of using these every night and morning. Your lashes will respond by growing not only longer, but stronger. If those lashes

All they lack is wings! But don't let this angelic study fool you, for it's the Marx brothers, Groucho, Harpo and Chico, up to no good in their latest bit of monkey business, "A Day at the Circus."



of yours are long, dark and luxuriant, maybe you don't need any make-up on them. Nevertheless, they should be regularly brushed and creamed with a lash conditioner to keep them well groomed and lustrous looking.

Mascara will do much toward improving the appearance of lash length. If you'll hold up the eyelid with one finger, the lashes will stand out so you can darken them without too disastrously smearing your face. However, if that happens, just take one of those little wooden applicators wound in cotton, dip it in a bit of cold cream and whisk off the spots that soil your skin. Wait till the whole thing dries though, or you may disturb the lashes. It is a good idea to have two little brushes for mascara, one to apply it, the other, clean and dry, ready to brush out the excess and separate the lashes—after they are thoroughly dry. Beaded, clotted eye-lashes look crude and artificial.

AFTER the mascara is set, curl your lashes with one of those handy lash devices. They help to stimulate the natural curl of the lashes, all of which makes your eyes look larger, brighter and more starry.

Now for a few notes on changing the apparent shape of your eyes. To make eyes look more almond-shaped, mascara the upper lashes from center to outer corners only. Pencil in a fine dark line above the lower lashes at the outer corners and extend it up and out the merest trifle. Soften the line with tissue or your finger tip to prevent its looking harsh or artificial.

Eyes that are too prominent can be modified with dark eye shadow carried ever so lightly right up to the brow. Mascara the upper lashes only, and those very lightly. Do not pencil in any fancy extra lines.

Small eyes may be induced to look larger by lowering and straightening the arch of the eye-brows, and by darkening only the tips of the lashes. Use eye shadow very lightly and pencil in no extra lines. The lash curling device already mentioned is also excellent.

If you wear glasses, devote a little extra time to grooming and penciling your eyebrows so that they always look dark and well defined. Lashes should be mascared very lightly. A bit of rouge high on the cheeks, just under the eyes will add a lot, too. Wear your hair loose and soft and keep it especially well groomed and simple about the ears.

Dark circles under the eyes can be reduced noticeably by covering the edges with a bit of powder or foundation stick which matches your cheek coloring, or by the very faintest trace of rouge blended ever so carefully over the circle edges.

Squint or laugh lines at the corners of your eyes should be softened by the regular use of a rich, oily cream. The skin all around the eyes is so delicate in texture that specially rich creams are necessary to keep it fine, soft and un-wrinkled. This should be applied with gentle, rotary strokes, beginning at the inner corners and working up, around, underneath and back again.

There, if there's anything left to tell about eyes and their general make-up, we'd like to know what it is. The stars in Hollywood are authorities on eye beauty—they have to be—and we've dug up pretty nearly every make-up secret they ever told us. If these practices are good enough for that bevy of natural and professional beauties, they ought to do something pretty lovely for the rest of us, too. Put them to the test and see if we're not right. You'll find we are.

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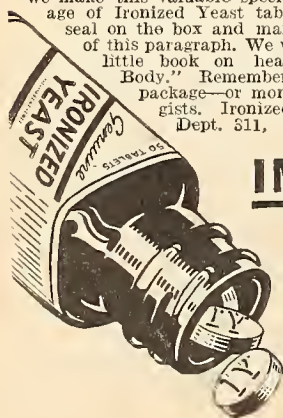
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RECIPES FOR WALTER PIDGEON'S FAVORITES

SEA FOOD COCKTAIL

Allow a couple of lettuce leaves, 4 cooked and cleaned shrimps, 2 oysters and 2 tablespoons crabmeat to each serving. Place lettuce leaves in short stemmed glasses of the sherbet type. Add specified amount of sea food for each serving. Top with some of the following sauce and serve with small wedges of lemon.

COCKTAIL SAUCE

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 3/4 cup tomato ketchup | 1/2 teaspoon celery salt |
| 2 tablespoons bottled horseradish | a few grains pepper |
| 3 tablespoons lemon juice | a few drops Tabasco Sauce |
- Blend all together. Chill before using.

VEAL SAUTÉ À LA SUISSE

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 1/2 pounds veal cutlet | 1/2 cup white wine |
| 2 tablespoons butter | 1 cup cream |
| salt, pepper | 2 tablespoons Hollandaise* (optional) |
| 1 finely chopped scallion or leek | toast triangles |

Have the butcher cut veal into very small pieces and pound them out thin with a meat hammer ("as for escalopine," says the Gotham's chef.) Season with salt and pepper. Melt butter in iron skillet. Add meat, toss over a quick fire until golden brown. Add scallion or leek (a little minced onion may be substituted if these are not available.) Add wine and cook until wine has almost disappeared. Add cream, cover and simmer gently until meat is tender and sauce has been reduced to consistency of a thin gravy. Remove from heat. (*If you have made Hollandaise for your vegetable dish, add specified amount to the sauce. Bottled Hollandaise may also be purchased in some stores. However, the gravy is delicious without this.) Serve on toast triangles, garnished with parsley.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|
| 3 egg yolks | 3 tablespoons boiling water |
| juice of 1/2 lemon | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup sweet butter* | 1/8 teaspoon pepper |

Place yolks with lemon juice in top section of a double boiler. Fit top into lower section which is filled with boiling water; but now have the heat turned low under it. Beat yolks constantly with rotary beater while adding butter in pieces the size of a hazelnut. When all butter has been used add the boiling water very slowly, beating constantly. Turn heat higher, under double boiler, cook sauce until of custard consistency, stirring constantly. Remove from heat immediately, add seasoning and serve at once.

*The use of sweet (unsalted) butter is an extra precaution against curdling. However, salted butter may be used, but it should first be washed in cold water, while mashing with a wooden spoon, to remove excess salt.

MIXED GREEN SALAD, LORENZO DRESSING

Rub inside of a wooden salad bowl with a cut kernel of garlic. Add chilled salad greens such as chicory, lettuce, romaine, watercress and endive—according to the season. Add a few rings of green pepper. Cut the salad in bowl, then mix with the following dressing. Top with two quarters of tomato for each person.

LORENZO DRESSING

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1/2 cup vinegar | 1/8 teaspoon paprika |
| 1 1/2 cups salad oil | 1/8 teaspoon pepper |
| a pinch of mustard | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| | 1/2 cup chili sauce |

Mix all ingredients in wide-mouthed jar with a tight fitting cover. Adjust cover, shake well. Add a little sugar, if desired.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLÉ

- | | |
|----------------------|--|
| 4 tablespoons butter | 1 square unsweetened chocolate, melted |
| 6 tablespoons flour | 1/4 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1 cup milk | a pinch of salt |
| 4 egg yolks | 4 egg whites |
| | 1/3 cup sugar |

Melt the butter over low heat, add the flour and cook until mixture bubbles. Add milk, cook and stir until smooth and very thick. Remove from heat and beat in egg yolks, one at a time. Force through fine sieve, add melted chocolate, vanilla and salt. Whip egg whites until frothy, gradually add sugar and beat until they will hold their shape. Fold into chocolate mixture, lightly. Butter a large baking dish, sprinkle with a little sugar. Fill 3/4 full, stand in pan of water and bake in moderately hot oven (400° F) 30 minutes, or until puffed and firm. Serve immediately with one of the following sauces, or with slightly sweetened whipped cream.

Egg Nog Sauce: Add 2 tablespoons rum to beaten yolks of 3 eggs, slowly. Beat in 3 tablespoons sugar. Place in top of double boiler and cook until slightly thick, stirring constantly. Add a pinch of nutmeg, serve hot.

English Rum Sauce: Cream 2 tablespoons butter, add 1/2 cup sugar gradually. Beat in yolks of 2 eggs. Place in top of double boiler and cook until thick. Remove from heat, strain and slowly add 1/2 cup rum. Sprinkle with a little nutmeg when placed in serving bowl.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 17)

Lane. Their marriage and honeymoon, shadowed by the reaching hand of the law, is spent running away via freight trains and hitch-hike rides on trucks. The young wife finally decides that the only way to mellow the heart of her criminal-branded husband is to turn him in, and let a jury prove to him that justice will let him lead the kind of life they want. The courtroom scene is the best in the picture with Priscilla Lane and Moroni Olsen turning in inspired performances. Garfield does his top work in this scene. Excellent support is given by capable actors Alan Hale, Henry Armetta, Charley Grapewin, John Litel and Billy Halop. Directed by Lewis Seiler.—Warner Bros.

★★ These Glamour Girls

The title of this picture will lead you to expect a juicy slice of behind-the-scenes-in-Hollywood, but the film beauties take a back seat this time while the "Co-Eds" give them some competition in the glamour line. These are the debutante type of school-girl, and to further confuse you, they constantly refer to their collegiate Romeos as "glamour boys."

Lana Turner is the only outcast in this group of fun-loving youths. She's a taxi-dancer, and boy, what a dancer! Lew Ayres, Tom Brown, and Owen Davis, Jr., invade her dancing dream palace one night when they're taking in the town, lightly invite her to the campus house-parties the next week-end, and promptly forget the invitation. The story concerns her visit to the campus, and the way she tells off the snootier element of society.

The red-headed Lana isn't so good on her histrionics as yet, but she photographs so beautifully that you really can't blame Lew Ayres for falling in love with her. Jane Bryan and Richard Carlson are buried in roles that allow neither of them to show their real talents. Anita Louise is the meanie society gal to the tilt, and credit goes to Ann Rutherford, Marsha Hunt and Mary Beth Hughes for good work also. Tom Brown deserves mention for his perfect delineation of a "Joe College." Directed by S. Sylvan Simon.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★★ Frontier Marshal

Some day, some picture company is going to produce an honest-to-goodness saga of life in the early west, but until that day "Frontier Marshal" can rate as the nearest approach to authenticity yet to appear on the screen.

Randolph Scott is the peace-loving but fearless Wyatt Earp, whose name is still remembered by citizens in the ghost town of Tombstone, Arizona. In those days, Tombstone was the liveliest silver mine in our pioneer country, and this story has all the dance hall girls, shooting and feuds, and open saloons that characterized that period of American history. Cesar Romero portrays the consumptive Doc Halliday, who was, in spite of his bad health, the deadliest shot in the country. Together they wipe out the desperadoes and bring law and order into the hectic atmosphere.

There's a fictitious romance with Nancy Ke'ly and Binnie Barnes, rivals for the heart of Doc Halliday. Both ladies act as if they know the story's all in fun,

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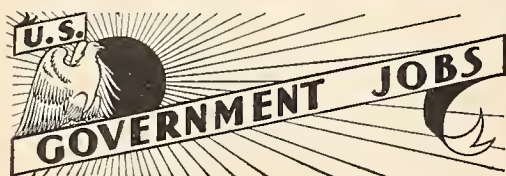
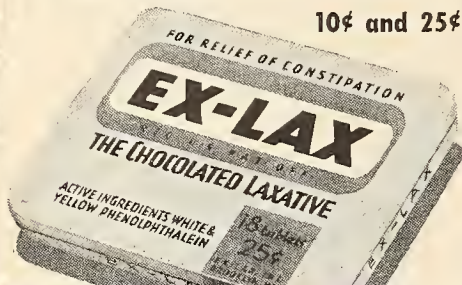
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which is more than fans expect of them both. Highlight of the picture is Eddie Foy, Jr., who appears in the role his father portrayed in real life when he visited the boom town to sing and dance for the rowdy citizens. John Carradine, Joe Sawyer, Edward Norris and Lon Chaney, Jr., appear to advantage in supporting roles. Directed by Allan Dwan. —20th Century-Fox.

★★ When Tomorrow Comes

Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne are co-starred again and their fans will find it fair entertainment, though not being on a par with their previous picture, "Love Affair." Charles Boyer's performance is excellent and Irene Dunne gives a good account of herself and is photographed to advantage.

The story concerns a famous pianist (Boyer) who becomes interested in a waitress (Irene Dunne) when she serves him in the restaurant where she is employed. The waitress thinks the pianist is jobless and the friendship gets under way fast. It is not until both are hopelessly in love that she learns of Boyer's marriage to a woman who is on the verge of insanity. The unhappiness of the outlook for the lovers is given a ray of hope by the fact that "when tomorrow comes" things may be worked out satisfactorily.

Barbara O'Neil's characterization of the afflicted wife is a highlight of the film, due to the deep understanding with which she has invested the role. Nella Walker's sympathetic portrayal of her mother is noteworthy and Onslow Stevens and Fritz Feld are stand-outs in minor roles. The story will be found absorbing from the woman's angle and, thanks to painstaking direction, there is enough dramatic punch instilled into a mediocre story to keep interest from waning on the part of masculine observers of the picture. Directed by John M. Stahl—Universal.

★★ Lady of the Tropics

If you're shopping for glamour you'll get your money's worth in this picture. For Hedy Lamarr and Robert Taylor provide searing love scenes the like of which haven't been seen since the silent picture

days. The beautiful Lamarr (and is she beautiful!) and the handsome Taylor (!) are posed so fetchingly against exotic backgrounds of Indo-China and thrown so consistently into each other's arms that many a movie-goer will consider the bill is filled and that the acting can be left to the less ornamental lads and lassies of Hollywood. There are others who like a reasonable story and good acting in their movies and may consider "Lady of the Tropics" practically guiltless on both counts.

At any rate, an appropriate setting has been given Hedy's charms and they are shown off one hundred per cent, which will result in a merry tinkling of coins at the box-office.

Robert Taylor has the role of a playboy and his meeting with Hedy Lamarr, a half-caste girl of Indo-China, results in spontaneous combustion. Then there's Joseph Schildkraut, a meanie who makes Hedy awfully, awfully unhappy and his oriental make-up makes you feel the same way. Gloria Franklin, Ernest Cosart and Mary Taylor give good performances in minor roles. Directed by Jack Conway—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★ Winter Carnival

The famous winter sports carnival of Dartmouth College is the background for this picture. It's picturesque and there are sequences that pack some of the collegiate spirit—but they're unfortunately few and far between.

The story concerns Ann Sheridan, with all her oomph and a lavish new wardrobe, in the role of a spoiled heiress who comes back to the college where she once reigned as queen of the carnival. Now she finds her younger sister, Helen Parrish, wearing the crown and getting pretty conceited about it. Big sister proceeds to set her straight on the real values of life, and then herself succumbs to the charms of a college professor, played by Richard Carlson. But it takes Annie such a long time to make up her mind that you'll probably cease to care by the time Prof takes her in his arms once and for all.

The principals manage to turn in satisfactory accounts of themselves and Jimmy Corner, Joan Brodel and Alan Baldwin are noteworthy. Directed by Charles F. Riesner.—United Artists.



We wonder if Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant will be married by the time you read this. If they don't wonder, too, they're the exceptions that prove the rule.

SETTING YOU STRAIGHT ON JUDY

(Continued from page 39)

leave, we got to thinking about how we had never been away from them before, and we felt pretty blue about going. So we flipped a coin to see if we should take them with us. The coin came up heads, so we took them and let them be part of the act.

"Mr. Gumm would play, while I sang. Then I'd play while he sang. I also played while the girls sang, and Judy did an acrobatic dance."

Jimmie said to Sue, "Will you ever forget what happened in Shelby, Montana?" Both girls screeched with laughter. Sue said to me, "Jimmie and I were to sing 'Avalon Town' and after the second chorus Judy was to come on and do her dance. She didn't come on. We didn't know what else to do, so we kept on singing. We sneaked a look over to the wings, where Daddy was supposed to be changing Judy's costume. He was having an awful time with it. It was all tangled up, and there was Judy without a stitch on. He never did get it untangled. We sang eight choruses and then gave up in confusion."

When they reached California, they stayed a month and saw enough to want to stay permanently. They went back to Grand Rapids in August, sold their theatres, and headed west for keeps.

Frank Gumm had shown a knack for reviving dormant small-town theatres, so he looked around for one in Southern California to revive. He ended by buying the theatre in Lancaster, on the edge of the Mojave Desert. Nowadays, Mrs.

Gumm wonders how they ever lasted that long in that sun-baked little desert town. "We did have a nice big house," she said, "and the town had a nice school. The girls liked the place."

"But the place didn't like us," Sue put in. "Not at first. Remember how mothers wouldn't let their children play with us, because we'd been in show business?" Judy never liked the place as much as Jimmie and I did. The kids were mean to her. I think they were jealous of the way she was always asked to get up and sing every time there was an entertainment in town."

As before, they put on their own entertainments. The "best one" was the one they called "The Kinky Kids' Parade." Sue and Jimmie put on blackface and played Topsy and Eva, à la the Duncan Sisters. Judy, then five, put on blackface and sang "Mammy," à la Al Jolson.

None of them ever had any voice training, except what they got at home, and this was haphazard and more in the nature of fun than study. "Their father had a fine voice," said Mrs. Gumm, in explanation of her girls' ability to put over a song. To which the two girls chorused, "You weren't so bad yourself, Mom."

If they had been tormented by great theatrical ambitions, they could have had voice training. But they were satisfied with life as it was. Though as Sue and Jimmie became older, they used to come

down to Los Angeles week-ends, "to work theatres." "Our main goal in life was to headline the Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles," Sue said. "We finally made it, for five weeks, four and a half years ago."

They gave the movies a thought only once. "We sat around a waiting room out at Universal for two days," said Sue. "That was enough," said Jimmie eloquently. You can discard that story about Judy's getting a job that one of her sisters wanted.

The thing that led to Judy's screen chance, indirectly, was Mrs. Gumm's urge for a brief change of scenery, after eight years of desert. She decided to take her three girls to Chicago to see the World's Fair. And they would get bookings en route.

They started out with two hundred dollars—enough to reach Denver, where they had a date, which more than paid their way to Chicago. In Chicago, they looked up an agency, which booked them into the Belmont Theatre for one performance. The one performance was to be an audition. But nobody from the agency attended it. They went to work for some friends in the Old Mexico concession at the Fair. But they weren't making enough to pay their hotel expenses, especially as they were giving hand-outs to some down-and-out acts in the same hotel.

Came the beginning of a new week, and Mrs. Gumm, down to financial rock-bottom, still was determined not to write



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a check on the bank back home. On Sunday, to save money, she herself washed the girls' white net dresses, "with millions of ruffles." And on Monday she was up at seven o'clock to iron them. Three hours later she had the ruffled sleeve of one dress ironed, with two dresses still to go.

About that time Sue appeared, in a mood for breakfast. She looked in the bread box. The bread was moldy. She looked in the food-chest. There were only two eggs. "Scramble them," said Mrs. Gumm, who suddenly started laughing and crying at the same time, at the collapse of her grand plans for the summer. And then she sat down and wrote a check. They had the fanciest breakfast the hotel could produce. Then she sent out the dresses to be ironed by a laundress. That same day, an agency called and the girls had a chance to try out for one day at the Oriental Theatre, to replace a singing trio in George Jessel's act.

THE next day, their names went up on the theatre marquee. Instead of making the billing read "The Gumm Sisters," a morbid electrician made it read "The Glum Sisters." Mrs. Gumm called Jessel's attention to the slander and he said, "The girls are swell, but they need a new name for the stage." She agreed. He said, "I'd like to name them after a very dear friend of mine in New York, Robert Garland, the critic."

So they became The Garland Sisters, singing trio with the George Jessel act. The smallest sister was in the middle. "Where she could tickle both of us in the ribs while we were singing," said Sue, "and not crack a smile herself. Or give us the elbow, or the old side-look. She was always trying to break us up."

"She was the biggest part of the act," confided Jimmie. "Sue and I were just 'charming background.' That was all right with us. It took a lot of responsibility off our shoulders. But Judy never liked to work alone. She hated it."

After Chicago, they played Milwaukee and Detroit and were booked into New York when Jimmie and Judy became homesick for California. Mrs. Gumm was a little that way herself, so they headed home.

On the way, they stopped at Lake Tahoe for a brief engagement. And that

was where it happened. At the same resort was Lew Brown, the songwriter. He made friends with the youngster, and vice versa. A few days later, a pal of his from Hollywood came up to Lake Tahoe—Al Rosen, the agent. Brown introduced them and Rosen said he wanted to catch her act.

Judy, in passing, mentioned this to Sue and Jimmie. They were the ones who became excited; not Judy. They were the ones who talked her into singing "Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart," the song that made Rosen want to talk contract immediately.

But Judy's mother wasn't to be swept off her feet. She had been in show business long enough to know that there were two kinds of agents: good and bad. She postponed any contract talks till she got back to Los Angeles and found out which kind Rosen was.

Meanwhile, at Lake Tahoe, Judy got in a lot of swimming. And, swimming, she had a lot of fun with Lee Conn, who played the violin in the orchestra. So much fun that she introduced Sue to him. He's playing the violin in a Hollywood orchestra now, and Sue is married to him.

"Except for talking her into that song," Sue told me, "I didn't have anything to do with Judy's getting a contract. But she had plenty to do with my getting one—for life."

Back in Los Angeles, Mrs. Gumm found that Rosen rated high as an agent. She let him take Judy out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, as they were looking for a new singer. Rosen went to Jack Robbins, who was looking over prospective talent.

"Robbins was horrified," Mrs. Gumm related. "He said, 'I'm looking for a woman singer. Why are you bringing me a child?'" Rosen talked him into listening to Judy do just one number. After he heard her, Robbins asked Ida Koverman, Mr. Mayer's secretary, to hear her. And Miss Koverman asked Mr. Mayer to hear her. And he signed her immediately."

That was in October, 1934, three or four months before M-G-M signed Deanna Durbin. They let Deanna go but held on to Judy. I asked Mrs. Gumm what the explanation was.

"I don't know," she said, "unless it was because she was under personal



Bill Powell receives birthday congratulations from Myrna Loy, via Oscar, the trained penguin. Myrna gave the party and Oscar took the bows.

contract to Mr. Mayer. She didn't do anything for a long time except pose for publicity stills. She didn't make a feature picture till 'Broadway Melody of 1938.' Once I asked for her release. I was sure she would be happier on the stage. Mr. Mayer said, 'Just give me another year or two. She's very young yet.'

According to her mother, it is only in the last few months that Judy has liked pictures. "She liked the stage better because of the audiences. But she never had a big director before. She worked for five months making 'The Wizard of Oz,' most of the time with Director Victor Fleming, and she says she learned more from him than from all the others."

Mrs. Gumm was reminded of the image that Judy presented not long ago, coming home from the studio. "She was covered with dirt. It was in her hair, on her face, all over her clothes. She looked terrible. I said, 'What ever happened, Judy?' She said, 'Mother, sometimes I wonder about movies. I worked all day in a pen with pigs. I had to lie down and let them root at me.'

"But, seriously, it's really hard work. She has to be up at 6:30, because the make-up people are here at seven. (In the case of a minor, the make-up people come to the house, you know.) She leaves the house soon after eight, and she isn't home again till 6:30. That's a long day—particularly with school work to do, too."

When she signed, she was in the ninth grade and hated school. Both Sue and Jimmie testified to that. Despite this, and despite the difficulty of having school on a set, she finished high school last year. Only to discover that, being no more than sixteen, she still had to



Mickey Rooney and Judy Gorland took off for a personal appearance trip in connection with "The Wizard of Oz."

spend two more years under a teacher's supervision!

Judy still hasn't had any regular voice training. But she has a coach, Roger Eden. She never does a number that he doesn't personally arrange.

She wasn't content to play Cupid with only one sister. "When she was on the radio," Jimmie revealed, "Judy met Bob Sherwood, who played the guitar. They clowned a lot at rehearsals, had a lot of fun. One time I went with her and she introduced us. Now I'm Mrs. Bob Sherwood and the proud mama of Judy, Jr., who is the apple of Judy, Sr.'s eye. She says, 'I guess I'd better hurry up and get married. There won't be a chance for me when Judy, Jr., grows up.'"

Mrs. Gumm interposed, "But right now Judy's a bachelor girl. There isn't any calling of Billy and Bobby and Jackie. She just isn't interested. Just a phase, I suppose. But I'm glad to see it. I hate to see young girls boy-crazy. To date, she has had just two cases on boys and they're her brothers-in-law."

Judy's pretty proud of the new house. On those hillside acres back of the house, she is planning, just as soon as the budget permits, to build a guest house, where Sue and Jimmie and their husbands can live. They're 'way off in Hollywood apartments now, and she likes her family around her.

Just then, in walked Sue's husband, who started to lay his coat down on a chair, then hastily retrieved it. "Oops!" he said. "That almost cost me money."

Mrs. Gumm explained, "To keep the new house neat, we've made a rule that anyone who leaves any clothes around pays a fine. Five cents a garment."

Jimmie laughed. "You ought to go up to Judy's room. You'd collect at least a hundred dollars."



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Ann Sothorn, with brown tresses, has come into her own at last.

BACK TO NATURE

BY JACK
CARSON



When Ida Lupino was a platinum, she acted giddy. She's serious now.

WHAT IS so rare as a platinum blonde? Nothing! You can search the Hollywood highways and not pick up a peroxide pearl. Indeed the day of the lady with the lemon-color tresses is done and gone forever, with not a sign of a relapse in sight.

Exactly who started the *au naturel* vogue is a matter of debate and, of unimportance. The point is the ladies of the cinema took to it like the proverbial duck to water. And, whether or not hair has anything to do with the case, their several careers simultaneously had an very definite uptake.

No one, for instance, took Ida Lupino very seriously when she was yellow topped, with disposition to match. Yep, Ida was dizzier than a contest-winning jitterbug. She was goofy on the set as well as off. She made a business of being nuttier than a fruit cake. We have a suspicion that Ida didn't like her role of gay girl either. But one look at her platinum tresses gave you the idea that they didn't cover too much gray matter and little Miss Lupino did her best to keep up the suspicion.

Came the revolution and emerged from it a new Ida. A serious, well-balanced young lady who knew the score every minute. From a giddy Young Thing, she suddenly appeared as an accomplished actress. Of course, she struck a snag in her career back about a year ago, which undoubtedly left its mark on the Lupino, but the color of her tresses, we'd vow, helped matters, too. Then of course she is now a married woman, which usually makes for seriousness, but then she's a "light brown" married woman, which is quite different from a platinum pated one.

Whether or not it is significant, the sensible period of Ida's life, both personally and professionally, set in about the time that the "back to nature movement" got her.

Pretty much may be said for Ann Sothorn. Annie, who simply hates being called *that*, used to be a Frivolous Sal. She had just as much talent when she was blonder than "Blondie", but seldom had a chance to show it. The well-known bushel basket—this time an ochre head—threatened to hide her histrionic ability. And so, poor Ann, who was really



Joan Bennett has gone a step beyond being a natural blonde. She's a brunette!

there cinematically, wasn't taken seriously when the good roles were being handed out. And so, she, too, struck a snag, since no one can be better than her material and Miss S. wasn't getting the best of that.

So Ann temporarily retired from the screen and let her hair "go natural." While it was in the process, she did a lot of thinking. Which doesn't hurt a gal ever. How could she be taken for a smart young sophisticate when she looked as light as a summer breeze? She couldn't—and wasn't.

Ann's come-back picture was "Maisie." Now, you'll say, "Maisie" was a dizz. True. But it takes an actress to portray a "Maisie." It takes an Ann Sothorn, in fact. A girl who's brown hair convinces you that she's a sober person who can portray a celluloid cocktail.

Then there is Joan Bennett. Well, Joan's a little bit different. She's unpredictable. Sometimes she follows the crowd and occasionally picks out—or on—one person to imitate. Not content with going from light to medium, the youngest of the Bennetts took a step further. She's gone absolutely brunette. So now she looks more Hedy Lamarr-ish than Hedy Lamarr, which seems to be her aim.

There are some who say she is really a brunette, but there are the meanies who claim she has worked as hard at getting that way as she used to keeping blonde.

Why an individual like J. B. wants to be an H. L. is more than we can figure. We should think it would be more than Mr. Gene Markey—her "ex" and Hedy's husband—could figure, too. Nevertheless, there she is, black as a Brian Donlevy screen characterization.

Do you remember when Academy Award winner, Bette Davis, was a platinum? It's not so long ago, you know, when Bette's locks were of the pale dandelion persuasion. Her roles were often bad and always mediocre. She certainly wasn't taken very seriously by either her studio or movie-goers. She was, in fact, just another blonde and—not as pretty as most of them.

Came the revolution in her case, too, and when there's a war around Miss Davis it is usually she who starts it. Bette let her hair "go back." The natural shade emphasized the character in her face, of which she has plenty. "Of Human Bondage" came along at that time and proved to be the turning point in her career. Everyone was astonished at her remarkable characterization of the thoroughly bad little waitress. That is, everyone but Bette. She always knew she had the talent if she only had the opportunity to show it.

And now we have a sophisticated, very individual young woman in Bette Davis and, make no mistake, her naturalness—hair and all—comes in for a definite part of her metamorphosis and success.

Yes, the Back to Nature movement has been on with a vengeance and, in most cases, it has been very effective. Betty Grable, Jane Wyman, most of the stock players and several bona fide stars are as natural as your kid brother.

It's a strange contradiction to glamor, for nobody ever used to think that anything honest-to-goodness could be alluring. However, maybe that is where they've been wrong, for certainly the Age of Glamor is upon us as it has never been since the beginning of pictures—and platinum—which is very fine.

It's very easy to judge a glamor girl's talent when she's a natural

BENNY, INC.

(Continued from page 46)

his only barometer. If shrewd, comedy-wise people like them seem to be amused and enthusiastic, things stay in. If the cast seems a little cold, things come out. Flash ideas are carefully analyzed. It's not easy because nobody ever really knows, you see, until that program goes on the air. That's what makes it all so exciting, so nerve-racking, such a wonderful life, and such a head-aching bore, all at the same time.

Making a picture is a lot harder. And that's why it has been difficult to transfer the neat, sure Benny technique of being funny to pictures. He is his own radio director, but he cannot, obviously, be his own movie director. Many more elements enter into making a feature-length production. Many popular radio comics have flopped in pictures. J. B. didn't flop because he kept on a-figurin' and a-worryin' how to make a hit. "Man About Town" is only the first. "The New Yorker" is the tentative title of the second.

Now all has been about Benny, ze arteeste. Now for Benny, himself. When I told all my friends I'd just been to see Jack Benny, they asked, "Is he as funny in real life?" I said, "No." He is extremely serious about his job of being funny. He is, personally, a pleasant, shrewd, well-tailored person, with thick gray hair, fine teeth, an authoritative voice, and excellent manners. He gives the impression of being easy-going, with a certain steely quality underneath. I mean, you feel that he'd do anything to help a pal, but he wouldn't let anybody

put anything over on him. The aura of show business surrounds him in a way that is hard to describe, for both his manner and dress are very much on the conservative side and he never calls anybody "Toots." But if you bumped into him in Tibet, you'd know he belonged to that screwball group of folk who can read "Variety" without employing an interpreter.

HIS whole face changes when he talks about his daughter Joan. That indefinable wise-acre quality which all expert showmen acquire disappears. A grin, which he tries to subdue, starts spreading over his amiable features.

"You know," he said, "when Mary picked her out—three months old she was—I didn't say anything. But the little thing—she was actually the homeliest of all the babies in Rabbi Wise's home in New Rochelle, New York. I know enough about babies to know that at three months, they're beginning to look something like human beings, aren't they? But Joan was so thin—hadn't filled out at all. Her eyes would cross occasionally and she had these bumps on her face that looked like mosquito bites, only they weren't. Impetigo or something, I think. Anyway, I must admit that, much as I wanted to adopt a child, I felt just the least bit dashed when I first looked at her. But I figured Mary knew what she was doing. Mary said, 'I want that one.'

"I'm not the sentimental type, but I've often thought since that Mary must have

known something instinctively, must have felt something, that no one else could know or feel about little Joan. Why did she pick our baby, when there were so many prettier babies? There must be something to this maternal instinct."

Today, of course, Miss Joan is the type that wins prizes in the baby contests. She is dainty and graceful and coming along right smart with her tap-dancing. "Oh, sure, she's headed right for the stage," says Pop, which is exactly the opposite of what most show folks will admit that they hope for their children. Joan turns on the charm for Pop, after being perfectly matter-of-fact with Mary all day—just as all smart little daughters do. She says funny things, which Mary and Jack have learned to take, in Miss Joan's presence, with perfectly dead pans. There was the time Jack was telling Mary about the excellent colored comedian named Eddie Anderson he'd discovered in Hollywood's Harlem. Yep. Rochester! Joan wanted to see Rochester, too. The day arrived when she did. And she turned to Jack and, in clear, ringing tones, exclaimed, "Why, Daddy, he isn't colored. He's just plain dark brown." She remembers every last living thing that she hears and recalls the names of people she has met for a moment months ago. All this is amazing and delightful to her father and mother.

"And people say, 'How swell of you two to adopt a baby!'" says Jack. "Ye gods! Phooey! We wanted a baby. We felt that nothing mattered a great deal if we could not have one, and the swell

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part about it is that she is healthy and cute and smart and unspoiled. The last is Mary's doing.

"We've been talking about adopting a boy," he went on. "I dunno. Sometimes, we go in and look at her having her supper in the nursery and we think, 'aw, the poor kid. She must be lonesome sometimes.' I've often thought I'd like a son to be a pal, friend and all that, you know, when he got to be fifteen or sixteen. But then I think, migod, by that time, I'll be hobbling around on crutches, and the doctor will long ago have said no more coffee and cigars, Jack, just weak tea with lemon and two cigarettes a day. So we still don't know.

"Our main problem now is how to tell Joan she is adopted. It would be wrong not to, we think. We've been paving the way in small things: letting her choose a puppy, and making much of the fact that she chose that one pup out of a kennelful of dogs. It isn't an easy task, but we feel that if we do it gradually, she will accept it naturally with no danger of emotional complications."

I guess I don't need to say much about Mary after all this, do I? Mary is inseparably bound around with each detail of Jack's professional and domestic life, and has been ever since 1927. Jack is

the worrier, the less stable, the more unpredictable member of the family. Mary is the one who smooths him down or comes forth with the flip crack at exactly the right time. She has her own spot in the sun, lesser in size and glory than her husband's, but if she stays off the radio program for two weeks, the complaint letters have to be delivered in trucks.

SHE handles the marriage-career-and-child triangle with great cleverness, which is sumpin' when you consider that divorce bombs are continually bursting in the Hollywood air because other wives aren't as smart as she is. She puts her foot down occasionally when pleasure is continually pushed aside for business. While I was talking with him, a press agent popped in and asked could Mary give half an hour for an interview.

"Don't ask me!" said Jack, throwing up his hands. "She says she's on vacation. I tell you—you call her yourself. You can do more with her than I can." Which is probably an accurate picture of the situation when Mrs. B. puts her foot down.

Nice folks, the Bennys. A mighty nice guy, Jack.

DICK'S LUCKY ORDEAL

(Continued from page 33)

interesting patina of life at nineteen."

That was Dick's age—nineteen—when he alighted in Hollywood. Because he was under age, his studio didn't mention it any more than possible. Dick was booked for more mature parts than his personality rated. That was two strikes on him at the start.

He wasn't exactly a pampered punk, of course. Because of his perfect looks, his confident air and his known lineage of three generations of actors before him, Dick is often considered a theatrical glamor boy, cut out of plush, and tailored for luxury. As a matter of fact, he's had all the tough going he needs. His father died when he was a kid. He was brought up backstage and on road tours, educated in the stern rigor of a Jesuit college and plunked out into the very cruel world of the British theatre to earn his own keep when he was barely more than seventeen.

Dick has gone hungry and cold his share of times and watched his coat tails wear ragged. He's pounded the good London pavements and been dusted out of producer's offices with the best of them.

NOT too long before the Fairy Godmother spirited him off as London's prize Cinderella boy, Dick was getting by on three pounds, or fifteen dollars, a week—when he worked. If you've ever shelled out for living expenses in London you'll appreciate that. At the time Zanuck's talent scout signed him on the dotted line he had upped it to around thirty-five. Hollywood paid off like an honest slot machine compared to that.

But it wasn't sudden money alone that bothered Dick Greene in Hollywood. It was sudden everything. Sudden friends, sudden customs, sudden work, sudden play. New laws, new standards, new values. Every shrewd sage since Hollywood began has observed that the place does something dangerous to new arrivals. Dick was a brand new arrival, by special delivery from another world. He

had his handsome neck stuck out wide.

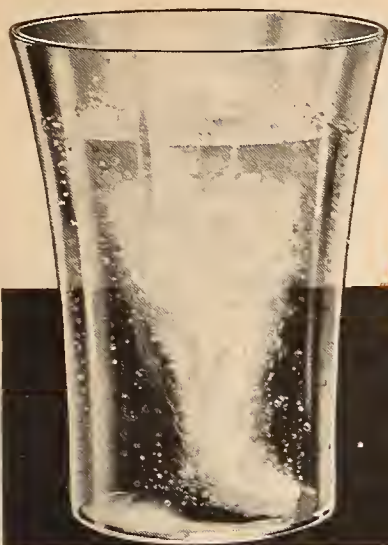
"It's a small miracle that I wasn't completely swamped by it all," Dick reflected with a wondering wag of his noggin. "I think the only thing that saved me was the fact that I was too ignorant to realize what I faced!"

Something, instinct probably, made Dick try to anchor himself to reality. He bought a 1935 Chevrolet and every spare day he chugged out by himself into the mountains and desert, to try to figure things out. Once he ended up, mud-bound in Mexico and, being an alien, had a devil of a time getting back past the border. Once he got lost in the wild Kaibab forest in Arizona, and his studio broadcast frantic appeals to the rangers, thinking Dick had been clawed by a bear or something equally awful. But the only thing clawing Dick was himself.

One day, too, those Hollywood Rover Boys, Ty Power and Don Ameche, gagged up a lunch date for Dick with a new actress, a red-headed ex-manicurist, a Cinderella girl to out-Cinderella Dick Greene. In the studio cafe, Don and Ty sat back, prodding each other gleefully to watch the fun. To their chagrin the new girl and the new boy weren't a bit put out. In fact, they looked into each other's eyes and were very happy about the whole thing. When lunch was over both knew they'd have lunch together the next day, although neither of them needed to mention it. That started Richard Greene's romance with Arleen Whelan.

Hollywood promptly tagged it a publicity romance, because it was much too good to be true. But it wasn't that. Dick Greene's romance with Arleen Whelan was very much on the level—it was another instinctive attempt on Dick's part to anchor to something real in a land of mirages.

But he needed more than a pleasant romance with a pretty girl, more than lonely trips over the desert and into the hills to snap him out of it and give him what Dick calls "a look at myself." What he needed arrived in the form of double



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trouble. Or "blessings in disguise," as Dick grinned.

An abscessed ear had kept him home three days from his very first picture. It was just a danger signal from a pair of badly infected tonsils. Under the strain of making the next two pictures at once—"The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "Stanley and Livingstone"—the septic throat sent him home to bed. An operation was the doctors' verdict, but by now the tonsils were far too swollen to take out. When they quieted down, Dick finished "The Hound of the Baskervilles," then went into the hospital.

He had hemorrhages of the throat that no doctor in town could stem for three days. Along toward the end, his life hung in the balance. A couple more hours of bleeding and Dick wouldn't have had to worry about himself or his career for a long, long time. He rallied, however, and finally pulled through.

But Dick was still as weak as an anemic cat when he went into "Here I Am A Stranger."

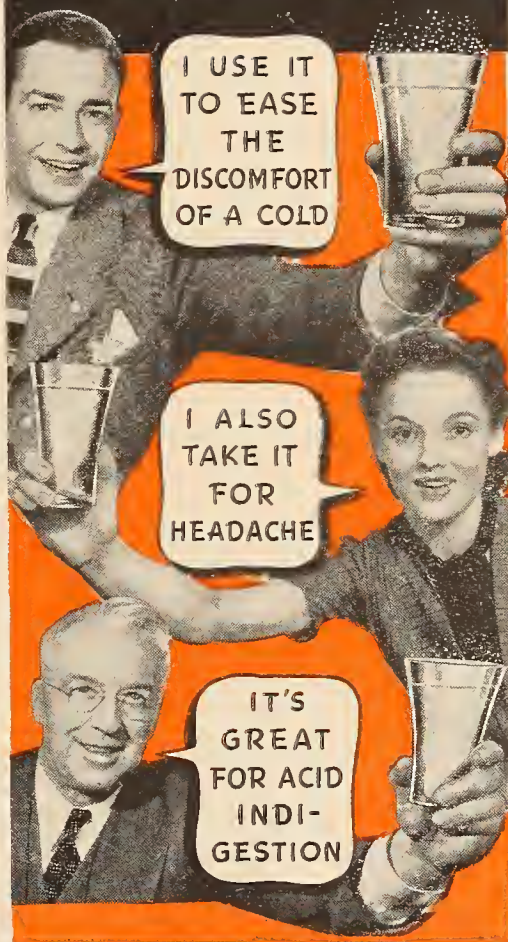
He worked six days. On the seventh he drew a bye and stayed home to fool around his car. Dick lives in a hillside place and the garage driveway tilts at a sharp angle. He was fixing the front bumper on his car when another up the hill slipped its emergency brake. It rolled down on him, crushing Dick between the two cars.

In the hospital again, the report on Dick's mangled leg was serious. All the ligaments had been ripped from the bones, the mashed flesh was a dark mass of bursted blood vessels. Quickly the leg ballooned to thrice its normal size and turned a ghastly black and blue. If it had become infected, Dick would have lost it. Luckily it didn't.

As it was, he lay for a solid month with the leg hoisted up in a sling. It was another month before he could hobble on crutches. He still wears his steel brace and spends every lunch hour taking diathermy. He can't stand for more than a few minutes in a scene. Doctors tell him his leg won't be fully sound for another two years. That means the tennis, riding, hunting and other active sports Dick loves will be out, because any undue strain on the weak muscles might cripple him for good. On the financial side, the whole business has run into important money, and Dick isn't in the four-figure pay check class yet by any means. His salary stopped, too, the minute the picture shut down.

But if you think any of these things has made Richard Greene downhearted in the slightest degree, you have several more guesses coming. His face is a little drawn, it's true; perhaps he's not quite so pretty. But his grin is just as ready

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AT ALL DRUG STORES



and sincere and the dimples are deeper, when he states that in his humble opinion Mr. Greene is a lucky guy—and for the very things that are bringing him sympathy.

"I learned plenty mentally that more than compensates me for the physical crackups," explained Dick. "I had long days to read and plenty of nights to think, and believe me I used them. I used them to think back on the various phases of my life, and the Hollywood phase of last year particularly. My ambition has always been to live so that when I'm sixty years old I can look back on every part of my life and put a personal okay on what I did. I think I can now; I couldn't before. I think I know what I'm doing now, and I didn't before. I was in a daze. You know, if things had gone on as they were without these bad breaks, I might have become insufferably stuffy. I might have wandered around in a fool's paradise."

"But now—well, for one thing," he continued, "I think I know now what I want out of life. I want to act, of course. I know I'm still pretty raw, and I want to get better. But more than that I want to be capable of enjoying life and living it to the fullest. I don't ever want to grow soft or tired. I don't ever want to forget my fifteen-dollar-a-week days. In a way, I'm sorry my Hollywood break came so early in my life. I would like to have been hard up a little longer. I mean that. The days when a little money in the pocket meant a week in Paris, a binge and some pretty girls, are the days I don't want to forget. I want to get a thrill out of buying a new suit of clothes, a hat, a new tie. I want to stay interesting to myself."

"And to someone else? You mean romance?" Dick grinned. "Sure—all I can find! But marriage—not for five or six years anyway. I'm not that mature!"

"I want to see as much of the world as I can first, meet as many people as I can and find out as much as I can about them. I like Hollywood and I like making pictures. But if I lost my job tomorrow I wouldn't let it throw me for a minute. I know where I stand now and where I'm going. I'm relaxed about myself and confident."

"And that knowledge, or philosophy or maturity or whatever you want to call it, that I found when I was laid up is a fair exchange for a bit of pain and danger and the discomfort of having to watch out for myself a while."

Dick Greene rose to shuffle off into his scene and banged his game leg against the chair. "Ouch!" he yelped. Then he grinned. "I take it all back, I didn't mean a word I said," laughed Dick.

But I think he was fooling.



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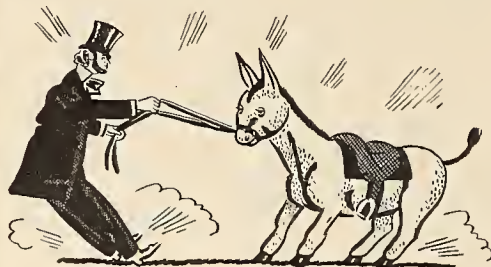
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Fans, get out the old pen and paper and let's hear what you have to say about that picture you thought was such a knockout, or the one you labeled "flop," that star you are simple cuh-razy about or the one you can't abide. Glamor queens, Hollywood styles, miscast roles, scene-stealers—what's your opinion about these or anything else concerning Cinemaland? Besides having the fun of speaking your piece (and you'll get a big kick out of that), you have the chance of winning one of the ten \$1.00 prizes awarded each month to the writers of the most original and interesting letters. Just one thing—we expect you to play fair with us and not copy or adapt letters or poems already published. This is plagiarism and will be prosecuted as such. Remember, now, this is your own page, so say what you honestly think, keep it brief and send your letter or poem to: A Dollar For Your Thoughts, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



"I Told You So"

To the undiscerning skeptics who doubted his ability and rated him a dull, uninteresting personality, I give you Henry Fonda as "Young Mr. Lincoln."

Ordinarily I'm not one of those insufferable know-it-alls who gloat and say, "I told you so!" but I'm going to be, now. Ever since I saw this charming, unassuming young actor in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," I've watched his career with keen interest. I looked on with a satisfied chuckle, when he stole "Jesse James" from Mr. Power. I've wondered when, if ever, producers would have the astuteness to realize what a find they had in Fonda. And now, at long last, I've seen my faith justified.

Fonda didn't *play* Lincoln, he *was* Lincoln. From the opening scene to the final fade-out, his was an inspired performance. No finer scene has ever been filmed than the last one of the picture, when Lincoln walks slowly to the hill-top as if drawn inevitably toward the tragic destiny that awaited him.

My sincere congratulations, Mr. Fonda, on a truly great and inspired performance. And you "doubting Thomases"—eat humble pie and like it!—W. M. Jackson, Columbia, Tenn.



Paging Mr. Chips!

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips!"
You of the eloquent eyes
You, of the timid ways,
Though manly size.
One short hour I knew you,
But through my tears
Gained more from you

Than from friends I had known
For years.

You taught me to understand
Fame must be won.
Often we go unheralded
For what we've done,
Yet the reward is ours
If we can know
We have inspired another life
To grow.

You've given hope
To many a teacher's heart
You, like they,
Met pitfalls at the start,
But conquered them
And, through it all,
Forgiving.

You have revealed
The very purpose
Of living!

. . . I've made a friend.

'Tis only with my lips,
Not with my heart, I whisper
"Goodbye, Mr. Chips!"

—Marcella Alexander, Illiopolis, Ill.



Weighty Thinking

Just a word on the subject of weight and pounds. It really distresses me to see our favorite stars look as though they are on the verge of a serious breakdown. Here are just a few of the leading actors and actresses whom I would like to see gain some pounds: Loretta Young, Margaret Sullavan, Joan Bennett, Carole Lombard, Claude Rains, Jimmy Stewart and Fred Astaire.

And while we're on the subject of pounds, I want to say that here is one fan who thinks the stars deserve every cent they make. If all of these people who think the stars make too much had to memorize thousands of lines of dialogue, had to work long hours through scorching sun and beating rain, if they had to sign millions of autographs every year, if they had to make public appearances before goggling curious fans, they would think it was worth every cent they made.

So my word may not bear much weight but believe me, here is one fan who sincerely wants to see the movie stars pick

FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Write a letter and win a prize!
Ten are given away each month

up a few more extra pounds—both kinds.
—Lucia Harding, Charlotte, N. C.

A Find!

What a find! I'm referring to Mary Healy who made her movie debut in "Second Fiddle." I recently saw the picture and when this beautiful girl appeared, I realized that right before my eyes a new star had been born.

She has the curves of Sheridan, the personality of Rogers, the voice of Alice Faye and the looks of Ellen Drew. With a combination like that she's sure to get far. Give us more of this Healy gal.—Rose Blazek, Cicero, Illinois.

He-man Bogart

Isn't there any way to prevent it? Something must be done, because we fans will not allow our Humphrey Bogart to be cast in any more softy-smoothie roles. There is a superfluous number of actors who can portray such roles, but they are not for He-man Bogart. We don't want to see Humphrey in parts where he has to take orders, or live in Park Avenue penthouses. We would rather see him giving the orders and narrowly escaping from Alcatraz or Devil's Island. We want him to be such a cold-blooded villain that

he would be capable of being hated to death. So please, Mr. Boss, no more roles such as O'Leary in "Dark Victory." Give us some more Dead End, Kid Gallahad stuff.—Alma Brown, Newark, N. J.



Plus Entertainment

Everyone recognizes that the movies are the greatest force in our national life today, but I sometimes wonder if we realize the specific cultural value they have. They influence our manners, our attitudes and our ideals. They enlarge the mental horizon of millions. They bring laughter and release. They take the over-introspective out of themselves and give the ultra-extraverts glimpses into the depths of the human soul.

But to my mind, their greatest value lies in the interest and the desire to learn more which the historical pictures arouse. Librarians tell me that they have a run on history and biography books after every historical picture is released. In

the library in our town, after "Young Mr. Lincoln" there wasn't a volume on Lincoln in for days. "Juarez" taught an interested public the story of Maximilian and Carlotta as no college course could have done. "Marie Antoinette" sent thousands to the history books for further knowledge of the French Revolution.

We should be very grateful for the movie industry!—Rowena Bridgers, El Paso, Texas.

The "Oomph" Girl

We've had our share of Sheridan as the "Oomph" girl. Heavens, she looks like "the morning after" with her lovely tresses pulled up and shoved carelessly over one eye.

Instead of clinging gowns and extreme hats we want to see her in plain, girlish frocks, the kind that match her sweet face and her could-be sweet personality which has been covered up by unfit roles and too much ballyhoo.

This rage for "Harlow, the second" will soon die and thousands Hollywood has undoubtedly spent on her build-up will be wasted in another forgotten star. The stars that work up by their own merits continue to shine brightly, but those who gain popularity through false build-ups, shine for a while, but soon fade out. That, we know, is what will happen to Miss Sheridan if something isn't done to save her—and very soon, too.

**OUCH—I'VE POPPED
A RUN—AND IT'S
EDNA'S FAULT**

**I'LL BE NEXT!
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SHE USE LUX?**

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and cuts down RUNS**

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HOLMES & EDWARDS

Let's have a few more dollars spent on her dramatic coaching and less on elaborate hair-dos and exotic gowns. We are sure that the fans will accept Annie more readily as a natural, unaffected girl than with the artificial mask of glitter and glamor which has been thrust upon her. But, until this artificiality is discarded and her true character brought back, we say "Ugh" to the "Oomph" girl. —S. Brown and C. Peppler, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Leo Carrillo

It is with sympathy that I read of the objections certain film actors have toward being typed. Basil Rathbone and Robert Montgomery are two actors who have given voice to their complaints in that respect, but I cannot recall having once seen a written complaint by the actor in Hollywood who has the most reason to complain. I refer to Leo Carrillo. No matter what the story, Leo Carrillo enacts the same character in each picture—a good natured, lovable, kind-hearted foreigner.

Now while I am very fond of Mr. Carrillo on the screen, I am getting just a little bit tired of constant repetition. Surely an actor of Carrillo's ability could be given an opportunity to portray a variety of characters instead of being

permitted to fall into a rut.—Hannah Hannay, Gisborne, New Zealand.

Bona Fide Westerns

I want old-fashioned Westerns With heroes rough and tough Where bold, bad villains roam the range And gamble on a bluff. Where white sombreros heroes scorn For an old ten-gallon hat, And handkerchiefs aren't made of silk (I'm sick of stuff like that.) And please, just one without a car A horse instead is fine. And when the votes come pouring in Among them will be mine. —Ethel Johnston, Portland, Oregon.

Bob Young

What's the matter with Robert Young? Why doesn't Hollywood open up its eyes? Bob has good looks the same as Taylor, Gable, Boyer, Power and all the others. He can be a real actor only Hollywood won't give him a chance!

The people get tired of seeing Bob in those second fiddle pictures. In "Navy, Blue and Gold" Bob revealed what he could do in the line of good acting. Give him a real dramatic part for a change and see what a hit he'll be.—Bertha Donner, Pasadena, Calif.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

(Continued from page 37)

what key. Or I may go into my imitation of Al Jolson or feel the call to give a Barrymore monologue. But I can't be depended upon for either or even both and that's what I mean, never be dependable at a party or something. Never do card tricks, imitate the call of birds, ring door-bells or pinch your hostess unless one of these calls comes over you, suddenly.

NEVER have scheduled entertainers. The point is to let your guests be entertainers since they are sure to think themselves funnier than any entertainers you could possibly provide for them. The thing is to just get downstairs with that little piano, Groucho and four other people and there you are.

"Food is really only important when there isn't any. It is revolting to have to eat at such and such a time, in such and such a room, with such and such a fork and knife. Of course, if you can have foreign food! Some of the best parties in Hollywood are given by the Ernst Lubitsches, the Dimitri Tiomkins (Mrs. T. is Albertina Rasch) where Russian food is served or the parties the Jean Hersholts give where Danish food is served and everyone yells 'Schole!' or something. Charlie Butterworth gives good, little parties, too.

"Huge parties," said Frank firmly, "are wakes. Carpets of gardenias and your names announced and all that. Great things with the Zanucks over there and the Mayers over here and agents or something in between! Twenty or twenty-five people," said Frank, "is about the limit. No Life of the Party who considers his Art wants to play to a hippodrome.

"There are certain things, too," Frank said, mournfully, "which 'condition' the Life of the Party. In my own case, if I am not up to my nippiest notch, you can be sure it's razor blades. What I mean is what kills me is when people

steal my razor blades. Admitted, you can buy 'em, five hundred for ten cents, but it's the principle of the thing. It's that feeling of fury and frustration when you know that there were twenty there yesterday and where are they today?

"Or when my manager shows us the prospectus of last year's expenditures, or something! I am terribly extravagant. I believe you'll find that every Life of the Party is. We all stay up so late nights, you know, we haven't time to figure. Anyway, we are both terribly extravagant, my wife and I. When the bills come in, I holler my head off but I'm just hollering to Little Sir Echo. No one listens to me because most of them are my own. We don't want to see the year's prospectus. We don't look at it, we throw it away. No Life of the Party should be thieved of his razor blades or be made to look at prospectuses.

THE Life of the Party," said Frank, "shouldn't take life seriously. Now, I don't. No, really I don't. I have those terribly serious spells, but they only last half a minute. When I'm having them I just pace the floor and don't talk. I am serious about one or two things in life, of course. I'm very serious about my work. You have to work, or don't you? I do."

For six minutes, Frank was very serious indeed as he talked about his work—how he sometimes wishes he could have lived two distinct lives, one life where he might have stayed in the theatre following up his "serious" success in "Topaze" with other equally pithy and poignant parts; how he worries because only about fifteen per cent of anything he can do in Hollywood is "nice," the rest, piffle; how he wants very much to remain on the air because he feels his recent parts in pictures have been too few and too feeble.

He went on, "Yes, I'm very serious

about my work, but even so, nothing ever keeps me from sleeping. Even in my dressing-room at the studio! I'm sound asleep in there when they think I'm studying my next scene. I am temperamental, I suppose. The things my wife tells me about myself are frightening. I come in the front door after a day at the studio and she can tell me what kind of a day I've had. If it's been one kind of a day she tells me that the bills are on my desk. If it's been the other kind of a day she mixes me a drink. I must be moody or temperamental if my moods show through like that. Well, people who are on high must have a low for an average, I suppose. If things don't hit you where it hurts the most you're phlegmatic, or something. A Life of the Party can't be phlegmatic, now, can he?

"Then there's being a book-worm. I don't suppose the Life of the Party can be a book-worm, do you? There's nothing very congenial about a worm, book or hook, or is there? I'm not even introspective. I never think about what I am thinking under my thoughts. I see you looking at all the books in here. My wife is responsible for them. She's responsible for everything in our home. She has exquisite taste and is excellent at interior decorating.

"Left to my own devices, I wouldn't have a home at all. I don't see why a Life of the Party should have a home, he never goes to it, do you? I would be a nomad. I don't want to settle down. Settling down is frightening. But my wife is mad about houses. We built a little 'dobe house in Palm Springs just so she could 'do' it. One nice thing is, no sooner does she get one house 'done' than she wants to 'do' another. A nomadic home-maker, wouldn't you call it?

Such a nice quality. It's like the old gag, 'I don't want to own anything I can't put on the Chief.' I didn't make that one up but you can say I did. I would have if I'd thought of it. So, as I was saying, I seldom read. I hate long books, 'Forsyte Sagas' and things. My wife reads everything. She gives me the Best of the Books of the Year and all that. A Life of the Party sometimes has to seem bright about books.

"Mr. Morgan," I here interrupted, "haven't I heard that you are, actually, a very shrewd business man?"

"Oh have you?" asked Mr. Morgan. "Oh, that—well you know how they are here in Hollywood; they always go to extremes. In their endeavors to make a 'story' out of you, they make you a Rockefeller or something—like the little item I read about my owning a frog farm. A frog farm! I got more silly letters. One man wrote, 'I have the biggest frog in Ohio.' I could just see the writer saying to himself, 'Maybe we can sell Morgan our frog!'

"I read where I had a furniture store at Palm Springs. Well, there was a residuum or something of fact in that one. My wife wanted to have an antique shop, for making reproductions, you know. We bought the land and built the shop. Then we sold the land and the shop, because the gentleman who made the reproductions was so good that if you ordered a what-not in January you got it in June. After our customers had yelled 'What-not-yet?' a few times, we folded."

"Then there was the oil well," I reminded him, briskly. "I read in your own studio publicity, that you bought an oil well and that it came in a gusher."

"Oh, you read that, too, did you? Oh,

dear, it went along all right for awhile—but we won't go into that. Amos 'n' Andy, Ralph Bellamy and I went into it once. It was in Louisiana or somewhere. We won't go into it again, do you mind?"

I said, "I won't mind . . . but what I do want to know is this: is this vagueness of yours—kind of stuttering and all that you do on screen and air—is it an act or is it . . . I mean, were you born that way?"

"It's definitely an act," laughed Mr. Morgan. But now I noticed, as when he talked about his work before, that his eyes were not laughing. "Definitely an act," he repeated. "I mean, I hope it is. You know how it is, you develop a method of your own, individual or something. I developed mine when I was in stock, back in 1920. It reached maturity when I did 'The Affairs of Cellini' on the screen. People have written about me, attributing my professional vagueness, stuttering and all that, to the fact that I don't know my lines. But that isn't so. I started out to be a great study, a quick study and an accurate one. I still almost am.

"You know," said Mr. Morgan authoritatively, "you know, comedy, like music, comes on a definite beat. You can kill any comedy line by two extra words. If you're ad libbing, timing is even more important. A beat too long and it just lays there on the floor."

Reluctantly I rose to leave and Mr. Morgan rose with me, handed me my fur and gathered his dressing-gown about him, with great dignity. "No," he said, "it's not nearly so haphazard as it sounds, my comedy. I'm not nearly," he laughed again, "so dithering as I appear."

He didn't need to tell me that. I had guessed long before!

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I'M SO ASHAMED! I WON'T RISK "B.O." AGAIN! LIFEBOUY IN MY DAILY BATH WILL KEEP ME DAINTY

"I'LL KEEP HER DAINTY, ALL RIGHT—SAFE FROM OFFENDING!"

GOOD FOR YOU, LIFEBOUY! YOU'RE MY PAL—

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THE COME-BACK QUEEN

(Continued from page 35)



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another contract, that she'd had enough of contracts and the way in which they can sting you to death with "B's." "There I was wrong," said Ann. "I did say that but then I realized that I might have to wait too long between pictures, might not be able to find the right kind of parts. Also, I specially like M-G-M and I figured that, having an investment in me, they would keep their story-eyes open for me. So I signed.

"And now, with the last rounds behind me, some lost, some won, where am I? What have I learned? What am I?"

"Well, I've certainly learned the value of money. A value I didn't have before. It's when the money isn't coming in that you get the hang of it. For one long year the money wasn't coming in. I've learned how "important" you are here in Hollywood while you are on top, how unimportant you can become. Much has been written of overnight success, little about overnight failure. I could write a tasty little book on that untender topic. You've seen a magician take a rabbit out of his hat? Yes, but have you ever seen him put the rabbit back again? I was that put-back rabbit.

"I've learned who my real friends are. I'm no mathematician but a child of three could do that sum in addition for me—it adds up to five.

SO much for that. Now let's begin with the Sothern face. It's not too bad as a composite," laughed Ann. "But analyze it and what have you got? My eyes are my best feature. But I look too healthy. And my face belies my entire character. I'm not like my face!"

As Ann said this, a chord was struck in my memory and I remembered Jean Harlow saying the same thing to me one distant day. Odd, I thought, here is another link in common between the little Harlow and the little Sothern. It is said that Ann will make some of the stories bought for Jean and that Ann may use Jean's dressing-room. Ann is thought to be so much like Jean, especially in that very "humanness" of which Ann speaks. Ann, like Jean, has that "common touch" which makes the whole world her kin.

"I've yet to meet anyone," Ann was saying, "who, an hour after we've said 'how do' hasn't told me, 'You're not one bit the way I expected you to be!' They always add, with varying degrees of diplomacy, that they had expected me to be stupid, silly, frivolous, stuck-up. I don't blame 'em. I know why. My nose goes up. A person with a going-up nose is never taken seriously! My mouth is curly, has a permanent wave. You just don't expect words of wisdom to issue from a curly mouth. I have a manner of holding my head which is a bit on the snooty side. I look like a—well, like one of those frilly, useless, sort of bumbly dolls flung down on gold-fringed, lace-dripping cushions, a thing of swans-down and white rose perfume—ach!

"But I'm not snooty, however, and that's to the good, I'd say. For everyone that it pays to be snooty in this business, there are ten others it pays off." I was recalling the day that Roger came home from his first day at Columbia, how he laughed and said that instead of everyone greeting him, they'd all chorused, "How is Ann?" Not the stars, directors and producers, but the grips, electricians, props, all the boys and girls Ann calls by their first names, as they do her. I

was recalling how, on the sets, Ann's best friends are always the character women, Mary Boland, Jessie Ralph, Billie Burke, Helen Broderick—character women and women of character. Perhaps that's why.

I was remembering how, just the other day, they'd told me at the studio, with positive awe in their voices, that Ann had posed for stills mounted on a merry-go-round horse. They'd been trying for years to get a star to pose on a merry-go-round steed! Ann's stock soared eleven points because of it.

"Soft, fluffy, dolly..." Ann was now murmuring to herself, consideringly. "No, I'm not. I won't say that I'm a Master Mind but I do read a book—almost every day. I read all of Paul de Kruif's books. I have an insane curiosity about medicine, I told you that. I'm terribly interested in psycho-analysis. But," she sighed, "I can't get an analyst to analyze me. I'm so disgustingly normal. I drag out all my little dreams and hope to get a rise but not a thing. I'm not a softie. Let there be an accident anywhere, moans, blood, and I'm Sothern-on-the-spot. Then I promptly faint. Yeah, I know. All I'm trying to do is get a line on myself, as regards my work. And all this leads to is that I won't need a double for any of the rough stuff, the tough spots. I'm no 'fraidy-cat!

"I'm not torn asunder by conflicting elements in my life, either. I won't give the studio a stroke by suddenly deciding that my place is 'in the home.' I know what I want more than anything in the world—my career. I want it even more than I want happiness. I'd give up anything for it, if I had to. So I tell myself, but sometimes I wonder. I'm not particularly domestic. I'm an excellent housekeeper, that I admit. I see to it that things run smoothly, comfortably, the way we like them run. I'm a coat-putter-awayer, a closet-straightener, a linen-counter. But I can't cook a lick. I really admire Hedy Lamarr, by the way, for her knack at scrambling eggs!

"I'm a good business woman in some ways, in other ways I'm just 'a song at twilight.' I'm shrewd, I guess that's what you'd call it. The studio won't have to appoint a guardian for me to prevent me from buying phony stock in gold mines. I am terrible about living within my income. But I am swellelegant about putting away money for my income tax. I won't get any front page publicity on that score! I watch the dollars," chuckled

Solution to Puzzle on Page 14

JANE	SUE	PAGE		
DONAT	AND	EDGAR		
TEA	THE	ANITA	SET	
PENNY	ERM	ARE	STARK	
INN	EARNED	ARIA	GEE	
POINTS	ELECT	SPRANG		
ERSE	TASTELESS	ANTS		
ETON	AUER			
DEN	ORN	LEDERER		
AVAIL		DRAKE		
BENNETT		POIN	ED	
FREE	ARES			
LANE	ANNABELLA	KEPT		
ADORES	OLIVE	TAYLOR		
NOR	LEER	GINGER	OWE	
APRIL	AMY	LEO	TEPEE	
TIN	TRAIL	SOL	EER	
STEAL	PEW	FIELD		
ORRY	SEE	YENS		

Ann, "and let the pennies take care of themselves! I'm not extravagant about clothes. I didn't buy a rag all last summer. I do sort of go haywire over shoes and hats. I'm always buying hats which sit on shelves because I have nothing to wear with them.

"It's things for the house that drain my purse. For instance, I am an antique addict—old Adam pieces, Chippendale, Waterford glass and the like are my vices. But even where my passions are concerned I'm fairly shrewd. For instance, I recently ordered, from New Orleans, a Waterford cut crystal chandelier for our dining-room. But did I have it delivered to Ann Sothern, Beverly Hills? Not so. I had it addressed to Harriette Lake (my real name), address somewhere on Main Street. And down to Main Street I went to pick it up, thus saving myself the fat little "overhead" which is the curse of all screen stars. Yes, I have my little softnesses but I'm not a sucker!

"Nor," continued Ann, self-appraisingly, "am I sentimental. I am sentimental about children, dogs, cats, birds, but I'm not sentimental about old dance programs, a faded rose leaf here and there. I think that sort of thing is clutter and silly. On the other hand, I am a saver-upper of stills from all my old pictures. I have all of them up in the attic. That doesn't really come under the head of sentiment—they'll be good for some laughs in our old age."

Nor is Ann superstitious, she continued. Give her a swell part in a swell story and she'd start any picture on Friday, the 13th. The other day she broke "the biggest mirror in the world," at Elizabeth Ardens, and all she said was, "The heck with it. I don't believe it!"

"I have a sense of humor," she said, but gratefully, "which should be Mother's little helper. I have, thank goodness, the kind which enables me to laugh at myself. There's never a time when I can't say to myself, 'Come on, Toots, let's face it. Why are you so important?'"

"I may look the playful type," grinned Ann, "but boy, when I work, I work. I study. I'm in bed at the right time. I worry. I lose weight. On the first day, I just plain die.

"Even between pictures I'm not exactly a bon vivant's idea of a good time

gal. If Roger and I go to the Troc once in six months we're dissipating. We like to stay home and have people here. We play a lot of bridge. We do a lot of talking, just the two of us. My husband," said Ann, with proper pride, "is a very stimulating person, knows all about political matters and things I don't read up on and we discuss 'em. I've become a rabid horticulturist." Here Ann waved a hand at her chaise-longue table, "See all the Garden Books. I've already ordered three hundred and fifty tulip bulbs from Holland for next Spring's planting. Well, I don't lay claim to being one of those stable, folksy folks, but at least I try not to be the dizzy dame type and cause the publicity department to work nights keeping my name out of the scandal sheets.

I'M not what you'd call moody. With me, it's entirely up or very down. When I'm down, I'm downer than anyone you ever saw I hope. When I'm down, it's usually about my work. I get dark, blue periods thinking that I can't act, I don't know how to act, I'll never act again. Writers get the same 'going stale' periods, I know, and the only way to work out of them is just to sit down and write or stand up and act, just do whatever it is you do.

"And I guess that about does it," said Ann, planting her small feet firmly on the floor. "Now let's go downstairs and look at a lovely old piece I bought yesterday. I sit and look at the things in our house like one in a trance. You should see Roger giving an imitation of me staring, hypnotized, at my possessions."

On the way down the lovely, winding stairway, Ann said, "I'm worried because of that old Bogeyman, Bad Parts. I'm divinely happy, of course I am, but I know that happiness is something that doesn't just 'stay put,' like a chair or a picture hung on the wall. It's something you've got to keep on wooing, every hour of your life. I've signed a contract but contracts have clauses. I've 'come back' today but there's always tomorrow. What it really comes to," said Ann, her voice spirited, her golden head high, "is that the gal who signed the contract has the courage of her convictions and the will to fight. So, gimme a hand, will you, as I go into the next round!"

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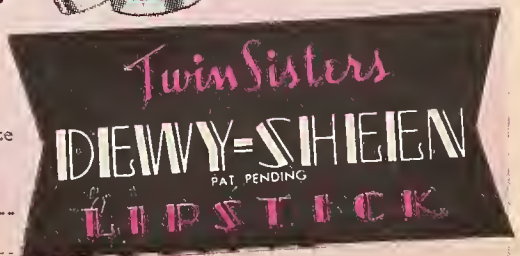
☐ Send HIDE-IT Shade: 10c (Canada 15c)

Name

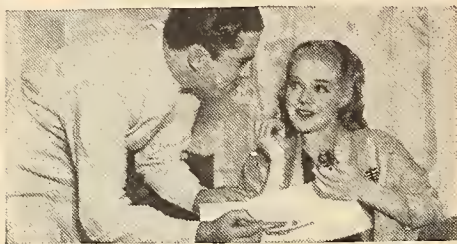
Address

Answers to Quiz on Page 11

1. Ronald Colman.
2. Francis.
3. Louella Parsons.
4. "The Star Moker."
5. Ellen Drew.
6. Roger Pryor's.
7. Moy Robson.
8. Director Rouben Momoulion.
9. Doisy.
10. Annobello.
11. Roymond Massey.
12. "The Blue Angel."
13. Jack Benny.
14. "On Borrowed Time."
15. Chompion.
16. Tyrone Power ond Annobella.
17. Morlene Dietrich in "Destry Rides Again."
18. Priscilla Lone.
19. Ilono Mossey.
20. "The Rains Come."
21. Cliff Edwards.
22. Joon Crowford.



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STALEY
GLOSS
STARCH
CUBES



HE'S IN DEBT

(Continued from page 29)

I learned far more from just watching this man than I could have learned throughout my life if I had never seen him. And as debts, like all things, interweave, one with the other, the fact that I would go to see Lucien Guitry twenty times in one play, I owe to Dr. Mouchet. It was my way of doing research on my job as Dr. Mouchet did on his.

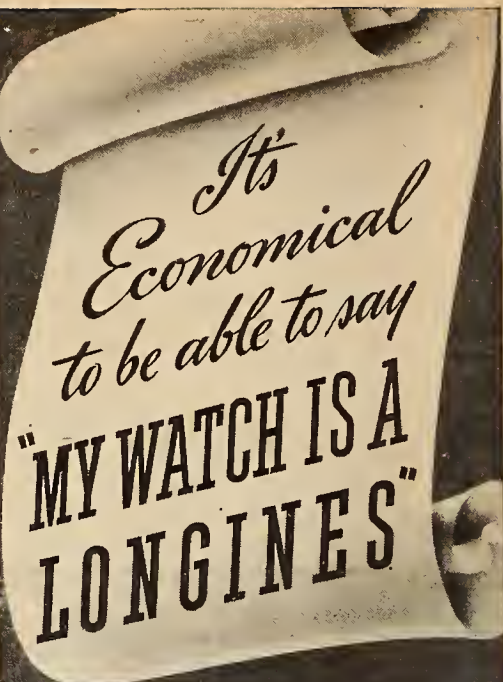
"And then there is Henri Bernstein, the great French playwright. For the eight years before his death, Lucien Guitry did all Bernstein's plays. When Guitry died I was called by M. Bernstein to do his plays. He helped me in many ways and of these ways the greatest, I think, was when he would tell me how Guitry would have done this or that.

"I am in debt to Hollywood, to America. It is not in an attempt to be flattering. It is merely gracious, it is completely true that Hollywood has taught me naturalness, not to be strained. Hollywood has taught me, too, to restrain my emotions. On the French stage," smiled Mr. Boyer, "we feel sorry for ourselves and make no effort to conceal this. When we have a sad scene to do, we cry, we sob aloud. I once did a play there which, later, Basil Rathbone did here in America. In a scene where I had sobbed aloud, Basil did not shed a tear. I asked him about this and he explained that, in America, a man who cries is thought ridiculous. So I have learned to temper the emotions, to the audience for which I am playing.

"I owe a debt to a school teacher I had when I was a lad of fourteen. I am skipping about in my life," smiled Mr. Boyer. "I am thinking out loud, and at random. I fell in love with my teacher. When I would write my themes in class, they would not be about the subjects assigned to us. They would be the most passionate love letters. I was always thinking how impressed she would be with me, with my "experience" with women, how one day I would clasp her in my arms and she would say to me, awed, 'How do you know so much? You must have had a terrific life, Charles!'

THEN came the day, long waited for, when I was all alone with her in the classroom. She said to me, 'You must have read a few books, Charles, but you cannot have understood what you read!' And then she laughed at me! I was not only broken-hearted. I was humiliated. The great lover (in his own esteem) was reduced to the awkward boy in his teens. Now I am grateful to her, because since that day I have never made love to any woman without the lurking fear that she might laugh at me. And this is good. For it is not good for a man to be too self-confident, too much the dashing Casanova, with more egotism than heart. No," smiled Mr. Boyer, "not even the flattery, which is the lot of the motion picture star, can erase the memory of that early blow to my young ardor.

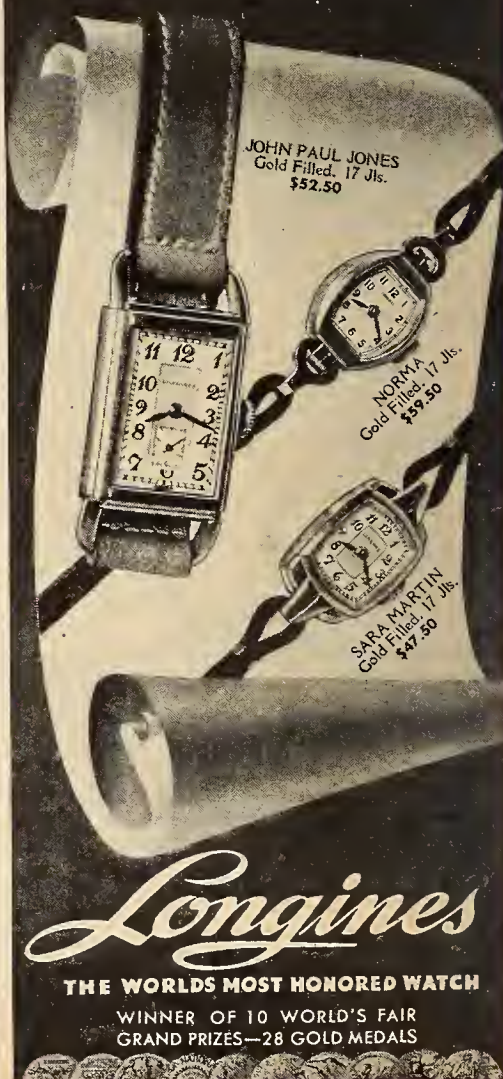
"I owe an especial debt to a book I read when I was at the age where impressions are important, at the age of eighteen. It was a book called 'Deux Hommes' by George Duhamel. It told of the friendship between two men. And it gave me a conception of friendship which has stayed with me always. Friendship has always meant a very great deal in my life. My friendship with Maurice Chevalier, for instance. We compliment one another, Maurice and I. I have, also, many valuable-to-me-friendships with



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doctors, with business men, with writers. There are many loves in this world, the love of the man for his mother, for his child, for his dog, his work, his wife.

"I am very specially in debt to Pat, my wife. For her love, which I do not need to speak of, but also because of the many tendencies which I had and which, thanks to her, I have no longer. I was very much afraid of marriage. I did not think it would be for me. I had to make the right choice to find out that I was wrong. I had always a tendency to be older than my age. And now," Mr. Boyer laughed a little, at himself, "now, since my marriage, it is the contrary! Now I am younger than my age in many of my actions and my thoughts, because Pat is even younger than her age which is much younger than mine. I had a tendency to look always at the serious side of things, to stay at home and read. We do not go out very much, now, but it is because we have more fun in our home. My sense of humor was not very good before I married. It is better now. It was as though I had always lived in the shade and now I am living in the sun.

"The love of one woman teaches you, too, that if you could have all the women in the world, and did not have the one woman you want, it would be no good. That is why it is absurd when people ask 'does it affect you, the adulation of many women?' It is as I said, flattering, of course. But when the heart belongs to one woman, the others cannot matter.

"Yes, I am in debt to all women, to all the women I have met and to all the women I have been a little in love with. For it is women who make men what they are, or what they are not. It is women who mould us, beginning with our mothers. It is women who mould us, especially, as lovers. It is women who

make men understand the heart.

"Since we made 'Love Affair,' I have had many letters asking me what are the ingredients which should be in the successful love affair. That is not possible to answer because in every love affair, as in every friendship, in every human relationship, it is the individuals who determine what is there, what color, what tone, whether it is poetry or prose, whether it is passionate, profound, gay.

IF it should happen to be, for instance, a love affair with a very young girl the ingredients, then, would be chivalry, protectiveness, the rendezvous in places suitable for a young girl to go, the pleasures which are simple. If the love affair is with an older woman, herself sophisticated and experienced, the ingredients are entirely different. If the love affair is with a gay and frivolous girl, it is played to the strains of a Strauss waltz. If with a grave and serious girl, one reads the poetry, the philosophy, there are the minor chords. To one woman, one sends the marguerites. To another, the orchids. Books and music to one, jewels to another according to the type, the age. So that one cannot say what are the ingredients for a love affair unless one knows the persons involved.

"I think that in any love affair, it is the woman who tells what the ingredients are to be. Just as in 'Love Affair,' it was the girl, Terry, who made the man, Michel, what he became. The girl, almost always, plays the piper and calls the tune. The man, sooner or later, dances to that tune. Especially in Europe, I think, is it true that the women make the man understand the way of love affairs. In America, I think, the woman teaches the man a little too much. Which is to make him feel more the waiter, the

butler, than the lover. When a woman gives an order to a man, like saying, 'Bill, pick up my glove,' Bill picks up the glove but he does not understand from within. Or if the woman waits for the man to allow her to pass out of a door before him, that is not good.

"In Europe, the women do not teach the men, they make him understand the gallantries by making him ashamed of his own gaucheries. In Europe, once, a lovely lady dropped her glove. She did not wait for me to pick it up, she picked it up herself. This made me ashamed of myself so that, the next time, I remembered. In Europe, a woman does not wait for a man to permit her to precede him out of a door, into a car. If he does not do so himself, she will go out of the door after him. But he will never commit the *faux pas* again! In Europe a woman once said to me, 'A friend of mine gave a friend of his something charming—not on her birthday!' And this gave me the idea that it is charming to do, for a woman, the unexpected, the graceful, the surprising thing.

"So, little by little, you find yourself doing these charming things. And so, I should say that if there is any one ingredient which one can name for a love affair, it is that we do what we do out of impulse, not because it is 'the thing to do.' And so I say, too, that if I have acquired any dexterity in playing a love affair, on the screen, it is because a lovely lady once dropped her glove and I did not pick it up!

"So it is that all my life, I am in debt to that lady and to her fallen glove. So, all my life, I am in debt to these others I have mentioned, because all my life I must always be paying back these debts with the lessons they have taught me, which are the gifts they have given me."

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SUGAR AND SPICE

(Continued from page 31)

proffering jelly and honey. "Oh, honey," oh-ed Olivia. "Just what I adore." And into her mouth she popped an edge of muffin spread with the sweet sticky stuff. I couldn't help thinking when Greek meets Greek.

She talked about her sister, how thrilled she was because that morning, "Louella wrote Joan is being considered for the lead in 'Rebecca'."

She talked about Joan's good friend, composer Alexander Steinert. She admires Steinert's drawing-room poise. "He's at home everywhere. How I envy him!"

It seemed that the very next evening Mr. Steinert planned bringing over a gentleman who had asked to meet Olivia.

"But," her hand quickly covered her mouth. "I guess I shouldn't have said that." With the next breath such coyness was forgotten in order to pump the press agent. She asked him if he knew this gentleman and what did he do.

The press agent spoke kindly. He said the gentleman in question was a personable chap, who had once been married to and since divorced by the heiress to a famous fortune.

"But what does he do?" persisted Olivia.

Remembering that fortune, I said I thought he had done enough. She looked very serious. I spoke again, saying, "I guess it is a problem."

"What?"
"The chance of men chasing you for your money."

"IT IS a problem," she echoed. "But it's not only the money. Sometimes they go with you just to meet people or get in places. Hollywood men are so strange. Any other type would seem refreshing to me now. Yet I only meet motion picture people and I only go with them. After all, they do understand my work, especially when I have to leave a party and go to bed early."

"I never get fooled twice," she said. "But I do get fooled in different ways. Do you know I never know when people are kidding me and playing jokes on me."

I wasn't altogether surprised. "I'm the original easy mark," she said. "Yet I have no patience with gullibility. With all that, only two years ago a boy came to the door saying he was working his way through college and sold me a two dollar subscription to a newspaper I didn't want to read. After I paid him I realized I had no receipt, and of course I never saw the paper."

"But I'd rather be fooled again and again than become so suspicious I don't trust anyone. It's worth being fooled for the few times you're right. Like when I was back in Saratoga, that's where I was raised—I ordered some antiques, and left it all to the lady who sold them to me. She sent everything honestly and perfectly. I furnished the lower floor of our house with them."

"Have you and your sister liked the same men?" I asked.

"Yes, but we never have fallen in love with the same men. And now that Joan's married to Brian Aherne, she's found her permanent romance."

"Then you have been in love?"
"Trapped!" She laughed again. "Yes, twice. Really, four times. But only twice since I've lived in Hollywood. And that's nearly five years now."

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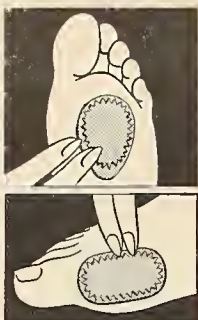
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MODERN ROM. 11-39

"Tell me about them. I mean . . . the twice."

"They were completely different. The second man was everything the first one wasn't."

"I was disillusioned, disgusted. No—say disappointed in the first one. He may read this, and I wouldn't want him to be hurt."

"The second will always be my friend. I admire him tremendously."

As to who these men were, Olivia wouldn't say. And whether one was George Brent I couldn't discover. She told me not to believe anything I read about her in the columns.

THE things they write aren't true. And the things I do, never get into print," she added with a would-be air of mystery. She has four more years to go on her Warner Brothers contract.

"Have you a marriage clause?" asked the Goldwyn man.

"No."

"Goldwyn has."

"Oh," said Olivia, mischievously eyeing me as she must have remembered that loan out to play opposite David Niven in Mr. Goldwyn's 'Raffles'."

"Oh," she repeated. "Then David's out!"

She wouldn't talk any more about marriage except to say that if she did marry she would undoubtedly go on working.

"Otherwise I'd make such a pest of myself trying to boss my husband's business that he'd get sick and tired of me."

She has finished a small part in Warner's Queen Elizabeth picture. She is disappointed they wouldn't let her do "We Are Not Alone."

Having heard about her temper and her studio fights for her rights, I thought this was as good a time as any to ask what she would fight for.

"Nothing," said she. "I just love peace."

What are you going to do with a girl like that. Questioning her is like facing a wall of prune whip.

"But didn't anything annoying ever happen?"

"Once the hairdressers went on strike, and I had to wear a wig and do it myself. It was nearly impossible, but I just laughed it off."

Pollyanna . . . every time.

She has played in six pictures with Errol Flynn.

"So it's no fun anymore. Just a bore. We say good morning and good evening . . . and that's that."

She has just finished "Gone With The Wind" for Selznick. And here I make a prophecy . . . that she runs away with the picture. For little Olivia, who be-moaned to me the strong competition flourishing in Hollywood, got herself what I think is the best role of the year, that of Melanie. You can have Scarlett. Melanie dies! And there is nothing like a good death with which to steal a picture. It wins every time.

"It was the first time I died," she said. "I enjoyed it thoroughly. I died for Sidney Howard and George Cukor."

She raved about both gentlemen.

"Howard is amazing. David (that's Selznick) persuaded him to come on the set and show us how to read our lines. As for Cukor, I worship him more than any man in pictures. His taste is admirable. I've only been to his house twice and I wish it were oftener."

She is likably, youthfully proud that her best friend is a Saratoga woman twenty years her senior. She returned to the subject of Joan, how Joan can talk Japanese, and so bowled over a Japanese florist that he completely fell and gave her all the plants in his shop.

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CHILDREN'S sickness from colds reduced 54%—school absences 77%! Sounds almost too good to be true, doesn't it? Yet that's what doctors' *certified* reports show Vicks Plan did in clinical tests on 2,650 children. Will it do as much for your family this winter? It's easy to find out—just follow a few rules of hygiene and use these two specialized medications whenever needed:

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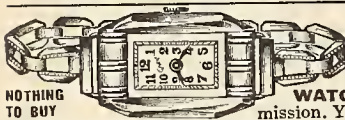
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I noticed the press agent looking at his watch, so we wound up the tea, and Olivia drove off in her Ford. I felt I knew as much about her as I had known in the beginning, except for one thing. Meeting her, you can see she has a strain of quality, of good breeding. She has no oomph, but she has something infinitely better and more lasting—caste.

Nevertheless, whether Olivia de Havilland is a little girl, swimming beyond her mental depth, or an astute young lady, playing a clever game, is a question too deep for this interviewer to decide. One fact is certain, in this, the most competitive of all communities, Miss de Havilland was smart enough to get herself some darn good parts.

Anyway, there you have her. As to what she is actually made of? Your guess is just as good as mine.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 57)

SANDY'S ANTIQUE

Private life note on Hollywood's leading glamour girl: Sandy Henville goes in for antiques. The baby thinks the best piece of furniture in the Henville home is her high-chair. And it's the same high-chair that belonged to her mother and her grandmother. When the million-dollar baby was signed to her new contract, Mr. Henville brought home a gayly painted modern version of a high-chair. But such a howl went up from his daughter that the antique was hastily brought from the garage.

NOW, MR. MEEK!

Maybe you think every name in Hollywood is made up to suit its owner—or his studio. But Donald Meek's name, believe it or not, is his very own. His father was Mathew Meek, the famous Scottish artist, if further proof is wanted. But we're not so sure of the authenticity of the following, even though Mr. Meek himself told it to us on the set of "The Housekeeper's Daughter." He said in his younger days he was engaged to marry a girl named Mabel Milde.

MARLENE'S MARRIAGE

Marlene Dietrich's Viennese secretary tells us that there's nothing to the rumor that Marlene has divorce plans under way. Rudolph Seiber will continue making his home in Paris, which he likes better than any other place on earth. And if his wife wants to make her permanent home in Hollywood, now that she is an American citizen, he has no objections. "They're very much in love," says the secretary. "One of those cases where absence really makes the heart grow fonder?"

DICK AND JOAN

The Dick Powells have only one dissimilarity in tastes and that's their feeling toward Dick's yacht. Every year Joan has made the supreme sacrifice and gone for a two-week cruise with Dick, since she believes a good wife is always sympathetic with her husband's hobbies—no matter how obnoxious. This year she hit on a happy solution to the problem by renting a cottage on the shore of Catalina Island, right alongside the Yacht Club. Her two weeks' boating was confined to taking her husband back and forth every day to his yacht via rowboat.

WHY SOME HAIR "STAYS PUT"



• Is your hair all limp, flat and droopy after a home shampoo? Even when you spend more for a permanent than you think you should, does your hair seem dry, wiry, and more stubborn to put up than before? It seems tragic now... but please don't give up hope! This week try a new easy to use, home shampoo called Admiracion Oil Shampoo. A single application and dirt, perspiration and dust are thoroughly washed away. The dulling film that mars otherwise naturally pretty hair goes. The sparkle and glory that's hidden in your hair is yours with practically no effort on your part. Ask your druggist today for Admiracion Oil Shampoo. There are two types... "no-lather" in the red carton and "lathering" in the green carton. Money back if this new shampoo isn't the perfect short-cut to a lovely, easily managed coiffure. Admiracion Laboratories, Harrison, New Jersey.

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NOW IT'S easy to remove painful corns. Put a scientific Blue-Jay pad neatly over the corn. Felt pad (C) relieves pain by removing pressure. Special formula (D) gently loosens corn so it can be lifted out. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters—only 25¢ for 6.

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Wrong foods and drinks, worry, overwork and colds often put a strain on the Kidneys and non-systemic and non-organic Kidney and Bladder troubles may be the true cause of Excess Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, and Puffy Eyelids. In many such cases the diuretic action of the Doctor's prescription Cystex helps the Kidneys clean out Excess Acids. This plus the palliative work of Cystex may easily make you feel like a new person in just a few days. Try Cystex under the guarantee of money back unless completely satisfied. Cystex costs only 3¢ a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

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You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely every day into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are harmless. Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

DID YOU KNOW?

That big-hearted Dick Powell was so impressed with the new sweetheart song "May I Speak My Heart" that Marjorie Weaver and her stand-in Judy Parks wrote for the Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity that he made a transcription recording for the collegians at his own expense, and donated it to the U. S. C. chapter to make copies for other Pi Kaps? . . . That Janet Gaynor is the envy of every glamor girl because one family argument won't be her fault from now on? Not with Adrian in complete charge of what the Missus wears. . . . That Maxie Rosenbloom always insists that his name be embroidered on his handkerchiefs? . . . That Lana Turner not only drives a car that's painted to match her red hair, but has living room rugs and drapes to match. . . . That former stars, Jack Mulhall and Leatrice Joy, both have roles in Deanna Durbin's new picture "First Love"? . . . That Hugh Herbert went to the premiere of "When Tomorrow Comes," and got the biggest reception from the fans as he walked up the foyer? Some of the town's most important stars joined the crowd in calling "woo woo" to him. . . . That it takes Perc Westmore three hours every day to make Charles Laughton up as the Hunchback of Notre Dame? . . . That Ronald Reagan is teaching Jane Wyman how to play golf? . . . That Paul Muni is doing his own violin playing for "We Are Not Alone"? He learned how to play when he was a small boy. . . . That the Lava Lava Dorothy Lamour wears in "Typhoon" is even more abbreviated than her usual sarong? . . . That Joan Bennett's hair is its natural color when she appears as a brunette? . . . That the telephone in Garbo's dressing room on the lot is equipped with chimes? . . . That Universal is extremely perplexed about what to do with requests for Baby Sandy's autographed pictures? She won't know how to scrawl her name for years. . . . That Myrna Loy's favorite recording which she plays between scenes is Mozart's "Magic Flute"? . . .



"Knit two, purl two, drop two," counts Rosalind Russell, who's busy with the needles on "The Women" set.

NO RED, ROUGH HANDS

when you use this amazing

HAND CREAM



Harsh weather, frequent washings and household tasks rob the hands of vital skin oils—leave them rough, raw, dry and chapped. Mystic Cream overcomes the damage—makes rough red hands soft, smooth and white.

Mystic is a pure white cream, acts quickly, vanishes at once, and is not the least bit sticky or greasy. Sold at drug, department and ten cent stores everywhere . . . 10¢, 25¢, 50¢ sizes.



MYSTIC Cream

FAMOUS FOR HANDS

Convince yourself! Send for FREE trial size to Mystic, Jersey City, N. J.

Love's picture of You

Thrilling things happen to a girl who is always fragrantly lovely. That's why so many of this season's glamour girls use Blue Waltz Perfume. Its magic, intoxicating fragrance invites romance. Just try it and see! Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics are only 10c each at 5c and 10c stores.

Blue Waltz

BLUE WALTZ PERFUME • FACE POWDER • LIPSTICK • BRILLIANTINE • CREAMS

NO DULL, DRAB HAIR after using this amazing 4 PURPOSE RINSE

In one, simple, quick operation, Lovalon the 4 purpose rinse, does all these 4 important things to your hair. 1. Gives lustrous highlights. 2. Rinses away shampoo film. 3. Tints the hair as it rinses. 4. Helps keep hair neatly in place. Lovalon does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try it. You will be amazed at the results.



5 rinses 25¢ at drug and department stores. 2 rinse size at 10¢ stores.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

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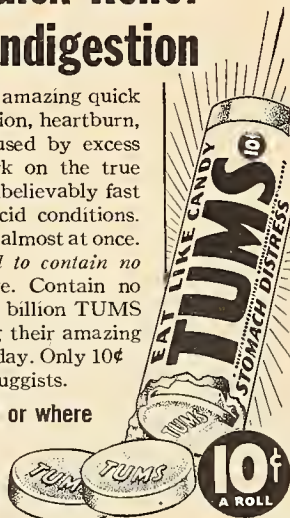
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YES—TUMS bring amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. **TUMS are guaranteed to contain no soda.** Are not laxative. Contain no harmful drugs. Over 2 billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Get TUMS today. Only 10¢ for 12 TUMS at all druggists.

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Safe and Harmless

At last! A safe and harmless cream that helps make tweezing a pleasure! Willem's Eyebrow Balm tames the pain and prevents after-redness. Easy to apply. Try it once and you'll never be without it. 10c at ten-cent stores. Or send coupon.

WILLEMS Co., 208 S. LaSalle St., Dept. 10-M, Chicago, Ill. Please send me Willem's Eyebrow Balm. I enclose 10c (Canada 15c).

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Address.....

ROMANCING AROUND

Franchot Tone has been taking Loretta Young to previews and night clubs. She's one of Joan Crawford's best friends, which may mean that Joan still has an eye on her ex-husband . . . the town's newest singing star, pretty Mary Healy, has Ken Murray running in circles. He says it's really love on his part, but she's not so smitten . . . the Allan Joneses recently celebrated their third wedding anniversary . . . Jack Oakie and Venita Varden are holding hands all over town and telling everybody how happy they are . . . the odds are in favor of a Natalie Draper-Tom Brown reconciliation before their divorce becomes final. Both are unhappy over the split . . . Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund still aren't making any marriage announcements, but it won't be a surprise when they do say they're married . . . Marjorie Weaver is dating Shipwreck Kelly, and says he's "more fun" . . . don't get confused over those photographs of Lucille Ball and Orson Welles at previews and the Troc. It was all for publicity, for she's still madly in love with Director Al Hall . . . Ann Sothorn's happiness is secure and complete now. Hubby Roger Pryor, who gave up his dance band to be near her, is the master of ceremonies for the "Screen Guild Theater" for the entire winter season and will stay by her side . . . Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger are still devoted in spite of all the romance rumors connecting her name with Woolly Donahue . . . Olivia de Havilland is surprising everybody with her about-face into romance. Always so shy and hesitant about being seen at nightspots, the fair Olivia during one week was spotted at popular clubs with three different swains, namely Howard Hughes, Bob Ritchie and Pat de Cicco . . . and Sister Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne are soooooo happy.

SHORT SHOTS:

Guess who's the best whistler in Hollywood? None other than Garbo, and she's that proud of her talent. . . . Jane Withers' mother says she hates to do it, but tourists have swarmed all over the family estate ruining flowers and lawns so much that a fence has become a necessity. . . . M-G-M talked Greer Garson into bobbing her beautiful red curls for her new picture, in spite of her mother's strong arguments against it. Unhappily her mother salvaged the shorn curls which will be added to an earlier collection—from the head of baby Greer. . . . Over at 20th Century-Fox the situation was reversed. Henry Fonda hadn't had a hair cut in nine months and was getting pretty well fed up with it. He took Wifie Frances off to the Troc to celebrate when the barber finally finished. . . . Rumors from Norway are that Sonja Henie has gained weight and will have to go on a strict diet immediately upon her return to picture working. . . .

STAR ADDRESS LIST

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope today for a new list of Hollywood stars with their correct studio addresses. It is a convenient size to handle or keep in a scrap-book. To receive a list, all you have to do is write to us and ask for it, enclosing a large, self-addressed and stamped envelope. Don't forget that last item, as a request can be complied with otherwise. Please send requests to Information Desk, Modern Screen, 149 Modisan Ave., New York, N.Y.



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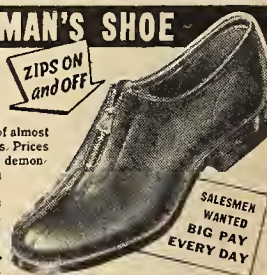
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NEW KIND OF MAN'S SHOE

The new sensation in men's shoes—The Chippewa Clipper. It zips on and off in a "jiffy". Right now is the right time to get into a dignified and highly profitable shoe business of your own with this fast seller, and a complete line of almost 250 styles of dress, work and sports shoes. Prices as low as \$1.98 a pair. Free 10-second demonstrator sells super-comfort air-cushion shoes like magic.

Manufacturer established 35 years wants salesmen. No experience needed. Write for complete sales kit. It's free!

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HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



All over America there are baby doctors who tell mothers to buy Wee Walkers, those CORRECT baby shoes which cost so little. Don't let baby wear outgrown shoes. Baby feet grow so fast you must change to new shoes often. Infants' Wear Dept. of the following low-profit stores. Birth to shoe size 8.

W. T. Grant Co. S. S. Kresge Co. J. J. Newberry Co.
H. L. Green Co., Inc. Sears, Roebuck and Co.
Metropolitan Chain Stores, Inc. G. R. Kinney Co.
Schulte-United Stores Isaac Silver & Bros.
Charles Stores F. & W. Grand Stores

MORAN SHOE CO. • CARLYLE, ILL.

WEE WALKERS for the wee walker



Now Comb your Mascara through your lashes. Just unscrew the cap, scrape off the excess mascara. Combing the mascara on gives perfect distribution and separates the lashes. Then a twist of the cap and back into your purse. No fuss, no bother, no soiling. Tear-proof—smudge proof. Black, brown or blue. Ronni, Inc., 18 W. 20th St., New York.



Happy! I had ugly hair... was unloved... discouraged. Tried many different products... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superluous Hair Problem" explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 11-B, Chicago.

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To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or your money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for trustworthy NURITO on this guarantee.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST
Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. 109, Detroit, Mich.



SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

Isabel Jewell gained ten pounds while in Idaho for "Northwest Passage" location, but she's one star who doesn't reduce. Her problem is keeping any weight she can gain. . . . Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond entertained Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz at a garden tea party when Lily sang at Hollywood Bowl, but nobody paid any attention to the guests of honor. Jenny's luscious sunburn held the spotlight the entire afternoon.

ALONG SUNSET STRIP:

Jack and Mary Benny driving by on their way to NBC and rehearsals for their fall radio season. . . . Cliff Edwards wearing a hat while he eats his lunch at Tobey's Drug Store. And him with a new hair-growing salon, too. . . . Lucille Ball trailing an ankle-length white fox coat as she enters Cafe Lamaze with Orson Welles, the town's current spine-chiller. She's been delegated by the studio to show him the town. . . . Solemn faced Sidney Toler, dressed in blue denim overalls, quietly munching on a piece of toast while he thumbs through the movie magazines at his favorite drug store. . . . Mickey Rooney out for a drive in the night air with his pal, Judy Garland, both all dressed up but afraid to drop in at a night club because they have to work early the next day.

JUDY'S GENEROUS

Judy Garland's long been the dream girl of the college boys. And now Judy's proved that she has their interests at heart, too. She's solved that expensive business of corsages for them. U. S. C. and U. C. L. A. students can get attractive flowers for their girls for the sum of twenty-five cents. Those two bits will pay for an attractive corsage of sweet peas and roses from the Garland Flower Shop.

FASHION SHOW

The bridal shower given by Anne Shirley in honor of Mrs. Duke Daly (Paula Stone) turned out to be a fall fashion show. The guests wore their newest and best, with Joan Bennett's chapeau getting the most attention. It was a red and black bandana hat, for all the world like the southern mummies wear. But with the difference that Lily Dache had designed it for Joan and sent it to her that morning, via the airways, so she could spring it on the party.



Joe E. Brown and Martha Raye, those talented big-mouths, tear off a torch tune just for exercise.



Now you can double-dare the harshest daylight or evening spot-light to show a trace of line, freckle or blemish. Look lovelier than you ever dreamed—by using the new POWD'R-BASE stick.

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Buy your shade at Drug, Dept., & Chain Stores



We don't promise you'll double your salary tomorrow, BUT—if constipation's making you grouchy and logy on the job—see how quickly you'll regain normal pep, snap and ambition with FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum way to relief. You get all FEEN-A-MINT's famous benefits simply by chewing. No wonder folks say: "It seems just like magic!" Millions rely on FEEN-A-MINT. Get a package today and try it yourself.

FEEN-A-MINT TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

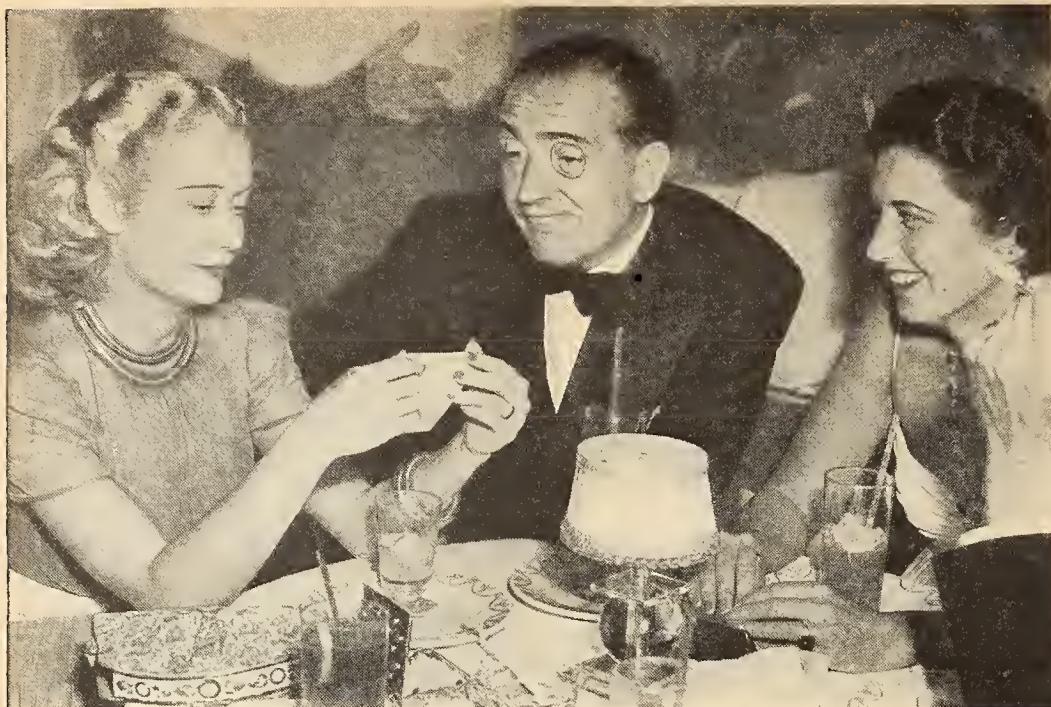
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LIGHT BROWN TO BLACK
Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. For 30 years millions have used it with complete satisfaction. \$1.35 for sale everywhere.

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GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR



Miriam Hopkins, Fritz Lang and Kay Francis at the Troc. Note Miriam's novelty necklace and bracelets.

TCH. TITLE CHANGE!

The preview of "Stanley and Livingstone" brought out the largest crowd in cinema history. At the last minute an extra corps of policemen had to be called, for the regular number of guardians of the law couldn't hold the crowds back. A siren suddenly screamed and when the car drew up at the curb, a special deputy from the Chief of Police office stepped out. "Unless you folks control yourself," he bawled out, "nobody'll get a chance to see 'Zanuck and Livingstone!'"

THOSE MUNCHKINS!

The premiere of "Wizard of Oz" was a high spot in the youngest movie set. Harold Lloyd arrived with a pretty daughter on each arm, Eddie Cantor brought his youngest daughter and Joan Bennett had Diane and Melinda along with her. It took all Joan's persuasion to get Melinda, the five-year-old, into the theatre to see the picture. She was too fascinated with the live dolls out in front. The "dolls" were the Singer Midgets who showed up en masse to see how they looked as the Munchkins in the picture.

THE LUCKY TAYLORS

Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck haven't been seen around the night spots for the last few weeks. Their undivided attention is being given to their respective pictures and all social activities have been barred. Reason for the conscientious attention to their careers is that the Taylors don't want a single scene to go wrong, that may call for retakes. For plans are all made to plane out of town the day that Barbara's picture, "Remember the Night" and Taylor's "Remember" is finished. From New York they hop a boat to France. And from then on the Taylors are going to fade out of the news, for they'll do Europe on bicycles. If, of course, things abroad are calm.

IN LOVE AGAIN

Mickey Rooney has it oh, so bad, for a Pasadena deb, Jeanie Swaisgood. The pretty blonde has taken his heart completely away from Dolly Taylor, the glamorous little Abbott dancer, and the pictures plastered all over the Rooney dressing-room on the lot are of Jeanie. Her portrait has the place of honor on the grand piano in his home. Mickey's admitted to intimates that his intentions are matrimonial, but what chance has a guy got on a fifteen dollar a week allowance?

MR. THIN MAN, JR.

They're having troubles on the set of "Another Thin Man." The studio spent weeks interviewing babies for the role of Mr. Thin Man, Jr., in order to find one with a supremely bored look to match that of Thin Man William Powell. At last William Anthony Poulsen's mother brought him over. William Anthony looked Director Van Dyke and the studio over with such a disinterested eye that he was signed on the spot. The studio was jubilant, until the first day of shooting when Bill Powell put in his appearance. The moment the baby laid eyes on the actor he broke into a wide grin. Van Dyke's now having double trouble for neither Powell nor the baby can disguise how charmed they are by one another.

MYRNA'S GIFTS

Every evening members of the cast and crew of "Another Thin Man" go home loaded down with flowers from Myrna Loy's garden. The star arrives at the studio in the morning with pails full of the flowers which she gathers at six a.m. The buckets are left in her station wagon until the day's work is

done, with the posies immersed in water, and then distributed among her friends. The Loy garden is one in town that wasn't dreamed up by a press agent. The star herself did the dreaming and then made it come true by hours of hard work every single day.

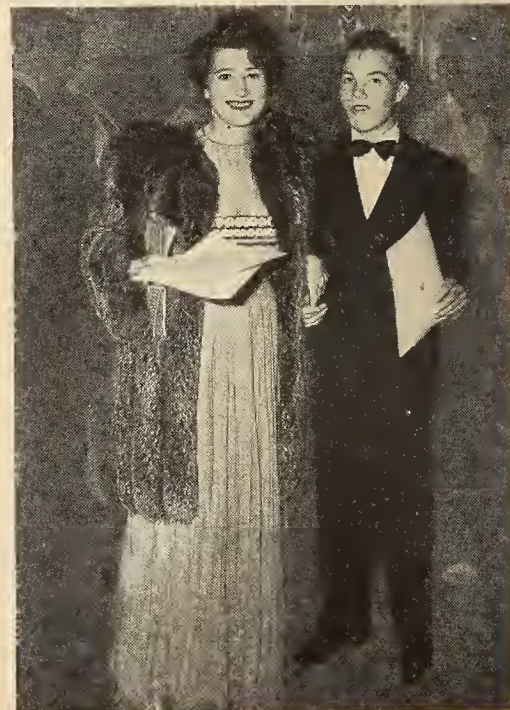
HOORAY FOR LIONEL

Good news for the Lionel Barrymore fans. The actor has improved so greatly in the last few months that he no longer needs to stay in his wheel-chair. In the "Secret of Dr. Kildare," you'll see Barrymore walking around in several scenes. On the set he is surrounded by maps on which are traced all the best trout fishing streams in the state. "Maybe I'm getting too optimistic," the actor said, "but I'm planning to take in at least ten of these streams as soon as this picture is finished." For the last few years, Barrymore has had to confine his fishing activities to a stream that runs across his property which he's stocked yearly. No wonder there's that glow in the Barrymore eye when he talks about fishing somewhere else besides his own backyard!



Joan Crawford and Charles Martin have evidently kissed and made up, for here they are together again.

The very handsome young man with Fay Bainter, far right, is her son, Reggie Venable. Are they proud!





FROM
16 to 60

IT'S EASY TO HAVE *Beautiful Eyes*

Regardless of your age, there's a very simple way to make your eyes appear much larger, more luminous—your eyebrows truly graceful and expressive—your lashes a vision of long sweeping loveliness. It takes just about three minutes to give yourself this modern Maybelline eye make-up. And it's so natural-looking—never obvious.

First, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids and note the subtly flattering effect. Next, form trim, tapering brows with the Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

It's perfectly pointed and just soft enough for best results. Then darken your lashes to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara. Either in Solid or Cream-form, it goes on beautifully—is tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless. Now your own mirror will show you the thrilling difference.

At any age, your eyes will be noticed and admired when you use Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—the eye make-up in good taste. Prove it, today! Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores. Just be sure to insist on genuine Maybelline.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills, including new brush, 35c. Shades — Black, Brown, and Blue.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (easily applied without water) in dainty zipper case, 75c. Shades—Black, Brown, and Blue.



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six marvelous shades — Blue, Gray, Ice-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

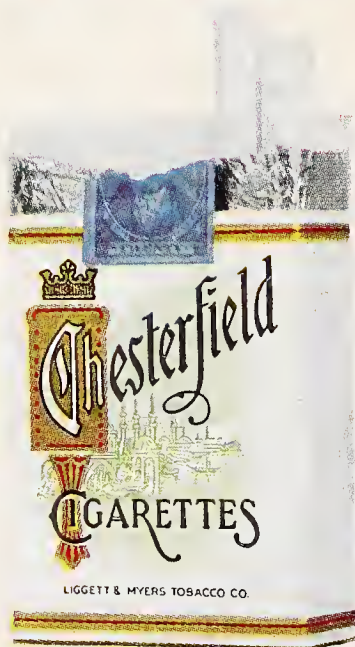
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